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THE

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AND

REVIEW.

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JANUARY TO APRIL, 1825.

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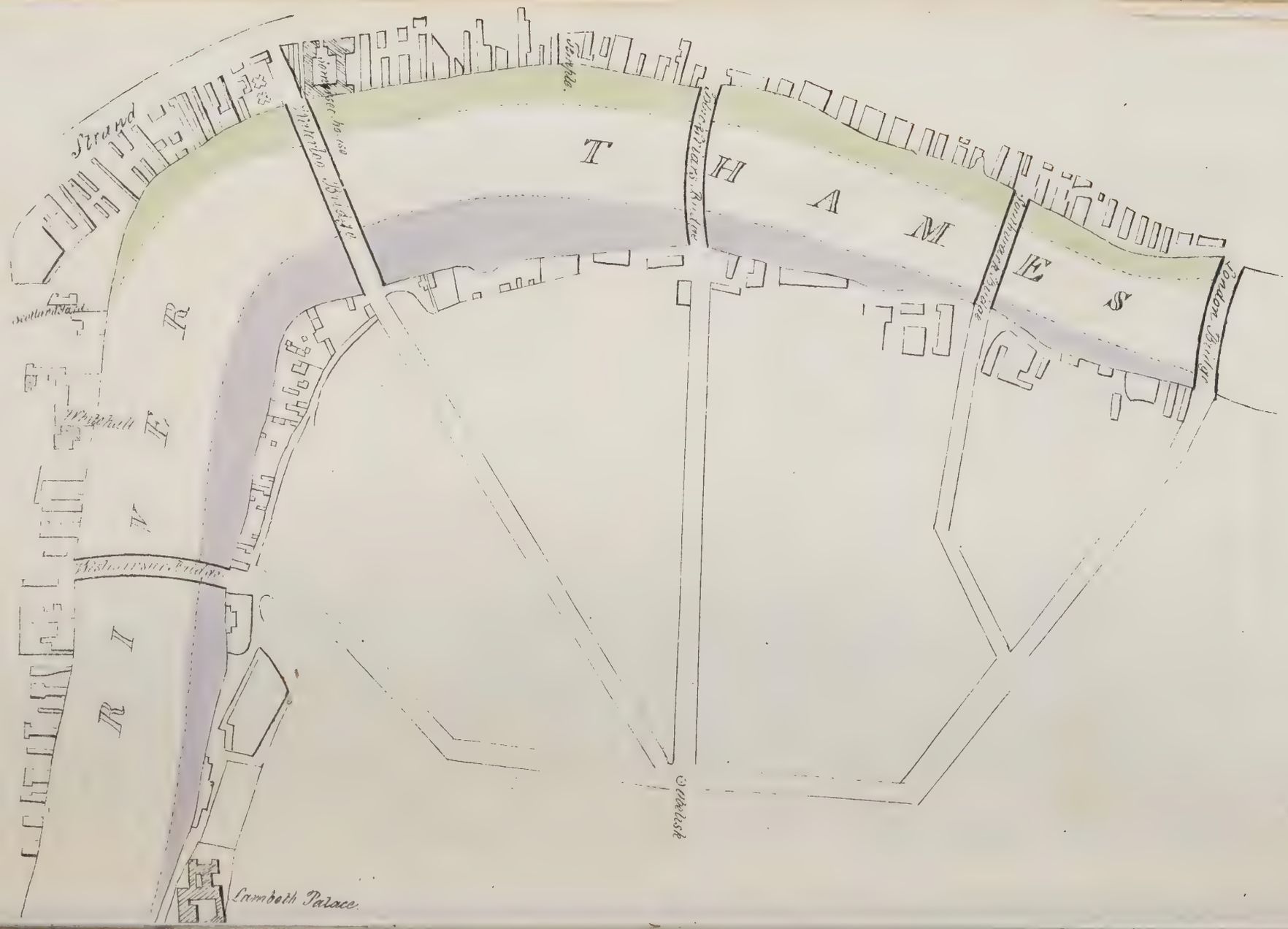
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THE

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REVIEW.

JANUARY 1, 1825.

THE THAMES QUAY.

All those who consider the "apparelling of the state" as a matter of some consequence, must hail with pleasure the growing disposition to improve the appearance and convenience of the country at large, and the metropolis in particular: Soane, Nash, and Macadam, are stoning all the streets to death as though they were so many St. Stephens. In the embellishment of our city it would be well to remember that London is the metropolis, not merely of England, but of the whole British empire; an empire which, comprising its dependances in Asia, Africa, and America, as well as in Europe, in point of population is exceeded by few, and, considering its wealth, knowledge, intellectual energy, commercial enterprise, and the consequent moral and physical power, perhaps unequalled by any, ancient or modern. The capital of such an empire ought to possess a commensurate character. On the contrary, London, in its improvements or embellishments, has scarcely kept pace with the provincial towns. It is but, like one of its booksellers, a proprietor of a series of very indifferent Highways and Byeways. The houses crowd together and jostle like their inhabitants at an election, or in a Caledonian chapel. There is not even a good leading street to connect the two grand divisions, the City and West End of the Town. The best of them, that by the Strand, Fleet-street, and St. Paul's Church Yard, presents a tortuous, unseemly, and, for the most part, narrow passage, disturbed by cross thoroughfares, jutting churches, and elephants' mansions: it is also invariably so choked by stoppages, as to wage continual warfare against business.

People quite forget the importance of the public buildings and the public avenues to their daily comfort and convenience; and it would take an entire paper to show the influences of all kinds which the posi-

tion and the construction of a city have upon the morals and habits of its inhabitants—many of them are very evident. If a town is composed of small houses, and spread over an immense space, communication will be difficult, and social intercourse obstructed, and of course diminished. Paris, where all the people live in a heap, like an ant's nest, is the most social place in the world. If there are few open spaces or healthy places, citizens must sleep out of the town, and settle in the outskirts. Hence the innumerable villas and small towns, which are growing upon and sticking about London like young oysters upon old ones. Let any one compare the state of his temper after pioneering through a little nasty crowded dirty street, hitching in here a footstep on the *trottoir*, and then sideling up out of the way of a cart-wheel against the dirty wall of an ugly old house, with the happy mood in which he ascends from Carlton House to Portland Place, in a fine open air, on a broad and ample pavement, and looking upon magnificent buildings which have risen or are rising in every direction. In London the number of fine structures is much greater than is supposed,—they are, however, mostly concealed from view by paltry buildings, which appear to be run up for no other purpose; for such is the injurious arrangement, or rather such is the entire want of all arrangement, that London, while it is scattered over more space than any other city, is positively the most crowded and inconvenient. When one reflects that most men spend one-fifth of their lives in *passing* to and fro, the *passage* becomes a matter of consequence. Every man is interested in plans which tend to render the city in which he spends a considerable part of his year, if not all of it, more commodious, more salubrious, more beautiful—in plans which not only enable him to move from place to place with ease, but which distribute objects of beauty wherever he casts his eye, and render that which would be dull and painful a source of agreeable contemplation. Such being our opinions, we have paid some little attention, among other improvements, to that proposed by Col. Trench. That attention has led us to a most decided disapproval of his scheme, and to the discovery of another which we think avoids all the evils of the former—embraces all its advantages, and includes many others not contemplated by the Thames Quay.

Anxious as we are to improve the appearance of London, and add to its various public accommodations, we are still lovers of justice, and would not wantonly sacrifice the interests of individuals. Though an individual interest must never stand in the way of a public good, yet before individual interests are injured that public good must be made most manifest, and the compensation of private losers by it should always be made a matter of provision.

The Thames Quay is certainly one of the most novel, grand, and captivating of the various propositions that have of late been laid before the public, and is at the same time highly important from the numerous interests affected. Amongst the higher orders, extending up even to the

Duke of York, whose property will in no wise be affected, and whose convenience will be most materially advanced, great way has been made. Col. Trench, who is the professed originator of the work, convened a meeting of the probable friends of the plan on board of a Thames barge, and the river committee having met, a very plausible scheme was laid before it, and the Colonel, by the colour of his promises, and the manner of his reading, convinced the water party that no time should be lost in carrying the plan into effect. Few, if any, of the wharfingers and land owners on the brink of the Thames were present; but the high persons at the West End of the Town saw no irremovable obstacle, and much good speaking, and several decisive resolutions were moved and carried. Mr. Rennie had been consulted as to the expense, and, of course, gave a very favourable estimate; and the Duchess of Rutland intimated her intention of finding the timber for the gravel walks.

The Colonel's plan, we believe, is this:—It is proposed to take from the river on the Middlesex side, from London Bridge to Whitehall, a breadth varying according to local circumstances, but generally sufficient for a Quay of 100 feet wide, and leaving, between the Quay itself and the present banks, space for a floating dock. This dock is to be approached by flood-gates from the river, so that the vessels riding therein shall be always afloat.

The Quay is proposed to be raised on arches; under these arches will be wharfs, open on one side to the river, and on the other to the New Docks. This Quay will present a fine drive or walk, commanding a view of the river, and will relieve the crowded thoroughfare of the Strand and Fleet-street.

The advantage of narrowing and deepening the River Thames has been admitted by all who have attended to the subject, and the late Mr. Jeslop, Engineer, presented a plan to the House of Commons, illustrative of that subject (which was published in the Report of the Select Committee for improving the Port of London in 1800). He recommended that the river should be narrowed to 600 feet, and deepened in proportion, so as to preserve an equal capacity for the volume of water. The late Mr. Mylne's opinion, and such an opinion was valuable, was also to the same effect.

Although this plan of the Quay comes upon us now sanctioned by Colonel Trench and the Committee with an air of novelty, it will be remembered by those who have attended to the history of our great city, that the illustrious architect, Sir Christopher Wren, proposed something of the sort in his plan for rebuilding the city after the fire of London in 1666, and an act of Parliament (22 Charles II, ch. ii,) was passed at his suggestion, to set out a quay from London Bridge to the Temple. We apprehend that the Committee, being uninformed as to the statutes, conceived they were hatching a new egg.

This enlightened and patriotic measure, projected by Sir Christopher Wren, was defeated by private cupidity at the time, and various

encroachments have since been gradually advanced: at length, when an attempt was made a few years back by some worthy citizens to improve the space between the Temple and London Bridge, these very encroachments received from the legislature a sort of sanction, by a bill brought in by an interested party with sufficient influence to carry the measure into effect.

Let us hope that at this day an effort of great improvement will be more successful; and, considering the many royal and noble promoters of the measure, stirred up by the Colonel to "such a sudden flood of mutiny" against the old river side, it may be expected, that nothing on the part of the mere householders and wharf-holders can come in the way to prevent its completion. Nevertheless it must be admitted, even by Colonel Trench and Mr. Rennie, that the interference with private property will be immense.

We are tempted to point out a few of the inconveniences which we fear the Colonel must seriously consider before he avails himself of the Duchess of Rutland's trees.

Among these infringements may be noticed—all the private dwellings looking to the river will have their view blocked out; and the cross streets from the Strand to the river will be greatly deteriorated in respect of light and air as well as view. Every street from the Strand and Fleet-street will be a Bridge-street.

Somerset House, the Adelphi, the Temple, will present serious difficulties. Indeed, we understand the old Benchers are not to be moved. Some of these objections are proposed by the Committee to be obviated, by occasionally sinking the quay in front of the property affected so as to preserve to them their view. But this will only be a partial remedy, as the oblique view is ever as valuable as the front view; but the templars and several other bodies will object to the bridge-blockade.

And indeed, the rising and falling of the road must greatly diminish both the utility and beauty of the Quay. Then as to the Wharfs: the present wharfs are of such great value, that the interference with them will not quietly be permitted by the proprietors, who will, of course, arm themselves with a clause to enable them to take the benefit of a compensation from a jury, should they find or fancy themselves injured. And we know what the extent of a land or householder's fancy is as to injury, particularly when he knows that he *must* be satisfied.

The plan, as now proposed, is also open to some other obvious objections. The principal works are proposed to be put down in the deepest part of the river, where they will be enormously expensive to execute, and will be liable to the greatest and most dangerous attacks by floods, &c. And thus too one of the advantages of narrowing the river, viz. to procure a more uniform and equal depth of water, will be lost. Again, as to the expense, a thing worthy the attention of the Committee: under all the circumstances of situation and compensations, and reference being had to the cost of some other improvements, it may

well be questioned, if even six millions will perform that which the advertisement professes can be done for 600,000*l.** The mildness of the estimate is really alarming, and we question, indeed, whether shareholders, even in this share-mad age, will preserve a proper blindness to the "calls" which hereafter must repeatedly be made upon them; when they see so small a sum of money, at first required, for so magnificent and enormous an undertaking.

Now we will venture to propose a variation, which we think will at once avoid the principal objections to the present scheme, increase its beauty and convenience, and reduce the expense to a reasonable and practicable limit; indeed, almost to within reach of the present flattering estimate. The leading feature of our plan is to transfer the Quay to the SURREY-SIDE OF THE RIVER, which we will call, in contradistinction to the other plan, the SURREY QUAY. And in order that our readers may more easily understand the advantages of *our* Quay, as we go on we refer them to the accompanying plan, in which the Thames Quay is coloured green, and the Surrey Quay lilac. We propose that it commence at London Bridge, and be continued to Lambeth, thus completely *distancing* Col. Trench's Quay.

All the general advantages attending the other plan will be found increased in this; viz. the narrowing, and consequently deepening, the channel of the river, making it at once more useful for navigation and more pleasant to the neighbourhood, by freeing it from the noisome effluvia of the muddy banks at low water on the Surrey side, which is the shallow side of the river. As a relief to the present crowded thoroughfare of the Strand, it will be equally beneficial, and much more convenient, as the line from the City to Westminster Bridge will be much shorter this way than the other, by taking the inside curve of the river instead of the outside.

The Surrey Quay may also be made much more uniform in its level. The ups and downs in the proposed Thames Quay would, as we have already said, much impair its beauty and convenience. Again, to those who are "in search of the picturesque," the view from the Surrey side to the Cities of London and Westminster, with all their numerous buildings, churches, spires, &c. &c. is greatly superior to the view from the Middlesex side, over the dull flat shores of the Borough and Lambeth, which have scarcely a rising object, except the Shot Manufactory and certain *stacks* of deal planks, to relieve them.

The banking out the Southern side is also following the plan which Nature seems to have recommended; for, at this point of the river, it

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* Waterloo bridge cost about.....1,200,000
Temple Bar improvement 400,000
Post Office (clearing the site only)..... 380,000
Penitentiary, Millbank..... 350,000

Our readers would be a little surprised if they could be put in possession of the estimates of these various works.

will be found that the shallow water is on the Southern side. The sand bank just above London bridge, which is *dry* at very low water, extends more than half way across the River Thames; it is the same at the Waterloo Bridge, where the principal and only navigable channel is *close* on the Middlesex shore. Indeed, the three Southernmost arches of this Bridge could, without reducing the bridge a fragment, be advantageously spared from the river. The same shallowness is to be found all along the Surrey shore, where you cannot get on in a boat without keeping well out from the waterside in the middle of the river. The banking out on this side will tend directly to equalize the depth of water in the navigable stream, which is perhaps the most important object. The Quay will also be a great advantage and protection to this shore, which is now dangerously low, and which suffered a memorable damage during the remarkably high tide of 28th Dec. 1821.

It is sufficiently obvious that the execution of the projected works on the Surrey side of the water will be much easier effected, and at a less expense, than on the North side, where a great part must be pitched in the very deepest part of the channel. Time and tide will not only not wait, but will not accommodate any man. Then, as to property injured, and the consequent claims for compensation, an important consideration with the intended share-holders, there is scarcely any great or expensive obstacle on the Surrey side, and scarcely any part of the Middlesex shore which is not loaded with difficulties and threatening heavy claims for compensation. And on this side of the river, the property would not only not be depreciated, but would be most materially *improved:* the more especially if the Quay were lined with a fine range of houses looking over it and on to the river. Indeed the opposition which it is known would be presented from Whitehall upwards has compelled the promoters to carry their Quay no higher, and it consequently ends abruptly and inconveniently at or about Hungerford Stairs. On the Surrey side there is no obstacle whatever to prevent its being continued at least to Westminster Bridge, where it would terminate conveniently and gracefully; although indeed it might be continued with advantage to Lambeth Palace, or even still higher.

At any rate the noble river that skirts our city ought to be opened to the public view. The improvement of the navigation demands that the river should be deepened and narrowed,—another communication between the city and the West end of the town is imperiously called for,—and none can be so conveniently made as by converting the muddy banks of the river into a Quay for that purpose. Finally, these objects will all be effected more easily and more completely, with less violation to existing property, and at incalculably less cost, by the SURREY QUAY than they can ever be by the proposed Thames Quay;—and we trust that Colonel Trench and the Committee will give the suggestion we have here briefly and hastily thrown out their serious consideration.

THE VAGRANT ACT.

Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I see no reason why there should not be
Better company! *Beggar's Opera.*

——— What Act?
That roars *so loud* and thunders in the Index?—*Hamlet.*

Our attention has been directed to the present state of the Vagrant Laws by a letter we have just received from a Mr. Walker, which, we confess, on a first reading we did not thoroughly comprehend: upon a perusal, however, of the Vagrant Act, and of certain luminous returns furnished by that great, humane, and enlightened body, the English jailers, showing the various commitments under the act during the last four years,—we have come to a clearer notion of our Correspondent's communication, and we think his case, as the case perhaps of many thousands of his persecuted tribe—the *poor* poor! is too grievous to be silently passed over by a journal, whose object and duty it is to watch over all great subjects of public interest.

The powers vested in the magistrates by the act for the punishment of idle and disorderly persons (5 Geo. 4. c. 83.) are extensive indeed; and yet, from the jailers' accounts, it appears, that the magistrates in their wise discretions will not be restricted within the statutory bounds, wide as they are,—but continually venture without the pale in search of outlying offences. Poverty, we must admit, cuts but a sorry figure in our complainant's letter; but we think he is a little unwarranted in asserting that none but the poor, the obscure, and the miserable are punished by those to whom the enforcing of the act is intrusted. On this point, however, we will speak anon.

Vagrancy appears from the returns to admit, as Sir Thomas Brown says, of a very "wide solution." By them we perceive that a magistrate may, if he pleases, commit to the House of Correction, under the act, for the following among other offences:

For begging alms, or begging *ad libitum.*
For lodging in the open air.
For sleeping in out-houses.
For sleeping in ale-houses.
For sleeping any where.
For not having money to pay your reckoning.
For *threatening* to leave your family.
For playing at unlawful games.
For wandering about as minstrels.
For being sprightly in a work-house.
For not giving a good account of yourself, when drunk.
For being mad.

For being idle.
For doing nothing, when you have nothing to do.
For speaking improperly to the master of a work-house.
For being a street-walker.
For speaking your mind to a landlady.
For breaking out of a cage.
For *returning to a parish* after being sent to gaol as a vagrant.
For being found in a ditch without any visible means of subsistence.
For *pretending* to be a gypsey.
For being pennyless.
For wandering abroad.
For selling parish breeches.
For taking steps to procure a new pair of leather breeches.
For being in a state of pregnancy, and unable to proceed.
For being *deaf and dumb,* and hungry, and not giving a good account of yourself.
For imitating *of* fits, &c.

The above are vagrant crimes, or rather crimes which make a poor man a vagrant:—Ecce Signa;—(we take our extracts as nearly as we can in the order which shall illustrate the above list of dire offences.)

William Duncan (from Scotland); begging from door to door. (P. 21.)

This is an old Scotch offence, never considered criminal until the existence of the present Act of Parliament.

Edward French, begging and asking alms. (P. 25.)
Daniel Jones; begging in the street. (P. 87.)
Henry Hochestetter, a statutory vagrant,—an indefinite offender under the act. (P. 102.)
Donovan O'Donald; begging. That novelty, an Irish beggar!

Begging indeed supplies vagrants out of number, and for sufferers from this crime we may refer to the returns *passim*.—But, to blacker acts.

Charles Britten; sleeping in the open air. (P. 84.)
Samuel Boniface; sleeping in the open air. (P. 85.)

Both of these offences were committed in Somersetshire,—"alack! poor county!"

Grimwood Cockerton; wandering about and sleeping in out-houses. (P. 15.)
Jemima Sumpter; ditto—and worse. (P. 26.)
Samuel Overall; ditto, ditto. (P. 27.)

So much for sleeping in out-houses (a common cause of complaint): ale-houses are perhaps still worse.

James Smith; lodging in ale-houses, wandering abroad in the night, *telling fortunes by means and with the assistance of his dog,* and *otherwise* behaving in a disorderly manner, giving a false account of himself, and having no means of gaining a livelihood at Chelmsford. (P. 35.)

A complicated case of vagrancy!—set we down that—that it is villanous to be without the means of gaining a livelihood at *Chelmsford.*

GEORGE BEECHAM and WILLIAM BEECHAM; wandering abroad and lodging in ale-houses.

THOMAS DOWNING; ditto. (P. 21.)

JOHN PERKIS; wandering abroad, not having any visible means of obtaining a livelihood, and lodging in the open air. (P. 31.)

A man without means of a livelihood to dare to be out of his bed!—"Take him up, quoth the master!"

DAVID SMITH, MARGARET SMITH, his WIFE; wandering and lodging under hedges, not having a legal settlement *there.* (P. 62.)

JOHN MOWES; sleeping in an open shed, and not being able to give a good account of himself. (P. 31.)

Marry! a legal settlement under a hedge! poor Mr. and Mrs. Smith! "Hail, wedded pair! Connubial comfort, hail!"—John Mowes too,—caught in the fact of sleeping in an open shed,—how could he, without a lie, give a good account of himself?—There are, however, hundreds of such hard cases as these in the prison returns!

We come now to the report of William Mathews.

WILLIAM MATHEWS; going to the Swan inn, at Horsham, St. Faith, and behaving himself in a very outrageous and abusive manner towards Elizabeth, the wife of George Kerry, of the said inn, and threatening to destroy the said inn, and—*had no money to pay his reckoning!*—One calendar month's hard labour and whipped. (P. 69.)

A very Thurtell of vagrants is this,—this William Mathews.—Outrageous to Mrs. Kerry, who perhaps, however, herself did not *draw* of the *mildest,*—but then threatening to destroy the inn!—the Swan!—Threatening to destroy the Swan, a most ancient crime!—and, not stopping here,—but, *not having money to pay his reckoning!*—Out upon him! The wheel was made for such a miscreant.

FREDERIC BAGGIS; *threatening* to leave his wife to the parish! (P. 41.)

A *parlous* legacy!

By the way, we do not find this sort of threat strictly punishable under the act.

THOMAS LOUNDS; unlawfully playing at a certain game called pricking the garter, thereby enticing people to play. (P. 49.)

We do not find the Rev. Mr. Buntingford, or Archdeacon ——— racked for dabbling in guinea whist, or Squire Holyoak for vitiating the Melton hunt with Ecarté.

JAMES BIRCH; for singing ballads in the public streets, &c. (P. 89.)

What a blessing not to be born musical—the House of Correction is now your only musical box. At p. 101, we find "John VOICE ran

away and left his child chargeable to the papish of Albourne." Doubtless he ran away with the best intentions; for, for him to stay, was criminal. What could he do?—"Vox, et præterea nihil!"—The wheel was all before him, where to choose.

HANNAH GIBBS; refusing to work at work suited to her strength and capacity, and guilty of misbehaviour, by using bad language to the master of the work-house. (P. 32.)

No one we should think would be rash enough to dispute, but that a master of a work-house must, from daily experience, be a competent judge of bad language.

JOHN BROWN and JOHN REYNOLDS; wandering and begging when *very drunk.*

Poor fellows, perhaps, being so far gone, they knew not what they did. It is scarcely humane to send gentlemen to the wheel who are so *very* drunk!

JOHN DIVINE; committed for begging from door to door, and being drunk in the streets. (P. 11.)

TIMOTHY PRIEST; leaving his family chargeable to the parish. (P. 89.)

THOMAS WAKELING; lives idle, without employment, and refuses to work for the usual and common wages given to other labourers in the like work, in the parish of Great Waltham, and in consequence thereof, hath *permitted* his wife and family to become chargeable thereto. (P. 17.)

To live idle, having no employment, is one of those crimes which magistrates cannot take too great pains to repress.

LUKE FURNACE; a lunatic. (P. 111.)

Truly, an incorrigible rogue!—"Madness in great ones must not unwatched go."

ANTHONY SMITH; found lying in a ditch, and no visible means of obtaining a livelihood. (P. 69.)

Were there no tender-hearted watercresses near to hold out those "visible means" which alone could protect Mr. Smith from the wheel?

JOHN ANTONY; ("Another Anthony!") wandering abroad pennyless, in the parish of Drayton. (P. 68.)

Poor Anthony!

GEORGE GRUNDY; wandering and begging. (P. 62.)

MARY SMITH; wandering abroad. (P. 63.)

The "wanderers abroad" are as about 10 to 1 in the reports:—we therefore refer those who are desirous of inquiring after the fate of absent friends, to the work itself.

DAVID MOTT; attempting to impose on Edward Peck by a false and fraudulent representation, with a view to obtain a new pair of leather breeches. (P. 38.)

THOMAS MOORE; for selling a pair of small clothes which had been provided for him by and at the expense of the parish of Great Stambridge, &c. (P. 18.)

These two flagrant violations of the Vagrant Law—this iniquitous pair of breaches,—very properly received the punishment which the law directs from the Essex magistrates:—Indeed, too much praise cannot be given to their worships of this County, for the great industry which they have shown in giving crimes, that have fallen into difficulties, "the benefit of the Act."

PEGGY ADAMAN; being in a state of pregnancy, and unable to proceed. (P. 49.)

This young vagrant was very properly, in such a state, sentenced to confinement and hard labour.

On quitting a work-house, it is clear from the following cases, that it is no easy task to avoid the treadmill.

JOHN MEADOWS; ran away from the House of Industry and *took with him* the clothing provided by the parish for his use. (P. 59.)

WILLIAM BLOOMFIELD; idle and disorderly, destroying the clothes furnished him by the parish. (P. 59.)

Breeched or unbreeched the wheel awaits you, my man!

A PERSON UNKNOWN; who appears to be deaf and dumb,—placing himself in the street, and making signs, in order to show he wanted victuals and lodging; appeared to have no means whatever whereby to support himself; he also appeared to be deaf and dumb, and begged alms by signs. (P. 31.)

Deaf and dumb, and yet make signs that he wanted victuals! Oh most particular vagrant! "Away with him, away with him!"

ANN HOWARD; wandering abroad, and endeavouring to obtain money by means of fraudulent representations on the King's highway, in the parish of Colney, by imitating *of* fits. (P. 68.)

"Our tables! meet it is we set it down," that imitating *of* fits is a fraudulent representation to get money. By the mass! Mistress Howard, in her imitation, was more unlucky than her sex in general. We have seen the crime publicly committed at balls and theatres, without the consequences which ensued to poor Mistress Howard:—doubtless from the absence of magistrates!

There are accounts of some persons being punished, whom we scarcely expected to find in the returns; and a few extra crimes are mentioned of rather an extraordinary nature—for instance, at p. 115, we find "A. Colt; for being disorderly," no uncommon case; and p. 16, we have "Cain" sent to the wheel "for wandering," and at p. 39, "Eve" committed "for running away from the parish."

At p. 91, we meet with "Cash; found on the King's highway, with intent to commit a felony." Now was it legal in any one to refuse Cash payment, if money was demanded? At p. 99, "A. Penny" neglects a wife and family, by which, of course, a wife and family become pennyless; and, therefore, of course, chargeable. These are very hard times. At p. 54, we find even "Mammon; begging."

In the following commitment, we are not informed whether Mr. Cole was overseer or churchwarden:

WILLIAM COLE; having neglected to provide for and maintain

himself, and *has expended the parish money in drinking, and other unlawful purposes.* (P. 28.)

We think we have now extracted sufficiently from the returns of the various prisons, to show to our readers the very comprehensive law which Parliament has framed for the making and punishing of vagrants. The wheel of Mr. Bish differs materially from the wheel of Mr. Cubitt: Fortune and misfortune have their separate rich and poor wheels! We now purpose giving the letter of our Correspondent, Mr. H. Walker, having by this time, we trust, prepared our readers for its perusal.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

Sir,—I am perhaps the most experienced vagrant and ill-used man that ever put foot to the machine for grinding hard labour for the use of the poor,—and being anxious and able to give an account of myself at a tribunal more merciful than any I have latterly become familiar with, I shall take the liberty of troubling you with this letter, and of entreating your attention to the Vagrant Law, and to the manifest persecution which the act enables the magistrates to inflict upon the houseless or any other kind of poor.

The only legal settlement for a thoroughly poor man is the House of Correction. You will see, Sir, from a perusal of the following facts that I have had no chance of keeping myself from prison. The moment I fell into distress the constable came down upon me; and every endeavour to better my condition only led me to a fresh cell and a new whipping. The Vagrant Act is an act made expressly for the poor.

When first ruin came upon me, I was sitting over a pint of *Truman and Hanbury* (which I rather prefer to *Combe and Delafield*), at the *Goat and Snuff-box* in the city, ruminating on a thin wife and a fat taxgatherer, when the landlady begged me to pay for what I had had. My pockets, I found on searching them, were all of one mind—empty;—and I was driven to assure the termagant lady that I would settle another day. That promise was enough—I was soon taken before Mr. Alderman ———, and committed as a common vagrant "for not having wherewithal to pay my reckoning."

The treadmill, though an encourager of industry, is not a filler of the pockets, and when my imprisonment expired I had not a penny to pay for a lodging—and I betook myself to a barn at Islington to get a night's housing. Alas!—I was taken before Mr. Justice ———, for the heinous crime of sleeping in a barn, and was again sent to the wheel. During my then confinement I obtained a few shillings from visitors and kind strangers, and on my release procured a lodging at a public house,—but that was an act of vagrancy, and I was again committed. On leaving Cold Bath-fields, an officer stopped me, and inquired whence I came;—I was compelled to admit the fact of my being on my way home from prison,—and I was returned to the place from whence I came, "for not giving a satisfactory account of myself." In vain I was discharged—for I slept in a cart,—against the law! and my mit-

timus was once more made out! The open air was impregnated with the treadmill—and even sleeping in a ditch, which I tried, was sinful in the estimation of the magistrates. Sleeping anywhere,—if you cannot sleep anywhere else,—is an act of vagrancy. This is law!

After many imprisonments I rushed into the country, and was committed for leaving my wife and family! I returned to them, well whipped, and tried to get a penny by singing the Woodpecker Tapping, at the corner of Bear Street, Leicester Fields; but the song was an act of vagrancy, and *we were all* committed. On leaving prison I threatened that I would leave home and see what I could do—and I got myself into the House of Correction for the threat! I walked about without employment—and the magistrates held it to be an offence under the statute! I beat carpets, and rebelled against a trifle a day for such work—and I was a rebel in the eyes of the act. If I stopped at a crowd, I was taken up for being in the company of reputed thieves; if I tried to dispose of a few miserable bundles of matches (for to such a lowness was I dragged), I was lugged up for selling goods without a licence.

Three years have passed, and I have been but very few days in the perilous open air: most of my time has been passed in *not* giving a good account of myself. Oh! Sir! how, with these repeated floggings and imprisonments, shall I ever be able to better my account? Can it ever be good, if true? I have tried several counties, and pretty well know where the severest magistrates abide; indeed, if the act be not repealed, I meditate writing The Mendicant's Guide, or the Vagrant's *Vagari-Mecum*—showing wherein the counties differ in their views of the act—what are the best crimes for particular cities—and where the open air is the safest. I may perhaps here just observe that Essex and Kent are to be avoided by the extremely houseless, and that Salop is hard against ladies of easy virtue. I would also caution the very pennyless from going into Norfolk—as to be pennyless is a crime of itself there: ditch-sleeping in Norfolk is also criminal.

What, Sir, is to be done? As the law is now framed, and as it is now acted upon, I can see no escape from vagrancy and its horrors, but in death. As long as I remain poor I must remain a vagrant; for the attendants, the common attendants of poverty, are all—acts of vagrancy. I never meet with a rich or even a respectable man on the wheel, and yet I am quite sure that when I was both (and you will allow I *must* have seen better days) I was repeatedly a vagrant. How is it that the law is not meted to the rich as well as the poor? Why is not the "idle and disorderly" peer sent to pay his footing at the wheel? Are there among the wealthy no persons who leave their wives and families?—none who improperly spend their money?—none who "refuse to work?"—who get drunk and cannot give good accounts of themselves—who "use subtle arts"—who lie in the open air—who beg—who "wander abroad?" Pray take up the matter; be, in spite of the magistrate, the poor man's friend! Up! Sir! up in the cause of the well-flogged, well-

whipped, well-wheeled, pennyless, persecuted poor! Read, think, and speak aloud. Strip the act and expose it. You are rich and may do it. We, of the pennyless tribe, should soon stand committed if we were to attempt such an exposure.

At any rate, Sir, be pleased to give me your advice; I am at this present writing in ——— jail, for going out of St. James's workhouse with a pair of parish breeches on (and I should have suffered the same punishment if I had quitted without them); my wife, too, who was making the best of her way on foot to her native village, was stopped at Huntingdon, and sent to prison for being "pregnant and unable to proceed." We would, at the expiration of our present sentences, quit our native land, but we understand it is an offence to "wander abroad."

——— Jail, I am, Sir,
Dec. 1824. Yours in every hour of wheel and woe,
HOOKEY WALKER.

P. S. My only boy is in a House of Correction in Kent for answering the master of the workhouse. He is a good child, and will never depart from the way in which he has been brought up.

Mr. Walker certainly makes out a good bad case, and, as appears from the returns, without the least exaggeration. It is pretty clear that if magistrates be unprejudiced and independent (and where gentlemen work for nothing, we have no right to suspect them of interested motives) there is scarcely a common every-day occurrence of life that may not be construed to be an act of vagrancy. The mere trick of sleeping is in itself dangerous, but a man with a nap must be most particular where he lays his *venue!* Humming an air out of Der Freischütz in the street, —taking the odds of Sir John Shelley or Lord Fitzroy at Tattersall's,— stating to one friend that you have taken too much claret with another,— going to the Continent,—being in the family way on a journey with no fresh horses for your post carriage,—panting after new leather inexpressibles,—wearing a low dress at a ball, or getting up a little faint at an attractive moment,—being deranged in your brains, or your breeches pocket; all these amusements, pleasures, or slight mishaps, are liable to pay the duties on the wheel, if magistrates choose to construe them vagabondwise. And that they will be so construed we have not the least doubt, the moment that the offenders meet with officers to seize them in their sins. The Vagrant Laws are doubtless severe laws, but they can by no means be accused of forming part of the poor laws. Mr. Walker would insinuate that none but paupers are made the victims of the Act, but against this insinuation we enter our strong protest,—for, on examining the returns, we find persons not only of the greatest respectability and opulence involved in the consequences of vagrancy; but several characters of acknowledged ability and attainments, whose eminent feet we never expected to behold "timing their footsteps" to

Mr. Vickery's march. We instance a few, to show that our English magistrates can by no means be justly accused of not meting the law equally to the high and the low.

At p. 95, we have JAMES MONTGOMERY for wandering abroad, and not giving a good account of himself.

At p. 18, we have THOMAS MOORE for selling the Great Stambridge breeches, a crime which he can only have committed in some moment of anacreontic hilarity.

At p. 27, THOMAS LITTLE stands charged on the oath of a constable, and *on his own confession.* It will be remembered that this gentleman put as a motto in the title page to his little production, "Lusisse pudet," little thinking it would conduct him to the treadmill.

At p. 43, we have CAMPBELL for not giving a good account of himself (we feared his connexion with the *New Monthly* would do him no good)—and at p. 30, we meet with SCOTT begging.

At p. 54, MRS. MARY ANN CLARKE; idle and disorderly. "To this complexion must she come at last!"

At p. 25, SAMUEL ROGERS; wandering abroad, lodging in alehouses, and being unable to give a good account of himself.

Perhaps this "talented" person was not blessed with the pleasures of memory just at the moment he was under examination.

JAMES SMITH, of rejected popularity, is idle, wandering, and drinking at nearly every page. He is, unquestionably, an incorrigible rogue and vagabond. His picture, like that of Fortune, ought to be painted on a wheel. He is so eternally at work, that he is called by Cubitt his *Tire-smith.*

Speaking of pictures, we are sorry to observe one of the artists has been in a little trouble.

At p. 96, WILLIAM HILTON; wandering abroad, and lodging in the open air.

Among other eminent men, at p. 48, JAMES MACKINTOSH (we presume for stripping himself of his title), is reported as a vagrant; and SCARLETT as going about with a forged brief.

We might thus go on extracting, to the exclusion of every other subject from our Magazine, if we chose; but the foregoing great names will suffice to convince Mr. Walker of the rashness and impropriety of his charge. The magistrates have certainly great powers given to them by the Vagrant Act; and they are not disposed to take a contracted view of those powers; but so long as they visit the Act upon the rich and the poor indiscriminately, as we have incontrovertibly proved to be the case, few persons will be found so violent in their abuse of the law, as Mr. Walker.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE,

WRITTEN IN THE WOODS OF BOLTON ABBEY.

1.

FINE bird, who mournest o'er the by-gone hours,
Like one of life complaining or great wrong,
Turn hither! and, fine bird, o'er Bolton bowers
(Too much forgotten) spread thy wealth of song,
And lend thou, as the willing April showers
Lose—when they wish the summer green and long—
All their bright strength in tears—so unto me
Lend thou thy love-availing melody!

2.

Teach me to sing of pleasure and past pain,
Of exile and the banish'd mind's return;
Of hopes long hid, but now seen clear again;
Of forest-walks all silent, where men learn
Self-mastery and remorse, and great disdain
Of the mad passions which in towns do burn;
Of love, that first great good below high Heaven,
And earth's gay dower by bounteous Nature given!

3.

For never since the Phrygian mood was heard,
And never since the Dorian pipe grew rich
With melancholy meaning,—such as stirr'd
The mermaids' music, when the stars could witch
Old Ocean to his depths, or Triton's word
Alarm'd the waters of the salt-sea-ditch!
Where Calpe mocks the moon—has aught been known
To mate the words *thou* sighest in greenwoods lone.

4.

Sing on! Sing on, dear bird!—a home more green
Than this grew never on green earth, since man
Fashion'd those antique dreams wherein were seen
Thessalian Tempé, and the streams which ran
Through valleys, on whose slopes rough Fauns did lean,
When poets of old Greece saw sylvan Pan,
And Naiads dashing from their silver springs,—
And all which verse or fable sweetly sings.

* * * * * *

UMBROSO.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF MR. LISTON.

The subject of our Memoir is lineally descended from Johan De L'Estonne (see Doomesday Book, where he is so written) who came in with the Conqueror, and had lands awarded him at Lupton Magna, in Kent. His particular merits or services, Fabian, whose authority I chiefly follow, has forgotten, or perhaps thought it immaterial, to specify. Fuller thinks that he was standard-bearer to Hugo De Agmondesham, a powerful Norman Baron, who was slain by the hand of Harold himself at the fatal battle of Hastings. Be this as it may, we find a family of that name flourishing some centuries later in that county. John Delliston, Knight, was high sheriff for Kent, according to Fabian, *quinto Henrici Sexti;* and we trace the lineal branch flourishing downwards—the orthography varying, according to the unsettled usage of the times, from Delleston to Leston, or Liston, between which it seems to have alternated, till, in the latter end of the reign of James I, it finally settled into the determinate and pleasing dissyllabic arrangement which it still retains. Aminadab Liston, the eldest male representative of the family of that day, was of the strictest order of Puritans. Mr. Foss, of Pall Mall, has obligingly communicated to me an undoubted tract of his, which bears the initials only, A. L. and is entitled "the Grinning Glass: or Actor's Mirrour, wherein the vituperative Visnomy of vicious Players for the Scene is as virtuously reflected back upon their mimetic Monstrosities as it has viciously (hitherto) vitiated with its vile Vanities her Votarists." A strange title, but bearing the impress of those absurdities with which the title pages of that pamphlet-spawning age abounded. The work bears date 1617. It preceded the Histriomastix by fifteen years; and as it went before it in time, so it comes not far short of it in virulence. It is amusing to find an ancestor of Liston's thus bespattering the players at the commencement of the seventeenth century. "Thinketh He (the actor), with his costive countenances, to wry a sorrowing soul out of her anguish, or by defacing the divine denotement of destinate dignity (daignely described in the face humane and no other) to reinstamp the Paradice-plotted similitude with a novel and naughty approximation (not in the first intention) to those abhorred and ugly God-forbidden correspondences, with flouting Apes' jeering gibberings, and Babion babbling-like, to hoot out of countenance all modest measure, as if our sins were not sufficing to stoop our backs without He wresting and crooking his members to mistimed mirth (rather malice) in deformed fashion, leering when he should learn, prating for praying, goggling his eyes (better upturned for grace), whereas in Paradice (if we can go thus high for His profession) that devilish Serpent appeareth his undoubted Predecessor, first induing a mask like some roguish roistering Roscius

(I spit at them all) to beguile with Stage shows the gaping Woman, whose Sex hath still chiefly upheld these Mysteries, and are voiced to be the chief Stage-haunters, where, as I am told, the custom is commonly to mumble (between acts) apples, not ambiguously derived from that pernicious Pippin (worse in effect than the Apples of Discord) whereas sometimes the hissing sounds of displeasure, as I hear, do lively reintonate that snake-taking-leave, and diabolical goings off, in Paradice."

The puritanic effervescence of the early Presbyterians appears to have abated with time, and the opinions of the more immediate ancestors of our subject to have subsided at length into a strain of moderate Calvinism. Still a tincture of the old leaven was to be expected among the posterity of A. L.

Our hero was an only son of Habakuk Liston, settled as an Anabaptist minister upon the patrimonial soil of his ancestors. A regular certificate appears, thus entered in the church book at Lupton Magna. "*Johannes, filius Habakuk et Rebeccæ Liston, Dissentientium, natus quinto Decembri* 1780, *baptizatus sexto Februarii sequentis; Sponsoribus J. et W. Woollaston, unâ cum Maria Merryweather.*" The singularity of an Anabaptist minister conforming to the child rites of the church, would have tempted me to doubt the authenticity of this entry, had I not been obliged with the actual sight of it, by the favour of Mr. Minns, the intelligent and worthy parish clerk of Lupton. Possibly some expectation in point of worldly advantages from some of the sponsors, might have induced this unseemly deviation, as it must have appeared, from the practice and principles of that generally rigid sect. The term *Dissentientium* was possibly intended by the orthodox clergyman as a slur upon the supposed inconsistency. What, or of what nature, the expectations we have hinted at, may have been, we have now no means of ascertaining. Of the Wollastons no trace is now discoverable in the village. The name of Merryweather occurs over the front of a grocer's shop at the western extremity of Lupton.

Of the infant Liston we find no events recorded before his fourth year, in which a severe attack of the measles bid fair to have robbed the rising generation of a fund of innocent entertainment. He had it of the confluent kind, as it is called, and the child's life was for a week or two despaired of. His recovery he always attributes (under Heaven) to the humane interference of one Doctor Wilhelm Richter, a German empiric, who, in this extremity, prescribed a copious diet of *Saur Kraut*, which the child was observed to reach at with avidity, when other food repelled him; and from this change of diet his restoration was rapid and complete. We have often heard him name the circumstance with gratitude; and it is not altogether surprising, that a relish for this kind of aliment, so abhorrent and harsh to common English palates, has accompanied him through life. When any of Mr. Liston's intimates

invite him to supper, he never fails of finding, nearest to his knife and fork, a dish of *Saur Kraut*.

At the age of nine we find our subject under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Goodenough (his father's health not permitting him probably to instruct him himself), by whom he was inducted into a competent portion of Latin and Greek, with some mathematics, till the death of Mr. Goodenough, in his own seventieth, and Master Liston's eleventh year, put a stop for the present to his classical progress.

We have heard our hero with emotions, which do his heart honour, describe the awful circumstances attending the decease of this worthy old gentleman. It seems they had been walking out together, master and pupil, in a fine sunset, to the distance of three quarters of a mile west of Lupton, when a sudden curiosity took Mr. Goodenough to look down upon a chasm, where a shaft had been lately sunk in a mining speculation (then projecting, but abandoned soon after, as not answering the promised success, by Sir Ralph Shepperton, Knight, and member for the county). The old clergyman leaning over, either with incaution, or sudden giddiness (probably a mixture of both), suddenly lost his footing, and, to use Mr. Liston's phrase, disappeared; and was doubtless broken into a thousand pieces. The sound of his head, &c. dashing successively upon the projecting masses of the chasm, had such an effect upon the child, that a serious sickness ensued, and even for many years after his recovery he was not once seen so much as to smile.

The joint death of both his parents, which happened not many months after this disastrous accident, and were probably (one or both of them) accelerated by it, threw our youth upon the protection of his maternal great aunt, Mrs. Sittingbourn. Of this aunt we have never heard him speak but with expressions amounting almost to reverence. To the influence of her early counsels and manners, he has always attributed the firmness with which, in maturer years, thrown upon a way of life, commonly not the best adapted to gravity and self-retirement, he has been able to maintain a serious character, untinctured with the levities incident to his profession. Ann Sittingbourn (we have seen her portrait by Hudson) was stately, stiff, tall, with a cast of features strikingly resembling the subject of this memoir. Her estate in Kent was spacious and well-wooded; the house, one of those venerable old mansions which are so impressive in childhood, and so hardly forgotten in succeeding years. In the venerable solitudes of Charnwood, among thick shades of the oak and beech (this last his favourite tree), the young Liston cultivated those contemplative habits which have never entirely deserted him in after years. Here he was commonly in the summer months to be met with, with a book in his hand—not a play-book—meditating. Boyle's Reflections was at one time the darling volume, which in its turn was superseded by Young's Night Thoughts, which has continued its hold upon him through life. He carries it always about him; and it is no

uncommon thing for him to be seen, in the refreshing intervals of his occupation, leaning against a side scene, in a sort of Herbert of Cherbury posture, turning over a pocket edition of his favourite author.

But the solitudes of Charnwood were not destined always to obscure the path of our young hero. The premature death of Mrs. Sittingbourn, at the age of 70, occasioned by incautious burning of a pot of charcoal in her sleeping chamber, left him in his 19th year nearly without resources. That the stage at all should have presented itself as an eligible scope for his talents, and, in particular, that he should have chosen a line so foreign to what appears to have been his turn of mind, may require some explanation.

At Charnwood then we behold him thoughtful, grave, ascetic. From his cradle averse to flesh meats, and strong drink; abstemious even beyond the genius of the place; and almost in spite of the remonstrances of his great aunt, who, though strict, was not rigid; water was his habitual drink, and his food little beyond the mast, and beech nuts, of his favourite groves. It is a medical fact, that this kind of diet, however favourable to the contemplative powers of the primitive hermits, &c., is but ill adapted to the less robust minds and bodies of a later generation. Hypochondria almost constantly ensues. It was so in the case of the young Liston. He was subject to sights, and had visions. Those arid beech nuts, distilled by a complexion naturally adust, mounted into an occiput, already prepared to kindle by long seclusion, and the fervour of strict Calvinistic notions. In the glooms of Charnwood he was assailed by illusions, similar in kind to those which are related of the famous Anthony of Padua. Wild antic faces would ever and anon protrude themselves upon his *sensorium*. Whether he shut his eyes, or kept them open, the same illusions operated. The darker and more profound were his cogitations, the droller and more whimsical became the apparitions. They buzzed about him thick as flies, flapping at him, flouting him, hooting in his ear, yet with such comic appendages, that what at first was his bane, became at length his solace; and he desired no better society than that of his merry phantasmata. We shall presently find in what way this remarkable phenomenon influenced his future destiny.

On the death of Mrs. Sittingbourn, we find him received into the family of Mr. Willoughby, an eminent Turkey merchant, resident in Birchin-lane, London. We lose a little while here the chain of his history; by what inducements this gentleman was determined to make him an inmate of his house. Probably he had had some personal kindness for Mrs. Sittingbourn formerly; but however it was, the young man was here treated more like a son than a clerk, though he was nominally but the latter. Different avocations, the change of scene, with that alternation of business and recreation, which in its greatest perfection is to be had only in London, appear to have weaned him in a short time from the hypochondriacal affections which had beset him at Charnwood.

In the three years which followed his removal to Birchin-lane, we find him making more than one voyage to the Levant, as chief factor for Mr. Willoughby, at the Porte. We could easily fill our biography with the pleasant passages which we have heard him relate as having happened to him at Constantinople, such as his having been taken up on suspicion of a design of penetrating the seraglio, &c.; but with the deepest convincement of this gentleman's own veracity, we think that some of the stories are of that whimsical, and others of that romantic nature, which, however diverting, would be out of place in a narrative of this kind, which aims not only at strict truth, but at avoiding the very appearance of the contrary.

We will now bring him over the seas again, and suppose him in the counting-house in Birchin-lane, his protector satisfied with the returns of his factorage, and all going on so smoothly that we may expect to find Mr. Liston at last an opulent merchant upon 'Change, as it is called. But see the turns of destiny! Upon a summer's excursion into Norfolk, in the year 1801, the accidental sight of pretty Sally Parker, as she was called (then in the Norwich company), diverted his inclinations at once from commerce; and he became, in the language of common-place biography, stage-struck. Happy for the lovers of mirth was it, that our hero took this turn; he might else have been to this hour that unentertaining character, a plodding London merchant.

We accordingly find him shortly after making his *debut*, as it is called, upon the Norwich boards, in the season of that year, being then in the 22d year of his age. Having a natural bent to tragedy, he chose the part of Pyrrhus in the Distressed Mother, to Sally Parker's Hermione. We find him afterwards as Barnwell, Altamont, Chamont, &c.; but, as if nature had destined him to the sock, an unavoidable infirmity absolutely discapacitated him for tragedy. His person at this latter period, of which I have been speaking, was graceful, and even commanding; his countenance set to gravity; he had the power of arresting the attention of an audience at first sight almost beyond any other tragic actor. But he could not hold it. To understand this obstacle we must go back a few years to those appalling reveries at Charnwood. Those illusions, which had vanished before the dissipation of a less recluse life, and more free society, now in his solitary tragic studies, and amid the intense calls upon feeling incident to tragic acting, came back upon him with tenfold vividness. In the midst of some most pathetic passage, the parting of Jaffier with his dying friend, for instance, he would suddenly be surprised with a fit of violent horse laughter. While the spectators were all sobbing before him with emotion, suddenly one of those grotesque faces would peep out upon him, and he could not resist the impulse. A timely excuse once or twice served his purpose, but no audiences could be expected to bear repeatedly this violation of the continuity of feeling. He describes them (the illusions) as so many demons haunting him, and paralysing

every effect. Even now, I am told, he cannot recite the famous soliloquy in Hamlet, even in private, without immoderate bursts of laughter. However, what he had not force of reason sufficient to overcome, he had good sense enough to turn into emolument, and determined to make a commodity of his distemper. He prudently exchanged the buskin for the sock, and the illusions instantly ceased; or, if they occurred for a short season, by their very co-operation added a zest to his comic vein; some of his most catching faces being (as he expresses it) little more than transcripts and copies of those extraordinary phantasmata.

We have now drawn out our hero's existence to the period when he was about to meet for the first time the sympathies of a London audience. The particulars of his success since have been too much before our eyes to render a circumstantial detail of them expedient. I shall only mention that Mr. Willoughby, his resentments having had time to subside, is at present one of the fastest friends of his old renegado factor; and that Mr. Liston's hopes of Miss Parker vanishing along with his unsuccessful suit to Melpomene, in the autumn of 1811 he married his present lady, by whom he has been blest with one son, Philip; and two daughters, Ann, and Angustina.

THE FALLEN STAR.

A STAR is gone! a star is gone!
  There is a blank in Heaven!
One of the cherub-quire has done
  His aery course this even.

He sat upon the orb of fire
  That hung for ages there;
And lent his music to the quire
  That haunts the nightly air.

But when his thousand years were past,
  With a cherubic sigh
He vanish'd with his car at last,—
  For even cherubs die.

Hear how his angel-brothers mourn,
  The minstrels of the spheres!
Each chiming sadly in his turn,
  And dropping splendid tears.

The planetary Sisters all
  Join in the fatal song,
And weep their hapless brother's fall
  Who sang with them so long.

But deepest of the choral band
  The lunar Spirit sings,
And with a bass according hand
  Sweeps all her sullen strings.*

From the deep chambers of the dome
  Where sleepless Uriel lies, †
His rude harmonic thunders come
  Mingled with mighty sighs.

The thousand car-bound cherubim,
  The wandering Eleven,
All join to chaunt the dirge of him
  Who fell just now from heaven.

* In the music of the spheres, the moon is said to contribute the gravest and most sonorous part of the harmony.

† Uriel,—the angel of the sun.

THEATRICALS.

Dear Leo,—As you are now about to become a worldly beast, and to mix with the daily business and pleasures of men, I must have a few words with you touching the state of the stage. It is usual, I believe, to convey observations on this subject in the shape of a jeremiad, and to weep, wail, and gnash one's teeth about the matter through half a dozen pages; to indulge in a sort of Irish wake on the departed drama, and to howl for a space, "Why did it die; had not it Shakspeare and good plays in plenty."* Others again hold a post-mortem inquest on the body; and after considering partially some of the causes that brought the defunct to its end, bring in a verdict of murder against Messrs. Harris, Kemble, and Elliston, but in no measure implicate that necessary accessary to the crime—the very intelligent and tasty public. Of these wakes and inquests you must be heartily sick, and with them it is not my purpose to trouble you; what I propose is to consider the plain practical question—why people do not go to the theatres? The main causes which operate with particular classes I take to be these:—

* "Why did you die; had not you butter-milk and praties, and whiskey in-plenty," is the question which that polite people, the Irish, put to their deceased friends at wakes.

1. Private boxes.
2. Late dinner hours.
3. An utter revolution in the habits of the citizens.
4. The performances.

From the time that many handsome showy private boxes were fitted up in the theatres, it became unfashionable for families to be seen in the public boxes, unless on some very extraordinary occasion; the people of fashion were content to wait till they could have the use of some friend's private box; and that very large class, the would-be people of fashion, either got private boxes by the night, at a considerable expense, or deserted the theatres altogether, rather than appear in places unbecoming their pretensions to good style. Hence the front rows of the dress circle, as it is ridiculously called, at both houses, are filled with extraordinary looking people, who suck oranges and munch apples between the acts, and look wildly about them as if they expected to see acquaintances; and hence the plebeian names that appear in the box book, such as Mrs. Dobbs, Mrs. Green, Mr. Johnson, Thomson, Smith, and perhaps occasionally a Lady Wild or White, of knightly estate, to give an air of distinction to the levy en masse, roughing it in the public boxes. I say roughing it, because women in these boxes are exposed to much that is unpleasant, unless they are actually hemmed in by their male friends; and when perchance a gentleman takes his family to the dress circle, if he neglect the precaution of providing a rear guard of able bodied men to sit behind his wife and daughters, the chances are that some fellow comes in at half price, half drunk, and thrusts his dirty boots on the bench on which they sit, to the great detriment and damage of their petticoats, or obtrudes his nauseous ribaldry on their ears; for these worthies generally travel in couples, as if to render themselves the more offensive by their conversation. Then the matter is taken up by the 'Squire of Dames, and there is a quarrel—a play-house quarrel, the most disreputable thing in the world; and the women, after screaming and fainting, form a resolution never again to put their fathers, brothers, husbands, or lovers in jeopardy by going to a public box. This is an inconvenience that was certainly not so common when men were required to be dressed for the dress boxes; many riotous shop-boys and tavern companions were excluded from this part of the house by that regulation; and many of those conforming to it, though not of gentle blood or the most peaceably disposed, acted up to their appearances, and conducted themselves like gentlemen, because they thought they looked like gentlemen.

An animal of your breeding, Leo, must further be perfectly aware of the fact, confirmatory of what I have said, that in what is called good society people do not talk or concern themselves at all about theatricals; nay, that any extraordinary conversance with such matters is considered as a mark of the beast, as an infallible sign of mauvais ton. People of fashion, with a very few exceptions, and would-be people of fashion,

without any exception, indeed, pique themselves on their ignorance of these things, and will ask with infinite simplicity whether Mrs. Siddons is as great a favourite as ever, and if John Kemble is still at Covent Garden, or will remark that Miss O'Neil is a promising young actress. The other day an exquisite asked whether it was not rather odd that a Mr. Sloman from a minor theatre was playing Isabella at Covent Garden, and was curious to know how his petticoats became his style of figure, and whether he introduced any comic song in the Fatal Marriage. You must not, Leo, be startled at finding that puppies know any thing of the people of minor theatres; for the fact is, that the minor theatres are better known to these worthies than the great ones. Every body who affected to be any body went last summer, for instance, to see the Battle of Waterloo, at Astley's; and George the Third at the Coburg drew crowds of courtiers. The novelty of the thing excuses a visit to these places; but the great theatres, for the reason I have stated, are not the fashion; and those persons who are detected twice in one season in the public boxes are regarded as forlorn people who have no engagements, who have no where else to go, and are looked upon as outcasts from society. A large class of pretenders who would be glad to resort to a theatre are thus kept away by the terror of so damning an imputation, and there is no toleration for play-goers out of the pale of the private boxes, which, being few in number, can accommodate but a small proportion even of the fashionable world; and those who cannot find access to them, like the fox in the fable, cry sour grapes, and blot the theatres from the entities of the beau monde. Thus to the private boxes may be traced one cause of the general desertion of the theatres by the gay people, and their numerous servile imitators.

Late dinner hours have also had their effect, though not perhaps so much with the higher orders, who will dine after the play, as with the more reasonable middle classes. A visit to the theatre disturbs the peace of a genteel family for six months, and gives a shock to the whole system of its domestic economy. Dinner is ordered half an hour earlier than usual, and the escort, which is not procured without difficulty, is warned to be punctual in their attendance; nevertheless the ladies are never by any chance dressed in time, and dinner waits an hour or more for them; but when they do sit down, they make amends for the delay by consulting their watches, and asking a thousand times when the performance begins, and at what hour they forfeit their places; which hints are not lost on the unhappy guests composing the escort, who bolt their meat and gulp their wine, and are hurried from the table to the theatre just in time to be too late, just as the first act curtain falls, and just as the mob at the box door rush in to Mrs. ———'s places. Then appeals are made to the gallantry and politeness of these people, who are thanking the kind stars that have blessed them with front seats, and they are entreated to vacate their places in favour of the ladies; but the sturdy occupants often stand upon their rights, talk of the regulations, intimate

that they are free-born Britons, and allude to Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights. Here is admirable scope for a quarrel, but that is quite unnecessary to wind up the troubles of the day, as the father of the family generally dies in the night of the large mouthfuls of meat he swallowed whole at his meal "to please the young people." I have alluded here to the immense difficulty of procuring a decent escort for these occasions. The truth is, that the duty is so severe, that few, except half-pay officers inured to the toils of campaigning and its privations, will undertake the service—a meal to be eaten against time, and wine "to be taken immediately;" five hours of "rational entertainment," and a voyage of discovery to get up the carriage in a snow storm, are hardships that will daunt the most intrepid men, such as men now are.

I now proceed to consider the third cause. The best and steadiest supporters of the theatre in the olden time were the citizens and respectable tradesmen of the metropolis. The habits of these good folks have, however, of late years undergone a complete revolution, which has entirely altered the nature of their pleasures. These worthy people have become so passionately addicted to the enjoyments of a country life—so captivated with the sweet content which attends a retirement to Hackney, Newington Butts, Kennington Common, and other solitudes in the neighbourhood of London, that towards evening they fly with the speed of the Diligence from the busy hum of men to enjoy the calm pleasures of these rural retreats, where they sit, each man under his own sun-flower or scarlet runner, and taste the joys of seclusion as they fuddle their sublime faculties with rum punch or gin toddy. The good folks who formerly filled the theatres at night now fill the suburbs, and go many, many hundred yards into the country to sleep, instead of going to the play to laugh; and greatly is this change in their habits, manners, and customs, felt and deplored in the treasuries of the great theatres.

There are still left, however, many classes of persons who would flock to a theatre if any temptation were presented. There are some people in high life too sensible to be swayed by fashion, or above its empire; there are people in middle life who are too wise to play fine, and who are glad to be pleased even by means of an unfashionable amusement; there are our country cousins whom it is extremely difficult to keep out of a theatre; there is the large class of idle young men in the inns of court who get surprisingly tired of their chambers at about nine o'clock, and who are peculiarly addicted to the play-houses; and there are citizens and tradesmen who do not migrate nightly to the neighbouring woods and wilds. These and many other classes, which it were tedious to particularise, would resort to the theatres did they offer any attraction. But do, if you can, tell me, Leo, what *pretext* any reasonable man has had this season, for example, for paying money at the doors of either of the two great houses. At Covent Garden they have brought out Der Freischutz, and have not done it so well as the English Opera, with the exception of the orchestra, which I allow is full and perfect, and deserves

all the praise that has been bestowed on it. Covent Garden has also borrowed the Frozen Lake from the summer theatre: these pieces with "Woman never Vext," a revival, the Old "New Pantomime," "The Barber of Seville," and "The Miller and his Men," have been the novelties and attractions of the first part of the season at this theatre.

Drury Lane has been no less indebted to minor theatres, Elliston having strengthened himself with a troop of horse from one of them; but as I have not seen his cavalry, or met with any body that has seen them, I cannot take upon myself to consider the question whether Drury Lane is, or is not, inferior to Astley's in equestrian performances. It is, however, my intention to go to see the Drury troop when that piece is brought out in which Elliston, blowing a trumpet, is to ride on four horses at once—that will be a sight worth seeing, and for that treat I will cheerfully pay seven shillings current money of this realm. That the manager will shine in equestrian exercises I make no doubt, for he has long been in training, having all his life been immensely addicted to riding the high horse.

Drury Lane has brought out this season a piece under the very imposing title of "The two little Sisters:" the attraction of this entertainment consisted, as I am informed, in the tiny persons and tender age of the children who figured in it; but as I could not go the first night, I resolved not to go at all, for the little children must since then have grown older and out of all wonderful size. It is a mathematical truth that every night they are a day older, and consequently deteriorated as infantine curiosities; they were in perfection on the first night of their being brought forth; and it is a sort of imposition on the public to ask the same sum of money at the end of a month for the exhibition of exceedingly young children which was taken at the beginning of the month, when it is plain the article was by one month better worth seeing. By the same rule, Elliston may play those same little children off on us till they are 50 years old. Thus falling into the error of Dominie Sampson who styled the strapping soldier six feet high his *little* Harry Bertram. Drury Lane has also had its Der Freischutz (one loaths the very name), and has produced an excellent singer, Mr. Sapio, in faded pieces that no one can prevail upon himself to sit out. When such have been the main attractions of the two rival houses before Christmas, is it surprising that people do not go to the play, I mean those people who would pay money at the door, and really be glad of any fair pretext for visiting the theatres, and who are kept away by the performances. And here I would impart a scheme to managers deserving their most serious attention.

Advertisements and play bills are, it is well known, a considerable expense to the theatres; and, what is worse, they not only cost money, but also occasion a loss of money, as I shall show in a few words. As theatres are at present conducted, what is a play bill in the streets but a notice not to go to a particular theatre? What does it say but TAKE WARNING this evening is performed at Covent Garden *Der Freischutz,*

after which, for the thousandth and first time, *The Miller and his Men.* This candid manifesto of dulness keeps people away, it puts the public on its guard. Many a man turned out of his lodgings, as Mathews says, or devoured with ennui, would be glad *to take his chance* of amusement at a theatre; but when he sees these ingenuous announcements, plainly intimating what he has to expect, he discovers that no resource against melancholy is to be found in that quarter. Let the managers discontinue these advertisements, and they will find their immediate account in it. People in their ignorance of what awaits them may go to the theatre, but fore-warned, fore-armed.

On some future opportunity I shall say a few words about the inconveniences of our huge theatres, and shall endeavour to show how far the bad taste of the public excuses the quackery of managers.

P. Pickle.

P. S. I cannot close my letter touching the rival houses without a few words on a delicious bit of folly in the Haymarket, which, in its closing address to the public, had the bad judgment to indulge in a particularly unlucky sneer at the *manège* of Drury Lane. Every one who knows any thing of the performances at the Haymarket during the last season, knows that nothing could be more contemptible than the company—it was actually a stick-shop, and one only wonders how the manager contrived to bring together such a number of wooden people. This being the state of the case, what can be conceived more unhappy than the following smart hits at the bad taste of another establishment.

"It is the intention of the proprietors, Ladies and Gentlemen, to recommence the performances at this theatre as soon as it may please his Majesty's Lord Chamberlain to grant them his licence. Their stage being of somewhat small dimensions, and their theatre totally unprovided with stables, they cannot venture to promise you either a procession, a troop of horse, or a herd of elephants; *and hitherto they have been unsuccessful in their efforts to discover a cabinet of monkies,* or a set of dancing dogs, altogether deserving the honour of appearing before an enlightened British audience."—Pah! If they had no monkies at the Haymarket (of which I am not quite sure) they had for genteel comedy the most extraordinary breed of gentlemen I ever beheld; and I shall be thankful to the manager if he will inform the world where that manner of man is raised (to use the American phrase). To my mind they beat Elliston's quadrupeds hollow. The proprietor then goes on to promise to engage "*biped* performers—*mere men and women,*" which seems to have been the very simple plan on which he formed his last company, two legs and a sex having been all the apparent requisites for a Haymarket actor or actress of 1824.

A VISION OF HORNS.

My thoughts had been engaged last evening in solving the problem, why in all times and places the *horn* has been agreed upon as the symbol, or honourable badge, of married men. Moses' horn, the horn of Ammon, of Amalthea, and a cornucopia of legends besides, came to my recollection, but afforded no satisfactory solution, or rather involved the question in deeper obscurity. Tired with the fruitless chase of inexplicant analogies, I fell asleep, and dreamed in this fashion.

Methought certain scales or films fell from my eyes, which had hitherto hindered these little tokens from being visible. I was somewhere in the Cornhill (as it might be termed) of some Utopia. Busy citizens jostled each other, as they may do in our streets, with care (the care of making a penny) written upon their foreheads; and *something else*, which is rather imagined, than distinctly imaged, upon the brows of my own friends and fellow-townsmen.

In my first surprise I supposed myself gotten into some forest—Arden, to be sure, or Sherwood; but the dresses and deportment, all civic, forbade me to continue in that delusion. Then a scriptural thought crossed me (especially as there were nearly as many Jews and Christians among them), whether it might not be the children of Israel going up to besiege Jericho. I was undeceived of both errors by the sight of many faces which were familiar to me. I found myself strangely (as it will happen in dreams) at one and the same time in an unknown country, with known companions. I met old friends, not with new faces, but with their old faces oddly adorned in front, with each man a certain corneous excrescence. Dick Mitis, the little cheesemonger in St. * * * *'s Passage, was the first that saluted me, with his hat off—you know Dick's way to a customer—and, I not being aware of him, he thrust a strange beam into my left eye, which pained and grieved me exceedingly; but, instead of apology, he only grinned and fleered in my face, as much as to say "it is the custom of the country," and passed on.

I had scarce time to send a civil message to his lady, whom I have always admired as a pattern of a wife,—and do indeed take Dick and her to be a model of conjugal agreement and harmony,—when I felt an ugly smart in my neck, as if something had gored it behind, and turning round, it was my old friend and neighbour, Dulcet, the confectioner, who, meaning to be pleasant, had thrust his protuberance right into my nape, and seemed proud of his power of offending.

Now I was assailed right and left, till in my own defence I was obliged to walk sideling and wary, and look about me, as you guard your eyes in London streets; for the horns thickened, and came at me like the ends of umbrellas poking in one's face.

I soon found that these towns-folk were the civillest best-mannered people in the world, and that if they had offended at all, it was entirely

owing to their blindness. They do not know what dangerous weapons they protrude in front, and will stick their best friends in the eye with provoking complacency. Yet the best of it is, they can see the beams on their neighbours' foreheads, if they are as small as motes, but their own beams they can in no wise discern.

There was little Mitis, that I told you I just encountered—he has simply (I speak of him at home in his own shop) the smoothest forehead in his own conceit—he will stand you a quarter of an hour together contemplating the serenity of it in the glass, before he begins to shave himself in a morning—yet you saw what a desperate gash he gave me.

Desiring to be better informed of the ways of this extraordinary people, I applied myself to a fellow of some assurance, who (it appeared) acted as a sort of interpreter to strangers—he was dressed in a military uniform, and strongly resembled Colonel ———, of the guards;—and "pray, Sir," said I, "have all the inhabitants of your city these troublesome excrescences? I beg pardon, I see you have none. You perhaps are single." "Truly, Sir," he replied with a smile, "for the most part we have, but not all alike. There are some, like Dick, that sport but one tumescence. Their ladies have been tolerably faithful—have confined themselves to a single aberration or so—these we call Unicorns. Dick, you must know, is my Unicorn. [He spoke this with an air of invincible assurance.] Then we have Bicorns, Tricorns, and so on up to Millecorns. [Here methought I crossed and blessed myself in my dream.] Some again we have—there goes one—you see how happy the rogue looks—how he walks smiling, and perking up his face, as if he thought himself the only man. He is not married yet, but on Monday next he leads to the altar the accomplished widow Dacres, relict of our late sheriff."

"I see, Sir," said I, "and observe that he is happily free from the national *goitre* (let me call it), which distinguishes most of your countrymen."

"Look a little more narrowly," said my conductor.

I put on my spectacles, and observing the man a little more diligently, above his forehead I could mark a thousand little twinkling shadows dancing the horn-pipe, little hornlets, and rudiments of horn, of a soft and pappy consistence (for I handled some of them), but which, like coral out of water, my guide informed me would infallibly stiffen and grow rigid within a week or two from the expiration of his bachelorhood.

Then I saw some horns strangely growing out behind, and my interpreter explained these to be married men, whose wives had conducted themselves with infinite propriety since the period of their marriage, but were thought to have antedated their good men's titles, by certain liberties they had indulged themselves in, prior to the ceremony. This kind of gentry wore their horns backwards, as has been said, in the fashion of the old pig-tails; and as there was nothing obtrusive or ostentatious in them, nobody took any notice of it.

Some had pretty little budding antlers, like the first essays of a young faun. These, he told me, had wives, whose affairs were in a hopeful way, but not quite brought to a conclusion.

Others had nothing to show, only by certain red angry marks and swellings in their foreheads, which itched the more they kept rubbing and chafing them; it was to be hoped that something was brewing.

I took notice that every one jeered at the rest, only none took notice of the sea-captains; yet these were as well provided with their tokens as the best among them. This kind of people, it seems, taking their wives upon so contingent tenures, their lot was considered as nothing but natural,—so they wore their marks without impeachment, as they might carry their cockades, and nobody respected them a whit the less for it.

I observed, that the more sprouts grew out of a man's head, the less weight they seemed to carry with them; whereas, a single token would now and then appear to give the wearer some uneasiness. This shows that use is a great thing.

Some had their adornings gilt, which needs no explanation; while others, like musicians, went sounding theirs before them—a sort of music which I thought might very well have been spared.

It was pleasant to see some of the citizens encounter between themselves; how they smiled in their sleeves at the shock they received from their neighbour, and none seemed conscious of the shock which their neighbour experienced in return.

Some had great corneous stumps, seemingly torn off and bleeding. These, the interpreter warned me, were husbands who had retaliated upon their wives, and the badge was in equity divided between them.

While I stood discerning of these things, a slight tweak on my cheek unawares, which brought tears into my eyes, introduced to me my friend Placid, between whose lady and a certain male cousin, some idle flirtations I remember to have heard talked of; but that was all. He saw he had somehow hurt me, and asked my pardon with that round unconscious face of his, and looked so tristful and contrite for his no-offence, that I was ashamed for the man's penitence. Yet I protest it was but a scratch. It was the least little hornet of a horn that could be framed. "Shame on the man," I secretly exclaimed, "who could thrust so much as the value of a hair into a brow so unsuspecting and inoffensive. What then must they have to answer for, who plant great, monstrous, timber-like, projecting antlers upon the heads of those whom they call their friends, when a puncture of this atomical tenuity made my eyes to water at this rate. All the pincers at Surgeons' Hall cannot pull out for Placid that little hair."

I was curious to know what became of these frontal excrescences, when the husbands died; and my guide informed me that the chemists in their country made a considerable profit by them, extracting from them certain subtle essences:—and then I remembered, that nothing was so efficacious in my own for restoring swooning matrons, and wives troubled with the

vapours, as a strong sniff or two at the composition, appropriately called hartshorn—far beyond *sal volatile.*

Then also I began to understand, why a man, who is the jest of the company, is said to be the butt—as much as to say, such a one butteth with the horn.

I inquired if by no operation these wens were ever extracted; and was told, that there was indeed an order of dentists, whom they call canonists in their language, who undertook to restore the forehead to its pristine smoothness; but that ordinarily it was not done without much cost and trouble; and when they succeeded in plucking out the offending part, it left a painful void, which could not be filled up; and that many patients who had submitted to the excision, were eager to marry again, to supply with a good second antler the baldness and deformed gap left by the extraction of the former, as men losing their natural hair substitute for it a less becoming periwig.

Some horns I observed beautifully taper, smooth, and (as it were) flowering. These I understand were the portions brought by handsome women to their spouses; and I pitied the rough, homely, unsightly deformities on the brows of others, who had been deceived by plain and ordinary partners. Yet the latter I observed to be by far the most common—the solution of which I leave to the natural philosopher.

One tribe of married men I particularly admired at, who, instead of horns, wore, engrafted on their forehead, a sort of horn-book. "This," quoth my guide, "is the greatest mystery in our country, and well worth an explanation. You must know that all infidelity is not of the senses. We have as well intellectual, as material, wittols. These, whom you see decorated with the Order of the Book—are triflers, who encourage about their wives' presence the society of your men of genius (their good friends, as they call them)—literary disputants, who ten to one out-talk the poor husband, and commit upon the understanding of the woman a violence and estrangement in the end, little less painful than the coarser sort of alienation. Whip me these knaves—[my conductor here expressed himself with a becoming warmth]—whip me them, I say, who with no excuse from the passions, in cold blood seduce the minds, rather than the persons, of their friends' wives; who, for the tickling pleasure of hearing themselves prate, dehonestate the intellects of married women, dishonouring the husband in what should be his most sensible part. If I must be—[here he used a plain word] let it be by some honest sinner like myself, and not by one of these gad-flies, these debauchers of the understanding, these flattery-buzzers." He was going on at this rate, and I was getting insensibly pleased with my friend's manner (I had been a little shy of him at first), when the dream suddenly left me, vanishing—as Virgil speaks—through the gate of Horn.

ELIA.

RAIL-WAYS.

The rage of the last month has been a mania for rail roads. The strong feeling of interest and curiosity which this subject is now exciting in the public mind; the variety of companies which are daily forming, to connect, by means of rail-ways, the most important mercantile and manufacturing stations in the kingdom; the secret opposition which is now vigorously exerting itself on the part of interested bodies, with any object in view but the public good; seem to point out the propriety of setting before the public a general view of the advantages which rail-ways are likely to furnish, and to direct their attention to the quarters whence opposition may be expected.

On a well made road a horse will draw one ton, in a cart weighing about 7cwt., or about 3000lb., at a rate of two miles an hour. On a rail-way of the best construction he will draw, at the same rate of travelling, about 15 tons; let us call this 30,000lb. for the convenience of having round numbers; and on a canal he will draw about 30 tons in a boat weighing 15 tons, or about 90,000lb. Hence, on a rail-way, the draught of a horse is *ten times*, and on a canal *thirty times*, as great as on a well made road. Now a rail-way costs about *three times*, and a canal about *nine times*, as much as a good road; and it is probable that the expense of keeping them in repair, is in proportion to the original outlay. It is obvious, therefore, if rail-ways should come into general use, that the expense of transporting commodities will be about two-thirds less than on the best roads.

With respect to the advantages of a rail-way over a canal, which is the question here principally at issue, we may observe, in the first place, that if a horse power effect three times as much on a canal as on a rail-way, the original cost and subsequent repairs of a canal are about three times as great; consequently, a canal will require about the same rates or dues to repay the proprietors as a rail-way. It must next be observed, that this comparison relates entirely to the transporting of goods *at two miles an hour*. Now it is easy to show, that so long as horse power is employed on canals, and they are not sufficiently deep and broad to admit the application of steam, this rate of transporting goods cannot be increased without an increase of freight, which would entirely destroy their superiority over roads. We have seen that a horse will draw about 90,000lb. at the rate of two miles an hour. If we increase the velocity of the boat the resistance will also be increased, and with amazing rapidity. The *resistance of a fluid increases as the square of the velocity*. Since 90,000lb., therefore, is drawn at the rate of two miles an hour by one horse;

At 4 miles an hour it would require 4 horses.
6 9
8 16
12 36

Or,

At 4 miles an hour, the draught of 1 horse will be about 22,000lb.
6 10,000
8 5000
12 2000

In this computation it is assumed that the draught of a horse is the same at two, four, six, and eight miles an hour. In fact, however, its draught diminishes very rapidly as its velocity increases, a great portion of its strength being exhausted in supporting its velocity. If 100lb. measure the force of traction of a horse, when travelling at the rate of two miles an hour, then will this power be reduced to 64lb. when he travels at the rate of four miles an hour; and for higher rates of travelling it diminishes still more rapidly. Here the draught of a horse on a canal, at the rate of four miles an hour, is little more than 12,000lb. It is needless to push this inquiry any farther; it is quite clear that goods can never be transported on a canal at a rate exceeding two or two and a half miles an hour. Let us see now what will be the effect of an increased rate of travelling on a rail-way. And here we shall arrive at a series of conclusions diametrically opposite to those we have deduced for canals. The resistance to communication of motion on a rail-way arises from the friction and the resistance of the air. For any rate of travelling which is likely to be adopted, 8, 10, or 12 miles an hour, the resistance arising from the atmosphere is very trifling compared with that due to the friction. We shall, therefore, altogether neglect its consideration. *The resistance due to the friction is proportional only to the pressure. It is entirely independent of the velocity.* This is the grand circumstance which distinguishes a rail-way from a canal, and which gives the former such an immense advantage over the latter. On a canal, by increasing the velocity of the boat, we increase the resistance to its motion at a very rapid rate; by increasing the velocity on a rail-way, the resistance is not at all increased; it is, if any thing, rather diminished. Abstracting from consideration the resistance of the air, the very force which impels a body at two miles an hour, may, by very simple contrivances, be made to impel it at ten or twelve miles an hour. If we apply to the body to be moved on a rail-way a force just equal to the resistance due to the friction, it will not move; it will be exactly in a state of equilibrium. But the smallest increase of force will put it in motion. If this small increase of force be a constantly acting force, like that due to steam, its motion will be continually accelerated, and would, ultimately, become greater than any assignable limit. Here we see the advantage of steam power; animal power could never be so applied as to

produce this effect; because, as the velocity of the vehicle increases, the draught of animal power is diminished, becoming small indeed when it reaches the velocity of ten or twelve miles an hour. When the vehicle has attained any proposed velocity, whether that velocity be generated in the first instance by the continued action of the impelling force, or by any other means, it is merely necessary, in order that it should retain that velocity, that there should be an impelling force just sufficient to overcome the friction and the resistance to the air. Hence, *on a rail-way, the expenditure of force due to a velocity of ten or twelve miles an hour, is very little more than that due to a velocity of two miles an hour.* This is the grand mechanical advantage which a rail-road possesses over a canal. But it is on the application of steam, and on a consequent capacity of maintaining a *constant action,* however great the velocity of the vehicle, that this advantage depends. Without steam a rail-way would be of no use; it would possess no superiority over a canal. Animal power could not have been applied with any advantageous effect, because its draught diminishes so rapidly with an increase of velocity.

Another point in which a rail-road is very superior to a canal consists in this—that being subject to none of the difficulties which occur in the construction of canals, it can always be made in a direct line, and will commonly be the shortest distance between two given stations. Between Liverpool and Manchester, for instance, the distance by the three lines of water conveyance is upwards of 50 miles; by a rail-road it will only be 33 miles: thus one-third of the entire distance is saved, a circumstance which will be found to be nearly true of all the principal lines of road and canal in the kingdom. The conveyance on canals too is frequently obstructed in summer from an imperfect supply of water, and in winter from being frozen up. Again, goods transported on a rail-way are free from all the risks and damages incident to water conveyance. This is no imaginary evil. On the canals between Liverpool and Manchester, goods are exposed to the most violent storms and adverse winds, during a passage of 18 miles in the tide-way of the Mersey. For days together, when the wind blows strong from the north and south, these vessels cannot move against it. Packages of goods intended for exportation are frequently very materially damaged, but they are polished up previous to shipment, and pass inspection. On being opened in a foreign market, the secret is discovered, and an average is the consequence; and the underwriters are called upon to pay a loss against which they never insured, for which they received no premium.

It is asserted by some that a few hours gained in speed is of no importance. The establishment of vans on all the principal roads in the kingdom within a very short period of time is a practical answer to this, better than a thousand arguments. Is it not equally certain that for no other reason than dispatch and certainty of delivery, spinners and dealers are constantly in the habit of carting both raw and manufactured produce

to a very great extent, at an expense four or five times what it would be on a rail-way; and, after all, at a considerably slower pace?

A canal can be employed only in conveying goods; a rail-way is equally applicable to the conveyance of passengers and goods. Their establishment will enable us to travel at least one-third more rapidly than we can by any existing conveyance, and at one half the expense. We can travel now for instance, from London to York, a distance of 200 miles, in about four and five and twenty hours, at an expense of five guineas; the establishment of a rail-road from London to Edinburgh, which would pass not very far from York, would enable us to accomplish the same distance in 15 or 16 hours, at an expense of little more than two guineas.

Great, however, and manifest as are the advantages presented by this mode of conveyance, it is not to be expected that rail-ways will meet no opposition. There always are a set of people whose interest it is that things should remain as they are. Canal and coach proprietors are evidently among this class in the present instance; and we shall doubtless hear from these quarters a great deal about vested rights. These parties will infallibly join and exert whatever influence they possess to stop this growing evil. Improvements must always injure some class or other of individuals, and it is in human nature that they should deprecate and oppose the progress of such improvements. The introduction of the art of printing threw a vast number of manuscript copiers out of employment, and we can pardon that state of irritation and prejudice which represented this noble discovery as a fragment of the black art, an engine of Satan. But we need not pass to so remote a period, or seek illustration from arts so little analogous as that of which we have been speaking; the inhabitants in the vicinity of London at one time petitioned Parliament to prevent the extension of turnpike-roads; they wanted to retain the monopoly for the supply of that city with their own produce. About the year 1745, when canals were projected, multitudes of pamphlets were published to show their impolicy. Turnpike trustees, and the owners of pack-horses saw danger to their interests, and they persuaded the land-owners that canals would supersede the use of horses, and diminish the consumption of hay and oats. These parties joined, and, by their representation, that the internal navigation would destroy the coasting trade, and thereby injure our nursery for seamen, succeeded for a time in preventing several important undertakings, and, among others, the Trent and Mersey Navigation. Yet what has been the effect of canals? They have increased our trade, commerce, and manufactures; horses have gone on increasing in numbers and quality, and consequently the consumption of hay and oats; the coasting trade has increased, and our nursery for seamen enlarged. Canals have done well for the country; but we have now got something that will do better. Cheaper and more expeditious modes of conveyance are now presenting themselves in the advancing march of science and art. The powers of steam have been developed to

an extent that our ancestors would have wisely deemed visionary. In its application to our manufactures, it has multiplied our resources and our productive industry incalculably,—it has been applied to navigation, and steam-boats have superseded all the coasting packets in the kingdom. It has now been ascertained that it can be applied to the propelling and dragging of goods on a rail-road, at a far cheaper and more expeditious rate than can be accomplished by any other means. And its employment for this purpose cannot long be delayed. The struggles of a set of canal proprietors and other interested bodies may obstruct its introduction for a time, but they cannot finally prevent it. The interests of a great body of people, enlightened and enterprising as the population of Great Britain, cannot long be thwarted by any private cabals. In a country where every species of intelligence is diffused with such universality and rapidity, the march of improvement cannot be permanently arrested. If it could, or if it were, we should in vain hope long to maintain our boasted superiority in commerce and manufactures. Were *we* to trample upon the discoveries of our mechanics and engineers, other countries would not suffer them to lie dormant and uncultivated. Rail-roads have already excited the strongest feelings of interest in America, that theatre where every faculty of human nature and every discovery in art and science is developed with such miraculous energy. They are undergoing discussion at the seat of government, and letters from Washington are full of inquiries concerning them. The Emperor of Russia has obtained a model of the loco-motive engine, and at the present moment has a professional agent employed in investigating the rail-roads of the north.*

* See the *Scotsman* Newspaper in which some instructive articles have appeared on this subject, and also a pamphlet on the Rail-Road between Liverpool and Manchester, by Mr. Sandars.

SONNET.

The merciful sweet influence of the South
  Cheereth the hardy winter-buds no more,
No scented breath hovers about their mouth,
  No beauty in their bosom to adore:
With icy foot the rude North treads them down,
  And tells them they shall never greet the Spring,
But perish at the hue of Winter's frown
  That kills the very hope of blossoming;
  Thus whilst he fans them with his frosty wing
They wither all their leaves upon the earth,
  Not worth the hapless ruddock's gathering,—
And die upon the spot that gave them birth.
  How like, in fate, the winter-bud and I,
  We live in sorrow, and in sorrow die!

STERNE AT CALAIS AND MONTREUIL.

It has always been a subject of astonishment to me that, among all the travellers who have made the tour of France, not one should have devoted a page to the notice of their witty and philosophic predecessor, Sterne! While the authoress of the Canterbury Tales, as she does but approach the Kentish coast, is unable to restrain her imagination from bounding over to Calais and conjuring up the shades of Yorick and his poor monk of St. Francis, thousands of our countrymen have stood upon the very spot where Yorick stood, and followed in his very footsteps, never remembering, in their eagerness to reach the capital, that they trod on classic ground. Not so with me. From Sterne it was that I received my earliest impressions about France and French people: it was he who first excited in me a desire to become personally acquainted with scenes and characters over which his descriptions (faithful and correct as I have since found them to be) had thrown the charm of romance.

For a long time, however, the gratification of any such desire was impossible: a war that, to judge from the implacability with which it was maintained on both sides, seemed to be interminable, threatened us with eternal exclusion from the continent: so that when, soon after the cessation of hostilities, I found myself pacing the principal street of Calais, I could not immediately bring my mind to credit the reality of my situation. Nor was I, indeed, for several days altogether freed from the spell thrown over me by the Spirit of the place. Was I actually standing in front of *Monsieur Dessin's* door? *Monsieur Dessin,* then, had really lived, and was not a mere creation of the fancy! Was it on this spot Yorick beheld his monk conversing with the lady? Was this the scene of his adventure with her? Did the little *debonaire* captain come dancing down this very street? It was the same thing during the journey onwards. "Nothing was but what was not." At Montreuil I was haunted by Lafleur; at Nampont, I almost expected, as a matter of course, to find a dead ass by the road side; at Amiens, I felt some disappointment at not being overtaken by Madame de L * * * in her brother's post-chaise; at Paris——But here my fancies and delusions were soon extinguished; and Sterne and his Monk, and Lafleur and Madame de L * * * were all forgotten in the bustle and excitement of a first visit to *la plus belle ville de l'univers!*

After residing some time in Paris it happened that I received an invitation to the *Rue St. Pierre.*—The *Rue St. Pierre!*—Why, surely, that was the street inhabited by Sterne's Madame R * * *! The touch of Genius can transform the vilest spot on earth into fairy ground. We behold with feelings of deeper reverence the mud-hovel that has been transferred to the canvass of Morland, or described by the pen of Scott, than the marble mansion of some undistinguished Crœsus. Sterne has always been one of my most favourite authors—not for his *sentiment,* for

that, in him, is of a questionable character; besides which, that quality, which thrives best in the shade, and always suffers by exposure in a strong light, is too much paraded:—but I admire him for his wit, his pathos, his philosophy, and his acute and accurate perception and masterly sketching of character. No wonder then that the *Rue St. Pierre,* which is the narrowest, dirtiest, meanest street in Paris, should to me have become the most interesting corner in that interesting city. It appears to have undergone neither change nor improvement for at least a century; and though it has lost its *fashion*--a mutation to which streets, as well as caps and ribbons, are liable—it contains two or three fine houses respectably inhabited. One of these was occupied, shortly before the Revolution, by the most celebrated beauty in France, Mdlle. D——, and *might* formerly have been the hotel of Sterne's Madame R***. Why not? Exquisitely as he has embellished his trifles, I am thoroughly persuaded that Madame R*** (though *who* she was seems hopeless now to inquire) was a real personage; that every initial in the "Journey" refers to a real character whom Sterne had met; and that every incident he relates is founded in fact. Madame R***'s *porte-cochère* stood so palpably before me, that had the *fille de chambre** herself, with *Les Egaremens du Cœur et de l'Esprit* in her pocket, just returned from the *Quai de Conti,* and knocked at the door, I could not have been better satisfied that I was right in my conjecture.

Yet this was but a conjecture after all. But *his own habitation!* the scene of his delightful "*Dimanche,*" the "Starling," the "Case of Conscience!" There can be no doubt about that. He describes it as the *Hotel de Modene;* but then he gives no direct clue to it. Besides, in Paris, there are as many hotels bearing the same name as we have "King's Arms Taverns" and "Blue Posts" in London. Then again, after the lapse of more than sixty years, what changes may not have occurred to distract my search? I had already been at fault about the *Opéra Comique,* and settled, to my own satisfaction, the identity of the "long dark passage," the scene of the "Riddle," when I discovered that *my Opéra-Comique* was not *his,* which had been many years destroyed. This mishap rendered me cautious; I began to entertain doubts about *Monsieur Dessin's* itself; and grew angry at the bare possibility of having wasted my extasies on an impostor. So happening at that time to have nothing better to do, I resolved to settle the point at once: and with a celerity of execution which would have done honour to Yorick himself, "I put up half a dozen shirts"—("black silk breeches" do not form part of a travelling equipage in these days)—got into the Calais diligence, and the next day, "by three, had got sat down to my dinner so incontestably at Calais"——but I must quote no further; for, as the *Droits d'Aubaine* no longer exist, an Englishman, in France, is now permitted to die comfortably of an indigestion, undisturbed by the dread of losing his portmanteau.

* Sterne invariably misuses this phrase for *femme de chambre.*

CALAIS.

The town of Calais has undergone considerable changes in its general aspect since the period when it was first visited by Sterne (1762). These are all greatly to the benefit of its inhabitants and the convenience of travellers; but the spirit of improvement is a death-blow to the antiquary and the literary pilgrim. Was it of the smallest importance to me that Calais Harbour had been rendered more commodious than formerly (it is true I had no immediate intention of embarking from it), when I found that so trifling a matter had cost the destruction of Hogarth's gates? There are still two gates; but one has been so provokingly repaired, and the other so unkindly beautified, that it is impossible to discover a trace of the original. I remember, some years ago, a shattered sentry-box standing, or rather falling, at the side of the furthermost one (Hogarth's) which I always looked at with respect—it must have been the very one sketched by the artist. Lately when I expressed my sorrow for its removal, and inquired why such an outrage had been committed, I could get no better reason than that the shattered sentry-box was utterly useless as a shelter to the sentinel on duty, and was, moreover, a grievous eye-sore! Ridiculous! Even *Dessin's*, the classic spot——but let me not touch this melancholy subject abruptly.

Having finished my dinner I sent for mine host. "*Monsieur Dessin*," said I, "I have journeyed all the way from Paris to Calais for the express purpose of making some inquiries concerning Sterne. You have heard of him perhaps."—"Heard of him!" ejaculated he, at the same time pulling off his fur cap; then adding, with a low bow and a look of extraordinary complacency, "Sir, I have the honour to be grandson to the great man whom your illustrious countryman, *Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick* has rendered so famous by his *admirable Voyage Sentimental*."—"Then, *Monsieur Dessin*, I trust to your complaisance for the information I require."—"Sir, you could not have *fallen* better." I asked him whether the hotel had always been in possession of his family since the time of *Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick*. "I grieve to say it has not! The *great Dessin* bequeathed it to his son, who, after conducting it for some time, parted with it to a *M. Quillacq*. *Mais ça n'étoit plus la même chose—ça n'étoit plus un Dessin!* I conceived the honour of the family to be *intimately tied* to the house—determined to reconnect it with the name of *Dessin* at the first favourable opportunity—*et me voilà!*"

The *Hotel Dessin* retains but few vestiges of its ancient appearance. Here, too, the accursed spirit of improvement has been at work: it is now merely one of the most comfortable inns in Europe. But where is the celebrated *Remise door?* It has long disappeared, and the scite of the *Remise* itself is now occupied by baths.* *Dessin*, according to his

* Reader: should you happen to visit Calais with Sterne's Journey in your hand, I warn you that the present *Remise*, at the side of the house, is not THE *Remise!* It is a newly-acquired property.

grandson's account of him, was an uneducated man, but possessing considerable natural intelligence. He was *habile* in his business, enterprising and persevering: no wonder, therefore, that his hotel, which at its establishment was small and incommodious, grew, under his fostering care, to nearly four times its original size. I trembled whilst I listened to the accounts of the family prosperity, for at each stage of aggrandizement some trace or relic of my favourite was threatened with destruction. *Monsieur Dessin* perceived this.—" *Ne craignez rien, Monsieur.* No material changes have taken place *since* Monsieur Sterne's visit (the hard-hearted Frenchman thought nothing of the *Remise door!*) ; I will even show you the very room he occupied ! ! ! " The very room ! This was indeed worth the trouble of the journey and a compensation for all other disappointments. The very chamber in which he sat ruminating on the inherent kindness of human nature—where the poor monk came to beg a trifle of him for his convent—which trifle he denied him—the very chamber ! But as it happened at that time to be occupied by a French cavalry officer, who was just dressing, I spent the time till his departure in establishing the exact situation of the *Désobligeant,* in the " furthest corner of the court-yard," and in visiting the poor monk's convent. The old Désobligeant *must* have stood in the left-hand corner of the yard on entering from the street. I say it *must,* because I have found Sterne to be as minutely correct in his topography, as he is skilful and accurate in his delineation of character: consequently the Franciscan, whom Sterne " did not care to face," must have held his conference with the lady in the corner nearest the garden. As to the convent (*Les Capucins*) *that* shared the fate of other religious houses during the Revolution, and was destroyed: the only part of it which now remains is the chapel, and it is used by *Dessin* as a repository for carriages. I entered it alone; and there was something peculiarly impressive—awful I had almost said—in the contemplation of the extreme unfitness of the place for the purpose ! I bowed before the spot where once the altar stood, and fancied that the poor monk's gentle spirit might be gratified at this act of respect to the place which his presence had hallowed.

But now to " the very room."—*Monsieur Dessin* very politely led the way into the garden.—" The room, Sir," said he, " is No. 31, and *Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick* being a studious man, my grandfather selected that particular apartment for him on account of its quiet: *on n'y entend que les oiseaux.*" On the outside of the door is painted, in large characters, STERNE'S CHAMBER. The cavalry officer having just quitted it, *après d'avoir fait sa toilette,* its appearance was not calculated to excite, in a very great degree, one's romantic emotions: but a portrait of Sterne—a fine impression of the large mezzotinto after Sir Joshua—which occupied a prominent place, conjured up images that instantly overpowered the faculty of vision as applied to the unpoetical objects before me. I saw Yorick at dinner upon a fricasseed chicken and a bottle of burgundy; I saw him kick aside his portmanteau; I saw

father Lorenzo enter that very door: I saw—Heaven knows how much more I might have seen if an unlucky qualm had not come over me. I must needs doubt; I must needs be inquisitive, and be hanged to me!—"Pray, *Monsieur Dessin,* is this apartment in *nearly* the same state as when Sterne was its tenant?"—"*C'est absolumment la même chose, Monsieur.*"—"And pray, *Monsieur Dessin,* what evidence have you to prove even that this was the apartment?"—"The evidence is traditional: the waiter who attended *Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick* died no longer than two or three years ago."—"He must have been very old," said I doubtingly.—"*C'est égal, Monsieur.*"—But *Monsieur Dessin,* perceiving that it was not altogether *égal* to me, said he could produce one proof of the authenticity of Sterne's chamber, sufficient to set all my doubts at rest—the date of the erection of the building was sculptured immediately beneath the window. The whole of the edifice being overgrown by a prodigious vine, a man was sent up a ladder to cut away that part of it which concealed the important stone. "*Ah! ha! nous voilà!*" exclaimed *Monsieur Dessin* triumphantly. I looked, when lo! there appeared, in astounding numerals, the date 1770!

This was a most unlucky discovery. Mine host, who expected nothing less than the unconditional surrender to him of all my doubts, soon perceived (to use a play-house phrase) that there was a hitch in the scenery. "*Eh! bien, Monsieur?*"—"*Eh! bien, Monsieur Dessin;* this particular part of your hotel was not ushered into its brick-and-mortar existence until 1770; and *Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick,* as you are pleased to call him, was quietly lying in his grave in 1768!"—"*Sacristi! c'est bien mal-à-propos!* but, Sir, do not imagine that I intended to deceive you—I am incapable of such an act—I repeat nothing more than I have heard from others—that rascally waiter upon whose veracity I depended!"—I assured *Monsieur Dessin* that I imputed no blame to him.—"*Monsieur, ne me croyez pas charlatan; je ne le suis pas, je vous le jure.* You have decided that Sterne could not have occupied this room; and to convince you that I have no interest in countenancing the error which has so long existed, do you give yourself the trouble to examine the house, and any other room you may please to select shall, for the future, be STERNE'S CHAMBER." I deferred the exercise of the privilege till some future opportunity; and the selection is still unmade.

Calais is frequently described as a dull, uninteresting town; and, as a mere congregation of houses, so it is; and to the *dull* traveller, impatient for the fine sights and the good cheer of Paris, and to the wind-bound dolt who, having exhausted himself in the enjoyment of them, looks impatiently towards home, so must it ever be. But the town of Calais is connected with names and events which ought to render it (and, in particular, to an Englishman) eminently interesting. The glory of the English arms under Edward, so well maintained, and so nearly sullied

by an act of cruelty, before its walls;—the courageous interposition of his Queen, Phillippa;—the gallantry of Ribaumont;—the *real patriotism*, (a quality much misunderstood by many of the present day who talk about it) of Eustache St. Pierre:* surely these alone, to say nothing of our English classic—are sufficient to insure it the respect of an intelligent visitor. For my own part, I have a particular affection for the place; and wishing that it should stand well with my readers, I will offer them, as a bribe for their suffrages, the beautiful speech of its most celebrated citizen, *Eustache St. Pierre*, when he proposed himself as the first victim to the vengeance of Edward. I give it in the exact words of Froissart: its noble and affecting simplicity would be injured by any attempt either to modernize or to translate it.

"Seigneurs, grand' pitié et grand meschef seroit de laisser mourir un tel peuple que ici a, par famine ou autrement quand, on y peut trouver aucun moyen, et si seroit grand' aumône et grand' grâce envers notre Seigneur, qui de tel meschef le pourroit garder, je en droit moy ay si grand' esperance d'avoir grâce et pardon envers notre Seigneur si je muir pour ce peuple sauver, que je vueil estre le premier et me mettray volontiers en pur ma chemise, à nud chef, et la hart (corde) au col, en la merci du Roy d'Angleterre."

But the Paris diligence is ready to start, and I have booked a place to Montreuil. *Allons!*

The most careless observer who has enjoyed opportunities of mingling in French society cannot fail to have been struck with the wonderful fidelity of Sterne's sketches of French character. You meet the counterparts of his portraits at every turn. Possibly I may illustrate this point more fully at some future period: but a trifling circumstance occurred at the moment of my departure, so singularly "pat to the purpose," that the allusion to it is forced upon me now. My opposite companion in the vehicle was a tall fat Frenchman, whom I afterwards found to be a Colonel of the *Garde Royale*. We were proceeding towards the *Porte de Paris*, and had hardly reached the extremity of that very street down which Sterne's inquisitive little captain came dancing, ere the following questions, all which I answered in the negative, had been inflicted on me: "Undoubtedly, Monsieur is just arrived from England? You are not a Frenchman?—Then, being at Calais, you are from the Low Countries?—Then you are an inhabitant of Calais!—Shall we have the pleasure of your company all the way to Paris?—Then what could possibly bring you to such a place as Calais? ah! I see: Monsieur is attached to the embassy?—*Militaire*, perhaps? —a merchant?—*C'est singulier!*"

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* His bust over the town-hall, and the application of his name to one of the principal streets, attest the respect in which his memory is held by the Calaisians.

MONTREUIL.

I need scarcely remind my readers that it was here Sterne hired *Lafleur*. Every inn in the place asserts a claim to the honour of having been the scene of that event. The *Hotel de l'Europe,* being the most considerable *auberge* in the town, is the most frequented. Here we stopped. Full of the object of my journey, I instantly commenced my inquiries. Not only was I assured that this was the house, but they could show me "the very room." I had seen "the very room" at Calais, and the phrase was ominous of disappointment. There hung the portrait; but, for the rest, the imposition was too glaring. "This is evidently a modern room:" said I. "*Demande pardon, Monsieur,*" replied my guide, (this is invariably a Frenchman's introduction of a flat contradiction) "*Demande pardon:* there can be no doubt as to the authenticity of this room, for the house has been built nearly *thirty* years, and it has been used as an *auberge* for more than half that time!" —"*Bien bon soir!*"—So I took my portmanteau under my arm and quitted the *Hotel de l'Europe,* thoroughly satisfied that the honour it claimed could not be conceded to it.

I will not drag my reader about with me to all the little inns in Montreuil, but take him at once to the *Hotel de la Cour de France,* which I pronounce to be that where Yorick and Lafleur became first acquainted. Every point of evidence is in its favour; "its countenance is a letter of recommendation." It stands at the further extremity of the town, near to the green where the little holiday-makings of the place have been held time immemorial; where perhaps the light-hearted *Lafleur* was dancing with the "half-dozen wenches" at the moment of Yorick's arrival. A time-worn effigy of *la Sainte Vierge* appears in a niche over one of its windows. Modern luxury has done so much to improve the appearance, as well as the accommodation, of all houses of public entertainment, that the first aspect of this inn—considered merely in its vulgar capacity of *inn*—is by no means inviting, though it must have been a house of very considerable pretensions half a century ago. But to me it appeared to possess more elevated claims to respect than the most magnificent hotel in all France; and the result of my inquiries confirmed the opinion I had preconceived in its favour.

Here, too, they show you "the very room," which, however, it may be as well to look upon as apocryphal, notwithstanding the eternal portrait is subpœnaed in attestation of the fact; nor is it altogether safe to rely on the grave assertion of the waiter that Sterne honoured them with his express permission to insert in their cards of address "Sterne's favourite house." But we have "proof more relative than this." The *auberge* is the oldest in the town; it was the only one of any importance existing at the period of Yorick's journey; and has been kept *de pere en fils* (that is to say, in the same family) by *Varennes* from that time to this. It may happen that some of my readers, should they

travel the same road, might think it worth their while to visit the undoubted scene of the "*Tant pis pour Mademoiselle Janatone*" (the landlord's, old *Varennes'*, daughter), and the first introduction of *Lafleur;* so, to guard them against mistake, I take leave to present them with the card of

VARENNES,
HOTEL DE LA COUR DE FRANCE,
A côté de la Poste aux Chevaux,
MONTREUIL.
STERNE'S FAVORITE HOUSE.

It was at this door the scene with the beggars occurred. That interesting class of human beings is still as numerous, and quite as importunate, as in 1762; but its joint-stock of *politesse* is considerably reduced. A traveller, therefore, who, in these days of refinement and general civilization, should undertake a sentimental journey through France, may reckon on the pleasure of being as much annoyed by those gentry as Sterne was; but the compact between beggary and urbanity, that so much astonished him, has long been sent to the moon. To speak the plain truth, French street-beggars are, to the full, as intolerable as their fellow-nuisances in England.

The journey from Nampont to Amiens affords occasion for a description of French travelling, so fresh, so true, so strictly accurate in all its points, that it might have been written yesterday. *Lafleur's* jack-boots—the frequent derangement of the tackle—the perversity of the postillion—the hallooing and screaming—the jumbling upon the *pavé*—the "clattering like a thousand devils"—all these circumstances are still applicable. Our neighbours have condescended to receive a few useful hints from us on the construction of carriages, certainly; but with respect to their horses, harness, drivers, and other appurtenances, they owe us nought—*tout ça est comme avant la Révolution.*

The exact scene of the Dead Ass, though somewhere in the neighbourhood of *Nampont,* is not indicated; but the dispute with the postillion may be traced step by step: "the steep hill about half a league from Nampont" is, to this day, where it was. This piece of information is by no means so absurd as it may appear at first sight. Had *Nampont* been in England, or Mr. Mac Adam a road-mender in France, it is probable that not a vestige of the "steep-hill" would have remained to confirm the truth of Sterne's narration!

Amiens was the scene of Lafleur's visit to Madame de L * *'s hotel: here, too, the celebrated "letter" was written. But beyond this we are at fault. I have already expressed my belief that every adventure related in the "Journey" (highly embellished as it may be) is founded

on fact; and that every initial alludes to a real personage. In some instances the initials may be applied with certainty; and in all cases where I have been able to trace Sterne to *a particular spot*, I have found his description of it to be minutely exact. This, I think, would not have been the case, had his adventures been purely imaginary. Amiens has always been a considerable town, containing many large *Auberges;* and as we have no clue to guide us to that which our tourist occupied, nor can we now discover who *Madame de L* * * really was, nor where she inhabited, our stay here is fruitless. So reader, farewell. When next we meet it may be with STERNE AT PARIS.

P *.

ADVICE TO VARIOUS PERSONS,

IN VARIOUS WALKS OF LIFE, ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS; SHOWING MORE ESPECIALLY HOW THE MOST HUMBLE MAY CAUSE THEMSELVES TO BE RESPECTED, AND POINTING OUT HOW SLENDER MEANS AND SLIGHT OPPORTUNITIES MAY BE TURNED TO GOOD ACCOUNT.

BY A PHILANTHROPIST.

To Ladies with Parasols.—FORGET that there is such a thing as an eye in the world; don't see where you are poking the fine picked points of your parasol which would blind a spider, and never for one moment remember that most heads have two vulnerable places which, the odds are, you will one day hit. At an exhibition of paintings always trace the beauties of the pictures with the end of your parasol.

To dirty Idle Boys.—My dear dirty idle boy, if it should so happen that a gentleman should give you his horse to hold while he goes into a house, mind the very moment his back his turned to climb up into the saddle, thrust your feet into the stirrup leathers, and see whether you can ride; if you should find that you cannot, as is very likely, and should be thrown, as is extremely probable, roar as loud as ten thousand devils or a little angel in arms; protest that you are broken into five hundred pieces, and be sure to blame the cruel gentleman for having bid you ride the vicious horse up and down—so shall you challenge the compassion of good people, and a store of half-pence shall assuage your pains.

To Chimney-Sweepers.—A chimney-sweeper is a character that should make himself respected in his walk through life. You have much in your power—people are greatly at your mercy. All decent folks make way for you, and the cleaner and smarter they are the more they fear you; now mind what I say, never let them pass, but show your manners by stepping aside as they step aside, and so dodge them till you jostle. You are indeed a very unhappy class of urchins, and often very ill used; and, to make some amends for the hard treatment you get, I would earnestly recommend you to act like greater men, and blacken the world you

cannot enjoy by all the soot in your power—you cannot wear fine clean clothes yourselves, my children, but you can foul your neighbours', and pray do so, it will be a comfort to you, believe me.

To Footmen.—Your master or mistress, who is always unreasonable and full of whimsies, will perhaps send you with a large pitcher to a distant pump for water which they absurdly choose to think better than other water; as if water was not water all the world over, or as if any water was good to drink. Now, carrying this large earthern-ware pitcher full of water is a very fatiguing tedious business; but if you contrive as if by accident to spill a little of the water on the toes of the decent passengers as they go by you, you have no notion how it will divert you and turn a pain to pleasure—the way will only seem too short, and the further you go the lighter will be the pitcher; nay, if you have had good sport it may be quite empty by the time you get home, in which case fill it out of the cistern. The amusement of spilling the water on people's toes is most in season in intensely cold weather, when they do skip about on such an unlooked for chilly salutation to their cherished pedal extremities in a most diverting manner.

To Women in Dirty Weather.—If you should get tired, as very likely you may, of walking in your pattens, you will carry them in your hand; in which case take care that they are sufficiently dirty, and then you may cause yourself to be respected by holding them out straight before you with all the length of your arm, pretty much in the attitude in which sign painters delight to exhibit red lions—you will thus set a clear handsome black print of a double O, OO, on the clothes of any rude fellow that obstructs your line of march.

To Pot Boys.—When you carry out the frothing pots of beer the wind always blows the head off; there is only one way of preventing this misfortune, and that is to drink the wind's share. Surely it is better that a christian should have the liquor than that it should be wasted.

To mischievous and truant Urchins.—In frosty weather you will all be for sliding away your time. I would, however, by no means have you make your slides in the kennels, because you may there chance to be run over, which would be a sad thing, seeing how ill any of you can be spared; but mind to make them in the very centre of the foot-path, where you can take your pleasure comfortably and with more safety to your precious selves. I do not object to your sliding on ponds even though the ice were no thicker than an egg shell, because your destiny, my children, reserves you for a higher fate; but I recommend the foot-path for a slide, the rather as it is more accessible and commodious to you all; and, by keeping up a long continuation of slides, as may easily be done, you may slide away your errands from one end of the town to another; and when you can, without any sacrifice of your enjoyments, unite business with pleasure, you know it is so much the better. I particularly recommend this sport to apothecaries' and surgeons' boys; it will always save them from anger if that when they are blown up by their masters for

loitering on the way, they answer, they were making a slide on the foot-path.

To the Reader.—In this particularly well watched and guarded metropolis, it will doubtless one of these nights be your luck to be attacked in the public street and knocked down by thieves; in which case by no means cry robbery and murder; for, if you do, people will run away or fortify themselves in their houses; and further, those things are nobody's business; but roar fire, which is every body's business, and every window will be thrown open in the twinkling of an eye, and every soul will be on the alert to examine the danger.

To Bearers of Umbrellas.—Carry your umbrella poised in the manner of a javelin, the ferrule pointed to the rear, and swing your arm vigorously backwards and forwards with it, so shall you prevent people from treading on your heels and keep a clear space before and behind you for your motions. A stick is too light to be used with effect in this way; it is better to give it as you step a good swing to the right outwards, thus it protects your flank, and woe to the shins of him who endeavours to approach or to pass you on that side.

To Apprentices, Porters, &c. Shutting up Shop.—In carrying out your shutters to shut up the shop in a populous thoroughfare, you would lose the whole night if you looked to the right and left, and considered how you could bring them out without breaking the heads of the passengers. The most approved and usual method of performing this operation is, just to take a shutter on your shoulder, shut your eyes, and rush out—one or two people are perhaps knocked down, and then they learn to be more careful for the future, and to keep out of the way. When you bring out the iron bars with which you secure the shutters, carry them as St. George of England couches his lance, and run a tilt, or charge with all your strength and speed into the street—it is good exercise. Perhaps one day you may impale some one; if so, your master, alarmed by so warlike an exploit, will employ somebody else to shut up the shop, and thus you will escape a troublesome duty.

Lamp-Lighters.—Lamp-lighters are dull dogs, with no turn for wit. It is very strange that though I have seen these fellows on the top of their ladders with a huge can of oil that would tempt a saint to mischief, while well dressed people passed immediately under them, yet I never saw one of them spill a drop of the juice of the whale on a handsome coat! This shows that they are strangely deficient in that species of pleasantry which abounds in our country. Now that the gas has come in, it is too late to give them a lesson in humour.

To Housemaids cleaning the Steps in the Morning.—Whenever a respectable looking person passes by while you are at this work, show your skill and dexterity by trundling your mop in such a manner as to splash them like a shower bath with your soap-suds. This will make them feel what a handy wench you are, and show them that *you mind nothing but your business*—a great virtue in a servant.

To Button-holders.—At this season of the year a button-holder (or man who holds his acquaintances by their buttons) who knows his own powers is justly formidable to his friends. Old Isaac Walton, in directing his young fisherman how to impale a frog, says, "use him as though you loved him;" and I would desire the button-holder who wishes to assassinate any one to "use him as though he loved him." The best time for catching your man is in winter or the early spring, when a keen easterly wind is blowing sore throats, coughs, and catarrhs; then hook him by the button just at the corner of a street opening with a good sweep to the east; any sort of gateway or tunnel is however still preferable, provided there be a good blast—there hold him and ask him how all his family, his friends, and relations, do, till the teeth chatter in his head, and his nose turn blue. He will struggle with you perhaps, and, making a desperate effort for life, endeavour to break away, but stop him with "one word more," and "I will not keep you another moment," and so forth, as you well know how to do, till you perceive the usual symptoms of ague, then let him go, for he will only go to his bed and send for the apothecary, and when he dies, in due course, you will tell all his friends how singular it was, that you had such a pleasant chat with poor —— in the streets on the very day that he fell sick. Button-holders, if they made the most of their powers, might render infinite service to administration, by means of cutting off troublesome members, or giving them such colds as to silence their patriotism. Just let us fancy a Tory button-holder catching Joseph Hume on the eve of a retrenchment question at the end of Harley-street, in a cutting northerly gale, and holding him till all his radical heat has escaped, then letting him go after a space, with the full assurance that he has had such an airing that, at the least, his organs of speech will not be in a state to say nay to a money-bill for the rest of the session.

LETTERS FROM PARIS,

BY GRIMM'S GRANDSON.

No. I.

Paris, December 18, 1824.

Yes, my friend, I will give you an account every month of the state of French literature—I will merely mention the moderate books which may appear in the course of the month, and dwell at somewhat greater length upon those which should be bought by a lover of French literature in England. The French, who read in the original the works of Byron, Walter Scott, Godwin, &c. have long wanted some Englishman to point out to them each month the books which they ought to procure. You will scarcely believe that it was the wretched romance of the *Vampire* that made the name of Lord Byron known at Paris; the Lord Byron

whose works now every lady has in her book-case. It was but by chance that in 1815 we learnt the existence of the Edinburgh Review, which a short time after got so laughed at for its articles on *Chénier*.

I myself feel exceedingly the inconvenience from which I shall try to secure all those persons in England who are fond of French literature. I will do my best to be impartial in the judgments I shall pass, which will be *tranchans* only in form, because I wish to embrace as many ideas as possible in the fewest words. I hope to be impartial, because, 1. Not being an author myself, and never having printed any thing, I see no rivals in the writers, great or small, who seek to attract the attention of the public. 2. Because I find food for laughter as well as for praise in both the parties which divide our literature—the party of Jouy, Etienne, and Co. and the party of the disciples of M. Cousin, who patronise Spiritualism and mitigated Kantism; the latter have lately established a journal called the *Globe*, which is tolerably sensible, and not a little tedious.

These two literary parties are exactly like the *Cavaliers* and the *Roundheads* of the time of your Charles I. The litterateurs of the cabal, Jouy, Etienne, &c. are gay, clever, and light, with a dash of the coxcomb after the example of M. Jouy, their chief, who would have himself called Jouy *le Voltairien*. They are guiltless of ideas, and are bitter enemies of any thing new, which might lay them under the necessity of looking out for a thought to make a page in a book, or an article in any of the journals to which they contribute, and by means of which they have persuaded the world that they have talent. The journals which are conducted by MM. Etienne, Jouy, and their aides de camp, MM. Jay, Tissot, Arnaud, Felix Bodin, Thiers, are the *Constitutionnel*, a political newspaper, and the *Pandore*, the *Corsair*, the *Diable Boiteux*, the *Mercure*, literary journals. The *Constitutionnel*, which has 20,000 subscribers and is written with remarkable skill, disposes of all the country readers.

The disciples of M. Cousin, on the contrary, whom I compare to the *Roundheads* of Charles I. and II. are grave, haters of mirth, pedantic a little; often obscure in their reasonings, which they conduct with all the forms of thorough-paced *dialecticians*, though unfortunately true *logic* is that which they want most. Forty or fifty of these *Cousinists*, who despise the philosophy which Condillac founded on experience, have united, as I said above, to publish a literary journal called the *Globe*. It appears three times a week, and 50 numbers have already appeared. They are, in general, young men who are sincere in search of the truth, but unluckily have got weak heads and warm hearts; or, in other words, have no great powers of reasoning and very excitable imaginations. They are fanatic adherents of the spiritual philosophy of Plato, and every year change their creed. The people of the *Globe* are, as has been said, grave and deliberate; you would suppose that gaiety would insult them—There is something puritanical in their look, which forms a striking contrast to the impertinent liveliness of the party of Jouy and Etienne. None of them is as yet celebrated; but, in my opinion,

many of them will become so. They have written some articles in the journals which six years ago would have been published as pamphlets, and have had great success. The *Courier Francais,* a political journal, approaches the doctrines of the *Globe,* and contains articles of a very superior order. I shall not speak to you except *pour mémoire* of the *ultra* party, which is headed by an obscure association, called *La Société Royale des Bonnes Lettres,* which M. Chateaubriand, *le grand hipocrite* of France, deigns to preside over once a year. It is held in an ill-lighted stifling salon, open every evening to the subaltern litterateurs, and to the poor old *marquises* of the Faubourg St. Germain. The police, which unluckily finding that it cannot destroy literature, as in Austria, would at least direct it and rule over it, makes a point of giving the Cross of the Legion of Honour to the litterateurs *des Bonnes Lettres,* every time that the public damns one of their tragedies, or honours with marked contempt any of their wretched poems. It is ordinarily the Etienne party who takes upon itself the duty of bespattering these poor devils with mud. The chief of the club of *Bonnes Lettres* are M. Lacretelle, the author of a tedious and lying *Histoire de la Revolution Française,* extremely well characterized by Napoleon in his *Conversations de Sainte Helene,* and M. Ancelot, author of *Louis IX.* and *Fiesque,* tragedies. These gentlemen have, it is said, a devotion to power totally without limits. A dozen poets, unknown ten leagues from Paris, MM. Guiraud, Soumet, de Vigny, Lefevre, Menéchet, &c. &c. read their verses at the society of *Bonnes Lettres.* They pretend to imitate Lord Byron, and they succeed tolerably well in catching some of his absurdities. They are always entertaining the public with their misanthropy—the "profound emotions of their soul," of which, poor devils! they have little enough. They are the driest and dullest people in the world, and true literary coxcombs. One of them, M. Hugo, author of the famous romance of *Han d'Islande,* makes odes in imitation of J. B. Rousseau. His verses sound well, and are skilfully rounded; but, at the same time, mean nothing—they positively do not contain the smallest particle of an idea. It is precisely this latter quality which ensures him the protection of the subaltern ultra party, who hate nothing so much as thought, and would, if it were possible, send the thinking faculty of the people of France to sleep. The Jesuits charge themselves with the office of making the fortunes of the petty litterateurs of *Bonnes Lettres.* This party has four or five literary journals, which are little known, such as *Les Lettres Champenoises, Les Annales des Arts,* and *La Muse.* The actual situation of the three literary parties at present is this:

1. The party of *bonnes lettres* reckons nothing this year—it has fallen into contempt in proportion to the money which the police has scattered among the really able men of letters.

2. The party of Jouy, Etienne, and Co. is falling. The chiefs of the house have become rich, and the public begins to perceive that for the last three or four months these gentlemen have not broached one new

idea. *Les Eremites en Prison,* of MM. Jouy and Jay, though exceedingly well puffed in the *Constitutionnel,* has wearied all France. The authors have once more pocketed a good sum by the work, but it has put the finishing stroke to their reputation. They are now confirmed *ennuyeux.* M. Jouy, who has just printed a complete edition of his works, in 30 volumes, 8vo. will find nobody to buy, and must lose 50,000 francs by the speculation.

3. *Le Parti Spiritualiste* is rising rapidly, and probably three or four years hence will be the reigning fashion. So that a young author who wants a little pension of 1200 francs and the *Croix,* ought to make one at the *Bonnes Lettres.* M. M. Lacretelle, Roger, Ancelot, Chateaubriant, will push him on in the world. If he wishes a rapid sale for his works, he must pay his court to M. M. Etienne and Jouy, who will puff him vigorously in the Constitutionnel. M. M. Etienne and Jouy have made a pretty reputation for M. M. Felix Bodin, and Thiers, two young historians. The young writer just starting in authorship, who wishes for consideration in Paris, and perhaps a little glory, should praise Plato, Proclus, Kant, Schelling, &c. &c. up to the skies, abuse Condillac, and Cabanis, and try to get his articles inserted in the *Globe.* A debutant who will *brusquer la gloire,* and wants consideration in the drawing-rooms of the Duchesses *a-la-mode,* must get admitted into the society *de la Morale Chrétienne,* and choose the mottos of his works in the Bible, like M. de Barante; for religion is now the mode. The Aristocracy hopes to gain some advantage from it, and is attempting to get up a kind of Protestantism. I had forgotten to mention the Academy, the centre of ambition so important before the revolution. At that time, in order to be safe, it was necessary to belong to some great body, the court, the nobility, the clergy, the law. Voltaire one day was caned by M. le Chevalier de Rohan, who durst not have struck a Bourgeois. If at the epoch of this beating Voltaire had been of the Academy, probably this affair had taken another turn. Before the revolution, therefore, it was an advantage to be an Academician. This distinction might still be honourable, but it is no longer so. The *Académie Française* is covered with the contempt of the salons of the Faubourg St. Germain for electing on the last 2d of December M. Droz, a poor unknown devil, and for refusing to open its gates to M. de la Martine, the Corypheus of the Ultra party, and in favour of whom the Emperor Alexander had written a fine letter. Six months ago the Academy got the hatred of the *Spiritualistes,* and of the party of Etienne and Jouy, by rejecting M. Casimir de la Vigne, the great poet of the Liberals. M. Droz was elected because he belonged to the *Breakfast* society. For the last 15 years, a dozen *gens de lettres,* most of them without talent, decreed that they would breakfast together every Sunday, and puff each other in all the works they published. Two of them, I think they were M. M. Picard and Roger, being received into the Academy, the rest of the members of the *Breakfast* society took an oath "to enter the Academy," and in spite of

their obscurity they have succeeded. M. Droz was the only *Breakfaster* (Déjeuner) who remained not a member of the Academy. This poor man has written a bad book "On Happiness," which inflicts the real misery of gaping on all such as venture to turn over its leaves. The low and paltry motive in this last affair has sunk the poor Academy dreadfully. That can be but a mere literary society, and nothing more, at Paris, which counts among its members neither M. M. de la Martine, de la Vigne, de Beranger, the three first poets of the epoch, nor M. le General Foy, the only eloquent man that France possesses, nor M. M. Courier, Benjamin Constant, de Pradt, Mignet, Scribe, Guizot, de Barante, Royer-Collart, the *Mackintosh* of our Chamber of Deputies. I have kept for the end of this kind of a preface to the monthly letters, which I propose to write to you, the grand feature of the actual literature of France which may be expressed in a single line—*La Revolution entre dans la Litterature.*

Up to the present time, literature has remained pretty much what it was in 1785, and such as Grimm paints it in his *Correspondance.* From 1785 to 1791, the enthusiasm of *virtue* seized upon all minds—they were childish enough to fancy that it was possible to bring about a revolution without overturning any class of *interests.* From 1791 to 1800, every man who had any soul sought to hinder a foreign enemy from penetrating into France, and the chief care of the public became that of avoiding the guillotine of Robespierre. There was no literary public then. From 1800 to 1814, all who possessed strength and vigour of character sought to *do* something in the train of Napoleon, and not to *write,* even had the police of Fouché and of Savary permitted them to publish. All the world knows Savary's Letter to Madame de Stael respecting her *Germany.* Napoleon forbade the representation of the *Intrigante,* a comedy, by M. Etienne, and appointed M. Etienne a dramatic censor. From 1814 to 1823, we were dreaming of a constitutional government of two chambers. Those who were of an enthusiastic turn of mind busied themselves in reflecting upon ensuring the happiness of the country by moderate institutions, which might bring about a kind of accommodation between all parties. Since the elections of 1823, every man of judgment still sees clearly enough that France will finish by obtaining a reasonable constitution, and an *actual* government of two houses, and that the epoch only of the establishment of a just and constitutional system under the management of a minister from the *centre gauche* is thrown back some years. It is hard to expect any justice or impartiality in the administration of justice before the year 1840. Positive liberty cannot appear till about 1860. This delay is due to the great school of *moral depravity* kept by Napoleon, from 1802 to 1814. If happily Napoleon had been killed after the battle of Austerlitz, we might have been *really* free by the year 1830.

The melancholy certainty of the truth of the opinions I have just hastily pointed out has turned all the men of talent to literary occupa-

tion, and they take their *politics* with them. Immediately on entering within the pale of literature, they find all the ideas which suited well enough the society, such as it was in 1786, still in force. The old receipts for creating literary beauties which please no longer will not do, and they determine to overturn them all together.

Between this and the end of the next two or three years, all the old literary absurdities are going to perish in a general Saint Bartholomew. The revolution is about to produce its effect upon literature. The immense success of the *Histoire de Napoleon et de la Grande Armée pendant l'Année* 1812, by General Count Philippe de Ségur, is a mortal blow to the ancient literary notions. Such works throw the ancient glories of French literature totally into the shade. The historians of antiquity alone lose nothing by the comparison. Literature is on the point of a total change and revival under our eyes, by the men who, like M. de Ségur, are only writers because their political functions have abandoned them. Such also are M. Daru, the author of *l'Histoire de Venise;* M. de Barante, a préfet under Napoleon, who is publishing *l'Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne;* M. Fain, Secretary of the *Cabinet de l'Empereur,* to whom we are indebted for two historical *morceaux,* entitled, *Manuscrit de* 1814, and *Manuscrit de* 1813. The only writer, merely a man of letters, who has had distinguished success, is M. Mignet, whose History of the French Revolution in two small volumes, is a *chef d'œuvre,* superior to every thing that has appeared for 50 years. In spite of the assurances which it is the fashion here to make, that Mignet's book differs entirely from the style of history which is popular in England, I cannot but believe that the *Histoire de la Revolution* will be translated into English. It will mightily surprise the good people of England who have never understood the epoch *de la terreur,* the greatest political phenomenon that Europe has witnessed for 600 years. M. Mignet is preparing a third edition of his book. In about two or three hundred phrases he has sacrificed clearness to brevity; this obscurity he will clear away as well as some vague expressions which disfigure the commencement of the first volume. The government here has been grievously angry at seeing such a work penetrating into all classes of society, at a moment when they are going to grant a thousand million of francs to the emigrants, and restore in part the *Etat Civil* of the clergy.* The Treasury journals have received an order never to allude to it. On the other hand, this admirable work has excited the *envy* of all the Liberal Journalists, who are themselves young litterateurs. It has never been *puffed;* 2500 copies have been sold almost exclusively in Paris. The provinces, which come in for all the evils in France, and are in intellectual cultivation 20 years behind Paris, seeing no notices of

* The clergy of France are claiming to baptize, marry, and bury as before the Revolution. The great body of the French nation are alive to the consequences of such a measure, and judge it a most pernicious usurpation of the functions of the mayors.

M. Mignet and his book in the journals (for the newspapers are the reviews of France), know nothing of either of them. I have spoken of this book, which has been published now six months, somewhat at length, because it is essential that it should be read in England, a country which has been poisoned by the absurdities of the *Considerations sur la Revolution* of Madame de Stael. The effect which this rhapsody has had on the English public proves how far the force of puffing can go in your country. Madame de Stael's book has given birth to a refutation by M. Bailleul, formerly a deputy, and the personal enemy of Robespierre. M. Bailleul's work is tedious, but filled with remarkably true observations on France in 1793, which had never been hitherto made. I shall only here just record M. de Segur's work, and those of M. Fain, for you certainly should dedicate some entire articles to books of such importance. The friends of M. Philippe de Segur hope that he will correct in the second edition of his work a good many perplexed and metaphysical phrases which occur. All the French writers at the present moment of real merit do so abominate the sonorous nonsense in fashion before the revolution, that they very naturally aim at writing *à la Salluste,* and fall into the opposite sin of obscurity. This is, however, continually the case with MM. Mignet, and M. de Segur.

I spoke to you a little while ago of the vagueness which is at this moment the damning sin of French literature. It is the fault of the best articles in the *Constitutionnel;* the fear of St. Pelagie (the gaol where MM. Jouy and Jay wrote their *Eremites en Prison*) is the cause which the authors of them allege. *Vagueness* of style and *vagueness* of thought are the sad defects of a History of the French Revolution, by MM. Thiers, and Bodin, which has been again and again be-praised in the *Constitutionnel,* of which they are editors under the orders of M. Etienne. An unhappy abundance of sonorous periods and sentences, ambitious of a piquant close, sadly disfigure the history of which I speak. Four volumes of it have just appeared, and it will be completed in ten. This *Luxe phrasier* reminds one of Talleyrand's definition. "The use of words," said this veteran diplomatist, "is to conceal thoughts." MM. Guizot, and de Barante, are young *Conseillers d'Etat,* dismissed by M. Villéle, and who are now making books. These gentlemen have retained in literature the name by which a political party was designated, which they attempted to form four years ago; they were, and are still called, *Doctrinaires.* As MM. Guizot, de Barante, de Broglie, de Stael, invariably keep in view the securing a post in the rear, in case of a retreat, both in their speeches and pamphlets; it is said that they have adopted M. de Talleyrand's definition of *words.* This unlucky *obscurité phrasiere* disfigures a collection of *Memoires sur l'Histoire de France,* published by M. Guizot, and his wife, who 12 or 15 years ago acquired a literary reputation, under the name of Madame Pauline de Meulan. M. Thiers has less reach of thought than M. Guizot, but his style is more lucid, and what makes me entertain some hopes of M. Thiers is, that he is very

young, and the style of the two volumes which have just now appeared is more chaste, less bombastic, and less tedious than in the first two volumes which he published in 1823.

There are, at this moment, two ways of acquiring a knowledge of the French Revolution. The first, which I recommend to those who do not wish to read more than twelve volumes on the subject, is to take the works of MM. Mignet and Thiers. The other method is to make use of M. Mignet's book as a kind of *General Map* of the whole country; and then the circumstantial Memoires, published from the manuscripts of Madame Roland, Madame Campan, MM. Thibaudeau, Marquis de Ferriere, Bertrand de Moleville, Dumourier, de Choiseul, de Vauban will supply the place of particular maps and charts on a large scale. This is the only method by which to obtain a *true* idea of the revolution which in England is less understood than any where else, thanks to the romanesque ideas of Burke and Madame de Stael! Every man of candour and good sense will feel the truth of what I say in reading the *Memoires de Thibaudeau,* the two first volumes of which appeared six months ago, and which have caused the persecution of the author who is at Brussels. These will be quickly followed by four more volumes, much more interesting than the preceding ones, and which will prove to what an extent Napoleon played upon the credulity of his chamberlain, Las Cases. The Marquis de Ferriere is an Aristocrat, and a man of honour, who unwittingly proves the truth of all the charges of treachery and duplicity which the Memoires of Madame Roland allege against Louis XVI. and, above all, the Comte d'Artois, now Charles X. The Memoirs and History published by M. Bertrand de Moleville, who died only in 1819, represent this old minister of the unfortunate Louis XVI. incessantly advising the king to perjury. The *Biographie des Contemporains,* published by the bookseller Michaud, who under Napoleon was, along with MM. Royer-Collart, l'Abbe Montesquiau, Bequey, Fièvée, &c. the spy of the Bourbons, contains a great number of articles drawn up by the individuals whose names they bear. These Memoirs disclose a multitude of attempts of the royalist party, which Burke, Chateaubriant, and other phraseologists have constantly denied. Many of the Memoires which I am pointing out to the lover of history who wishes to dedicate six months to the French Revolution, are horribly tedious, as for instance, the *Memoires de Gohier,* president of the directions on the 18th of Brumaire (Nov. 1799), but the greater part of them are exceedingly amusing. M. de Talleyrand, who is now 70, has written 10 volumes of Memoirs which must appear before long. The ex-bishop of Autun has drawn a most admirable picture of the Court of Louis XVI. from 1775 to 1789, and of the society of this period. M. de Talleyrand, stimulated by some sketches in the *Memoires de Lauzun,* and in the *Memoires de Bezenval* (4 vols.) has had the first four volumes read by some of the old Peers of France, his contemporaries. They are as amusing as Gil Blas. I shall be able to send you the *Portrait of M. de Choiseul,* by *M. l'Eveque d'Autun.*

I reckon upon talking to you about the theatres, but not with the detail of the celebrated man whose name I have put at the head of these letters; not certainly because I entertain the absurd presumption of intending to *continue* him, but simply to indicate the model which I have adopted.

The Theatres Royal at Paris are a very expensive item—some in the budget of the Minister of the Interior—the others in the Civil List. They are under the direction of the First Gentlemen of the King's Chamber, who are four in number. These places, before the Revolution, were the most honourable in France. The gentlemen who at present occupy them are very polished—indeed amiable men in a drawing-room, but in the management of business distinguished by excessive folly. Their reputation for absurdity has, of late, been totally eclipsed by that which M. Sosthenes de Rochefoucauld, Aid-de-Camp of the King, who has the direction of the opera, has made for himself. M. Sosthenes printed a programme, announcing that he would give a prize of 4000 francs to the author who would write the most moral, religious, and monarchical opera. Every line of this advertisement contained an absurdity. It is rather too much for a man who lives in a double adultery with Madame du Cayla to preach morality to the Opera girls, which is his favourite employment. At the same time, he is running through with Madame du Cayla the five or six millions which Louis XVIII. paid to that lady as the price of her complaisance, and has a very pretty wife whom he neglects. The King used to be very jealous of him. He is a disciple of the Jesuits, from whom he probably learns both the morals he preaches and those he practises. It is by M. Sosthenes that we laugh in Paris. A malicious little journal, the *Diable Boiteux*, has undertaken to make fun of him every morning, and reports the *sottise* of the preceding evening. The Duke de Maillé, and the King, are subscribers of the *Diable*. The Journal, seeing itself supported, has been delicious for the last eight days. Sosthenes, finding that he was attacked at court, thought proper to justify himself. Madame la Duchesse de ——— gave a rout on the 6th of December; he went there, and placing himself with his back to the fire, began to talk—not to any one in particular, but to the whole room. "Gentlemen," said he, "they accuse me of want of talent—I have what God has given me, and I should not wish to change it for the genius of M. Chateaubriant." Everybody began to listen, and there was a dead silence; Sosthenes went on and spoke extremely well. After justifying himself on the score of talent, he passed on to manners. "I am accused," said he, "of having bad manners. Where can I have copied bad manners? What bad manners have I seen? I am born of a family which has always kept good company—I have never seen any but good company—I have a very mild disposition. They accuse me too of want of education—here, Gentlemen, the injustice is manifest—I have gone through a regular course of

instruction—I know Latin—I do not mean to say that *I know Latin as well as Homer.*" Nothing can paint the burst of laughter that here escaped from the whole party; and the laugh was the more violent, because, up to that moment, Sosthenes had really spoken very well. Every day we have a similar trait. Last Thursday, at St. Genevieve, Sosthenes, who was in company with Madame du Cayla, had himself especially prayed for. In one word, Sosthenes is the happiness of Paris, and is more talked about even than the *Indemnité des Emigrés,* or *l'Etat Civil du Clergé.*

But to return to the theatres—those managed by the four gentlemen of the Chamber, and by M. Sosthenes, cost 500,000 francs per annum, and are exceedingly ill conducted. All imitation of nature and of society, such as it actually is at present at Paris, is forbidden at the *Theatre Français,* and at the *Odéon.* The *Theatre Français* only exists by Talma and, more especially, by Mademoiselle Mars, very superior to Talma. The public are never tired of going to see the excellent portraits of the manners of the last age; and the tragedies of the more striking kind of Racine and Voltaire, represented by Talma and Mademoiselle Mars. Unhappily, Mademoiselle Mars is 50, and Talma 60; and jealousy on their part, has constantly prevented the appearance of actors who had, or promised to have, talent—every body has been removed who was in the least likely to rival them, or throw them into the shade. Society is so excessively tiresome in France, and conversation is so shackled, that all the theatres of Paris are full every night. The Odéon, which has been open for two years, on the south side of the river, has increased the business of that quarter by 20 millions of francs per annum.

The comedy which represents society a little such as it is, and such as the interested prudery of the despot Napoleon has made it, is only to be seen at this moment at the *Gymnase* and the *Variétés.* *Le Ci-devant Jeune Homme* is a comedy imitated, with all possible spirit, from the Clandestine Marriage of Garrick. But in consequence of the arrangement of the French Theatre, and the excessive stupidity of the Gentlemen of the King's Chamber, for ten years this theatre has produced nothing which at all resembles society as it now is, but this *Ci-devant Jeune Homme.* The *Gymnase,* or *Theatre de Madame* (Duchess of Berry), is the only place for studying the actual comedy. Three causes prevent *true comedy* from appearing *elsewhere;* the dramatic censorship, the folly of the King's Gentlemen, and the pedantic taste of the public. For this reason MM. de Lauriston and Corbiere, a couple of very powerful and very silly people, have been striving their utmost to annihilate the *Gymnase.* I advise you to read *La Somnabule; Le Nouveau Pourceaugnac; Michel et Christine; L'Heritiere; La Mansarde des Artistes; Julien, ou 25 Ans d'entre Acte.* I was on the point of saying a word or two of each, when I recollected that you have probably

seen and enjoyed them at the theatre in Tottenham Court Road. One word I will say on *Coraly, ou la Danseuse,* the last *chef d'œuvre* of M. Scribe. This young man has written, either alone, or in conjunction with others, 100 pieces of one act; the copy-rights of which are annually worth to him 25,000 francs. If he had written a piece in five acts for the *Theatre Français,* he must have waited six years for its performance; the police would have weakened all the most striking situations; diluted all the best expressions; and when played it would have brought him in 5000 or 6000 francs: to say nothing of all the meanness he must have been guilty of towards *M. le Premier Gentilhomme de la Chambre du Roi.*

Coraly, a dancer, is courted by an English lord, and also by the brother of the Countess Charlotte. This brother has a friend, called Rolland, as bashful as Marlow, in She Stoops to Conquer; this brother in on the point of marrying Coraly; the Countess Charlotte has but one means of saving him; she disguises herself as a lady's maid, and enters the service of the dancer Coraly; she learns, in confidence, the folly her brother is on the point of committing: but she encounters Rolland, who is in an ecstasy to find a waiting maid so like the woman he adores, but whom he dares not tell so for the world. He paints to her the violence of his attachment to the Countess; the Countess, in alarm, leaves the house of Coraly. A little while after, having resumed her own attire, she meets with Rolland, and begs of him to inform her how she may save her brother. This gives occasion to a delicious scene, which is run after by all Paris, and has made the comedy have a success like that of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Rolland says to the Countess: Coraly loves your brother, but she would not marry him but that it is thought you will, on his marriage, make this brother, whom you love so much, a present of a million francs; Coraly knows your writing; write, Madame, the letter I will dictate:—"My friend, I learn that you have ruined yourself by speculating in the funds. I offer you my hand and all my fortune." The public are not to be satiated with seeing the bashful lover, very well played by Gonthier, dictate to the woman he adores a declaration of love to himself. This letter produces its effect on Coraly, who can no longer expect any thing from her lover's sister, and she sets off to London with the Englishman. There is in this charming comedy the part of a dancer, handsome and silly, admirably played by Clausel.

This piece is full of action and incident. It is by this that the new French theatre is distinguished from the old dramas of the time of Louis XIV., which abound in long and witty speeches, with little action and less incident. We are approaching the English theatre. There is much action in a tragedy by M. Lebrun, called *Le Cid d'Andalousie,* which is going to be played at the *Theatre Français,* by Talma and Mdlle. Mars. The King in this piece, founded upon an historical fact of the 12th century, is beaten in the dark with a stick by the Cid.

M. le Premier Gentilhomme de la Chambre du Roi declares that he will not suffer a king to be caned upon the stage. M. Le Brun has been soliciting the Gentleman of the Chamber for a year, and at last he consents that the King of Andalusia shall receive several blows from the flat side of a sword. M. Le Brun then carries his piece to the Dramatic Censor, who, determining not to be behind hand with the Gentleman of the Chamber in loyalty, declares that a king ought never to be struck by the flat part of a sword. He insists that the Cid, on seeing the King, shall simply clap his hand on the hilt of his sword. This action is to excite the vengeance of the King, and to be the source of all the woes of the piece. You see to what an extremity the dramatic art is reduced in France. The *Gymnase,* having no *Gentilhomme* to conduct it, and not receiving 300,000 from the King, has a little more liberty, and is crammed to suffocation every night.

I shall be able to give you some account of eight or ten new books, which I put off to my next letter. My aim in this first has been to mention to you most of the literary men of any talent, and to point out the two factions of our literature; the faction of Jouy, Etienne, and Co. and that of the followers of Kant and of Cousin.

P. N. D. G.

THE TENTH NEMEAN ODE OF PINDAR.

ON THIÆUS, THE SON OF ULIAS,

A CONQUEROR IN WRESTLING.

For the city, where, of old,
Danaus his seat did hold,
With his fifty daughters fair,
Throned each in gorgeous chair,
Argos, Juno's holy fane, 5
Graces! hymn the choral strain.
A million virtues here, from deeds of praise,
Dart their intermingling rays.
Long it were to tell the might
Of Perseus in the Gorgon fight: 10
Many a town, beside the Nile,
Built Epaphus, of stately pile:
Nor she, the single sword concealing,
When Death his work around was dealing,

Hypermnestra less shall claim 15
A guerdon for her noble name.
The blue-eyed Maid of the golden hair
Gave, Diomed! to thee,
Bliss and immortality
Amid the gods to share: 20
While earth, in Thebes, for Oileus' prophet son,
Split by Jove's hot thunderstone,
Closed upon a cloud of war.
And many a lovely-tressed dame
Here is blazon'd. Jove, that came 25
To Danae and Alcmena, knew
The fair memorial true.
Jove, for Adrastus' sire and Lynceus', join'd
The fruit of wisdom to an upright mind.
Amphitryon's spear he nurst; 30
And though, in weal before all beings first,
Partook with him his mighty generation:
For when, in brazen armour, he was quelling
Teleboa's hardy nation,
The monarch of the gods into his dwelling 35
Came, like to him in form and face,
Bearing the dreadless seed of Hercules,
He, whose still-blooming bride,
By her great mother's side,
Thorough the 'Olympian hall doth pace, 40
Most beautiful of goddesses.

But 'twere a vain endeavour,
O Argos, to declare
All noble things, that ever
Have fallen to thy share: 45
And bards suspend the tale through fear
Lest mortals turn a sated ear.
Yet the well-strung lyre awake,
And thought of our brave champion take.
The steely contest summoneth along 50
The people's gathering throng
To Juno's sacrifice
And judgment of the prize,
Where in triumph, Ulias' son,
Thiæus, twice hath won 55
Of labours well endur'd a sweet oblivion.
Amidst the Grecian band,
In Pytho, his, the victor's meed;

And for his brow decreed
At Isthmus, and on Neméa's strand 60
He hath, from Fortune's hand,
The goodly chaplet ta'en;
Bidding for him the Muses toil,
Thrice, where the gates of Ocean stand;
And thrice upon the hallow'd soil, 65
Adrastus' fair domain.
O Jove, there dwells, within his breast,
A vow by silent lips represt.
The sum of all our doings is in thee.
Of daring spirit tried, 70
His prayer he doth not hide,
Shrinking from peril. This a god may see;
And all beside, that aim
At sovereign conquest in the listed fields;
Whereof each other yields 75
To Pisa and Alcides' game.
Twice, but with distance due between,
For him did Athens' walls repeat,
At solemn rites, the anthem sweet;
When in earth aneal'd with flame 80
And vases quaintly wrought
With varied sculpture sheen,
To Juno's valiant people brought,
The fruit of olive, came.

Thiæus, your maternal line, 85
Alike the frequent honour traces,
Won with the aid of willing graces,
And Leda's twin-born sons divine.
Might I, amidst my kindred, claim
Thrasyclus and Antias' name, 90
Through Argos' streets I forth would fare,
Nor veil mine eyes from any there.

How often victory's radiant flowers
Bloom'd around the Proetian towers!
In Corinth, and Cleone's grove, 95
Four times was the garland wove.
Silver bowls from Sicyon,
Sparkling, on their table shone.
From Pellene's loom the vest
Floated o'er their ample breast. 100
Who shall tell the vast amount

Of their brazen spoils? or count
The trophies, that before them lay,
From Clitor, and from Tegea,
And the Achain cities high, 105
And that hill, Jove's altar nigh,
Dark Lycæus: gifts decreed
For puissant arm or foot of speed?

Nor wonder that in them innate
The champion's mighty power should be, 110
Since Pollux erst and Castor sate,
Dear guests, O Pamphaes, with thee.
For they by equal lot preside,
With Hermes and Alcmena's son,
In Sparta's meadows green and wide, 115
Where the blooming prize is won;
Still as with wakeful eye they shine,
Making the just their special care;
For nought more marks a race divine
Than that they always faithful are. 120

Their days with mutual interchange are spent,
One with Father Jove on high,
And one within earth's caverns pent,
In the glens of Therăpnæ.
Such their equal doom dispensed; 125
And this the life that Pollux chose
Rather than a god to be
And dwell in heav'n perpetually,
When Castor fell by blows
Of Idas' javelin, for his herd incensed. 130
As from Taÿgĕtus around he spied,
Lynceus, of mortals, keenest-eyed,
Had seen them ambush'd in a hollow oak.
On speedy foot forthwith they ran,
And swift their deed of blood began, 135
Those sons of Aphareus; on whom
Jove signal vengeance took.
For, after them, flew Leda's son;
And they, beside their father's tomb,
Stood to bide his coming on. 140

Snatching thence a carved stone,
The scutcheon of the dead,
They, at the breast of Pollux level'd it:
But him they did not bruise,

Nor forced a step retreat. 145
Then rushing on with violent spear,
In Lynceus' sides he drove
The steely point; while Jove,
On Idas, thunder dire
Flash'd, in whose smould'ring fire, 150
Deserted and alone, both perish'd there.
So ill are like to fare
Who levy war against their better's head.

Back to his brother, Pollux strode in haste,
Whom not yet dead he found, 155
But stretch'd upon the ground,
With short breath, shudd'ring, all aghast,
And dewing his warm tears with many a groan,
Aloud he made his moan.
"Oh Father Jove! what end 160
Shall to this anguish be?
Command death too for me
With him, O King! Honour no more is left
To one of friends bereft;
And few of mortals faithful are to lend 165
Their succour in calamity."
He ended; and before him stood
The Almighty Sire, and thus
Was heard in answering voice:
"Thou art my son: but him of mortal brood, 170
Engender'd after thee,
Thy mother to her husband bare.
But come: of these things yet I give thee choice.
If thou the doom of death
And hated age would'st flee, 175
And in Olympus would'st abide with us,
And Pallas and stern Mars of ebon spear;
This henceforth is thy lot.
But for thy brother if thou still dost fight,
And art resolved of all 180
T' allow him equal share,
Then under earth, o'erwhelm'd,
Thou half thy days must breathe,
And half in heav'n amidst our golden hall."
Such were the words: and he 185
In counsel waver'd not,
But straight unclosed the sight,
And then the voice of Castor brazen-helm'd.

THE FRENCH COOK.*

Louis Eustache Ude, ci-devant cook to Louis XVI, has added to our stores of knowledge a most erudite and philosophical work on the science which he professes. This learned treatise commences with a Preface, in which the author modestly sets forth his qualifications for the office of instructing the world in so profound a mystery as cookery; and in which he also, by some judicious observations, prepares our minds to respect the characters of cooks, and to consider, with becoming seriousness, the important business of the kitchen. M. Louis Eustache Ude, it appears, has had thirty years' experience, with a patronage and encouragement which have enabled him to succeed in all his undertakings—how few great men can say so much!—not a sauce or a soup has miscarried. Diligence, studious application, and no small share of intellect, together with the strictest sobriety and punctuality, are the rare qualities which he declares necessary to the perfection of the culinary character; and our author does not hesitate to affirm, that the nobleman who has in his service "a thorough good cook, ought to be as proud of the acquisition as of possessing in his gallery a genuine production of Rubens, Raphael, or Titian." The Preface, which is a highly-seasoned composition, commences with this impressive passage:——

Upwards of thirty years' practice and assiduous study of *my profession*, have undoubtedly given me a thorough knowledge of it; and it must be conceded, that to conquer all the difficulties attached to it, is not a trifling task. The patronage and encouragement I received in this country, at the hands of one of the best masters man ever served, co-operating with my experience, enabled me to succeed in all my undertakings; and my gratitude can cease only with my existence.

Many *professional men* have written on this subject; but very few of them have possessed at once the theory and practice of the art. I must own, that my severity towards my apprentices, and my unremitting care in keeping the inferiors who attended me, in a state of constant assiduity in what concerned the cleanliness of the kitchen as well as of the larder, has been of the utmost advantage to myself as well as to them: I have the satifactory reward of seeing all my pupils held in the highest estimation by persons of the greatest distinction.

I shall in this edition, as I did in the former, say, that Cookery is an art appreciated by only a very few individuals, and which requires, in addition to a most diligent and studious application, no small share of intellect, and the strictest sobriety and punctuality: without the latter, the very best Cook is unavoidably deficient in the delicacies of his profession: there are cooks, and cooks, as there are painters, and painters: the difficulty lies in finding the perfect one; and I dare assert, that the nobleman who has in his service a thorough good one, ought to be as proud of the acquisition, as of possessing in his gallery a genuine production of the pencil of Rubens, Raphael, or Titian." (P. v. vi.)

Several noblemen and ladies of distinction having objected to the professor that his book contained too many French terms, he tells us that he

* The French Cook. By Louis Eustache Ude, ci-devant cook to Louis XVI. and the Earl of Sefton, and late Steward to the United Service Club. Ebers. London, 1822.

has rewarded their goodness and liberality towards him by giving for their especial edification translations of such words as were translatable. This fact shows too clearly how lamentably the educations of our great people are neglected. The aristocracy, according to this excellent authority, cannot muster French enough for a cookery book!

As several noblemen and ladies of distinction have remarked to me, that my book contained too many French terms, I have endeavoured in this edition to meet their goodness and liberality towards me, by giving translations of such names as were translatable. But I must still observe, as I did in the preceding editions, that Cookery, like fortification, music, dancing, and many other arts, being of foreign origin, its nomenclature is, like theirs, in the language of the people who first cultivated it; and hence the impossibility of transferring by an equivalent, many terms into English, so as to convey any intelligable meaning. (P. vi.)

In the next page we find this proposition, which sparkles with the brilliancy of truth—"The futile search after novelty in cookery, is the running after the philosopher's stone. Every thing is equally good when done in perfection." The poet says—

"True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
"What oft was thought but ne'er so well express'd."

And thus it is with good dishes, which are viands "to advantage dress'd" after approved but ancient receipts.

We now come to the author's "Advice to Cooks," in which he takes occasion to insist on the intellectual qualities which members of the profession ought to possess, and also expatiates at some length on the morals of cookery.

"The theory of the kitchen appears trifling," says he, "but its practice is extensive: many persons talk of it, and yet know nothing of it beyond mutton-chops and beef-steaks, or bubble and squeak."—The Goths! "Many writers have exercised their pen upon the subject, and yet know little about it: for instance, the Almanach des Gourmands, la Gastronomie, a poem on the subject of cookery, without treating of it; both excellent works to *read after dinner*, but giving no previous advice how to make it properly."—There is a critical nicety in this distinction which does honour to the acumen of the learned writer. In another place he observes thus on the culinary character:—"I trust that I shall not be accused of vanity, for seeking to enforce good precepts, as well as for giving good examples. Cookery is an art which requires a great deal of time, intelligence, and activity, to be acquired in its perfection. *Every man is not born with the qualifications necessary to constitute a good cook.*" This is a profound remark—ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius. Every English lord is born a legislator, but every man is not born a cook; any body can make laws or administer them, but some portion of the *mens divinior* is necessary to making dishes, and administering sauces to our palates. The conduct of a nation may be entrusted to the meanest capacities, but it behoves us to be assured that we entrust the conduct of the kitchen to a man of approved ability and tried experience. Any son of

earth "of dedimus possess'd" may whip, fine, and send his neighbour to jail, as he sits over his bottle, but we want men of sober habits and better stuff—

——— quibus arte benignâ
Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan,

to compound soups and sauces, and send up good dinners. These are things which are not to be left to chance—the king may make magistrates at random, but we must look to the qualification of the cook; and, as Mr. Ude instructs us, inform ourselves concerning his ability, temperance, patience, application, industry, and other virtues necessary to the culinary character. It matters little whether a fellow is sent to gaol by a wise discreet man, or an intemperate hasty blockhead, but an irascible cook in a moment of anger may dash too many grains of pepper in your soup, and in the confusion of his intellects spoil a good dish! The Statute Book may be put into the hands of any numskull in the commission of the peace, and he will, with the aid of that great national receipt book of pains and penalties, broil and devil his neighbourhood, and put it in hot water, by a natural instinct as it were, and just as confidently as if he had been educated to know right from wrong; but a man cannot take up the cookery book in this manner, and make fricasees and ragouts from the directions of its pages, without long experience and mature judgment. From the following passage it will also be perceived, that there are many virtues expected in a good cook which no one thinks of looking for in men in what are called the stations of higher trust:

If you possess a thorough knowledge of your profession, or have the entire confidence of your employer, do not be so inconsiderately proud of it, as to treat any one with disdain, a practice too common among persons in place. Do not take any other advantage of your superiority, than to be serviceable to the utmost of your power; although you ought not to be regarded merely as a servant, yet forget not that you have still a duty to fulfil; you are obliged to serve at the precise hour, to anticipate all that can give pleasure to your employer; to have every thing ready which he has ordered, and what he frequently will forget to order; and to watch strictly over those in your department.

If you confide any thing to persons under your controul, be careful always to have it done under your own eye; that you may be able to answer for the fault, if there is any. (P. xviii. xix.)

What follows shortly after is still better and more honourable to the culinary character—bad company it appears is altogether proscribed to the good cook, as prejudicial to his reputation, and fatal to his advancement in his profession.

If you follow my precepts you will never have any ill luck: never be afraid of doing too much for your employer; the idle very seldom succeed: *take great care of the company you keep; a bad companionship is of the worst consequences to a* man *cook;* it makes him take the habit of going out frequently, and returning home again too late to attend to his business: these bad principles will be always highly prejudicial to a Cook, and will prevent him from attaining the perfection required. (P. xxiii. xxiv.)

Such is the beau ideal of a good cook,—and so rare is the combination of excellencies essential to the character of this phœnix! Statesmen,

politicians, painters and poets, kings, lords, and commons, might be formed out of that refuse of mankind which is not convertible into an accomplished cuisinier. M. Louis Eustache Ude indeed eloquently observes that—

Music, dancing, fencing, painting, and mechanics in general, possess professors under twenty years of age, whereas in the first line of cooking, pre-eminence never occurs under *thirty*. We see daily at concerts, and academies, young men and women who display the greatest abilities; but in our line, nothing *but the most consummate* experience can elevate a man to the rank of Chief Professor. I must acknowledge, that there are very few good Cooks, though there are many who call themselves so. This disproportion of talent among them is the cause of the little respect in which they are held; if they were *all* provided with the necessary qualities, they would certainly be considered as artists. (P. xvii.)

The professor Louis Eustache Ude complains, apparently with some show of reason, that the noble science of cookery labours under many disadvantages in this land of roast beef and plum pudding. "Cooks in this country," he states, "have not the opportunity of instructing their pupils that they have in France, except at the Royal Palace, where every thing is, and must be done in perfection, as *neither hands nor expense are objects of consideration.*"

Here we cannot but take occasion to rejoice, that amidst this general neglect of cookery, there is one illustrious patron of cooks, and that the noble culinary art has found a temple in the Royal Palace. We may indeed exclaim, taking a slight liberty with the text of the poet—

Et spes et ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantùm.
Solus enim tristes hâc tempestate *Culinas*
Respexit——

We hope, however, that the passage we have quoted from M. Ude will escape the eye of Mr. Joseph Hume, who would be very likely to take the alarm at the statement that "neither hands nor expense are objects of consideration" in the Royal Kitchen.

But to return to the subject from which we have digressed. The professor complains of a national prejudice against French cookery, and shows very philosophically how a fatal taste for plain roast and boiled, acquired at school, obstructs the professional acquirements of a young and aspiring English cook. The John Bull cuisinier, it is alleged, prepares his made dishes, as a druggist compounds his medicines, without the least disposition to taste them; but, as the author profoundly observes, the man who does not like cookery himself can never be a good cook.—

The difficulties to be conquered are a national prejudice which exists against French Cookery; and the circumstance of a young man coming to this employment from school, *with his taste settled*, and remaining a long time in a kitchen, before he will attempt to taste any thing that he has not been accustomed to; *if he does not like Cookery himself, he never can be a good Cook.* Cookery cannot be done like pharmacy; the pharmacist is obliged to weigh every ingredient that he employs, as he does not like to taste it; the Cook, on the contrary, must taste often, as the reduction increases the flavour. It would be blind work indeed without tasting; the very best soups or

entrées in which you have omitted to put salt, are entirely without flavour: *seasoning is in Cookery, what chords are in music;* the best instrument, in the hand of the best professor, without its being in tune, is insipid. I shall recommend particularly to a Cook, to bestow great attention on the sauces; they are the soul of Cookery; all other parts are indispensable, but this is considered the chief part of it. A great difficulty in cooking is the name of the dishes; Cooks seldom agree upon this point: some names owe their origin either to the Cook who invented them, or to the first epicure who gives them a reputation. Cookery possesses few innovators; I have myself invented several dishes, but been rather shy in giving them my name, for fear of being accused of too much vanity. (M. Ude appears here to have lost sight of his brilliant proposition that, "the futile search after novelty in Cookery, is the running after the philosopher's stone.") I confess there are some ridiculous names; for instance, *soup au clair de lune, soup à la jambe de bois, la poularde en bas de soie, les pets de nonne*, &c. &c. and many other names still more ridiculous, which I omit to mention in my Treatise. (P. xxi. xxii.)

Having said thus much of the culinary character, our author now proceeds to consider the morals of cookery. Cookery, says he, is the soul of every pleasure—how many marriages, he asks, have been the consequences of a dinner—how much good fortune the result of a good supper. But the professor must speak for himself, and it will be perceived that he indulges here in a decidedly spicy species of composition, and grows somewhat too warm and peppery with his theme.

Why should we not be proud of our knowledge in Cookery? It is the soul of every pleasure, at all times, and to all ages. How many marriages have been the consequence of a meeting at dinner? *How much good fortune has been the result of a good supper?* At what moment of our existence are we happier than at table? There hatred and animosity are lulled to sleep, and pleasure alone reigns. It is at table that an amiable lady or gentleman shines in sallies of wit, where they display the ease and graceful manners with which they perform the honours of the table. Here the Cook, by his skill and attention, anticipates their wishes, in the happiest selection of the best dishes and decorations; here their wants are satisfied, *their minds and bodies invigorated, and themselves qualified for the high delights of love, music, poetry, dancing, and other pleasures;* and is he whose talents have produced these happy effects, to rank no higher in the scale of man than a common servant? Yes, if you adopt and attend to the rules that I have laid down, the self-love of mankind will consent at last, that Cookery shall rank in the class of the sciences, and its professors deserve the name of artists. (P. xxiii.)

Besides, the John Bull cooks, who will not taste the work of their own hands (a point of prudence), there are, according to our author, in this country, two formidable enemies to the culinary art—the ladies and the faculty. But good cookery, M. Ude eloquently argues, so far from operating injuriously to health, as the doctors pretend, has a direct tendency to preserve it, as "it protects the appetite from *the disadvantageous monotony of plain food.*" Having thus disposed of the cavils of the faculty, the professor goes on to consider the cause of the far more formidable hostility of the ladies, which he traces to their "not being introduced to their parents' table *till their palates have been completely benumbed by the strict diet observed in the nursery and boarding schools.*" This defect in the education of our young ladies, which the author has exposed with an accuracy of reasoning and a felicity of expression that

charm us, renders them insensible to the pleasures of his divine art; but nevertheless of so forgiving a turn is M. Louis Eustache Ude, that in the very next page but one he forgets the neglect of the fair, and takes some pains to improve them, not in cookery, but in their carriage, which he seems to find somewhat amiss, seeing that he exhorts the ladies not to walk "*with the grave and deliberate movements of a magistrate,*" a sort of gait that will never give them an appetite for their dinners, which we all know is the great end and object of walks.

We have given so considerable a space to these learned and philosophical theoretical discussions, that we have no room left for the practical part of M. Ude's work, the study of which we strongly recommend not only to preliminary people and bon vivans, but more especially to that large class of vacant guests at dinner tables who, lacking discourse of reason, can talk of nothing but eating: a page or two learned by heart from a cookery book will make these barren folks shine, and give them at least an air of talking of what they understand. It must, however, be confessed, that M. Louis Eustache Ude has his vices, but they are the vices of a soaring spirit, and bear the stamp of genius. Like all other great men he pursues his object with a sublime indifference to the means, and wades through blood and slaughter to a dish with a non-chalance truly heroic. Let us observe, for example, how the savour of a matelotte of eels sanctifies the crime of burning eels alive.—It is thus with conquerors and cooks, that the splendour of the achievement steels the heart against the pleadings of humanity.

EELS.

No. I.—*Matelotte of Eels.*

Take one or two live eels. *Throw them into the fire. As they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is the best,* as it is the means of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable. Cut the eels in pieces without ripping the belly; then run your knife into the hollow part, and turn it round to take out the entrails. Wash them well, that no blood may remain. *Mark* the pieces of eel in the same manner as you do the carp. The eel is longer in doing, but the process is the same. (P. 244.)

To the infinite astonishment of M. Louis Eustache Ude, he finds that this receipt has subjected him to a charge of cruelty, which he repels by a train of reasoning which is invariably adopted by great men on such occasions:—

Several gentlemen have accused me of cruelty, for recommending in my work that eels should be burnt alive. As my knowledge in cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of their taste, and the preservation of their health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin and the oil which remain when they are skinned, are highly indigestible. If any gentleman or lady should make the trial of both they will find that the burnt ones are much healthier; *but it is, after all, left to their choice whether to burn or skin.* (P. 244.)

Thus we see that the professor burns eels for the good of mankind—just on the same principle that heroes desolate countries with fire and sword—and, after all, with much more indulgence for the prejudices of

narrow minds than is common with superior geniuses, he leaves any lady or gentleman at liberty to try the experiment, and then to burn or skin as may seem best to them. Would a priest of the Spanish Inquisition, in "the good old times," have shown so tolerant a spirit? Let us imagine one of those holy fathers refuting the calumnies of philosophers in the same vein:—

"Several philosophers have accused me of cruelty, for recommending in my work that heretics should be burnt alive. As my knowledge in divinity is entirely devoted to the promotion of true religion and the preservation of souls, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The groans and heretical cries which they utter when they are stoned are highly indecorous. If any orthodox lady or gentleman should make the trial of both, they will find that the burnt ones are much holier; but it is, after all, left to their choice to burn or stone."

ARIOSTO'S LAUREL.

FROM HIS CAPITOLI AMOROSI.

In that sweet season when 'twas spring-time still,
  A laurel slip I set with careful hand,
On a small plain half up an easy hill.

  Fortune smiled on it, the bright air was bland,
The sun upon it shone benignly too,
  Both from the Indian and the Moorish strand.

Refreshing streams with patient zeal I drew
  To where it stood, their grassy banks between,
And brought to it the earth where first it grew.

  It faded not—its leaves a cheerful green
Still wore; and to reward my care and toil,
  It took new root, and soon fresh buds were seen.

Nor nature strove my earnest hopes to foil,
  But breathed benignant on my rising tree,
Which seem'd to flourish in a genial soil.

  Sweet, lonely, faithful bowers it made for me,
Within whose shade I pour'd my plaints of love
  From my fond heart, while none could hear or see.

Venus oft-times forsook her seat above,
  And Citherean fanes, where odours sweet
Of gums and rich Sabean spices strove,

The rose-link'd Graces on this spot to meet;
And while the loves above them plied the wing,
Danc'd round my laurel with unwearied feet.

Thither Diana her bright nymphs would bring;
For she preferr'd my laurel to all those
That in the woods of Erymanthus spring.

Other fair deities its shadow chose
To spend the sultry day in cool delight,
Blessing the hand that placed it where it rose.—

Whence came the early tempest thus to blight
My tree so loved? and whence the pinching cold
That cover'd it with snows untimely, white?

Ah why did Heav'n its favouring smile withhold?—
My laurel droop'd—its foliage green was reft,
A bare bleak trunk it rose from barren mould!

Still one small branch with few pale leaves is left,
And between hope and fear I still exist
Lest even of that rude winter should make theft.

Yet fear prevails—hope is well nigh dismiss'd,
That icy frosts, not yet I fear me o'er,
This last and weakly spray can ne'er resist.—

And are there none to teach me how, before
The sickly root itself is quite decay'd,
Its former vigorous life I may restore?

Phœbus, by whom the heavenly signs are sway'd,
By whom in Thessaly a laurel crown
So oft was borne, now lend this tree thine aid!

Vertumnus and Pomona both look down,
Bacchus, Nymphs, Satires, Fawns, and Dryads fair,
On this my tree, o'er which the seasons frown!

And all ye Deities that have in care
The woods and forests, bend a favouring eye
Towards my laurel!—I its fate must share;
Living I live with it, or dying die!*

Ουτις.

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* Some commentators, whose ingenuity often finds out "meanings never meant," have given this little poem a political and not a poetical application. It clearly has reference to the disappointments Ariosto experienced in his earlier service of the Muses. In this view it is twenty times more valuable. The translation is in the form of the original.

THE STREET COMPANION;

OR

THE YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE

AND

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORT,

IN THE

CHOICE OF SHOES.

Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

BY THE REV. TOM. FOGGY DRIBBLE.

PREFACE.

FROM the beginning to the end of this paper I have never lost sight of what I consider to be the most material object to be gained from a publication of this nature; namely, the imparting a *moral feeling* to the gratification arising from a *taste in leather*. Great Britain is the most wealthy, and, politically speaking, perhaps the most powerful kingdom upon earth. Considered in a domestic point of view, here are thousands of large and affluent families; it follows of course that there is scarcely a young man who enters upon life without being able to furnish himself with shoes. Nay, most have an opportunity of gratifying their tastes and passions in the purchase of a great variety; and I am greatly deceived if experience does not prove, that much more than half the misery of the world arises either from ill-directed taste in the purchase of shoes, or from the entire want of them. The objects to be attained in such a pursuit are of a most important and substantial character. Religion, patriotism, public and private virtue, pure and fixed principles of taste, intellectual and corporeal refinement, all—all depend upon the the choice of shoes. I forbear fortifying these remarks by the authorities of ancient and modern writers of acknowledged celebrity. From Crispin to Gifford and Bloomfield the stream of authorities is uniformly bright and strong; and callous must be the toes, or hardened the feet, of that YOUNG MAN upon whom such authorities make no impression.*

* I shall not say more here by way of description of the contents of the following volume; for it is a practice which forestalls the appetite of the reader. In the GOLDEN days of good Queen Bess, that Man-Queen, as I may not inaptly cognominate her, who knew the meaning of the word *leather* as well as any august sovereign that ever sat on the throne, with the exception of His Present Gracious Majesty, whose collection of shoes and boots is I understand unrivalled; in her days it was customary to prefix an argument or abstract to most works of importance. In that delectable little volume, (him, who possesses it, I call neither an incurious nor an unhappy wearer of shoes), entituled the History of the Gentle Craft; † BLACK LETTER: imprynted in

† It will comfort the feet of our OLD MAN to give him the full title of this *Liber rarissimus*. It is marked in the catalogue of that most respectable house (with whom I

Here let me be allowed to apologize for so frequently referring to my own works. In the first place it may be said, and justly, that the

the yere of our Lorde, 1584, there is a very curious abstract. The address to the reader is too singular and apposite to be omitted in this appropriate place. "Courteous

have dined very frequently, and ate and drank of the best. *Verb. Sap.* and with whom I trust I shall very frequently dine again; for what is sweeter than the mutton of an enterprising *Bibliopole.* A wag might here interpose and whisper in my ear, *his venison;* I say *again,* VERB. SAP.), Messrs. PAIN and FOSS, at the very *reasonable* price of 15*l.* 15*s.* Let my OLD MAN instantly ring his bell; doff his podagrian or sciatic envelopements, and autoschediastically hasten to the temple of the classic muse; let my *heavy-mettled* YOUNG MAN, if he wish to be thought worthy of wearing Spanish leather, instantly draw on a pair of HOBIES, and fly to that far-famed spot, baiting his hook with a check for the sum; or, what is better, supplying the follicular foldings of his *braccæ* with fifteen legitimate SOVEREIGNS; let them both *hurry,* lest one or the other should be TOO LATE. But for the title; it is as follows:—"*The Delightful, Princely, and Entertaining History of the* Gentle Craft; *Containing many matters of Delight very pleasant to read, shewing what famous men have been Shoemakers in old time, with their Worthy Deeds and Generous Humours. Also demonstrating why called the* Gentle Craft; *and how the proverb first came, A Shoemaker's son is a Prince born. To which is added the Merry Pranks of the Green King of St. Martin's, with the Shoemaker's Glory: Being a merry Song in praise of Shoemakers, to be sung by them every year on the 25th of October, being Crispin's Birth-Day!*" It is with the fear of the *rage* of the Gentle Craft before my eyes, and in the utmost alarm lest I should have incurred the censure of the honourable Leather Seller's Company, which has singled me out, unworthy as I am, to preside at the foot of their hospitable board, that I have conformed the spelling of this TITLE PAGE to that of these degenerate days. True, that in the good old times the world spelt as shoemakers do now; but, alas! in order to tempt superficial readers, it is necessary to depart from that venerable custom.‡

‡ It would be a mark of the most disgraceful want of penetration, if I were to omit a specimen of some of the verses which are prefixed to this exquisite gem of the OLDEN TIMES. They are worthy of the sublime genius of Mr. Milman (when shall we have another Fazio?), or the more sprightly muse of Mr. Sotheby (why is the bard of Oberon silent?).

Now cans't thou fit me, shoemaker, at last?
My last will fit you, lady, never fear.
My foot's o'the fives; bring me the least thou hast.
Now seldom I do Spanish Leather wear;
But Turkey, very simple-soled, and white;
A pair lasts me a month, I am so light.
I do believe you; I did never see
A finer foot than yours is, as I live.
Madam, the house cannot ill-seated be
That doth the guest so fair an entrance give.

Will Miss M. Tree pardon the suggestion, that she ought, before she desert the stage (ah! fatal moment) to leave her *last* as a *leg*acy to the GENTLE CRAFT. The curious observer will have detected the thousand little niceties about the feet of Mad. Vestris; Miss Chester's feet are also fine; so are those of Mesdames Foote, Kelly, Chatterly, Love; and indeed so are all those of the principal and favorite actresses who now tread the stage. It would be invidious if I were not likewise to observe, that the feet of the principal actors are also remarkably fine; e. g. Mr. C. Kemble's and Mr. Young's in particular. Mr. Kean certainly wears vulgar SHOES; who makes them? Certainly not the tasteful hands of C. Stubbs, 123, Old Bond Street. Will Mr. Macready pardon me if I observe that, like many other men of great genius, there is something of the CLUB § in his foot. Let him repair to that gentle but scientific carver in leather, who, hard by the residence of our beloved Monarch, plies the mysteries of the BLACK ART, and by certain Magic powers transforms the most unmeaning piece of kid, chamois, or goat, into the most delicate and sweetly-shaped SHOE.—Yes, reader, a SHOE which would not disgrace the foot of the Apollo, or, what is more, the leg of the first GENTLEMAN of Europe.

§ Let me not pass this occasion of noticing that excellent CLUB of literary men, called the ATHENÆUM, formed under the patronage of Mr. Croker. It is admirably adapted to answer its purpose; which is to show which literary men live in garrets and which do not; for it follows, syllogistically, as the member for Oxford has it, that he who will pay twice as much for his dinner here as at another place (the University Club for instance), and twice as bad must dwell on the first floor consequently he can have none but distinguished members.

works are mine, and I have a right to do what I like with them: in the second place, I beg to observe, I know no other works so well, and that I refer to them with much greater ease than I could to any other. Again: there are few others written on the same subject, and none others so good. Again: if the reader buys one of my books, why should he not buy them all? they are all equally GOOD. Again: I have been a loser by some of my books, at least I say so, for which reason, among fifty others equally as good, I beg leave to inform the world that I have also written *Hypodemania;* or the history of the passion of shoe-buying: the *Scytotomical Decameron;* or ten joyous days in a shoe warehouse: *Sutrina Hobeana;* or the description of that magnificent collection of boots and shoes in the possession of my old friend and patron, Mr. Hoby. The *Soleary System,* or the *Ars Calcearia,* is a work now in the press. I have thought proper likewise to make frequent references to this I may fairly say able work, because, though my readers have not an opportunity of consulting it at present, it may be subscribed for at any of the old leather shops in London.

It now only remains for me to exercise the agreeable task of acknowledging obligations received; all collections have been made accessible to me; every foot in this vast metropolis has been extended to me; not a house or shop the doors of which have not flown open to me. The Rev. Dr. PHILIP BLISS, of the Bodleian Library, has enabled me to enrich these pages with the description of a curious old slipper, said to have been worn by Jane Shore. For the unwearied services of THOMAS AMYOT, Esq., who has made numerous memoranda of the many remarkable shoes and boots which he has observed, I am deeply grateful. He is a brother Fellmonger. My acknowledgments are due to Charles Kemble, Esq., who admitted me to a sight of the vast treasures of SHOES of all sizes, and shapes, and ages, in the PROPERTY room of Covent Garden. I shall not, while I have a sole to my foot, forget the extatic delight with which I first saw a sandal, the genuine *Pedilon* of Homer, now in the possession of FRANCIS DOUCE, Esq.* William Gifford, Esq. also gave me some curious information concerning his ancient LAST or *modulus* of antiquity. The glorious conqueror at Waterloo has also deigned to exhibit to me (it was in his own dressing-

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reader, you that vouchsafe to cast courteous looks into this work, expect not to find any matter of sound value curiously penn'd with prick'd words or choice phrazes, but a flowing and plain discourse, best fitting matters of merriment, seeing we have no occasion to talk of courtiers and scholars. I tell you, among shoemakers is some diversion, as you will see by the mad merry pranks played by the Green King of St. Martin's. If that will not suffice, you may, in meeting with Anthony Now-Now, have such a fit of mirth with his Firking-Fiddle that shall be a great cause to expel melancholy. And so I leave you."

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* Mr. Heber also has a great many old SHOES; indeed, he has so many that he does not know where to find them when he wants them, which, however, he never does.

room; awful moment!) the first specimen of that admirable invention, which is due to his Grace's ingenuity, the high or top shoe; commonly called the Wellington boot. The classical nature of his Grace's mind is as apparent in this circumstance, as in his victories. The Wellington boot, re-invented by the hero of Waterloo, was a favourite winter shoe of the Roman rustic; and Juvenal's words are as applicable to the nineteenth century as to the first: *Quem non pudet alto Per glaciem* PERONE *tegi.*

The PERO, or Wellington boot, is likewise mentioned by Virgil. For this curious fact I am indebted to HONORIO, who, while my ink is yet wet, writes to me from *Edmonton* that he is about to cast off his *calopodia*, or country shoes, and visit town, where he must again assume the PERO; for, as he observes, the streets of London are generally muddy about this time of the year, and by no means so pleasant as the scenery of his lawn, in the front of his Shoery. The learned HONORIO adds, that the great Duke should be agnominated *Peronatus;* or, as the French have it, *Le Peyronet.*

In the last place something like an acknowledgment is due to those respectable PEDILOPOLES by whose bills I have been enabled to fix *something like* a price to the numerous articles recorded in these pages. I shall not say much of them here; they will find themselves be-praised in the body of the work; and not only they, but their foremen, their cutters-out, their closers, clampers, and their journeymen in general; and all those who supply them with LEATHER; all those likewise, who TAN, and those too who deal in hides, even the *binders*, and those who make the TIE or *string*. I have not forgotten any one. The Company of Skinners and FELLMONGERS, and the Company of Leather Sellers, have, by their liberality, earned my eternal gratitude, which, likewise, is expressed in the body of the work; as also at their annual dinners.

It remains, therefore, only to indulge a rational hope, that all will be pleased with me and my book; and that they will show their pleasure in the way which may be most agreeable to me.* I shall now close this preface in the beautiful words of one of the wisest men of the age. The passage is peculiarly appropriate to the end of a preface on old SHOES (*apropos des bottes*, as the French say): and is distinguished for the abundance of its ideas; the terseness of its style; and the closeness of its logic. The author is a reverend member of the church of England,† and is profoundly versed in the *contents* of books. To hear him

* The critics too are praised wherever it was possible to hook them in; and I beg leave to say here, that I think very highly of all the reviews, especially of Mr. Croly's, the Universal, which is on an excellent plan, upon which he will, I dare say, act; and, whether or not, it is a pattern of learning and fine writing.

† The Church of England is a most venerable institution; the bench of bishops are not only an ornament of mankind, but deserve translation to a better place. The deans, archdeacons, and the vicars, rectors, and curates of the Church are also all very good, very learned men. Shall we not see a second edition of the Right Rev. the Bishop of Winchester's Life of PITT? Whether the *Select Divines* of Mr. Valpy are to be continued, it is not in my power to inform the reader.

recommend a book would do your heart good; the conversation of a nurse to the beautiful infant under her protection is scarcely more affectionate or more wise. His knowledge in LEATHER is nearly as great as my own; for he knows the use of a book by its *back*. The title is to him as good as the whole. Give him the year at the foot of the page, and he will tell you the exact value of the work, and estimate the genius of the author. This GREAT man at the conclusion * of a work, which surpasses all other works, places the following passage:

"Let soft music be heard while the curtain gently falls at the close of the several ACTS or divisions of the STREET COMPANION; not precisely of a dramatic character; but of a nature to bring before the reader many of the ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD in those quarters of the town which, while living, they traversed with such distinguished success. To the YOUNG I make an appeal with that confidence which the consciousness of having done all in my power for their instruction *must* impart. They will find in the preceding pages a GUIDE to enable them to walk with comparative ease and pleasantness, in those paths which presented no trifling and discouraging obstacles to the pioneering exertions of the author. Meanwhile a *liberal* spirit and enlightened *understanding* will stimulate them to the purchase of those SHOES and BOOTS, THE MEDICINE of the SOLE, the reward of which is not confined to the period of their youth. To the OLD my address must necessarily be of a different nature. I must bow with deference and respect for many apparently abrupt and familiar passages, in which the experience of a counsellor may seem to have been exchanged for the enthusiasm of a Leather Seller. But, from beginning to end, I have not been unmindful of the professed view or title of this work. Unless I have greatly deceived myself, it will afford *comfort* to those who, at the close of a long and actively spent life, will find warm and well-soled SHOES the safest wear. The SHOE of a good man is his most constant and useful companion: as it has preserved him in YOUTH so it will solace him in old age.

The book itself will be published in another volume by way of Supplement.

* I should not say conclusion; for it is a singular circumstance that the reverend author, in order to comprise his work in one volume, entirely forgot the contents of the second: it will, however, be published as an appendix, price 30*s*.

MADAME CAMPAN'S JOURNAL.*

IT would be well for the reading public were the sale of books under false pretences, punishable like other misdemeanours of the same stamp. Here is a thick octavo volume, containing 388 pages, published by Mr.

* Journal Anecdotique de Madame Campan; &c.—Colburn.

Colburn, under the *taking* title of Journal de Madame Campan,* but the deception cannot, and does not lie deeper than a leaf of paper; for, on cutting open the first page of the work, the purchaser discovers that it is *not* a Journal of Madame Campan, or a Journal of any body else, and that if by any violence to language it can be styled a Journal at all, it should be called Mr. Colburn's Journal, for he has made it one—it is the work of his hands. He has said to the printer, let it be a Journal, and it is one—*in the title page.* But what says the purchaser, who fancied he had bought something more solid than the faithless promise of a title page? Thus a worthy gentleman in the country who expects a parcel of books from his bookseller in town, receives a brown paper parcel, bearing all the outward and visible signs of quartos and octavos; and having cheerfully paid the carriage for the same, anticipating a feast of reason, he opens with an eager hand the envelope, and discovers a curious selection of brick-bats—some elegant extracts from his own wall! And the case of this deluded gentleman seems to us scarcely more pitiable than that of the too confiding individual who has purchased the Journal of Madame Campan, under the erroneous impression that it is, what it purports to be, a Journal of Madame Campan; and who finds, on closer inspection, a mere heap of rubbish, about as much like a Journal of Madame Campan as a brick-bat is like a book; together with a stale treatise, which is on every stall in Paris, and which is as familiar to every French reader as the taste of the horse-pond was to poor Mrs. Hardcastle, on whom the ungracious Tony played a bookseller's trick, by deluding the good lady into a belief that she was 40 miles off, when she was in the well-known family slough at her own door.

The following is an exact copy of this curious title page.

JOURNAL
ANECDOTIQUE
DE
MADAME CAMPAN;
OU,
CONVERSATIONS
RECUEILLIES DANS SES ENTRETIENS.
PAR M. MAIGNE.
SUIVI
D'EXTRAITS DE SA CORRESPONDANCE,
SES PENSÉES SUR L'ÉDUCATION,
&c. &c.

PARIS,
ET LONDRES CHEZ COLBURN,
NEW BURLINGTON-STREET.
1825.

* In the advertisements, puffs, and flourishes, which usually usher Mr. Colburn's works

Now, as to the first and prominent part of the title,* it is purely imaginative, there being no Journal in the book of any description; and if the conversations gleaned by M. Maigne, in his intercourse with Madame Campan, can, by any secret of quackery, be converted into a Journal of that lady, by the very same means Captain Medwin's conversations of Lord Byron, with the account of his last hours *borrowed* from the Westminster Review, may be metamorphosed by a touch of Mr. Colburn's magical printing rod into a Journal of Lord Byron, and possibly at this very moment the press of Burlington-street may be teeming with a treasure of this novel kind.

We shall now bestow a few words on the nature of the work before us, which has been thus *passed* into circulation. The first part of the volume, which is headed Journal Anecdotique, contains only 114 pages (less than one-third of the book), abounding with tedious relations bearing strong resemblance to Mathews' Scotch lady's story about nothing, insipid sayings retailed with the air of bon mots, and slip-slop common places. It appears, that from April 1816, when Madame Campan settled at Mantes, M. Maigne inflicted his tediousness on the poor lady twice a-day, till the hour arrived when death released her from all worldly troubles. When recording these diurnal visitations, he bears testimony to the lady's power of pleasing, and enforces his commendation with this very piquante anecdote—" Madame la Maréchale de Bauvau disait de Madame Campan: '*Personne n'a jamais mieux tué le temps que cette femme-là.*'"—Prodigious!

The following long story which Madame Campan is supposed to tell, is a *favourable* specimen of the contents of the Journal Anecdotique, as a minute particle of pleasantry lies like a sediment at the bottom of the vapid drench of slip-slop.

" A l'époque où Mesmer faisait un si grand bruit à Paris avec son magnétisme et ses baquets, M. Campan, mon mari, était devenu, comme presque tout ce qui passait pour avoir bon ton, son partisan: se faire magnétiser était une mode; je crois que c'était plus qu'une mode, c'était une rage. On ne parlait dans les salons que de la brillante découverte, on ne devait plus mourir, les têtes étaient montées, l'imagination frappée, il ne s'agissait plus que d'engourdir la raison: Mesmer, avec son langage singulier, avait produit cet effet. Le plus difficile pour terminer cet accès de folie était de faire acheter par la cour le secret; le propriétaire portait fort haut ses prétentions; cependant on offrait déjà cinquante mille écus. Par un hasard bien extraordinaire, je me

---

into the world, the false description of this book is aggravated by the addition of the word *private*.—" The *Private* Journal of Madame Campan: comprising Original Anecdotes of the French Court; Selections from her Correspondence, her Thoughts on Education, &c." See Morning Chronicle Advertisements—*passim*.

* We give the title page exactly as it appears, in order to show the prominence which is given to that part of the description of the book which is not justified by its contents—which is *taking*, not true.

trouvais un beau jour au milieu des baquets et des somnambules: l'enthousiasme des nombreux spectateurs était si grand que la plupart avaient la vue égarée et la figure crispée; un étranger aurait cru être au milieu des habitans de Charenton. Etonnée, surprisé, de voir tant de monde presque en délire, je me livrai à mes réflexions en me retirant. Mon mari était malade d'une fluxion de poitrine, il se fit transporter dans la maison de Mesmer. Installée dans l'appartement que M. Campan y occupait, je demandai au thaumaturge quel traitement il se proposait d'employer. Il me répondit d'un très-grand sang-froid qu'il fallait, pour être certain d'une guérison prompte et sûre, mettre dans le lit du malade, du côté gauche, une jeune femme brune, une poule noire, ou bien une bouteille vide.—'Monsieur, si le choix est indifférent,' lui dis-je, 'servez-vous de la bouteille vide.' (P. 4, 5.)

We give another anecdote, however, which is a fairer specimen of the general style and materials of the book:—

Dans une conversation particulière avec Napoléon, sur l'établissement d'Ecouen, Madame Campan demanda des pompiers: "Votre surveillance doit suffire," répondit Napoléon.—"Oui, sire, dans les cas ordinaires; mais puis-je empêcher le feu du ciel?" —"C'est juste;" et trois pompiers furent aussitôt accordés. Il sentait vivement la vérité, il suffisait de la lui découvrir. *Il était étonné de ne point l'avoir aperçue.* La justice commandait même à son amour propre. (P. 20.)

It does not appear whether Madame prevailed on Napoleon to take precautions also against the sky's falling on the Establishment at Ecouen.

The next part of the work contains 90 pages of letters from Madame Campan to her son, of which we cannot give any very particular account, as the period of our publication is fast approaching, and we cannot afford to court sleep in our hours of business. The epistles appear to be a sort of antithesis to strong coffee.

We now come to the "Pensées sur L'Education," which fills the remainder of the volume, and which might be bought, we are assured, at a stall in Paris for half a franc—and this is the Journal of Madame Campan, published by Mr. Colburn!

The law punishes the man, who at this season of good cheer takes money for the carriage of a basket of rubbish, with the tail of a cock pheasant and the foot of a hair peeping out, to give the world assurance of game; and will visit with pains and penalties the trader who sells his goods under names which do not belong to them—chopped hay for tea, and ground beans for coffee. But the correction of literary quackery such as we have above noted can only be effected by the immediate detection and exposure of the hoax (we love to use soft words), an office which shall be our peculiar care.

A SEA-PIECE:—IN THREE SONNETS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SCENE, BRIDLINGTON QUAY.

No. I.

At night-fall, walking on the cliff-crown'd shore,
When sea and sky were in each other lost,
Dark ships were scudding through the wild uproar,
Whose wrecks ere morn must strew the dreary coast;
I mark'd one well-moor'd vessel tempest-tost;
Sails reef'd, helm lash'd, a dreadful siege she bore,
Her deck by billow after billow cross'd,
While every moment she might be no more:
Yet, firmly anchor'd on the nether sand,
Like a chain'd lion ramping at his foes,
Forward and rearward still she plunged and rose,
'Till broke her cable;—then she fled to land,
With all the waves in chace, throes following throes;
She 'scaped,—she struck,—she stood upon the strand.

No. II.

The morn was beautiful, the storm gone by;
Three days had pass'd; I saw the peaceful main,
—One molten mirror, one illumined plane,
Clear as the blue, sublime, o'er-arching sky.
On shore that lonely vessel caught mine eye;
Her bow was sea-ward, all equipt her train,
Yet to the sun she spread her wings in vain,
Like a maim'd eagle impotent to fly,
There fix'd as if for ever to abide:
Far down the beach had roll'd the low neap-tide,
Whose mingling murmur faintly lull'd the ear.
"Is this," methought, "is this the doom of pride,
Check'd in the onset of thy proud career,
Ingloriously to rot by piecemeal here?"

No. III.

Spring-tides return'd, and fortune smiled; the bay
Received the rushing ocean to its breast;
While waves on waves, innumerably prest,
Seem'd, with the prancing of their proud array,
Sea-horses, flash'd with foam, and snorting spray:

Their power and thunder broke that vessel's rest;
Slowly, with new expanding life possest,
To her own element she glid away;
There, buoyant, bounding like the polar whale,
That takes his pastime; every joyful sail
Was to the freedom of the wind unfurl'd,
While right and left the parted surges curl'd.
—Go, gallant bark; with such a tide and gale,
I'll pledge thee to a voyage round the world.

October 1824. J. MONTGOMERY.

JUANIANA.

IN this age of literary Analysis it is singular to find one work of acknowledged merit which has almost totally escaped the promiscuous hands of reviewers. I say "reviewers," by no means however intending to comprise under that name our ephemeral or hebdomadal critics. The reason of this neglect on the part of the periodical press is evident,—the immorality of the work alluded to. The noble author himself seems to have foreknown that something like this would be its fate.

> Through needles' eyes it easier for the camel is
> To pass, than these *same* cantos into families.
>
> (*Don Juan*, c. iv. st. 97.)

Yet I cannot but think that Don Juan might have furnished, long since, a very interesting article to some of our reviews, without the smallest compromise of the critic's principles, or the least offence to the most outrageous modesty; one, which, avoiding all that is rebukable in the poem, might nevertheless set before the reader much that is admirable. While this remains undone, the reading world is in a dilemma: it must either read that which it should not, or not read that which it should. In Don Juan, which is less of a poem than a humorous tale in verse, there is perhaps more real poetry than in Childe Harold, which is a poem, as it were, by proclamation. Some poets write best when they contrast their powers, and Lord Byron is one of them. If he, or any man can be said to resemble Shakspeare in any particular, it is in this faculty of passing from the solemn to the ludicrous, of dropping from the empyreal heights of fancy to the low concerns of reality,—in one stroke of the wing. Of the Great Dramatist it is superfluous to speak. In Don Juan there are numberless exemplifications. Indeed, not only the stanzas, but the verses, are a constant foil to each other; the humorous deepening the melancholy, and the melancholy heightening the humorous. I might illustrate both my meaning and position by the following extract,

where Haidee, a beautiful Greek girl, discovers Juan lying on the shore upon which he had been cast after a shipwreck:

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,
  Hush'd as the babe upon its mother's breast,
Droop'd as the willow when no winds can breathe,
  Lull'd like the depth of ocean when at rest,
Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,
  Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest;
In short, he was a very pretty fellow,
Although his woes had turn'd him rather yellow.

He woke and gazed, and would have slept again,
  But the fair face which met his eyes forbade
Those eyes to close, though weariness and pain
  Had further sleep a further pleasure made;
For woman's face was never form'd in vain
  For Juan, so that even when he pray'd
He turn'd from grizly saints, and martyrs hairy,
To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.

And thus upon his elbow he arose,
  And look'd upon the lady, in whose cheek
The pale contended with the purple rose,
  As with an effort she began to speak:
Her eyes were eloquent—her words would pose—
  Although she told him in good modern Greek,
With an Ionian accent, low and sweet,
That he was faint, and must not talk, but eat.

Now Juan could not understand a word,
  Being no Grecian; but he had an ear,
And her voice was as the warble of a bird,
  So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,
That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard;
  The sort of sound we echo with a tear,
Without knowing why—an overpowering tone,
Whence melody descends as from a throne.
(Canto II. Stanzas 148—151.)

The general beauty of this passage is superior to all praise; in the lines I re-quote, it is of so exquisite a kind as to create in our bosom even the sensation of pain:

Her voice was as the warble of a bird,
  So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,
That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard;
  The sort of sound we echo with a tear.

Yet how the beauty is laughed at, as it were, by the author, even while he utters it! In this respect, Byron's factitious contempt of the world, contending with his natural fine feeling for the really beautiful in it, was of use to him: habit perpetually giving way to nature, the stream of poetry flows stronger on such occasions

till it is checked by a violent reflux: like a high-blooded horse breaking loose into the plains, he seems to bound over the poetic page with the graceful impetuosity of a well-broken courser, but in a moment stops short as if a gulf lay before him, bolts at right angles into some crooked elbow or jungle, and there plays as many anomalous gambols as a wild colt in a paddock. He might well have said of himself as he said of his court-poet in the present work—

> His muse made increment of every thing,
> From the high lyrical to the low rational.

One moment he is singing like a seraph, at another sneering like a fiend, and between them both, talking like as merry a mortal as ever Momus inspired, about "grizzly saints," "hairy martyrs," "pretty fellows," &c. &c. in a strain of high, but withal human, jocularity. We have digressed however from the point. I merely wished to say (or to show, for I had already said) that this poem of Don Juan deserved to be known where its merits could be appreciated, that is, where at present it is *not* generally known,—amongst people of education.

As I before intimated, I can relish a sly joke as keenly as if I had made it myself. Though often saluted with the appellation of—*Nun* by some daughters of Babylon who have noticed the dinginess of my dress, the gravity of my phyz, and the perpendicularity of my figure, as I stalk along, I can listen to a love-tale with as capacious an ear as any sinner unswinged. Nevertheless, I could reprobate in none but the most unmeasured terms the immoral folly which dictated the composition of Don Juan,—were the author alive to answer me. This declaration is necessary from him who is about to speak of that work, unless he wishes to identify his principles with those which apparently engendered it. The poetical merits of Don Juan form an independent ground of criticism, and it is upon this that I wish now to stand. Not that I mean to indite a regular, dogmatical Review, in the genuine style of cant, by which a thorough-paced critic is as well known from other authors as an ass from other solipedes by the length of his ears; but a set of unpremeditated observations, having for their object the selection and promotion into public notice, of those poetic beauties, which in my opinion distinguish Don Juan above all other productions of its author. This being the scheme of my intended essays, I have headed them—JUANIANA, the present one being dedicated to the first five cantos of the poem. By the execution of the proposed scheme, I have promised myself the accomplishment of these three things, videlicet: first, to do that honour to genius which it deserves; second, to gratify the scrupulous reader, who is afraid to contemplate the beauties of this poem, lest he might defile his mind in the approach to them—a fear by no means groundless, especially if I had added the feminine pronoun; third, to prevent in some measure the necessity of any reader recurring to the original for the fine

and unexceptionable passages, which are not to be found at present in a separate form. This is the only compromise which can be made between the claims of genius such as inspires Don Juan, and public morality; the former, instead of being handed over to the vile rabble for its reward, is presented to the judicious and the capable for their suffrage; whilst the public mind remains (so far forth as this) undemoralized, by a solicitous exclusion of every thing whose presence could alarm the most pusillanimous virtue.

People may not think, and from the general character of the book, might not suppose it possible,—but there are in that broad burlesque epic farce—Hudibras, some of the finest specimens of romantic poetry extant:

> The sun grew low and left the skies,
> Put down (some write) by ladies' eyes;
> The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
> That hides her face by day from sight,
> (*Mysterious veil, of brightness made,*
> *That's both her lustre and her shade;*)
> And in the lanthorn of the night,
> With shining horns hung out her light.
> (Part ii. Canto 1.)

Again:

> Where e'er you tread your foot shall set
> The primrose and the violet;
> All perfumes, spices, and sweet powders,
> Shall borrow from your breath sweet odours,
> Nature her charter shall renew,
> And take all lives of things from you.
> (Part ii. Canto 1.)

Mark again how closely the beautiful follows on the heels of the ludicrous in this passage:

> He raged, and kept as heavy a coil as
> Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;
> *Forcing the vallies to repeat*
> *The accents of his sad regret:*
> He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
> For loss of his dear *crony bear.*
> (Part i. Canto 3.)

There are however but few such *relievos* in Hudibras: Don Juan is a tissue of them. The following is perhaps the most powerfully written passage in the first five cantos; and in it these black and white spots make the collection of stanzas look like a metaphorical chessboard: it is the description of a famine after shipwreck—

> 'Twas twilight, for the sunless day went down
> Over the waste of waters; like a veil,
> Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
> Of one who hates us, so the night was shown,

And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
  And hopeless eyes, which o'er the deep alone
Gazed dim and desolate; twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

Some trial had been making at a raft,
  With little hope in such a rolling sea,
A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd,
  If any laughter at such a time could be,
Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,
  And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,
Half epileptical, and half hysterical:
Their preservation would have been a miracle.

At half past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
  And all things for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
  For yet they strove, although of no great use:
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
  The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
  Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
  As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
  And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,
  And in them crowded several of the crew:
And yet their present hope was hardly more
  Than what it had been, for so strong it blew,
There was slight chance of reaching any shore!
  And then there were too many, though so few—
Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

All the rest perished; near two hundred souls
  Had left their bodies: and what's worse, alas!
When over Catholics the ocean rolls,
  They must wait several weeks before a mass
Takes off one peck of purgatorial coals;
  Because, till people know what's come to pass,
They won't lay out their money on the dead—
It costs three francs for every mass that's said.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun
  Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the sea,
They lay like carcasses! and hope was none,
  Save in the breeze that came not:—savagely

They glared upon each other—all was done,
  Water, and wine, and food—and you might see
The longings of the cannibal arise
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

At length one whisper'd his companion, who
  Whisper'd another—and thus it went round,
And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
  An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound,
And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,
  'Twas but his own suppress'd till now, he found;
And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
And who should die to be his fellow's food.

The lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd, and handed,
  In silent horror, and their distribution
Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,
  Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution:
None in particular had sought or plann'd it,
  'Twas nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,
By which none were permitted to be neuter—
And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

He but requested to be bled to death;
  The surgeon had his instruments, and bled
Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,
  You hardly could perceive when he was dead.
He died, as born, a Catholic in faith,
  Like most in the belief in which they're bred,
And first a little crucifix he kiss'd,
And then held out his jugular and wrist.

The sailors ate him, all save three or four,
  Who were not quite so fond of animal food;
To these was added Juan, who, before
  Refusing his own spaniel, hardly could
Feel now his appetite increased much more;
  'Twas not to be expected that he should,
Even in extremity of their disaster,
Dine with them on his pastor and his master.

'Twas better that he did not: for, in fact,
  The consequence was awful in the extreme:
For they who were most ravenous in the act
  Went raving mad—Lord! how they did blaspheme!
And foam and roll, with strange convulsions rack'd,
  Drinking salt water like a mountain-stream,
Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing,
And, with hyæna laughter, died despairing.
(Canto II. Stanzas 49—52, 54, 55, 72, 73, 75, 76, 78, 79.)

The episode introduced towards the close of this terrible narrative is a sample of that kind of poetry in which Byron chiefly and always excelled,—the poetry of feeling, of feeling wound up into agony:

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
  And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,
  But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
  One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done!
"I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
  Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate:
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
  And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
  As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
  His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
  And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
  Brighten'd, and for a moment seem to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
  And look'd upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay
  Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it wistfully, until away
  'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

(Canto II. Stanzas 87—90.)

The storm settles with these characteristic verses:

Now over head a rainbow, bursting through
  The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue:
  And all within its arch appear'd to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
  Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner free,
Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.

It changed of course; a heavenly chameleon,
  The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermillion,
  Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,

Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
  And blending every colour into one,
Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle,
(For sometimes we must box without the muffle.)

About this time a beautiful white bird
  Web-footed, not unlike a dove in size
And plumage (probably it might have err'd
  Upon its course) pass'd oft before their eyes,
And tried to perch, although it saw and heard
  The men within the boat, and in this guise
It came and went, and flutter'd round them till
Night fell:—this seem'd a better omen still.

But in this case I also must remark,
  'Twas well this bird of promise did not perch,
Because the tackle of our shatter'd bark
  Was not so safe for roosting as a church;
And had it been the dove from Noah's ark,
  Returning there from her successful search,
Which in their way that moment chanced to fall,
They would have ate her, olive-branch and all.
(Canto II. Stanzas 91, 92, 94, 95.)

In this latter passage I have only to object to the pugilistic image, as very low, and not very humorous. Hudibras is often coarse, but never vulgar. Shakspeare often descends to buffoonery, but never to blackguardism.

The whole episode of Haidee, the Greek girl, in this poem, is written for immortality. Juan, after singly escaping the storm, is cast almost lifeless ashore, on one of the Cyclades, where—

His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,
As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.

How long in this damp trance young Juan lay,
  He knew not, for the earth was gone for him,
And Time had nothing more of night nor day
  For his congealing blood, and senses dim:
And how this heavy faintness pass'd away
  He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb,
And tingling vein, seem throbbing back to life,
For death, though vanquish'd, still retired with strife.

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed,
  For all was doubt and dizziness; he thought
He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,
  And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,
And wish'd it death in which he had reposed,
  And then once more his feelings back were brought,
And slowly by his swimming eyes were seen
A lovely female face of seventeen.

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth
Seem'd almost prying into his for breath;
And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth
Recall'd his answering spirits back from death;
And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe
Each pulse to animation, till beneath
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

(Canto II. Stanzas 110—113.)

The first two lines of the last stanza paint the innocent luxury of a young girl's love for a beautiful youth, with an excess of truth which none but a voluptuous author like Byron could attain.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
In braids behind, and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reach'd her heel; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction, for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

(Canto II. Stanzas 116, 117.)

If Byron had been a statuary the Medicean Venus would not now sell at the price of earthen-ware: the preceding stanzas, with his poetry in general, prove it. He describes the loveliness of the female figure with as much tact, and fidelity, and *goût*, as if he had made the species with his own plastic fingers. To proceed: next morning—

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
And near the cave her quick light foot-steps drew,
While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,
And young Aurora kiss'd her lips with dew,
Taking her for a sister; just the same
Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
Had all the advantage too of not being air.

(Canto II. Stanza 142.)

Haidee, of course, becomes enamoured of Juan:

It was such pleasure to behold him, such
Enlargement of existence to partake
Nature with him, to thrill beneath his touch,
To watch him slumbering, and to see him wake;

To live with him for ever were too much;
  But then the thought of parting made her quake;
He was her own—her ocean treasure—cast
Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her last.
(Canto II. Stanza 173.)

Her passion is returned; &c. The unceremonious marriage of our youthful couple furnishes a beautiful wild stanza:

And now 'twas done—on the lone shore were plighted
  Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial torches, shed
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted:
  Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,
By their own feelings hallow'd and united,
  Their priest was Solitude, and they were wed;
And they were happy, for to their young eyes
Each was an angel, and earth paradise.
(Canto II. Stanza 204.)

And Love has inspired many a rhyming moralist before Byron with worse poetry than this:

Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours
  Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah, why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
  And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,
  And place them on their breast—but place to die—
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.
(Canto III. Stanza 2.)

Haidee's father, the pirate, at length returns from a voyage:

Arriving at the summit of a hill
  Which overlook'd the white walls of his home,
He stopp'd.—What singular emotions fill
  Their bosoms who have been induced to roam!
With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill—
  With love for many, and with fears for some;
All feelings which o'erleap the years long lost,
And bring our hearts back to their starting post.
(Canto III. Stanza 21.)

What does this stanza betray? With all his affected misanthropy, does it not betray in the author of it a tenderness of heart which many a man fond of the world does not possess? It has been my lot to know other persons, who with hearts as it were the very homes of all the domestic affections, from a morbid imagination which is ever picturing scenes of unattainable felicity, despise and reject that which is within their reach; who, because they cannot enjoy supreme happiness in this world, feel a solitary and indignant pleasure in utterly contemning all the inferior joys which human life can and does afford those who are satisfied to reap them.

The pirate, under the presumption of whose death at sea, Haidee had assumed the sovereignty of the island and associated her lover in power, or at least pleasure,—the pirate returns to assert his regal and paternal dominion just as his daughter and the stranger were in the act of celebrating a festival not exactly upon his supposed death, but upon her supposed acquirement of his principality and treasures. She is arrayed in a garb which I will leave to the poet himself to describe:

Of all the dresses I select Haidee's:
  She wore two jelicks—one was of pale yellow;
Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise—
  'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow;
With buttons form'd of pearls as large as pease,
  All gold and crimson shone her jelick's fellow,
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,
Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flow'd round her.

One large gold bracelet clasp'd each lovely arm,
  Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold
That the hand stretch'd and shut it without harm,
  The limb which it adorn'd, its only mould;
So beautiful—its very shape would charm,
  And clinging as if loth to lose its hold,
The purest ore inclosed the whitest skin
That e'er by precious metal was held in.

Around, as princess of her father's land,
  A like gold bar above her instep roll'd
Announced her rank; twelve rings were on her hand;
  Her hair was starr'd with gems; her veil's fine fold
Below her breast was fasten'd with a band
  Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told;
Her orange silk full Turkish trowsers furl'd
About the prettiest ancle in the world.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel
  Flow'd like an Alpine torrent which the sun
Dyes with his morning light,—and would conceal
  Her person if allow'd at large to run,
And still they seem'd resentfully to feel
  The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught began
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
  The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
  With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
  Too pure even for the purest human ties;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged
(It is the country's custom,) but in vain;
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,
The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain,
And in her native beauty stood avenged:
Her nails were touch'd with henna; but again
The power of art was turn'd to nothing, for
They could not look more rosy than before.
(Canto III. Stanzas 70—75.)

Here we see the voluptuous statuary is at work again,—with indeed a little more of the man-milliner than we might have expected from so great a mind as Byron's.—I pass over the noble song, "The Isles of Greece," as well known. It is eve when Lambro, the pirate, arrives:

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!
(Canto III. Stanza 108.)

He appears before the lovers unexpectedly; Haidee swoons, and Juan draws his sabre; Lambro makes a scornful remark, whilst his daughter's first impulse, on recovering, is to throw herself on his neck and implore forgiveness for her companion:

And Haidee clung around him; "Juan, 'tis—
"'Tis Lambro—'tis my father! Kneel with me—
"He will forgive us—yes—it must be—yes.
"Oh! dearest father, in this agony
"Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss
"Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be
"That doubt should mingle with my filial joy?
"Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy!

High and inscrutable the old man stood,
Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye—
Not always signs with him of calmest mood:
He look'd upon her but gave no reply;
(Canto III. Stanzas 38, 39.)

Her prayer is in vain, as might be conjectured from the prophetic calmness of the last lines: Juan is struck down and borne away to sea: Haidee dies—

She died, but not alone; she held within
A second principle of life, which might
Have dawn'd a fair and sinless child of sin;
But closed its little being without light,
And went down to the grave unborn, wherein
Blossom and bough lay wither'd with one blight;
In vain the dews of Heaven descend above
The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love.

Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her
  Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
  Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth; her days and pleasures were
  Brief, but delightful—such as had not staid
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
  Its dwellings down, its tenants past away;
None but her own and father's grave is there,
  And nothing outward tells of human clay;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,
  No stone is there to show, no tongue to say
What was; no dirge, except the hollow sea's,
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

But many a Greek maid, in a loving song
  Sighs o'er her name; and many an islander
With her sire's story makes the night less long;
  Valour was his, and beauty dwelt with her;
If she loved rashly, her life paid for wrong—
  A heavy price must all pay who thus err,
In some shape; let none think to fly the danger,
For soon or late Love is his own avenger.

(Canto III. Stanzas 70—73.)

These latter stanzas are amongst the most beautiful and exquisitely melodious poetry I ever read; brimful of pathos and feeling; inspired by the sweetest breath the melancholy Muse could pour into the bosom of her most enthusiastic adorer.

A very great proportion of the interest with which Childe Harold was and is now perused, arose from the egotism which breathes through some parts of that very popular poem. Byron is seldom more poetically happy than whilst he is under the influence of this grateful passion, and almost the only redeeming stanzas of the above-said work are those in which he speaks of himself under a fictitious appellation. He is with himself an inexhaustible subject, and with us always an interesting one. His feelings here reach their utmost point of desperate intensity, and he becomes accordingly the master of ours to torture them as he wills. Those who know by sad experience what a double-faced demon Despair is, will be at no loss to account for the violent transition from reckless humour to fathomless anguish which occurs in these stanzas:

But now at thirty years my hair is grey—
  (I wonder what it will be like at forty?
I thought of a peruke the other day)
  My heart is not much greener: and, in short, I
Have squander'd my whole summer while 'twas May,
  And feel no more the spirit to retort: I
Have spent my life, both interest and principal,
And deem not, what I deem'd, my soul invincible.

No more—no more—Oh! never more on me
  The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
  Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosoms, like the bag o' the bee:
  Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew?
Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power
To double e'en the sweetness of a flower.

(Canto I. Stanzas 213, 214.)

ARDELIUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—I send you a bantering Epistle to an Old Gentleman whose Education is supposed to have been Neglected. Of course, it was *suggested* by some Letters of your admirable Opium-Eater; the discontinuance of which has caused so much regret to myself in common with most of your readers. You will do me injustice by supposing, that in the remotest degree it was my intention to ridicule those Papers. The fact is, the most serious things may give rise to an innocent burlesque; and the more serious they are, the fitter they become for that purpose. It is not to be supposed, that Charles Cotton did not entertain a very high regard for Virgil, notwithstanding he travestied that Poet. Yourself can testify the deep respect I have always held for the profound learning and penetrating genius of our friend. Nothing upon earth would give me greater pleasure than to find that he has not lost sight of his entertaining and instructive purpose.

I am, dear Sir, yours and *his* sincerely,

ELIA.

LETTER TO AN OLD GENTLEMAN

WHOSE EDUCATION HAS BEEN NEGLECTED.

MY DEAR SIR,—The question which you have done me the honour to propose to me, through the medium of our common friend Mr. Grierson, I shall endeavour to answer with as much exactness as a limited observation and experience can warrant.

You ask—or rather, Mr. Grierson in his own interesting language asks for you—"Whether a person at the age of sixty-three, with no more proficiency than a tolerable knowledge of most of the characters of

the English alphabet at first sight amounts to, by dint of persevering application, and good masters,—a docile and ingenuous disposition on the part of the pupil always pre-supposed—may hope to arrive, within a presumable number of years, at that degree of attainments, which shall entitle the possessor to the character, which you are on so many accounts justly desirous of acquiring, of a *learned man.*"

This is fairly and candidly stated—only I could wish that on one point you had been a little more explicit. In the mean time, I will take it for granted, that by a "knowledge of the alphabetic characters," you confine your meaning to the single powers only, as you are silent on the subject of the diphthongs, and harder combinations.

Why truly, Sir, when I consider the vast circle of sciences—it is not here worth while to trouble you with the distinction between learning and science—which a man must be understood to have made the tour of in these days, before the world will be willing to concede to him the title which you aspire to, I am almost disposed to reply to your inquiry by a direct answer in the negative.

However, where all cannot be compassed, a great deal that is truly valuable may be accomplished. I am unwilling to throw out any remarks that should have a tendency to damp a hopeful genius; but I must not in fairness conceal from you, that you have much to do. The consciousness of difficulty is sometimes a spur to exertion. Rome—or rather, my dear Sir, to borrow an illustration from a place, as yet more familiar to you—Rumford—Rumford—was not built in a day.

Your mind as yet, give me leave to tell you, is in the state of a sheet of white paper. We must not blot or blur it over too hastily. Or, to use an opposite simile, it is like a piece of parchment all be-scrawled and be-scribbled over with characters of no sense or import, which we must carefully erase and remove, before we can make way for the authentic characters or impresses, which are to be substituted in their stead by the corrective hand of science.

Your mind, my dear Sir, again resembles that same parchment, which we will suppose a little hardened by time and disuse. We may apply the characters, but are we sure that the ink will sink?

You are in the condition of a traveller, that has all his journey to begin. And again, you are worse off than the traveller which I have supposed—for you have already lost your way.

You have much to learn, which you have never been taught; and more, I fear, to unlearn, which you have been taught erroneously. You have hitherto, I dare say, imagined, that the sun moves round the earth. When you shall have mastered the true solar system, you will have quite a different theory upon that point, I assure you. I mention but this instance. Your own experience, as knowledge advances, will furnish you with many parallels.

I can scarcely approve of the intention, which Mr. Grierson informs

me you had contemplated, of entering yourself at a common seminary, and working your way up from the lower to the higher forms with the children. I see more to admire in the modesty, than in the expediency, of such a resolution. I own I cannot reconcile myself to the spectacle of a gentleman at your time of life seated, as must be your case at first, below a Tyro of four or five—for at that early age the rudiments of education usually commence in this country. I doubt whether more might not be lost in the point of fitness, than would be gained in the advantages which you propose to yourself by this scheme.

You say, you stand in need of emulation; that this incitement is no where to be had but at a public school; that you should be more sensible of your progress by comparing it with the daily progress of those around you. But have you considered the nature of emulation; and how it is sustained at those tender years, which you would have to come in competition with? I am afraid you are dreaming of academic prizes and distinctions. Alas! in the university, for which you are preparing, the highest medal would be a silver penny, and you must graduate in nuts and oranges.

I know that Peter, the great Czar—or Emperor—of Muscovy, submitted himself to the discipline of a dock-yard at Deptford, that he might learn, and convey to his countrymen, the noble art of ship-building. You are old enough to remember him, or at least the talk about him. I call to mind also other great princes, who, to instruct themselves in the theory and practice of war, and set an example of subordination to their subjects, have condescended to enrol themselves as private soldiers; and, passing through the successive ranks of corporal, quarter-master, and the rest, have served their way up to the station, at which most princes are willing enough to set out—of General and Commander-in-Chief over their own forces. But—besides that there is oftentimes great sham and pretence in their show of mock humility—the competition which they stooped to was with their co-evals, however inferior to them in birth. Between ages so very disparate, as those which you contemplate, I fear there can no salutary emulation subsist.

Again, in the other alternative, could you submit to the ordinary reproofs and discipline of a day-school? Could you bear to be corrected for your faults? Or how would it look to see you put to stand, as must be the case sometimes, in a corner?

I am afraid the idea of a public school in your circumstances must be given up.

But is it impossible, my dear Sir, to find some person of your own age—if of the other sex, the more agreeable perhaps—whose information, like your own, has rather lagged behind their years, who should be willing to set out from the same point with yourself, to undergo the same tasks—thus at once inciting and sweetening each other's labours in a sort of friendly rivalry. Such a one, I think, it would not be

difficult to find in some of the western parts of this island—about Dartmoor for instance.

Or what if, from your own estate—that estate which, unexpectedly acquired so late in life, has inspired into you this generous thirst after knowledge, you were to select some elderly peasant, that might best be spared from the land; to come and begin his education with you, that you might till, as it were, your minds together—one, whose heavier progress might invite, without a fear of discouraging, your emulation? We might then see—starting from an equal post—the difference of the clownish and the gentle blood.

A private education then, or such a one as I have been describing, being determined on, we must in the next place look out for a preceptor: —for it will be some time before either of you, left to yourselves, will be able to assist the other to any great purpose in his studies.

And now, my dear Sir, if in describing such a tutor as I have imagined for you, I use a style a little above the familiar one in which I have hitherto chosen to address you, the nature of the subject must be my apology. *Difficile est de scientiis inscienter loqui,* which is as much as to say that "in treating of scientific matters it is difficult to avoid the use of scientific terms." But I shall endeavour to be as plain as possible. I am not going to present you with the *ideal* of a pedagogue, as it may exist in my fancy, or has possibly been realized in the persons of Buchanan and Busby. Something less than perfection will serve our turn. The scheme which I propose in this first or introductory letter has reference to the first four or five years of your education only; and in enumerating the qualifications of him that should undertake the direction of your studies, I shall rather point out the *minimum,* or *least,* that I shall require of him, than trouble you in the search of attainments neither common nor necessary to our immediate purpose.

He should be a man of deep and extensive knowledge. So much at least is indispensable. Something older than yourself, I could wish him, because years add reverence.

To his age and great learning, he should be blest with a temper and a patience, willing to accommodate itself to the imperfections of the slowest and meanest capacities. Such a one in former days Mr. Hartlib appears to have been, and such in our days I take Mr. Grierson to be; but our friend, you know, unhappily has other engagements. I do not demand a consummate grammarian; but he must be a thorough master of vernacular orthography, with an insight into the accentualities and punctualities of modern Saxon, or English. He must be competently instructed (or how shall he instruct you?) in the tetralogy, or four first rules, upon which not only arithmetic, but geometry, and the pure mathematics themselves, are grounded. I do not require that he should have measured the globe with Cook, or Ortelius, but it is desirable that he should have a general knowledge (I do not mean a very nice or

pedantic one) of the great division of the earth into four parts, so as to teach you readily to name the quarters. He must have a genius capable in some degree of soaring to the upper element, to deduce from thence the not much dissimilar computation of the cardinal points, or hinges, upon which those invisible phenomena, which naturalists agree to term *winds*, do perpetually shift and turn. He must instruct you, in imitation of the old Orphic fragments (the mention of which has possibly escaped you), in numeric and harmonious responses, to deliver the number of solar revolutions, within which each of the twelve periods, into which the *Annus Vulgaris*, or common year, is divided, doth usually complete and terminate itself. The intercalaries, and other subtle problems, he will do well to omit, till riper years, and course of study, shall have rendered you more capable thereof. He must be capable of embracing all history, so as from the countless myriads of individual men, who have peopled this globe of earth—*for it is a globe*—by comparison of their respective births, lives, deaths, fortunes, conduct, prowess, &c. to pronounce, and teach you to pronounce, dogmatically and catechetically, who was the richest, who was the strongest, who was the wisest, who was the meekest man, that ever lived; to the facilitation of which solution, you will readily conceive, a smattering of biography would in no inconsiderable degree conduce. Leaving the dialects of men (in one of which I shall take leave to suppose you by this time at least superficially instituted), you will learn to ascend with him to the contemplation of that unarticulated language, which was before the written tongue; and, with the aid of the elder Phrygian or Æsopic key, to interpret the sounds by which the animal tribes communicate their minds—evolving moral instruction with delight from the dialogue of cocks, dogs, and foxes. Or marrying theology with verse, from whose mixture a beautiful and healthy offspring may be expected, in your own native accents (but purified) you will keep time together to the profound harpings of the more modern or Wattsian hymnics.

Thus far I have ventured to conduct you to a "hill-side, whence you may discern the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming."*

With my best respects to Mr. Grierson, when you see him,

I remain, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

April 1, 1823. ELIA.

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* Milton's Tractate on Education, addressed to Mr. Hartlib.

LETTER
TO A FRIEND IN NATCHITOCHES.

SOUTHEY.

At your happy distance from the great manufactories of literature, you are probably, at this moment, my dear Jonathan, beginning to read Medwin's book at the time when every one here is thoroughly tired of it. Take the conversations with a grain of salt. "They were committed to paper for the sake of reference only." We suspect Mr. Medwin, like John Bell, the barrister, is sometimes unable to read his own writing. However correct his notes may have been, there are, I am afraid, mistakes in his transcript.* The account of Shelley, whom the author had means of knowing much better than Lord Byron, is except in a date or two correct; and if there be any value in it, it is valuable only as a candid notice of a man, who has provoked many absurd exaggerations on the part of his enemies, and some from his friends.

Another unquestionable good which has been produced by Medwin's book, is a letter, which has been published (a month or two after Medwin) by Mr. Laureat Southey. A letter from him always diffuses the sunshine of delight among the large and valuable class of persons who joy to see others expose themselves. It is the fate of the Laureat on these occasions to prove his vanity and irritability beyond dispute. *Cela est écrit là haut.*

The main point of Southey's letter, or rather what, if he had been rational, should have been its main point, is the assertion that he did not write the review of Foliage in the Quarterly. No man of common information I have heard of ever thought he did. "Lord Byron might have known this if he had inquired of Mr. Murray." If he had inquired of the head that he carried on his shoulders it would probably have done as well. Old Howell says, that the mud of Paris smells ten miles off. He who has once smelt an article of Southey, at the same distance, can hardly have confounded it with one less redolent of a peculiar kind of self-conceit. It is difficult to suppose that Lord Byron fell into the mistake, but whether he or Medwin blundered, matters little to you or me. The accusations against Southey are absurd: they are all founded on this blunder. Unnecessary as it was for Southey to deny the specific faults imputed to him in the Byrono-Medwiniad, there was no harm in his doing so. What is ridiculous, is the dictatorial and offensive character

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* There is a thing in Medwin's book, which bears evidence of being Lord Byron's, for Medwin relates it without any symptoms of understanding it. Lord Byron said of Taaffe, an unfortunate gentleman, who is attempting to translate Dante, "I have advised him to frontispiece his book with his own head, *capo di traditore*, the head of a traitor! then will come the title-page comment—Hell." Medwin, p. 197. The pun Medwin has kept out of sight; and without it, the advice to Taaffe was insulting without being jocose. The play was on the words traditore and traduttore: (Translator).

he assumes whenever he is called upon as a defendant. "Handy-dandy, which is the justice and which is the thief." Southey, I am inclined to think, is an honest man, with this folly, that he does not know that he looks very much like a knave. When he sets himself up as the standard of moral and political excellence, he reminds one of the abbess who rebuked the levities of her convent with the breeches of the monk upon her head. He was enthusiastic at the outset of the French Revolution for liberty and equality; there was no harm in that—all generous minds, he tells us, felt as he did. He changed his opinions; there is no harm in that—all generous minds change their opinions. He took a pension and the laureatcy; there is no harm in that--all generous minds take what they can get. He had very insufficient grounds for his former opinions; he has very good grounds for his present ones—he is a very pleasant writer: he digests his common-place book well. The printing of his poetry is an employment for honest industry. Such a man, if he pursued the tenour of his way quietly, would be a public benefactor. We should say of him, "Robert is a good sort of man, and one who knows on which side his bread is buttered; a pleasant prose writer, and only no poet, because the Gods do not tolerate the existence of moderate ones." But it will not do for a weather-cock to set up for a directing post, even though he has grown rusty.

There is a passage in Southey's letter which you, I am sure, must have been very much puzzled at. "It might have been thought that Lord Byron had attained the last degree of disgrace when his head was set up for a sign at one of those preparatory schools for the brothel and the gallows; where obscenity, sedition, and blasphemy, are retailed in drams for the vulgar. There remained one further shame: there remained this exposure of his Private Conversations, which has compelled his Lordship's friends, in their own defence, to compare his oral declarations with his written words, and thereby demonstrate that he was as regardless of truth as he was incapable of sustaining those feelings suited to birth, station, and high endowments, which sometimes came across his better mind."

You may guess a long time, Jonathan, before you can find what he means by this.—There is a fellow of the name of Benbow, who lives by pirating the works of popular authors. Southey's works he does not pirate (perhaps from respect to his character), Lord Byron's he does, and he sets up Lord Byron's head as a sign. This, by diligent investigation, I learn to be the fact; but ninety-nine out of every hundred persons even in London were, and will be till I tell them of it, as ignorant as you were. London is a large place—but why need I speak of London to you, who have Mogg's London in a marbled case.

How Southey got at this important piece of knowledge you will wonder. You will wonder still more how Benbow's sign can in any way disgrace Lord Byron. When you were put to bed at the Angel,

you little thought the heavenly messenger, whose likeness was profaned, was chargeable with the guilt of your inebriety. Southey, however, is quite safe, no one will set up his head as a sign—of any thing.

Southey in a note on this letter makes a precious plunge. He says,

"In the Preface to his *Monody on Keats*, Shelley, as I have been informed, asserts, that I was the author of the criticism in the *Quarterly Review* upon that young man's poems, and that his death was occasioned by it. There *was a degree of meanness in this* (especially considering the temper and tenour of our correspondence), which I was not *then* * *prepared to expect* from Shelley, for that he believed me to be the author of that paper, I certainly do not believe. He was once, for a short time, my neighbour. I met him upon terms, not of friendship indeed, but certainly of mutual good-will. I admired his talents; thought that he would out-grow his errors (perilous as they were), and trusted that, meantime, a kind and generous heart would resist the effect of fatal opinions which he had taken up in ignorance and boyhood. Herein I was mistaken. But when I ceased to regard him with hope, he became to me an object for sorrow and awful commiseration, not of any injurious or unkind feeling; and when I expressed myself with just severity concerning him, it was in direct communication to himself."

This is a piece of perfect Southey, rash and petulant injustice coupled with the fulsome praise of his own good qualities, and especially his kindliness. "Shelley, as I have been informed, asserts that I was the author," &c. *Informed*—by whom? It must have been some friend, I calculate, who formed a very pretty estimate of the Laureat, as the following, which is the real passage, in the preface to Shelley's poem will show you.

"The genius of the lamented person to whose memory I have dedicated these unworthy verses, was not less delicate and fragile than it was beautiful; and where canker-worms abound, what wonder if its young flower was blighted in the bud? The savage criticism on his *Endymion*, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, produced the most violent effect on his susceptible mind; the agitation thus originated ended in the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs; a rapid consumption ensued, and the succeeding acknowledgments from more candid critics, of the true greatness of his powers, were ineffectual to heal the wound thus wantonly inflicted.

"It may be well said that these wretched men know not what they do. They scatter their insults and their slanders without heed as to whether the poisoned shaft lights on a heart made callous by many blows, or one like KEATS's, composed of more penetrable stuff. One of their associates is, to my knowledge, a base and unprincipled calumniator. As to *Endymion*, was it a poem, whatever its defects, to be treated contemptuously by those who had celebrated with various degrees of complacency and panegyric 'Paris,' and 'Woman,' and a 'Syrian Tale,' and Mrs. LEFANU, and Mr. BARRETT, and Mr. HOWARD PAYNE, and a long list of the illustrious obscure? Are these the men who, in their venal good-nature, presume to draw a parallel between the Rev. Mr. MILLMAN and Lord BYRON? † What gnat did they strain at here, after swallowing all those camels? Against what woman taken in adultery dares the foremost of these literary prostitutes to cast his opprobrious stone? Miserable man! you, one of the meanest, have wantonly defaced one of the noblest specimens of the workmanship of GOD. Nor shall it be your excuse, that, murderer as you are, you have spoken daggers, but used none."

* When?

† This is a terrible blow at the Gifford side of the Quarterly.

Did Southey read this, and like that "unlettered, small knowing soul" Costard, apply every scurvy term to himself. "Base and unprincipled" *me!* "Venal good nature" *me!* "Literary prostitute" *still me!* "Miserable man" *Oh me.* If he did not, the least he can do is to publish the name of the *friend,* who conceived this character to be so peculiarly appropriate to Southey that no one else could lay claim to it. Such a man would be invaluable as a compurgator.

By the way, Jonathan, the Quarterly Review no more killed Keats than it killed William Rufus. It now little matters to poor Keats what killed him, but there is, nosologically speaking, a difference between a consumption and critic. When a doleful piece of fudge has acquired a certain degree of antiquity, one is unwilling to disturb it. I know your good sense abhors historic doubts, and would be loth to believe with Walpole, that Richard III did not murder the babes in the Tower. I wish all poets to spin the interminable yarn of versification without any dread that the more limited thread of life may be slit by the abhorred shears of the Reviewers. Let the Reviewers cut up the poems into thrums; but to kill the poets, cuts at the very root of production. It is a tax upon capital—(see Ricardo). Keats, I say, was not killed by the Reviewers. Indeed, I never heard yet a well authenticated case of criticophobia terminating fatally. As for Keats, he was a well built, open-hearted, courageous little fellow, but descended of a consumptive race, and he shared the same fate. It was found after death, that his lungs were entirely wasted; but he preserved his good spirits to the very brink of the grave. He was not a sort of man to have suffered his soul "to be snuffed out by an article."

Do not suppose that Shelley in this preface was guilty of any wilful deception; he was not capable of practising it. But he was a true poet, and had in his amiable mind all that outrageous extravagance which other men, by dint of severe labour, contrive to show in their verses. He was fanatical in the extreme, and loved to exaggerate all things to his mind, but especially horrors; sufferings of all kinds were his favourite contemplation, sufferings from injustice his delicacies. He strengthened his sympathy for mankind by continual practice. A young poet killed by a reviewer must have been like "Sackerson loose" to master Slender—meat and drink to him. A man who loves jumping, will spring over a table as readily as over a fence. The cause of saltation is in the elasticity of the legs, not in the seriousness of the obstacle. So it is with sympathy—to make it more clear—sympathy is the sympathizing of a sympathetic mind. Sorrow carries with it its own reward; do we not, do not you in Natchitoches grieve at the woes of Mr. Egerton, Mr. Kean, your own Roscius Mr. Elihu Schemmerhorn, or any other great tragedian, who is lamentable at per night, as at the unbought calamities of our friends and country?

ODE

TO GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER,

DEPUTY LICENSER OF PLAYS.

This fierce inquisitor has chief
Dominion over men's belief
And manners; can pronounce a saint
Idolatrous or ignorant;—
When superciliously he sifts
Through coarsest boulter others' gifts;
For all men live, and judge amiss,
Whose talents jump not just with his.—*Hudibras*, Can. III.

Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"
Twelfth Night.

The play—the play's the thing;—in which to catch the conscience.—*Hamlet.*

1.

COME, Colman! Mrs. Gibbs's chum!
Virtue's protector! Come, George, come,—
Sit down beside this beech,
That flourisheth in Fulham road;
And let me all my heart unload
Of levity,—and preach!

2.

Thou'rt alter'd, George, since thy young days
Of wicked verse and heedless plays,
With double meanings cramm'd;
"White for the harvest" is thine age,
Thou chief curse-cutter for the stage,
And scourger of the damn'd!

3.

Thou that wert once th' offender,—thou
The police-officer art now;
The vicious are thy crop!
Thou'rt Doctor Cotton to a play,
Keeping it from damnation's way,
When doom'd for the *new drop!*

4.

Thy predecessor was content,
Like Byron, "to let Reynolds vent
His dammees, poo's, and zounds!"
But thou, like Maw-worm, cloth'st thyself
With ill-got, oath-correcting pelf,
And turnest damns to pounds!

5.

Poor Farce! her mourning now may put on!
And Comedy's as dead as mutton!
(No sheep must have a *dam*).
Farewell to Tragedy! her knell
And neck are wrung at once,—farewell
The Drama!—(dele *dram*).

6.

George! hath some serious man in black
Slipp'd in thy hand the small sly "track,"
All verbal sins to paint?
Or art thou labouring to be one
Like sleek dead Mr. Huntington—
Half *Coalman*—and half saint?

7.

Well might unusual crimson rush
Into thy cheeks,—(no claret blush)
For thy young muse's sins!
Ah! who could think that prim *pursed* mouth
Of her's had worn in early youth
The *broadest* of Broad Grins!

8.

But she,—a wench of wicked sense,
Debauch'd into experience,
Knows what's the unclean cup:
No one, so well, I'll warrant me,
Can pitch upon a naughty *Shee*,
And show the creature up!

9.

Has Irving taught thee how to trounce
Dramatic man, and to renounce
The wickedness of wit?
Or James* convinced thee that the way
Some have of going to the play
Must lead them to the *Pit!*

10.

Nothing like thee—to Heaven's praise!
(Forgive th' appeal!) plagu'd Bess's days,—
Her poet's hope to quell:
Hads't thou liv'd then, we should have had
No vile, immoral Warwick lad,
With all his "blasts from Hell!"

---

* Not James the apostle, but Mr. Bunn's Brummagem youth.

11.

Who would believe, my good yeomán,
Like thy own deviating Dan
  Thou ever hads't given up
Thyself to whistle and to stray,—
To drink with Dukes and Ladies gay
  A very merry cup!

12.

Two-Guinea Censor! too particular
In virtue's slang! too great a stickler
  For oaths and prayers in blank!
Poor D. dash D. is all that goes
With thee, thou Legend of Montrose!—
  Pah!—thy offence is *Rank!*

13.

Good bye to Godby!* (dele *God!*)
Methinks I see all curtains nod
  To one sad final fall!
Stages must sink from bad to *worser*,—
The sad precursor (dele *cursor*)
  Of ruin frowns on all!

14.

Who, George—Oh, who that hath of wit
A grain,—his fancies will submit
  To nonsense and to Thee?—
What!—come, to be "run through," and then
Give sovereigns to reward the pen
  That cut us?—

—U. B. D.!

* A celebrated theatrical carpenter:—a great favourite with Mr. Colman, until the licenser "filch'd from him his good name."

THE LONDON TITHE QUESTION.

The claims of the London Rectors to 2*s.* 9*d.* in the pound, in the City of London, are founded on a Decree of the 37th Henry VIII, which has reference to a Statute of the same year. It is not pretended that they have any other foundation, nor has any better been required, for the judges of our courts have invariably yielded to the paramount authority

of these two documents in trying the question; and however willing or desirous they appear at times to have been to come to an opposite decision, not one of them has hitherto dared to dispute the validity of the Decree thus supported, or to interpret its provisions in a different sense from that in which they are vulgarly taken.

Disadvantageous as this may have been to the parties who beforetime attempted to resist the payment of Tithes according to the rate laid down in the above-mentioned Decree, I cannot but consider it a favourable circumstance to those who shall make the same attempt hereafter, since it fixes to a single point the object to be discussed, and enables us to assure ourselves that if we can but dispose of that in a satisfactory manner, as I think we may, the whole question will be set at rest.

It might be a reasonable argument against these two documents, that they had their rise in bad times, and cannot therefore form a good precedent; and a lawful appeal might, no doubt, be made with every chance of success against the authority of the Decree on this ground, that it has not the sanction requisite to make it operative according to the statute accompanying it, one clause of which enjoins that it shall be "enrolled in the King's High Court of Chancery," and that then it "shall stand, remain, and be as an Act of Parliament, and shall bind as well all citizens and inhabitants of the said city and liberties for the time being, as the said parsons, vicars, curates, and their successors for ever, according to the effect, purport, and intent of the said order and decree, so to be made and enrolled." From which words it may be fairly inferred that the Decree was not to be considered binding unless it had received the final sanction of enrolment. But I mean not to take either of these as my present ground of objection. I trust that I shall be able to make out a sufficiently strong case against the claims from the Decree itself, admitting it to be valid as it stands, by stating only certain arguments and proofs against the interpretation which its provisions have met with.

With my view of the subject, I contend that, on a fair and rational construction of the words of the Decree, the amount of the claim set up and heretofore acceded to is in every case erroneously estimated and unlawfully allowed. Respecting the words themselves which specify the sum to be paid, there can be no manner of doubt: I read them as others do: but with regard to their actual meaning, the case is widely different. They are and have been understood to declare that 2*s.* 9*d.* in the pound rental of each house is granted for Tithes precisely the same as if the Decree were made only yesterday, and as if the money to which it refers were the ordinary currency of the realm. I shall be able to show on the contrary: 1. That the money in which these Tithes were to be paid according to the Decree was a peculiar money, an exception to the common coin of this kingdom both before and after that period: 2. That the relation of the shilling of that time to the shilling of this day, and the relation of the pound rental of that period to the pound rental now, is in each case

extremely different: and that the difference is of that kind on either hand which adds to the disparity; the shilling being much less valuable, and the pound rental much more valuable, reciprocally, at that period than they are at present.

To the antiquary and numismatist it is a fact well known, that for about 20 years a most scandalous deterioration of our currency was tolerated, for the most part against the will of the reigning prince, after a time much to the injury of all persons of fixed income, and ultimately to the disadvantage and serious detriment of almost every individual in the state. The deterioration had commenced two or three years before the date of the statute and decree, but it was not carried to any very serious extent till about that time, when a recoinage took place, and the new money was all at once reduced in value nearly one half.

From the earliest times till the period of which I speak, a certain degree of purity had been maintained in our silver currency, and, since then, with the exception of about 20 years, it has continued uniformly the same; 18 dwt. of alloy to 12 oz. of fine silver, forming what is called *the standard* of England. "The fineness of our silver money," says the Rev. Rogers Ruding, "has preserved its integrity unbroken from the reign of Henry II (at the lowest calculation) down to the present time—a period of more than 600 years;" but "from this must be deducted about 20 years, from the latter end of the reign of Henry VIII, to the beginning of Elizabeth's, which form an era highly disgraceful to the mint."—(Annals of the Coinage, vol. i. p. 17.)

The first notice we have of the debasement is in the 34th year of Henry VIII, when the standard was considerably infringed by the introduction of 2 oz. of alloy instead of 18 dwt. But this was a trivial matter compared with what followed. In two years after it had proceeded to the enormous extent of 6 oz. of alloy in 12 oz. one half of every coin being base metal. Moreover the coin was not only debased in purity, it was also diminished in size. The shilling, for instance, which in the 18th Henry VII (1504) weighed 144 grains, in (1543) the 34th Henry VIII weighed only 120, and in (1549) 3 Edward VI was reduced to 80 grains, so that the injury done was twofold. When therefore we desire to ascertain the actual condition of our coins we must compute the diminished size along with the impaired standard; and hence it will appear, that what was called a shilling in the 36th of Henry VIII, was not more than a sixpence if compared to that which three years before had passed under the same denomination, and in the next year it was nothing but a groat.

But some person may be inclined perhaps to interrupt me here with a question to this effect—Are you right in entering into a calculation of the comparative value of money at different and distant periods of our history? and may not this, if allowed here, be drawn into a precedent, and all kinds of unsatisfactory conclusions be let in upon us, to the disturbance

of old quit-rents, moduses, and other settled payments of great antiquity, the value of which has much decreased since they were first established? I answer no. The line of separation between these assumed cases and our present one is too decidedly marked to allow it. This precludes all interference with any payments agreed upon in any period from the Conquest to the present day, except those which by the operation of peculiar circumstances are without the pale of the general rule, and these form, as we shall see, a class of themselves, the limits of which cannot be extended. A term of 20 years in 700 comprises all the instances that ever could be adduced, and of these only one has come down to our time, which is this Tithe Question: its merits are still in dispute: it remains therefore a fit subject for elucidation, with a view to some final settlement.

The following table exhibits the changes, in regard both to Weight and Fineness, which our money underwent at the various periods of its coinage, and the relative Value of our principal silver coins at the several periods undermentioned.

Reign.		Weight in Troy Grains.			Standard and Debasement.				Relative Value.
		Penny.	Groat.	Shilling.	Fine oz.	Fine dwt.	Alloy oz.	Alloy dwt.	
Conquest	1066	$22\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	11	2	—	18	—
28 Edward I.	1300	22	$88\frac{8}{9}$	—	11	2	—	18	—
18 —— III.	1344	$20\frac{1}{4}$	81	—	11	2	—	18	—
20 ——	1346	20	80	—	11	2	—	18	—
25 ——	1351	18	72	—	11	2	—	18	200
13 Henry IV.	1412	15	60	—	11	2	—	18	$166\frac{1}{2}$
4 Edward IV.	1464	12	48	—	11	2	—	18	$133\frac{1}{3}$
49 Henry VI.	1470	—	—	—	11	2	—	18	$133\frac{1}{3}$
18 —— VII.	1504	—	—	144	11	2	—	18	$133\frac{1}{3}$
18 —— VIII.	1527	$10\frac{1}{2}$	42	126	11	2	—	18	118
34 ——	1543	10	40	120	10	2	2	—	100
36 ——	1545	—	—	—	6	0	6	0	60
37 ——	1546	—	—	—	4	0	8	0	40
1 Edward VI.	1547	—	—	—	4	0	8	0	40
2 ——	1548	—	—	—	4	0	8	0	40
3 ——	1549	$6\frac{1}{2}$	$26\frac{1}{2}$	80	6	0	6	0	40
4 ——	1550	—	—	—	3	0	9	0	20
5 ——	1551	—	—	—	3	0	9	0	20
6 ——	1552	8	32	96	11	1	—	19	$88\frac{1}{3}$
1 Mary	1554	—	—	96	11	1	—	19	$88\frac{1}{3}$
1 Elizabeth	1559	—	—	96	11	2	—	18	$88\frac{4}{5}$
4 ——	1562	The denomination altered: the shilling made current at 8d. &c.							
43	1601	$7\frac{3}{4}$	31	$92\frac{3}{4}$	11	2	—	18	86

At this last mentioned weight and standard the shilling has continued with scarcely any alteration ever since.

I have drawn up the preceding statement from some tables in the Annals of the Coinage, adding the last column to indicate more clearly the relative value of the same denomination of coin at different periods, and particularly during the time of the great depreciation. By referring to this column we may determine, at a glance, what was the exact sum intended and understood to be conveyed to the Clergy by that decree, which allowed them tithes to the amount of 2*s.* 9*d.* in the pound.

It appears then, according to this statement, that in the 36th of Henry VIII the shilling was about one-half the value of that which had been in circulation only three years before; and, consequently, every shilling of the 36th was in fact but a sixpence with reference to the currency of the former period: therefore these tithes, if paid in this currency, which was that coined in the year preceding the passing of the Act and the framing of the Decree, must have been intended by the Legislature and Commissioners to be, in all respects, the same, and as easily paid, as the half of that sum had formerly been, when it was represented by the currency in use up to the 34th. According to our calculation, therefore, the tithes of 2*s.* 9*d.* in the pound were no more when they were granted than those of 1*s.* 4½*d.* had been three years before: they were in truth of no greater amount in specie; and the increase of quantity was probably but a defensive measure, resorted to *pro tempore,* with a view to compensate the Clergy for the well-known deficiency of intrinsic value in the new coin. If this be correct, and if we are desirous of giving what was then enjoined now that our coin is restored to its purity and full weight, we should pay the Clergy, according to this Decree, 1*s.* 4½*d.* in the pound of our present money.

But in thus stating the case I may not be correct, for I am making it far more favourable to them than probably it ought to be. The Act was passed in the year 1545, the 37th of Henry VIII—the Decree is also of the 37th, but it bears date the year following, February 24th, 1546, before which time a further and equally notorious deterioration of the currency had again taken place. "By an Indenture of this year (1545) the coins were reduced to the lowest degree of fineness which ever disgraced the English Mint, excepting a small quantity of silver in the 5th year of Edward VI," (Annals, &c. ii. 88). The proportion was as two-thirds only of the coinage of the year preceding, which was itself, as we have seen, one half of that which passed current three years before; so that instead of the shilling being now worth 6*d.* it was in fact but of the value of a *groat!* and at this rate it continued to pass till the 4th of Edward VI, 1550, when, during the two succeeding years, it was brought down to its lowest state of degradation, *twopence.* At the time therefore these Tithes were decreed and became payable, a groat was the actual shilling, and the Clergy received for 2*s.* 9*d.* no more, in fact, than two groats and three-fourths, that is 11*d.*, in the pound at the highest: nay, they were obliged, four years after, to be content with even half that sum for a time, the shilling being worth only twopence. If then we desire to fulfil

all the provisions of this Decree the very same as they were carried into effect in the days when it was first brought into operation, we ought from this to consider the Clergy entitled to 11*d.* in the pound of our present money,—but some other qualifying circumstances require to be taken into account before the terms of the Decree can be considered fairly adjusted.

One of the circumstances to which I allude is the comparative value of the pound rental. It will be thought, possibly, by the advocate for the rector's claims, that if the shilling were reduced in value, the pound was also reduced in an equal degree, and that the proportion being the same, the number of pounds would be increased in the rental the same as the number of shillings was increased, allowing that the depreciation were in both cases made up by a correspondent quantity of coin,—or if that be denied, and the coin be considered of less intrinsic value as specie, but not greater in abundance than before, then that the relation of the shilling and pound would still be preserved unaltered; for as on the one hand the rental would not be increased, so on the other the shilling would not be depreciated, but would pass for as much as it had formerly done; wherefore, under either supposition, the Tithes allowed would be precisely equivalent to the sum claimed at present.

The dilemma into which this appears to throw us is entirely imaginary. In the course of a long period, it would doubtless gradually happen, that all things, rents and tithes among the rest, would feel the effects of a great increase and consequent depreciation of the coin; but here there was no lapse of time—it was a sudden business; and unless it can be shown, which no one will pretend, that a survey and re-valuation of all the houses in London took place at the instant of the debasement of the coin, in order that their numerical value in pounds might be increased according to the extent of the depreciation, or that an Act passed for increasing the rental in the ratio of the debasement, which is equally absurd and contrary to the fact,—it must follow, that the pound rental would be left to adjust itself to the pound current by degrees, according as leases fell in, or other opportunities offered; and thus it would remain stationary, or be but little affected for several years after the altered value of the currency. The opposite contingent, that money, though debased, was of the same power as before in making purchases, is too well contradicted by the history of the period to require any refutation here.

The pound rental, therefore, would at the passing of the Decree, be as certainly that of at least three years before, as the shilling in which the tithes became payable would be that of the current coin. Nay, we might go a great deal further in our assumption, and conceive that the rents would have continued unaltered for the last 10, 20, 30, or 40 years, rather than that they should undergo any sudden change. But the Decree itself determines this: it provides for the levy being made on the *accustomed* rent only, and therefore effectually negatives this supposed

previous rise. The tenant shall pay his "tithes of the same after the rate aforesaid, according to the quantity of such rent, or rents, as the same house or houses, shops, warehouses, cellars, or stables, or any of them, *were last letten for*, without fraud or covin." The pound on which the tithe became levied was therefore, so far as the clergy were concerned, the ancient pound, it was the same as that which had existed for perhaps 40 years before; but if it were only the same with that of but three years prior to the date of the Decree, it would still prove our assertion that the pound rental on which the tithe was levied was in a very great degree more valuable in proportion than the shilling or pound in which the tithe was paid.

I have throughout attempted to put the most liberal construction upon the terms of this Decree; but if my interpretation should be doubted, let any other person, or a committee, be appointed to determine the present value of *2s. 9d.* in the pound, granted at the period in question. The subject is antiquarian; let it be referred to those who are most competent to settle a dispute respecting antiquities. Sir Henry Finch, counsel for the plaintiff in a famous tithe cause (Dunn v. Burrell and Goffe) in the year 1617, on a question arising out of this very Decree, as to whether an annual sum reserved by way of fine or income, was "a rent properly and truly within the words and letter of the Decree," contends for "the nobleness of our law, which applies itself to all other professions, and becomes all things to all men, that it may do justice to all; and therefore in matters which belong to grammarians to discuss, it gives judgment according to the opinions of grammarians," as in certain cases which he cites. So with respect to the meaning and value of these money terms, I would have the judges, "who are wont to consult with all manner of professions, where there arises any difficulty as to those things which are properly known to other professions," (to use the words of the same eminent pleader,) apply to the antiquarians for an opinion on this subject, if any doubt can remain in their minds.

Mr. Editor, I will not trespass more at present on your room, or on your readers' patience. There are many who must grudge the space I have already occupied, having themselves no direct interest in the question: but to the citizens of London it is important; and as your title implies, that nothing which so materially concerns them can be indifferent to you—*nihil à me alienum puto*—it has a sort of right to appear in your Miscellany. I have sent only a small part of my argument after all: much that is equally to the point remains to be given; in particular several collateral proofs of the actual value of the tithes in the several stages of our earlier currency, with a more exact estimate of their present worth: but these will probably be embodied, ere long, in a separate publication. At present, I trust enough has been said to prove that the cause of the aggrieved citizens is not so hopeless as for the last two centuries it has been imagined.

PHILARCHÆUS.

ATHENAION.

We have been inexpressibly diverted with the style of the prospectus of a *Literary* Society called the Athenaion. The paper before us commences in a striking manner, and nothing can be happier than the collocation of simple fact and sublime pretension in the first two lines. "The Athenaion, 164, Regent-street, and at the Argyll Rooms, comprising the whole circle of the Arts, Sciences, and Belles Lettres." The latter sentence stands alone, it will be seen, without reference to any thing in heaven above or in the earth beneath, with an independence that commands respect.

Athenaion, 164, Regent-street, and at the Argyll Rooms, *comprising the whole circle of the Arts, Sciences, and Belles Lettres.* To be governed by a Royal Charter. President, Richard Paul Jodrell, Esq. FRS. Vice Presidents, Sir Richard Paul Jodrell, Bart.; William Earle Lytton Bulwer, Esq.; George Pearson, MD. FRS. Treasurer, Philip Codd, Esq. Assistant Secretary, Mr. B. P. Capper. Bankers, Messrs. Hoare, Fleet-street.

This is so far vastly orderly and respectable. From the president to the bankers, there is nothing to which we can object; and had these patrons of literature wisely confined themselves to writing their own names, all would have been well; but when they venture out of their depths, and endeavour to put words together, all the rules of grammar receive a shock, and meaning makes its escape from the sublime confusion which follows so rash an attempt. Observe the sad havoc which is made in the very first paragraph; the writers commit themselves to two or three unruly words which run away with them and carry them helter-skelter, through thick and thin, from 164, Regent-street, to the divine temple of Minerva; whence taking a sharp turn through the whole circle of the Sciences they arrive, without drawing breath, at public morals, industry, and national prosperity.

The utility and importance of this National Establishment, founded in Britain for the highly cultivated society of the 19th century, from the ashes of the divine temple of Minerva, whose fame re-echoed for talent and urbanity all over the world, cannot well be denied, embracing as it does the whole circle of the sciences, which, considered in a national point of view, must eventually exercise an extraordinary degree of influence on public morals, industry, and national prosperity.

This is sublime—this paragraph soars to the clouds like a balloon by virtue of inflation; the next falls to the ground again like a parachute. It makes one absolutely giddy to remark the sudden descent from heaven to earth, from the lofty to the lowly, from the sublimate of nothingness to the trite language of advertisements. The very next sentence runs in the most homely style, and agreeably relieves the mind oppressed with the splendour of the preceding passage:—"From the unanimous opinion and *at the request of a great number of persons of rank and respectability,* the following plan is laid before the public, *for the support* of this

Institution, the opening of which gave such general satisfaction to an enlightened and numerous audience." A palpable plagiary from the newspaper advertisements. "From the unanimous opinion and at the request of a great number of persons of rank and respectability, the following articles are submitted to the public inspection, at reduced prices, by B. D. 164 Regent-street, next door but one to the Pig and Pepper-box, and at the Cat and Dog's meat Bazaar, Bolt Alley." The advertisements, however, are seldom so ungrammatically worded as the paragraphs put forth by this *Literary* Society, yclept the Athenaion. The Society founded by the learned pundits who have published the document before us undertakes to supply the public with *professors of all languages* (we presume that English is excepted), a list of whom is hung up with the fire buckets in the hall of the Institution.

A Court of Examiners shall be named, and held every Thursday at one o'clock, at the house of the Institution, to inquire into the capacity of each candidate; *and no diploma to be delivered* until it shall be signified to the Secretary by the President, Vice Presidents, Council, and Court of Examiners, that the candidate has been duly examined, and found qualified for the particular department or professorship he wishes to hold.—Such Court of Examiners to have *at least one literary and scientific Foreigner* of the same country as the candidate.

Suppose the candidate to be an Englishman, what is to be done in that case?

Authors may send their works to be publicly investigated at the Athenaion, as at the *Royal Institute of France*, and approved or disapproved by the public voice.

The orator and man of real science of every nation, *and however obscure, as a matter of right*, may claim to present himself on the boards of the Athenaion, and *in his proper language* sue for public approbation.

We take the meaning of this to be, that the orators of the Athenaion may be "*obscure as a matter of right,*" a valuable privilege.

What follows is rather alarming. "By a method, new in this country, a knowledge of the modern languages may be acquired with great facility, so as to enable an auditor in a few months to understand the different lecturers in their native tongues." "The new method" of the Athenaion is doubtless the use of words without grammar, at least so we should conjecture from the specimen before us. A journal shall be published, entitled, "Transactions of the Athenaion." In the Attic dialect?

It may be observed that the Athenaion will be found to be, amidst the numerous establishments of this great Metropolis, one of the most *interesting to the best interests* of society, and to the friends of the Belles Lettres, the Arts and Sciences. *Freed from all the prejudices of the schools*, [grammar especially] and being in some measure the offspring of the most celebrated forums on the Continent of Europe, it offers, in its varied composition, substantial instruction to those persons of fortune who make study a serious occupation, as well as an agreeable *délassement* (recreation) to those who seek amusement.

That translation of the word "*délassement*" is the most obliging thing we ever met with in the course of our reading.

Original composition in prose and verse will be read by the authors, and *their* merits impartially discussed, after the plan of the celebrated *Athénée Royal de Paris*, where

the immortal Delille *had* so frequently enchanted a splendid Parisian audience, by reciting his *naïfs* and exquisite verses. The Sciences and the Liberal Arts will be particularly expounded by some of the most eminent professors of Europe, especially those whose discourses and compositions have gained them celebrity throughout the world. It is with pleasure too we add, that the eloquent lessons of Fourcroy, Cuvier, Brongniart, de Blainville, Laharpe, Ginguéné, Say, &c. &c. will be re-echoed in this new school of literature. The greatest facility will be given to those persons who wish to drink deep at *this fountain of learning*.

The following paragraph announces a curious concert which is to be *blended* with the Arts, Sciences, and Belles Lettres—this will make rather odd music!

The first sitting in the second year of the foundation of the Athenaion will take place, in commemoration of the fête of Minerva, at the Argyll Rooms, on Thursday, the 13th day of January next, precisely at half past Seven o'clock in the Evening, with a Concert, *blended* with the Arts, Sciences, and Belles Lettres. There will also be given Foreign and British dramatic pieces, and occasional balls during the winter season.

A parting word of advice to the projectors of this scheme, and perpetrators of this prospectus. These grown gentlemen will act wisely, if, instead of forming a *Literary* Society "to be governed by a Royal Charter," they consent to be governed for a season by the parish schoolmaster, who may instruct them in the rudiments of their native tongue, and the art of putting words into sentences in an intelligible manner. At present, like Mrs. Malaprop, they are too remarkable for "a nice derangement of the vernacular tongue:" when they are better skilled in Syntax we may listen to their plans for the promotion of literature.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

The record of the growing prosperity of the country seems in a certain degree to become also a register of the advancement of music, or at least of the increased demand for it. Concerts are now so much more frequent than formerly in the great provincial towns and cities, that it is a curious question to ascertain, whether its rapid progress is owing to mere lack of political excitement (the cause to which the rise and progress of art in Italy is mainly attributed), or to those grand demonstrations of power, and to the consequent diffusion of pleasure and of knowledge, which the musical festivals have lately exhibited.

At Cambridge there have been two concerts since our last report, in each of two succeeding weeks; Miss Stephens and Mr. Sapio sung at the first; Miss Paton, and Signor and Madame de Begnis, at the last. They were brilliantly attended. Miss Paton raised much curiosity among the students, who, indeed, pressed so rudely upon her at her departure from the room, that, but for the strenuous exertions of some who were more friendly, as well as more gentlemanly, than the mass, she must have suffered something worse than mental discomposure. Her equivocal situation is, indeed, alike pitiable in itself, and disgraceful to the authors.

From Cambridge, Miss Stephens went to Bury, where there were concerts for the benefit of Mr. Reeves, a resident professor. Little Smith, a nephew of Miss Stephens, was also there, with the instrumentalists, Mori, Lindley, and Nicholson. These concerts were also successful. Smith is an extraordinary boy. His voice is rich and beautiful, and he sings with far more expression than those of his age usually reach. To say that he is the best boy-singer in the kingdom is, indeed, a high distinction; but no very absolute description of real ability. He is, however, alike superior in relation to nature and art. There are very few so gifted by the one, still fewer so much improved by the other; rich tone is a common attribute of boys' voices, but this boy has meaning as well. He is now in considerable request, and has had engagements in very many parts of the kingdom.

Subsequently to these concerts, Messrs. Pettett have given two at Norwich, where were the De Begnis and Miss Paton. The latter, it will be remembered, was engaged last year, but did not appear; her father having embarked in a steam-boat at Edinburgh, in the hope of landing at Cromer, a port on the eastern coast, or at Yarmouth. "The frolic breezes," however (Libs, Notus, Auster), determined the matter otherwise, and drove the vessel direct to London, to the disappointment of the conductor, the audience, and the lady herself. She was, notwithstanding this breach of engagement, received this year with high satisfaction. The Mayor of Norwich, with a respect for talent very honourable to himself, invited the principal performers to his house both evenings. The concerts, though excellent in their degree, did not remunerate Messrs. Pettett; they came too near to the late festival.

There have also been concerts at some towns in the West, at which Miss Goodall and Mr. Phillips assisted. A series of six are still going on at Liverpool. Mr. Hawes has the principal direction. At the last, held towards the end of November, was given a selection from *Der Freyschutz;* and, in order to render the songs perfectly intelligible, and to preserve the interest, introductions explanatory of the scenes and situations were printed in the books of the performance. Madame Ronzi de Begnis, Messrs. Braham and Hawes, were the principal singers, and the experiment succeeded tolerably well. It is said Mr. Hawes means to try it upon a capital scale at the Argyll Rooms, and to give the entire opera as an orchestra performance, supported by the best singers of the metropolis and the finest instrumentalists, in order that adequate justice may be done to Weber's composition, which certainly cannot be said to be the case at either, or all of the theatres. If the plan takes effect, it is to be repeated weekly till the town is satisfied. The idea is new and good, and will at once put the composition, considered as music, to the proof. Not that we esteem it to be quite a fair trial, because all dramatic writing is calculated to be connected with incident, situation, and scenery; and this piece, perhaps, more positively requires such an allowance than any that ever was written. It may be said, Matthew Lock's music to *Macbeth,* and Purcell's *Tempest,* succeed admirably in the chamber; these, however, are full of beautiful melodies. The German taste is for harmonic combinations, and in this instance, more especially, it is exerted upon thoughts and descriptions of the wildest and most mysterious kind. The whole of the *Freyschutz* has been pronounced by high authorities to be scarcely vocal music, though not without traits of

bright, fanciful, and beautiful melody. We confess we doubt whether it will be much relished from the orchestra. Mr. Hawes finds his account in the repetition of the music, by the publication of which he is said to have gained 2000*l.*; but we hope the experiment will be made. One of the singular parts of the plan of the Liverpool concerts is, that at the next, which takes place about Christmas, tickets for "the junior branches of families" are to be given gratis to the subscribers. Verily, the projector knows that the way to the pocket of papa often lies through mama's heart. The ultras of the provinces are very fond of tagging their concerts with "*God save the King.*" But of all the compliments loyalty and song united have ever paid to sovereignty, these performances exhibit the most superb specimen, and we cannot forbear to cite the following verses with which the fourth of the series concluded. They are the words of a trio composed by Pucitta.

Viva Giorgio, viva il forte
De' nemici domator!
Favorito e della sorte
Delle belle, e dell' amor.
Viva Giorgio!

Al Rè buono!
Al caro Giorgio!
Al più giusto della terra!
Al gran diavol della guerra!
Viva Giorgio!

Noi l'amiamo, l'adoriamo
Senza fine, e di buon cor.
Viva Giorgio!

Dite tutti via con me
Viva Giorgio il nostro Rè!
Viva Giorgio!

An English prose version was subjoined, but the translator, averse no doubt to the use of naughty expressions, declined to grapple with "*il gran diavol della Guerra,*" and left "our noble King" without this very warlike and very appropriate addition.

Mr. Kalkbrenner has just returned to London from a tour through Ireland and Scotland. His intention was merely to enjoy the relaxation of a visit to the most picturesque and interesting parts of the two kingdoms; but on his arrival at Dublin he was solicited by the professors to give a concert, and they unanimously offered him their assistance. The room at the Rotunda was thronged, and families came from considerable distances to hear him. All his sonatas were encored with enthusiasm, and after playing one extempore piece he was requested to make a second effort, which he did so highly to the delight of the numerous *virtuosi* present, that the room resounded with applauses for some time after his performance had ceased. The artists subsequently invited him to a splendid entertainment at Morrison's Hotel. He was solicited to give concerts at Limerick, Cork, and Belfast. At the latter town, which lay in his route to Scotland, the Marchioness of Donegal offered him the use of the Assembly Rooms, and he gave a concert, at which the Marquis and Marchioness, and all the families of distinction in the neighbourhood, were present, the orchestra being

strengthened by very many amateurs. At Glasgow he also had a concert; and at Edinburgh, by the special invitation of the professors, he announced one, though the grand festival was just about to take place. His performance was received with the same delight as at Dublin, and he was requested to repeat it, which he did after the festival, when between 800 and 900 persons were present. It is only of late that a pianist has been able to excite in so high a degree the public curiosity, and it serves to mark the progress art is making.

Since our last report Mr. Sapio has appeared at Drury-lane, and is now "upon the establishment." His first character was *the Seraskier*, in *The Siege of Belgrade;* his second and last, *Prince Orlando* in *The Cabinet.* We have long thought that the Stage was the best field for the display of Mr. Sapio's talents, and it should appear our presentiment is now borne out by the general judgment. The brilliancy and power of his voice—the energy of his manner—the nature of the ornament he uses—his facility, and above all the sacrifice of high polish to dramatic effect observable in his concert singing, all fit him eminently for this department:—we now speak of his musical gifts and attainments. The ease of his manners, his high flow of animal spirits, his gentlemanly bearing, striking features, and well-formed person, are recommendations not commonly to be found among vocalists, who, if they have pleased as singers, have thought themselves privileged to be dull and spiritless actors. Such is not the case with Mr. Sapio, whose debut shows that he has given some attention to the Stage, who is already the best actor of his class that has ever appeared, and who it may be expected will improve. The only man with whom he has been compared is Braham, a circumstance in itself sufficiently honourable. But the fact is, he is both above and below Mr. Braham. There can be no question in the mind of any judge of art, that Mr. Braham *can be* the finest singer England ever produced,—by far the finest; there is also no question that Mr. Braham often is below mediocrity. This however is the fault of the public in some degree—of himself in a greater. The man who regards his art only as a means of gain, says "if I humour the taste of the million, if I indulge in bursts, transitions and flowery passages, I gain applause—to this managers look—and I secure my footing in the theatre." The man who loves his art, and respects the permanency of his fame, will say, "if I adhere to what I know to be right with my legitimate powers of expression, I shall form the taste of the public by degrees—I shall ensure high estimation—I shall benefit my art—I shall live hereafter." Mr. Braham has made a large fortune—he has enjoyed the character of knowing the better and choosing the worse part—he is accused, and not without cause, of corrupting the taste of his age and nation; and if he were now to see his error and seek to retrace his steps (he has done so of late), there would be much difficulty in overcoming the judgment he has brought upon his own head. This is every way a matter of regret; for never was there a man so endowed with talents to raise his art and immortalize himself. Neither Sapio, nor any other singer, could compete against Braham in his strength. Sapio probably will more than overmatch him in his weakness. He has, however, had a long reign, having been before the public nearly thirty years.

It has at length been determined that the King's Theatre shall open, and

the lease, it is understood, reverts to Mr. Ebers. The Lord Chancellor having declined to interfere in the manner solicited, it is said that Mr. Ebers has compromised with the Committee of Noblemen, and that the Marquis of Hertford pays 5000*l.* for his share of the engagement. A more disgraceful business never occurred, even within the purlieus of the Italian Opera House, than the whole conduct of the concern for the past year. Benelli, who has been placed in the gap, and who has absconded, leaving creditors of the Theatre unpaid to a large amount, and involving numbers of the inferiors especially in severe distress, has sunk the credit of the concern to so low an ebb, both at home and abroad, that it will entail endless difficulties upon the new *impresario.* Mr. Ayrton, it is believed, will have the management, but without any responsibility for the pecuniary engagements of the house. The falling-in of the property boxes forms a new æra, and if ever the concern can be made profitable, it should appear that now is the time. Hitherto it has been the uniform fate of the house to go on in splendour under continually impending ruin. Signor Garcia, Signor de Begnis, and Madame Ronzi de Begnis, have engagements for the ensuing season, and the rehearsals will, it is said, begin as immediately as possible.

NEW MUSIC.

J. B. Cramer's Sequel to his celebrated Book of Instructions for the Piano-forte, consisting of expressly composed and newly arranged Pieces, each preceded by a short Prelude, fingered by the Author. Every musician who has attained the rank of Mr. Cramer, both as an instructor and composer, should publish such a series of lessons as may give and confirm the principles of his style: Mr. Clementi has done this in the most admirable manner, and the publication under notice appears to have been arranged with such an intention. Mr. Cramer has pursued a new idea. His lessons are all medleys, each uniting many styles, but which are by no means similar to each other. Thus, at page 38, we have a rondo, commencing with the Irish air "Planxty Kelly," immediately followed by a few bars from Beethoven, succeeded by Haydn and Clementi. Surely this is not in good taste. This is the general plan of the work; Mozart, Corelli, Rossini, and Gluck, are combined; and although these names are thus pressed into the service, they can do little more for the learner than may be effected by any of the lessons usually composed for beginners.

Mr. Latour has a French Air with Variations, possessing the usual smoothness and elegant playfulness which characterize his style.

Mr. Riallmark's Arrangement of Beethoven's Serenade for the Piano-forte, is easy and unpretending.

La Nymphe de la Seine, a Pastoral Ronda, by C. Pleyel, is not a difficult lesson, but will facilitate many passages, and, as it were, initiate the learner into the higher mysteries of the art.

Mr. Labarre's Fantasia for the Harp, on an Air in the Beneventola, is brilliant but easy, and looks very like (particularly in the introduction) an imitation of the passages of Rossini's Bravuras.

A favourite Scotch Air, with Variations for the Harp, by Elizabeth Randles.

The New Langolee, with Variations for the Harp, by J. M. Weippert.

The first of these is a very brilliant lesson, but the subject is one that requires much taste in the performer to give it proper effect. The variations present nothing original, but have the advantage of affording excellent practice for the learner.

The variations in the second lesson are light and easy: it is altogether an agreeable piece.

Mr. Crouch has published No. 4, of his "Select Movements" for the Piano-forte and Violoncello, consisting of Airs from Tancrede, by Dotzauer; Mr. Bruguier's No. 3, of "L'Amusement des Sœurs" on a favourite French Quadrille; and Mr. Calkin's No. 7 and 8, of "Les Petits Amusements," containing Rossini's Airs of Zitti Zitti, and Fra tante Angoscie.

There are ten songs and none worth notice.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

A NEW tragedy, called Ravenna (which was *not* new), said to be written by two Irish gentlemen, was acted at this theatre for three nights, and withdrawn without one dissentient voice. Irish gentlemen, particularly as a body, are not very well calculated for getting up an effective fictitious tragedy:—and we are not surprized that in the present instance Ravenna, between the two stools, came to the ground. It was written in very blank blank-verse, and there was scarcely a scene of incident or interest to redeem the finished poverty of the dialogue. The piece has availed itself of the liberty of the press, and taken its stand in the booksellers' windows; but few persons, we should think, who know how to respect a pocket, would waste good silver on such *smashed* poetry. One curious circumstance attending this tragedy is, that it has been advertized for publication as the tragedy in *rehearsal* at Covent-Garden Theatre: we hope this attempt to get off a few copies before the original was damned has met with a favourable result.

Der Freischutz still draws good audiences to its strange and good music. The magic balls have dropped many a *shot* into the locker: indeed, it should seem that each of the theatres is turned into a Patent Shot Manufactory. Rowley's comedy of "The Wonder; a Woman Never Vext," with Planché's pretty lines, is also attractive yet. Miss Chester is delightful in comedy.

The rich forest play of *As You Like It* has given us Miss Tree in Rosalind—and we never desire to see any other. If she be not the true Rosalind, then are we no true men. Her look, voice, step,—are all of Rosalind, fit for the green wood, under the shade of melancholy boughs. Is she really about to be married?—Oh! Mr. Bradshaw!

The music was arranged and selected by Bishop (Bishop selects judiciously, particularly in his original compositions). But except in about four instances, this celebrated compiler has not been so successful as usual. A Mr. Henry, a new young gentleman in a character of any mark and likelihood, sang a song with great taste in the fourth act. Young appeared in Jaques; or rather, *Jaques* appeared in the character

of *Young*. This tragedian always labours as if *he* were casting leaden balls, like poor blacksmith Bennett. Every tone of his voice drops like a dump!

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Mr. Sapio, the concert singer, has put himself into fancy dresses, and launched his person from behind the unadorned music stand, as a vocal performer in prose without an accompaniment. He has very judiciously turned player, because his forte lies in singing. Every one knows him as a scientific and charming singer, but few of his admirers will be over much pleased at seeing him all alive in the Seraskier, or raving about "hunting boars" under a plume of white feathers in the Cabinet.* He had better be content "to sing his song with so much art," and not try to trip up Mr. Kean in *his* line.

My Uncle Gabriel.—A two act operatic farce, called *My Uncle Gabriel,* has succeeded on these boards, which is something extraordinary for a farce. The plot is old enough, and therefore, we presume, good. It may thus be described: a Lieutenant Sutton, a half-pay officer in full honour, is the loved lover of a Miss Eliza Omnium, the niece of old Omnium, one who, to meet her fortune of 20,000*l.* which is subject to his consent, resolves on being particular in encouraging a rich suitor. The lady and uncle go to the country, followed by the lover unobserved, the latter of whom puts up at Toby Tacit's inn. Toby is talkative, and so is Mrs. T. Sutton, a sort of wife to Toby; of course much fun is concocted between them. The lover has a friend, *Jack Ready,* who, by dint of various dresses, and assumed characters, tricks Omnium out of his consent for his friend. The piece is lively, but slight as a thing of wire. The acting is pleasant throughout, and Harley, cooked like a French egg in many different ways, is a relish from first to last, and not the less so because he always tastes of *Harley*. This little farce will live its long existence of three weeks and then go to the tomb of all the farces. Farces should not, like kings, live for ever. Butterflies ought not to be *Old Parrs*.

There has been little novelty this month at either of the houses; for when the pantomimes are being "got up," woe to a new piece of any other description, for no persons from the Lord High Elliston downwards can attend to it. The pantomime *will* have a clear stage, and is jealous of any disturber of its rights. We shall give a full, true, and particular account of these holiday pleasures in our next number.

Although the stage, however, has been destitute of anything of new and particular interest, several persons connected with the theatres have been signalizing themselves in various ways; and we shall in this number, and indeed on all future occasions, notice occurrences which, during the moment, have in any way interested the public mind. The

* Unfortunately we do not agree with our musical friend in his opinion of Mr. Sapio as *an actor*.

principal topics of theatrical moment during the last month have been Covent-Garden's Foote's action against Mr. Hayne; Elliston's Foot's action against Mr. Poole; Miss Cramer's mutiny against the Liverpool managers' *Bounty;* and Mr. Decamp's infamous libel on Mr. Macready's weight in the hard-ware town of Sheffield. We will treat of these important matters seriatim and seriously. And first of Miss Foote.

This young lady, by a series of breaches of promise, has at last been driven to that most distressing remedy for a ruined female heart, an action at law for damages, and has recovered of a Mr. Hayne the sum of 3000*l.* There is scarcely a person connected with the transactions which have been lately laid bare before the public, that does not suffer in a greater or less degree in character. In the first place, the parents of Miss Foote have much to explain, as it is notorious that both Mr. and Mrs. Foote consulted their daughter's seducer on every occasion in the most respectful manner, and sanctioned or accompanied her to Berkeley Castle, whenever her presence there was by him required. Colonel Berkeley, thanks to the correspondence unreservedly published, stands undisguised before the public. That he possessed himself of Miss Foote, by means of a nature the most seductive to all parties, cannot for a moment be questioned; that he loves her, we do not doubt; but his love has been marked by a prudence, with which nothing but experience could have furnished it. We see, in the course of a long correspondence, most affectionately conducted on the lady's part, and most coldly and cautiously on the part of her betrayer, moderate demands for money warily considered, and every entreaty for reparation to her injured fame met with distinguished evasion. It is clear, that so long as Colonel Berkeley could preserve his mistress at no sacrifice whatever, the approach of any admirer was distressing to him; but if marriage were to be the price at which he was to retain her whom he professed to love, he would rather assist any other gentleman than himself into the noose. The Colonel's letters are cold as charity, and his charity is even of colder temperament than usual. We should like to know who started the Quaker-like style of the "Thou's" and "Thee's" in the love-letters; it reminds us of Colonel Fainwell, in the character of Simon Pure, a part which perhaps Colonel Berkeley has studied.

Poor Hayne, with all his ingenuity at ill-using, has not himself been altogether well-used. For though he loved a girl well enough to marry her with "a ready made family," there was no occasion for her parent settling 1,100*l.* upon himself in contemplation of such marriage. Neither was it quite the thing for Colonel Berkeley to colour him unfavourably in his letters, and speak of him merely as "pea-green Hayne" to her who was likely to become his wife. The lady too "did protest too much, we think!" Nothing, however, could warrant his perpetual new wedding days, and his promises of not getting drunk again, and of positively making a better husband.

Miss Foote herself has had enemies in those only whom she placed her

heart upon. Her father and mother should have been protectors, but they were not:—they would almost seem to have confided that character to Colonel Berkeley. The Colonel should have loved and honoured her; he only dishonoured her. Hayne, who knew all her errors and all her misfortunes, and who might have shown and offered to show what generosity and kindness could have wrought in a bruised heart,—exposed her to contempt and shame. *Her* letters exhibit a nature, of the very tenderest and most delicate kind—and only for her transferable titles of endearment from Colonel Berkeley to Mr. Hayne, can she be contemplated but with respect and pity.

We know not how the business may end. Perhaps Miss Foote may return to the stage—but how must she feel humbled there! Perhaps Colonel Berkeley may for once marry the girl he has seduced. We are quite sure he would gain his own and the world's respect by such a late but manly act of justice.

A little scuffle, in this winter season, has taken place between Mr Elliston, the great lessee, and Mr. Poole, the dramatic author, which has not redounded vastly to the credit of either party. Mr. Poole writes an angry Preface to a published Play, in which he makes serious charges —unfounded or well-founded we know not—against Mr. Elliston, for piracies, during his temporary possession of the MS. Mr. Poole, who was abroad, comes to England, and very naturally goes to the play;—but his name has been struck out!—His services are no longer required on the free list!—He is become Sir Robert Wilson the second!—What does Mr. Poole on this *cashiering*—that is—this driving him again to Cash Payments? He goes—very unnaturally we think—to the Lion's den in Bridge Street. Mr. Elliston is informed Mr. Poole and another gentleman insist on seeing him. All the lion at once comes over him; and begging the persons nearest at hand, who are anxious to see a gentleman kicked, to follow *him*, he rushes on Mr. Poole, and the action of *Foot v. Poole* is called on. Mr. Poole immediately breaks a stick, which he happens to have in his hand, over Mr. Elliston's head!—and Bow-street receives the troubled pair into its mansion of peace.

Much is to be said against both sides.—Dreadful as it is to be struck off the free list—a privilege dear to every Briton—this does not warrant a gentleman going to the house of a party whom he has annoyed, with a friend and a stick, for an explanation. And provoking as a hard Preface and an untimely visit are, these do not justify a kicking out of a very extensive Theatre. The only way for a Champion to come easily off on such an occasion would be, like every authentic Champion, to go out backwards.

The following is an account of Miss Cramer's insurrection at Liverpool, a town not unused to Theatrical disturbances; and poor Liverpool always comes in for much personal abuse during a storm. A Sunday paper, in noticing this young lady's style of playing upon the feelings of the people, abused the town's-people up hill and down dale, and heaped

on them all the hard names it could collect together. We remember hearing that Cooke, previous to his departure for America, being offended by a Liverpool audience, made no more ado, but advanced to the lamps and commenced a downright abusive address, opening with the following flattering compliment: "Why, damn ye! there is not a brick in your cursed town that is not cemented with the blood of an African!" We wonder Liverpool permits a Theatre to stand within its walls!

"*Liverpool, Dec.* 14.—As theatrical rows seem to be the rage at present, I sit down to give you a few particulars of the most serious row ever witnessed here, and perhaps equal to any disturbance that ever occurred at Covent-garden during the memorable O. P. campaign. It appears that Miss Cramer (an interesting young lady, a beautiful singer, and a decided favourite), had a misunderstanding with the managers, and that the offence she gave arose from her singing at Mr. Kalkbrenner's morning concert without permission; the penalty for this offence was a fine of three pounds; the young lady refused to pay it, and sent in her resignation, which was accepted. Fearing she might injure the other performers, whose benefits were yet to come, by thus suddenly withdrawing herself, she altered her determination, and went to the theatre as usual, when she found her name erased, and her character given to another performer. She then resorted to other means; and yesterday was posted up a pathetic appeal to the public, stating herself to be an orphan, without a brother or a protector, entirely dependent on her theatrical engagement, together with the particulars that I have before stated. The night was appointed for the benefit of Mr. Bass, who appeared to be a favourite, and had about 250*l.* in the house. The play was allowed quietly to proceed; but when the Forty Thieves commenced, in which Miss Cramer was in the first instance announced for Morgiana, the general row commenced; the actors were pelted with apples, oranges, potatoes, penny-pieces, &c.—Mr. Vanderhof was sent on by the manager to explain; but, though a favourite, they paid no respect to persons, and they pelted him off. When they appeared to have exhausted their store of ammunition, they pulled up the seats of the gallery, pulled down the ceiling, threw the lime at the actors, and the gallery benches into the pit, and broke the beautiful glass chandelier, which cost upwards of 200*l.* The actors were obliged to retire, and the fiddlers to run for their lives; the pit was soon emptied of spectators, and the upper parts of the house may be said to be completely gutted. The damage was estimated at about 400*l.* I am happy to hear that the chandelier is not entirely destroyed.

Mr. Decamp, the manager of the Sheffield Theatre, has written a Letter in *The Sheffield Independent,* from which we take the following: "I have performed in the course of twenty nights no less than sixteen of Shakespear's, Otway's, and Shiell's Tragedies (Shiell's!); eight of which were supported by Mr. M'Ready, with the *Wonder,* Every One has his Fault, &c. &c., and, finding my losses so very considerable, *have been obliged to have recourse to the acknowledged talents of Mr. Usher, the clown.* By a view of a few of the Receipts, I leave you to judge whether I am right or wrong:—

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Coriolanus, Mr. Macready.....	28	9	0	Mr. Usher, first night.....	44	0	0
Virginius, ditto.....	37	9	0	Pantomime	61	10	0
The Wonder, ditto.....	9	0	9	Ditto.....	40	10	0
Venice Preserved, ditto.....	15	0	0	Hertfordshire Tragedy	80	0	0
	89	18	9		226	0	0

According to the above statement, Mr. Usher is worth more to a manager than Mr. Macready, by 136*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.* per four nights.

The Globe and Traveller, however, made a statement contradictory of Mr. Decamp's account, in the paper of the 18th of December. It assures the public that Mr. Macready never did perform at Sheffield in The Wonder, or in Venice Preserved; so he gets rid of the 9*l.* night! The following is given as the true account; we presume Mr. M. shared the profits, by being so accurate to a shilling:

	£.	s.	d.	
Oct. 25.—Hamlet	68	6	0	Catalani was singing at Sheffield, and the weather was very bad.
26.—Virginius	47	6	0	
28.—Coriolanus	28	9	0	
.—Virginius	69	15	0	
Nov. 1.—Pizarro	56	17	0	
2.—Julius Cæsar	132	4	0	The greatest receipt ever known in Sheffield.

Mr. Macready played one other night to 37*l.* 9*s.*, but then the weather was most unfavourable, and no notice was given of his performance.

The paragraph in the paper then goes on to remark on the Actor's brilliant career, and on Mr. Decamp's sad conduct in making his invidious comparison. Is the account of Mr. Usher's night correct?—Perhaps *he* is underrated. We certainly hold both him and Mr. Macready to be great actors, and could heartily wish to see them not opposed to each other.

So much for the Theatrical affairs of the month!

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

The French papers have just brought to us the account of the opening of the Chambers, and the first speech of Charles X. to his parliament. We give this document insertion, though it contains very little information, still it is, if we may so express ourselves, part of the paraphernalia of the new reign. It will be seen by it, however, that a considerable body of French troops are still to occupy Spain by virtue of a new convention, and that his Majesty obscurely hints at some act of justice which is required by him to heal the wounds of the revolution; this, from the expressions which accompany it, is clearly some financial measure, and, in all probability, alludes to some project of indemnity to the Emigrants. There is also some hints as to ameliorations required "by the interests of religion." What these are does not very clearly appear, and the topic is one of some delicacy; no doubt, however, a very short time will develope the nature of the intended 'ameliorations.' With respect to the term applied by Charles to the late campaign in the Peninsula, we are not disposed to quarrel with it, coupling it with the excuses which he pleads for using it. Whether we consider the results obtained, or the difficulties overcome in attaining them, we certainly should not term that campaign a "glorious" one; but still, let the phrase pass, coming as it does from "a father and a Frenchman." It would be

useless to recount the forms, and reverences, and shouts through which Charles passed on his passage to the parliament—they were precisely the same as Louis and Napoleon endured before, and which every crowned successor may in France anticipate with equal sincerity. The following is the speech:

"Gentlemen—The first wish of my heart is to speak to you of my grief and yours. We have lost a wise and good King, tenderly beloved by his family, venerated by his people, honoured and respected by foreign governments; the glory which the nation has acquired under his reign will never be effaced. Not only has he restored the Crown, but he has consolidated it by institutions, which, comprehending and uniting the past and the present, have restored to France tranquillity and happiness.

"The affecting sorrow which the whole Nation felt in the last moments of the King, my brother, was to me the most soothing consolation; and I say it with truth, that it is to that alone I am indebted for having been able fully to enjoy the confidence with which my accession to the throne has been hailed.

"This confidence, Gentlemen, will not be lost. I know all the duties of Royalty. My efforts, my love for my people, and, I trust, the aid of God, will give me the courage and firmness necessary to fulfil them properly.—[Loud acclamations here interrupted his Majesty.]

"I announce to you with pleasure that the dispositions of foreign governments have not undergone any change; they leave no doubt of the preservation of the friendly relations that exist between them and me.

"The spirit of conciliation and prudence which animates them, gives to nations the strongest guarantees they have ever had to check the scourges which have so long desolated them.

"I shall neglect nothing to maintain this happy agreement, and the peace which is the consequence of it. It is with this view that I have consented to protract the stay in Spain of a part of the troops that my son had left there after a campaign which, as a Frenchman and a father, I may call glorious.—[A fresh burst of acclamation followed these words.]

"A recent convention has regulated the conditions of this temporary measure, which is calculated to conciliate the interests of the two monarchies.

"The just security which we derive from our external relations will favour the developement of our internal prosperity: I will second, Gentlemen, these salutary movements, by causing those ameliorations which the interests of religion require to be successively proposed to you.

"The King, my brother, experienced great consolation in procuring the means to close the last wounds of the Revolution. The moment is come to execute the wise plans which he had conceived. The situation of our finances will permit us to accomplish this great act of justice and of policy without augmenting the taxes, without cramping the different parts of the public service.

"For these results we are indebted to the order established by your concurrence, to the fortune of the State, to the peace which we enjoy.

"I entertain the firm conviction that you will enter into my views, and that this act of reparation will be performed with a great harmony of will between my people and me (*avec un grand accord de volonté entre mon peuple et moi.*)

"I intend that the solemnity of my Coronation shall terminate the first session of my reign. You will be present at that august ceremony; and in the presence of Him who judges nations and kings, I will take the oath to maintain the institutions granted (*octroyées*) by my brother.

"I thank Divine Providence for having deigned to make use of me to repair the last misfortunes of my people, and I conjure it to protect this beautiful France, which I am proud of governing."

The tone of voice in which these words were pronounced, added to the effect they were calculated to produce.

After the delivery of this speech the King departed from the Chambers amid the same state with which he entered, and the Chambers adjourned till the next day. The ensuing session will, in all probability, put the new king's popularity to the test; hitherto he has conciliated all ranks by the affability of his address, and the confidence with which he appears almost unattended amongst his people. His first measure, the unfettering of the press, was a good omen; and it has been since followed well up by his expressed determination in answer to some remonstrances of his minister Villele, to "*hear the truth.*" He will be a wise king if he adheres to that determination, and a wiser if he profits by the instruction which it will afford him. The echoes of Kings' palaces have been seldom wearied by repeating "*the truth.*"

The measures which have been adopted by the Portuguese government seem so far to have subdued the spirit of resistance and intrigue, as to have permitted the cabinet of that country to turn its attention to the important subject of the Brazils. Several councils have lately been held, the result of which has been the proposed arrangement of all differences with Brazil, on a basis embracing the following suggestions,—First, That Brazil shall continue to be a dependence on the crown of Portugal.—Second, That nevertheless that country shall retain the name of an empire.—Third, That it shall be constitutionally governed by the Prince Royal, under the name of Emperor Regent, till the death of the King, his father.—Fourth, That when he shall be called to the throne of Portugal, Brazil, though always preserving the name of Empire, and its constitution, shall have only a Viceroy, who, by preference, shall be chosen from the Royal family.—Fifth, That he shall not raise any tax without a decree of the legislative assembly.—Sixth, That the Empire shall be governed by its own laws alone.—Seventh, That no foreign troops shall be introduced. Such is the outline of the project which is said to be now under the consideration of the Holy Alliance. No doubt the idea of a representative government will be, to that body, very difficult of digestion, but still, hard necessity may force from it a reluctant approval. Another question then arises, as to its reception in the Brazils. To us there appears no doubt of its rejection by the body of the people — or of its approval by the Emperor, who, it must never be forgotten, is the son of the Queen of Portugal, and the nephew of Ferdinand of Spain. If the accounts from the Brazils be true however, or the symptoms of South American feeling be at all correct, he would be wise to take the opinion of the country first, and, by it, like some of our local politicians, regulate his own.

From Spain there is no news of any great importance. The French seem now really to have evacuated Madrid. On the 2d of December their Commander-in-Chief, together with the great body of the army, departed, leaving behind them one Swiss regiment, and the first French regiment of the line, which was soon to be replaced by another body of Swiss soldiers. Ferdinand was ill of the gout at the Escurial, notwithstanding which, a prevalent rumour of the establishment of the Inquisition was afloat. A report was abroad that the two brothers of the beloved, Carlos and Francisco de Paulo, were about to proceed upon their foreign travels; that is, to visit Lisbon and Naples with a view to an ultimate regal destination in Mexico and Peru! It is added, that the creation of Bourbon thrones in those countries is a favourite object with the Holy Allies. It would be a great pity,

now that the Portuguese Prince Don Miguel is on his travels also, that they did not destine him for some equally practicable object; such as the dethronement of the President of the United States, or the annihilation of Bolivar in Colombia, or the instant pacification of Greece, or some other such feasible and legitimate object; or he might, with his talents, have undertaken all together, and left Spain in possession of these amiable and patriotic princes. In addition to the Spanish nobles already in prison, the Duke of Medina-Celi and the Count of Altamira, two of the most ancient, are now announced; their crimes or virtues, whichever they be, are not mentioned. We have often alluded to the difficulties which Ferdinand has had, and still has, to encounter in the creation of a new loan, reluctant as he has shown himself to be to acknowledge the old ones. In private life, perhaps, we should apply to this royal reluctance a somewhat plainer term. The situation, however, to which this determination has reduced his treasury may be best inferred from the fact, that the government has found itself compelled to give orders to the paymasters of the provinces not to pay, in future, officers on unlimited leave of absence more than a third of their pay, instead of half, which was allowed heretofore! Thus, those who would be paid must remain with Ferdinand, or purchase their absence by pauperism—a difficult alternative.

In the absence of all political intelligence from Russia, we much regret being obliged to detail a domestic event, to that country of very mournful local interest. It would really appear as if the rival cities of that great empire were fated to experience the extremes of the two most destructive elements, fire and water. Moscow had scarcely recovered from the ashes of a dreadful conflagration, when an inundation of the Neva overwhelmed St. Petersburgh with a scarcely less terrible calamity. The accounts already received, and which are each day increasing in horrors, would almost tempt us to denominate this occurrence as a kind of minor deluge. On the night of the 10th of November, it seems, so strong a westerly wind impeded the current from the Ladoga lake, that the Neva and the canals rose to an unusual height, and lamps were hung out around the Admiralty steeple to warn the people not to sleep in their lowest apartments—a signal which custom has familiarised them to. Early on the next day the waters had so risen, that the white flag was hung out, and guns fired to admonish the city of its danger. It was soon too apparent that these admonitions were necessary; the Neva so rose as to inundate the whole city, and the confusion and destruction became indescribable. Vehicles of all descriptions, says a private letter, were now seen hurrying homewards, or to the bridges, or to some rising ground, with the water over the wheels: people were also seen wading through it up to their waists; in a short time only a courier here and there appeared on horseback, their horses scarcely able to keep their heads above the water; at one o'clock on the 19th, nothing was to be seen on the Grand Place and in the streets but wooden barks, empty boats, sentry boxes, timber, furniture washed from the houses, bread and various kinds of provisions, all floating in confused masses on the boisterous surface; wooden houses were seen floating up the river, most of the inhabitants of which had perished! Even the church-yards experienced an additional desolation. In the Smolensko quarter of the town, the coffins were washed out of their graves, and the dead bodies were cast up from their quiet habitations;

numbers had struggled up pillars, to the tops of the trees, and on the highest eminences, and were gradually saved from the fate of their companions by a few boats which literally plied above the roofs of many of the houses! An eye-witness says, 'On Saturday the 20th, at day break, I went out to view the effects of this catastrophe. I found the quay of the Neva blocked up with timber, broken barges, galliots, and vessels of various descriptions, which had carried with them the pillars and lamp-posts of the houses, and had broken in the windows and otherwise damaged the edifices on the quay. The large blocks of granite of which the parapet is composed were thrown over. The St. Isaac's, the Toochkoff, and summer garden bridges were broken away from their anchors, and dispersed and destroyed. Many of the streets were so choked up with timber as to be almost impassable. In the Vassalyostroff quarter, where most of the houses are of wood, the destruction was immense; whole dwellings were hurled from their foundations, some of which were found at a considerable distance from the spot on which they stood, with the dead bodies of their unfortunate inhabitants within, others were broken into pieces on the spot, and some of them have been so totally destroyed that not a fragment of them remains.' Wooden barracks with many of their inmates were totally overwhelmed; an entire regiment of carabineers which had climbed upon the roofs of one of them all perished! Eight thousand dead bodies had been already found, and multitudes were carried by the retreating waters down the Gulf of Finland; many also were supposed to remain buried in the ruins of their habitations. Of course many instances of individual affliction during the rapidity of the inundation must have occurred — the following seems to us particularly affecting. A lady and child in a carriage were in a dangerous situation, when a Cossack riding by, observed her distress and stopped; she entreated him at all hazards to save the child; he took it from the carriage window, but in a few minutes his horse slipped and they both perished; soon afterwards the lady, with her servants, horses, and baggage were overwhelmed in the waters. When we state the loss of human beings as already ascertained to have amounted to upwards of eight thousands, it may seem almost unfeeling to think of estimating the destruction of property; but many of those who have escaped the flood are doomed, in the wreck of their all, to combat the more tedious mortality of famine. All the provisions in the city had been more or less damaged, and the frost had set in so severely, that any supply from sea was considered almost hopeless. The exchange had been fitted up to receive four thousand persons, and such of the public buildings as escaped were opened for the reception of the homeless. The number of these is beyond all present calculation. Our readers may, however, form some faint idea of it from the fact, that whole villages, in the neighbourhood of the city, had almost entirely disappeared; of Emilianowka, not a trace remained! The Imperial establishments at Cronstadt suffered greatly, and the fleet sustained irreparable damage; a ship of one hundred guns was left in the middle of one of the principal streets! In the Imperial iron manufactory at Catharinoff, two hundred workmen perished; and out of eighteen barracks, no less than fifteen were washed away. Such are a few, and but a few, of the results of this dreadful calamity. Alexander was a helpless witness of the scene from his palace windows: what a lesson for human

ambition! a few years before an Emperor as powerful and as seemingly secure found the grave of his fortune in the ruins of his other capital. To do him justice, he seems to have been deeply afflicted at the spectacle; but indeed what indifferent sojourner would not. A million of roubles have been subscribed from the Imperial purse, and a committee appointed for their immediate distribution; the reigning family have personally visited and succoured the miserable survivors, and all that human charity can do, under such a visitation, is in active progress. The loss of commercial property has been immense; in sugar alone, it is said that 10,800,000 lbs. are damaged, and nearly half the quantity completely melted. It is a curious fact, that this inundation happened on the anniversary of the great Catharine's death. St. Petersburgh, from its situation, seems liable to this calamity, and has, in fact, frequently endured it. Before the time of Peter, a flood compelled its then few inhabitants to take refuge on a high hill, some versts from the city; on the 10th of September 1777, the waters rose ten feet above their level in the middle of the night, and though they receded in two hours, still the consequences were very dreadful; in 1802 there was a partial slight inundation; but the one which we now record surpasses, in its height and its effects, all previous visitations, the flood having risen above its natural level more than twelve feet!

The accounts from Sweden mention that the storm in that country had also raged with extreme violence. The town of Uddewalta presented a scene of general devastation. Large ships are stated to have been thrown upon the shore to the distance of 4000 feet from their anchorage. There is seldom any political news from that quarter now; the days of Charles the Twelfth are over: by the last intelligence, however, a political statement has arrived of some interest; the resignation of the throne by the King, Charles John, in favour of his son, Oscar. The motive assigned for this is the fear entertained by the Swedish Monarch that the Holy Alliance may commence some intrigue for the restoration of the exiled family, and a belief on his part that the appearance of a legitimate succession, which the accession of a second monarch of his race will give, may surround the new throne with some shadow of antiquity. Bernadotte is the only political child of Napoleon's creation, and his existence amid the ruin of his founder and his generation bespeaks such talent as well as fortune, that we may fairly give him credit for the policy of his resolutions.

There have not been any accounts from Greece which can be relied upon during the last month. A private letter from Smyrna, published in a Franckfort paper, dated November the 2d, states, that the Egyptian fleet, under Ibraham Pacha, had again proceeded to attempt a landing in the Morea. By this channel an account is given of an unsuccessful attempt, on the part of the Greeks, to burn the Egyptian Admiral's ship. They sent, it is said, five ships against the frigate of the Pacha, but two of them exploded at too great a distance to do any harm, and the other three were captured. This intelligence is not in any way confirmed, and is very improbable, considering the naval losses which we lately recorded, and of which there can be now no doubt. Indeed, it appeared that the Egyptian squadron had actually retreated, and were pursued by a division of the Greek navy; it is far from likely, that the Egyptians would attempt single-

handed that which they had failed in effecting even with the co-operation of the Turkish armament; we could hardly wish the Greeks better fortune than that Ibraham Pacha would make the experiment. In the mean time, if we are to credit reports, it is said that Russia has begun latterly to hold high language on what it now terms the Greek insurrection, and several Councils of the British Cabinet have been holden on the subject. Another version is, that Turkey and Russia have agreed to submit their differences to the mediation of Austria, and that France and England have acceded to this arrangement. The Greeks and Turks are to be left, for a time, to try the fate of war, and if, after some reasonable period, something decisive does not occur, that then the principal powers of Europe shall be allowed the right of, at least, a diplomatic interference. Such are the current reports of the day, and of course we merely give them as they come to us.

The King of Prussia has contracted, what they call on the Continent, a *left-handed marriage;* that is, a marriage with a lady not of blood royal. His Majesty has published a decree, stating his motive to be the recent marriage of his only remaining daughter, which almost totally deprived him of society. In consequence of this, he had chosen to unite himself to the Countess of Harrach, and he accordingly declares her his lawful wife, and creates for his future issue, should he have any, the titles of Princes and Princesses of Leignitz. It is said the Countess is young and handsome, and nothing could have been less ostentatious than the nuptials. The King of Prussia had already established a character for taste; his late Queen was eminently beautiful, and had address enough, by her ascendancy over Napoleon, almost to retrieve the defeats of her consort.

There is no domestic news of any importance. The storm which produced such devastation in Russia and Sweden has not passed quite harmless over our own coasts. Along the shores of Devonshire the greatest severity seems to have been experienced; but, though serious in its local results, it is trifling compared with the calamity of the northern sufferers. A liberal subscription has been set on foot.

Parliament has been further prorogued till the 3d of February, then to sit for the dispatch of business. This form of words follows the note of the last adjournment, which is always understood to mean, that the adjournments are thus concluded. Independent of the discussions by the Cabinet Councils held lately on the affairs of Greece, and the suggestions of Russia, it is rumoured that the state of Ireland, and the question of the Catholic claims have been the subject of much deliberation. What the determination has been, or whether any determination at all has been come to, does not appear—the question is one of much delicacy, and has been understood to have always created, even in the Cabinet, a difference of opinion.

The Marquis Camden has paid over to the consolidated fund the sum of 9,344*l.* being the amount of fees received by him as Teller of the Exchequer for the year 1824. The sacrifice of such an emolument is very noble, and ought not to be passed over without remark. That it is singular is not, perhaps, surprising. The annals of few countries, ancient or modern, present an instance of so disinterested a surrender.

A meeting has been called by the Lord Mayor for the purpose of com-

mencing a subscription for the unfortunate Spanish and Italian refugees, who have been compelled by political events to seek an asylum in this country. His Lordship stated, that he had been induced to call the meeting in consequence of the many applications made to him for relief, which the means afforded him did not enable him to attend to. The meeting was very respectably attended, and the nucleus of, we hope, a liberal subscription formed.

The Court of King's Bench has, after a solemn argument on a case submitted to them, decided, that it is illegal to publish reports of the examinations at Police Offices. It is understood, that the proprietor of the Morning Herald, in whose behalf the question arose, means to take the opinion of the final court of judicature on this subject.

The accounts from Ireland relate almost wholly to the proceedings of the Catholic Association, and the theological dissensions in which, for the moment, the animosity of the conflicting factions fortunately expends itself. The Association has now quite assumed the forms of a complete House of Commons. They have their committees, orders of the day, notices of motions, and regular adjournments. There is even a kind of tax levied, in the shape of Catholic rent, which has been contributed in some weeks to the amount of 1000*l.* and in few to less than that of 500*l.* The alleged purposes for the collection of the large sum to which, in a very short time, this must amount, are, the redress of the grievances of the poor in courts of justice, the publication of their general grievances throughout England and the Continent, the expences incidental to their petition, &c. &c. From the accounts which we have heard from Ireland, it is not very politic, or at all events, very safe, for a Roman Catholic, however poor, or however parsimonious, to refuse a contribution to this fund; the Catholic clergy are unanimous in their approval of it, and their influence over the great mass of the population is paramount.

We had written thus far when the arrival of the Irish papers brought an account of the arrest of Mr. O'Connell, for having uttered seditious language in one of the recent debates of the Catholic Association. The following is the passage selected by the Irish Attorney-General as the groundwork of this proceeding. "Nations have," said Mr. O'Connell, "been driven mad by oppression—he hoped that Ireland would never be driven to resort to the system pursued by the Greeks and South Americans to obtain their rights—he trusted in God they would never be so driven. He hoped Ireland would be restored to her rights—but, if that day should arrive—if she were driven mad by persecution, he wished that a new Bolivar might be found—might arise—that the spirit of the Greeks and South Americans might animate the people of Ireland." Such is the passage upon which the Irish Government hope to persuade a jury to affix the crime of sedition! A more ill-advised proceeding, in our humble judgment, could not have been adopted. It is precisely the best possible method of making Mr. O'Connell the most popular man in Ireland, with the least possible risk. Our limits preclude us from arguing the question of sedition—but, we can only say, that if sedition consists in "hoping that any country which is driven mad through oppression, may find a deliverer," we also are seditious. Verily, if such a censorship as this is to be set over our conversation or our writings, we may

be reduced to envy even the system of M. Villele. The truth seems to be, the Irish Government have suffered the Catholic Association to advance to such a pitch that they now tremble for the consequences. The measure they have resorted to, to awe, or to check it, is, however, most imbecile, if not mischievous. They should have met the evil at once boldly by a penal act of parliament, if they did not choose the alternative of disposing of it by a mild one; but to suppose that they can control it by a half measure of this kind—one which on their own showing has but a *constructive* foundation—one which in all human probability, will end in their own defeat, and the tenfold elevation of the fancied criminal, is in the highest degree monstrous and ridiculous.

Rumours are afloat, which we believe to be well-founded, that a considerable augmentation of the army will take place soon after the meeting of Parliament. The destination of the new regiments is supposed to be Ireland and India.

COMMERCE.

City, Dec. 24.

Our foreign commercial transactions during the month have furnished, generally speaking, nothing very interesting either to the politician or the speculator. There has been no occurrence, excepting the calamity which has happened at Petersburgh, calculated to give an impulse to our markets. The general aspect of mercantile affairs is that of improvement. Capitalists have accordingly been tempted, conformably to a policy which is frequently successful, to make extensive investments in such articles as are depressed; and hence an advance is quoted in the lists of prices current, and in the value of various commodities, though no increase has taken place in the *effectual* demand for them. The chief objects of the speculation are indigo, rice, and most kinds of spice.

It is obvious that the advance of prices from this cause alone affords a very deceitful guide to the *bonâ fide* purchaser. A much surer criterion is obtained by observing the reduction of the stock of articles, through regular deliveries from the bonded warehouses, for shipment or for home consumption. Many kinds of goods afford a bait at present to this kind of speculation; amongst which may be included saffron, pot and pearl ashes, rosin, linseed oil, coffee, cochineal, tallow (the stock of which article is said to be low, and great demand for consumption is expected), sugar, and especially safflower. This dye-stuff, which is the florets of the *Carthamus tinctorius*, grows abundantly in those parts of the East Indies adjoining the seat of war; hence a diminution in the quantity produced is with great probability expected; and the article is scarce in England.

With respect to sugar, the stock has materially diminished during the month, in a greater proportion than during the corresponding period of last year. The present stock in the warehouses (of West India sugar) consists, notwithstanding, of nearly 8000 packages more than the stock in December 1823. The price of the commodity is full 6*s*. per cwt. lower than at that time.

The mischief occasioned by the floods in Russia has affected various articles in the British market. Sugar (it is stated) to the extent of 7000 hogsheads (raw and refined) has been destroyed: hemp, coffee, and other goods, have sustained considerable damage by the water flowing into the warehouses at Petersburgh and other places.—On receipt of this intelligence purchasers were instantly upon the alert; sugars of all descriptions advanced—raw

1*s.* to 2*s.* per cwt.; refined and foreign clayed sugar 2*s.* to 3*s.* Hemp also advanced 2*l.* per ton, and several other articles rose in price, from the same cause, in an inferior degree.

The avidity to purchase was encouraged by an opinion which prevails amongst mercantile men, and what is no improbable conjecture; namely, that Russia will be forced, in order to repair the losses incurred by her merchants, to consent to such modifications of her tariff, as will admit British trade upon more favourable conditions.

After these preliminary reflections upon the general aspect of our foreign commerce during the month, we proceed to notice the state and fluctuations of the markets in regard to specific articles; divesting our remarks of technicalities, and clothing them in plain and popular language.

To begin with *Cotton Wool.*—This article has not been much acted upon, considering its immense consumption in this country, and the vicissitudes experienced in the demand for British fabrics. The sales in London have averaged from 4000 to 5000 bales each week, which is perhaps higher than usual. Hence the prices have experienced a few shades of improvement; namely, Surat cotton from ⅛*d.* to ¼*d.* per pound; Egyptian and Pernambuco ⅛*d.* The largest sales have been in two sorts of East India cotton, the Bengals and Surats. In the manufacturing districts of Liverpool and Glasgow this raw material appears to have been more in request, and to have improved in price, in a greater degree. Sea-Island cotton is quoted at Liverpool at an advance of 1*d.* to 2*d.* per pound. Large sales have taken place during the week; so that we may infer that increased activity has been communicated to the looms. The letters received from Liverpool this morning confirm the preceding accounts of large sales and higher prices. A vessel had arrived there, after a short passage, from Charleston, with a cargo of the new crop.

Sugar.—The market in this article commenced on the 14th very briskly. The stock of raw sugar is not to be easily exhausted; but the market was not only cleared of all the parcels of refined sugar which were offered (at an advance of 1*s.* to 2*s.* per cwt.); but extensive contracts were entered into for delivery in one or two months. This briskness has, however, entirely subsided: indeed, some re-action is very likely to take place in refined sugars, the sale of which is rather heavy.

Foreign and East India Sugars have felt the influence of this eagerness to purchase, and higher prices are demanded for both.

On the 7th instant, a sale of 1670 bags of Siamese Sugar took place, which was purchased at from 26*s.* 6*d.* to 34*s.* 6*d.* per cwt. according to quality. This transaction is worthy of notice, since this kind of sugar is burdened with a *prohibitory* duty of from 3*l.* 3*s.* to 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per cwt. and therefore is excluded from the home market, though an attempt is now making to introduce into this country the use of sugar produced by *free labour.*

The present prices of West India Sugar are as follow:—Jamaica, from 55*s.* to 72*s.* per cwt.; Demerara and St. Kitt's, 54*s.* to 70*s.*; St. Vincent's, Antigua, and Tobago, 54*s.* to 66*s.*; Grenada, Montserrat, and Trinidad, the same; St. Lucia, &c. 53*s.* to 65*s.* and Barbadoes, 58*s.* to 74*s.*; East India Sugar ranges as follows:—Bengal, from 17*s.* to 34*s.*; Bourbon, 20*s.* to 25*s*; Siam and Java, 18*s.* to 34*s.* 6*d.*

Coffee.—The sales of coffee during this month have been inconsiderable, and the article has rather declined than otherwise, except the Jamaica sort, which obtained some trifling advance. The market may be considered as dull, and the prices rather below the quotation in the printed lists and reports. In fact, the transactions in coffee have been chiefly managed by private contract. Purchases are reported to be now ready, and orders have been received in town to some extent; but both expect low prices. The prices are, therefore, nominal; for Jamaica coffee 40*s.* to 102*s.* per cwt.; Dominica 40*s.* to 92*s.*; Berbice, Demerara, &c. 42*s.* to 98*s.* Mocha coffee is (nominally) at from 70*s* to 130*s.*

Spices.—Some speculations have been made in spices; but although the prices have thereby increased, there is no real scarcity or foreign demand; and home consumption is too regular to occasion fluctuation. White pepper is an exception, which is really scarce,

and advancing daily in price. Considerable sales have been effected in black pepper; the price has accordingly risen $\frac{1}{8}d.$ to $\frac{1}{4}d.$ per pound.

Nutmegs are reported to-day to have become rather dull of sale; the prices last realized were 5*s.* 4*d.* to 5*s.* 5*d.* per pound; the inferior sorts 5*s.* 1*d.*

Indigo is in demand, and considerable purchases have been made upon speculation, apparently from the prospect of a short supply from India; but no permanent advance or material alteration in the value of the commodity has taken place. A sale of 1352 chests is declared for the 18th January, by the East India Company; but this is too small to have any effect upon the market.

Tea.—The Company's December sale commenced on the 7th inst. and finished last week. The supply and demand in the trade in this article are so regular and well adjusted, that the equilibrium is rarely disturbed. A small improvement in quality is generally the cause of the difference observed between the prices of the four quarterly sales. The only alterations at present noted are in Bohea and Congou (blacks), Twankeys (green); the first sold a trifle dearer; common Congou $\frac{1}{2}d.$ per pound lower; Twankeys advanced 1*d.* to $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ per pound.

Spirits.—There appears to be a progressive improvement in the prices of brandy; West India spirits are far from dull of sale; and considerable transactions would have taken place had the holders been disposed to sell, but they look for higher prices.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow, have advanced owing to the intelligence from Russia; previous to which, the latter article was declining: it has now risen considerably, and is expected to undergo a still further advance. The price quoted to-day is 37*s.* 6*d.* per cwt. Hemp is 41*l.* to 42*l.* per ton, which shows an advance of 1*l.* per ton within a few days.

Oil.—Fish oils maintain steady prices; some speculations in seed oils appear to have caused fluctuation.

The Liverpool and Glasgow reports present no remarkable feature, except in respect to cotton. At Liverpool, an unusual quantity of rum has been disposed of, but the price seems not to have been influenced thereby.

An event occurred this month, which is, perhaps, worthy of record, namely, the first instance, for at least two centuries, of the exportation of British wool. A small quantity of coarse wool was shipped from London to America, about the middle of the month. This commodity is now relieved from that absurd and impolitic restriction, which, to the disgrace of British legislation, continued for two hundred years, and was not at last relinquished without strenous opposition. It may now be exported upon payment of a small duty.

AGRICULTURE.

The business of the farmer is at this season of the year chiefly confined to preparations for the crop of the ensuing year. These, however, have been very greatly delayed by the extreme wetness of the weather. Scarcely has there been a day without some rain; and, upon the heavy soils, the wheat sowing has been very late. The Durham, Derbyshire, Gloucestershire, Cumberland, Cornwall, Glamorganshire, Kent, Norfolk, Suffolk reports, all speak most unfavourably, not only of the appearance of the early sown wheats, but they all fear that the seed not yet up will be greatly injured by the water in some places standing constantly upon the ridges. The Kent report says, "the arable lands sown with wheat are so flooded, that they must be ploughed up when the waters subside and it becomes sufficiently dry; the land is very much saturated, and little can be done by the plough, except on upland and very dry soils. The slug has also, in

some parts, committed depredations. The grasses upon the layers look extremely strong and healthy; and the turnips, generally, are not so weighty a crop as was at first expected. Good horses still continue in great demand, at high prices, and the stock market has also advanced."

While our last report was writing very extraordinary and illegal exertions had been made, and were still making, to open the ports for foreign barley, by false returns. This second attempt was of too open and impudent a nature to be passed over by his Majesty's Government in silence and without examination. The consequence was, that the average was recalculated, a fairer report made public, and the ports declared shut for the ensuing quarter. Immediately this declaration was made known, both wheat and barley, which, for the previous week, had been fluctuating in price, rose considerably, the merchants being eager to buy, a further great rise being anticipated. The farmer and miller have since been active in getting large supplies to market; the consequence has been, that an immense increasing quantity of wheat, barley, and flour, have been poured into the market within the last four weeks, amounting to 56,742 quarters of wheat, 57,566 quarters of barley, and 73,204 sacks of flour, exceeding the arrivals of last year during the same period by 6995 quarters of wheat, 30,721 of barley, and 42,918 sacks of flour; the arrivals of these four weeks last year amounting to 49,709 quarters of wheat, 26,845 of barley, and 30,386 sacks of flour. These immense arrivals in the London Market have of course created a great glut of grain, and, consequently, a rapid fall in the price of both wheat and barley, but more particularly of the former. Indeed, to so great an extent has the supply exceeded the demand, that on one market day hardly a sale could be effected. A further fall may be looked forward to both in the price of barley and wheat, as the malsters have very nearly completed their quota for the season, and the miller has bought very largely. These facts, together with the immense excess which remains, amounting to 17,798 quarters of wheat, and 25,744 quarters of barley, over the quantity sold in the four weeks, induce an opinion that the fall will continue still longer.

The average price of wheat for the week ending December 11 is, for wheat, 67*s.* 4*d.*; barley 43*s.* 8*d.*; and for oats 24*s.* 1*d.*; while the average arrivals for the four weeks, ending December 18, are, of wheat, 14,185 quarters; of barley 14,391 quarters; and of flour 18,301 sacks.

In Smithfield the supply has been very large, and things went off heavily. Beef fetches from 4*s.* 2*d.* to 4*s.* 10*d.*; the mutton trade is better; the best downs being sold at 4*s.* 10*d.* and light weights at 4*s.* 6*d.* per stone of 8 lb.

The hop trade remains very dull and rather lower.

The Smithfield Club Cattle Show this year has never been surpassed, either in the symmetry or fatness of the cattle, or in number. The deficiency, if there was any, was manifest among the sheep.

The first prize, for the best steer of three years old, was won by the Marquess of Exeter. A similar beast was shown by Lord Althorp, and the competition was so close that the decision was made with great difficulty.

The second class prize was awarded to Mr. Wetherell for his Durham ox.

Mr. Oldacres won the third prize for the best ox of a mixed breed, weighing between 110 and 160 stone.

The prize of class four, for a Devon steer, was adjudged to Mr. Masters.

Mr. Wetherell's cow won the sixth prize.

There was an immense quantity of extra stock. It is intended by the Club to give six additional premiums next year.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Michaelmas Term, 1824.

October 7.—Letters were read in Convocation, from the Right Honourable Lord Grenville, Chancellor of the University, nominating the Rev. Richard Jenkyns, DD. Master of Balliol College, to be Vice-Chancellor, in the room of the Master of Pembroke, who had filled that important situation for the usual time, four years. The appointment being unanimously approved of, Dr. Jenkyns was invested in his office with the usual formalities, and proceeded to nominate his Pro-Vice-Chancellors for the ensuing year, these are—

The Rev. George William Hall, DD. Master of Pembroke.
The Rev. John Collier Jones, DD. Rector of Exeter.
The Rev. George Rowley, DD. Master of University.
The Rev. Ashhurst Turner Gilbert, DD. Principal of Brasenose.

October 27.—In a Convocation holden for the purpose of electing a Professor of the Practice of Medicine, vacant by the resignation of Robert Bourne, MD. and late Fellow of Worcester College (who had been elected Lord Litchfield's Clinical Professor on the 6th of July last), James Adey Ogle, MD. of Trinity College, was unanimously chosen.

November 4.—The Rev. B. P. Symons, BD. Fellow of Wadham; the Rev. J. E. Tyler, BD. Fellow of Oriel; and the Rev. T. V. Short, BD. Student of Christ Church, having been nominated Public Examiners, were unanimously approved of by Convocation.

November 11.—A sum somewhat exceeding 300*l.* was granted by Convocation to the Reader in Geology, towards defraying the expenses of arranging the geological collection in the Museum.

November 17.—The Rev. John Gutch, MA. having, on account of his advanced age and infirmities, expressed a wish to be relieved from the duties of the office of Registrar, it was unanimously agreed in Convocation, that in consideration of his long and faithful services to the University, an annuity of 200*l.* should be granted to him on his resignation of the office.

December 1.—In a Convocation holden for the purpose of electing a Registrar of the University, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Gutch, the Rev. Philip Bliss, DCL. formerly Fellow of St. John's College, was unanimously elected to that office.

December 2.—Select Preachers appointed to succeed at Michaelmas next:

The Rev. Philip Nicholas Shuttleworth, DD. Warden of New College.
The Rev. Vaughan Thomas, BD. late Fellow of Corpus.
The Rev. Godfrey Faussett, BD. late Fellow of Magdalen.
The Rev. John Radford, BD. Fellow of Lincoln.
The Rev. William Mills, BD. Fellow of Magdalen.

December 17.—The nomination of Stephen Peter Rigaud, MA. Savilian Professor of Geometry, and late Fellow of Exeter, to be a Delegate of the Press, in the room of the Rev. Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen, who has resigned, was unanimously approved of by Convocation.

Election to Fellowships and Scholarships.

Richard Charles Hippisley Tuckfield, BA. of Oriel, to be Fellow of All Souls.
William Hill, Edward Blencowe, and John Griffith, to be Scholars of Wadham.
John Allen Giles, to be Scholar of Corpus.

December 24.—Douglas Smith, Walter Brown, Henry Sanders, John George Phillimore, Hon. William Pitt Amherst, William Pye, John Christopher Dowdeswell, Robert French Laurence, Edward Wingfield, Frederick Calvert, Hon. Charles Bathurst, Richard Seymour,—elected and admitted Students of Christ Church, the first five being Westminster Students.

The subjects for the Chancellor's Prizes for 1825.

Latin Verses.—Incendium Londinense, anno 1666.

English Essay.—Language, in its Copiousness and Structure, considered as a Test of National Civilization.

Latin Essay.—De Tribunicia apud Romanos Potestate.

Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize for English Verse of neither more nor fewer than 50 *Lines.*

The Temple of Vesta at Tivoli. *

The Names of those Candidates who were adjudged worthy of Distinction in the Examinations during Michaelmas Term.

Classical Honours.—First Class "in Literis Humanioribus."

Robert Hussey, Christ Church.
Joseph C. Philpot, Worcester.
Henry Plumptre, University.
Egerton Venables Vernon, Ch. Ch.

Second Class (upper division).

George Adams, Queen's.
Gregory B. Boraston, Queen's.
Frederick Bowman, Exeter.
Robert C. Dallas, Oriel.
Charles Des Voeux, Oriel.
Richard H. Froude, Oriel.
Algernon Grenfell, University.
Edward Higgins, Brasennose.
Richard D. Hoblyn, Balliol.
James R. Pears, Magdalen.
Henry Plumer, Balliol.
Henry D. Ryder, Oriel.
Edmund Strong, Exeter.
William C. Townshend, Queen's.
Charles M. Wigley, Balliol.
G. W. Woodhouse, St. Mary Hall.

(Lower division.)

Baldwin F. Duppa, Brasennose.
Proby Ferrers, Oriel.
Henry Fowle, University.
Henry R. Harrison, Lincoln.
Samuel Lane, Exeter.
Richard Latham, Brasennose.
William Legge, Christ Church.
John Mayers, University.
Samuel Platt, Magdalen Hall.
David Robinson, Queen's.
Joseph Round, Balliol.
Philip Thresher, University.

Mathematical Honours.—"in Disciplinis Mathematicis et Physicis."

First Class.

Algernon Grenfell, University.
Robert Hussey, Christ Church.
Egerton Venables Vernon, Ch. Ch.

Second Class.

George Adams, Queen's.
Richard H. Froude, Oriel.
Bendall Littlehales, Oriel.

Degrees conferred in Michaelmas Term, 1824.

Doctors in Divinity.

Nov. 11.—Philip Jennings, Worcester (grand compounder).
18.—John Hume Spry, Oriel.
Dec. 17.—Thomas Cox, Trinity.

Doctor in Civil Law.

Nov. 25.—John Henry Hogarth, Wadham (g. c.)

Bachelors in Divinity.

Nov. 11.—Philip Jennings, Worcester (g. c.)
18.—John Hume Spry, Oriel.
Dec. 9.—Thomas Cox, Trinity.
17.—Richard Walker, Magdalen.

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* All those compositions are to be sent to the Registrar of the University on or before the first of May. The Latin and English verses are intended for Undergraduate Members of the University. The Essays for such persons as have exceeded four, but who have not completed seven, years, from the time of their matriculation.

Bachelors in Civil Law.

Nov. 4.—William Heathcote, All Souls (g. c.).
Simon Taylor, All Souls (g. c.).
Hon. Arthur Philip Perceval, All Souls.
24.—J. H. Hogarth, incorporated of Wadham, from Emanuel College, Cambridge.

Bachelor in Medicine.

Dec. 9.—John Wootten Balliol (with licence to practise medicine).

Masters of Arts.

Oct. 11.—W. Fanning, Mag. Hall.
John H. Lloyd, Brasennose.
John J. Ellis, St. John's.
Benj. H. Banner, St. John's.
H. A. Woodgate, St. John's.
21.—R. Gordon, Ch. Ch. (g. c.)
J. Sargeaunt, Ch. Ch. (g. c.)
John Jackson, Queen's.
J. W. Niblock, Edmund Hall.
Primatt Knapp, Magdalen.
C. G. Hutchinson, Ch. Ch.
Henry Thursby, Oriel.
Charles Medhurst, Corpus.
Nov. 4.—J. F. Moor, Brasen. (g. c.)
Owen Jenkins, Jesus.
Alfred Roberts, Trinity.
Henry Withy, Merton.
Nov. 11.—D. Haynes, St. John's (g. c.)
John Nelson, St. John's.
Samuel Prosser, St. John's.
W. Hindes, St. Mary Hall.
J. W. Stephenson, Queen's.
J. T. Du Boulay, Exeter.
18.—Hon. A. Curzon, Brasennose.
25.—Thomas Procter, Queen's.
Frederick Rouch, St. John's.
Dec. 2.—W. Money, Oriel (g. c.)
P. W. Worsley, Alban Hall.
T. H. White, University.
9.—R. Ellice, Brasennose (g. c.)
C. Parkin, Brasennose.
John Smith, Edmund Hall.
17.—John Butt, Lincoln.
George Grimstead, Magdalen.

Bachelors of Arts.

Oct. 11.—J. W. Cary, Magdalen Hall.
C. J. Hutton, Magdalen Hall.
T. S. L. Vogan, Ed. Hall.
T. Moseley, Edmund Hall.
T. Lathbury, Edmund Hall.
G. H. Stoddart, Queen's.
Henry Griffith, Jesus.
21.—E. G. Boys, Worcester.
S. W. Dowell, Worcester.
Henry Cary, Worcester.
F. Oakeley, Ch. Ch.
E. T. Leigh, Brasennose.
Frederick Webber, Pembroke.
H. Linton, Magdalen.
G. I. Irby, Balliol.
Nov. 4.—G. G. Kekewich, Exeter.
William Trench, Ch. Ch.
Charles Floyer, Trinity.
W. Evans, Trinity.
W. G. Meredith, Brasennose.
James Currie, University.
J. B. Morris, University.
11.—W. G. Dymock, Exeter (g. c.)
David Aitchison, Queen's.
Henry Legge, Ch. Ch.
J. L. Puxley, Brasennose.
S. A. Bayntun, Pembroke.
C. W. Minet, University.
J. H. H. Tuckfield, Oriel.
H. M. Spence, Lincoln.
18.—H. S. Cardwell, Brasen. (g. c.)
W. Millard, Magdalen Hall.
H. C. Knox, Magdalen Hall.
J. Douphrate, Magdalen Hall.
G. Bewsher, Edmund Hall.
Edward May, Ch. Ch.
Matthew Wise, Ch. Ch.
Thomas Hornby, Ch. Ch.
Henry Richards, Jesus.
J. H. Gegg, Alban Hall.
George Adams, Queen's.
G. B. Boraston, Queen's.
F. E. Arney, Queen's.
Nov. 25.—Charles Hopkinson, Queen's.
A. W. Schomberg, Mag. Hall.
W. H. England, Pembroke.
T. Legard, Magdalen.
W. J. Butler, Magdalen.
Algernon Grenfell, University.
R. D. Hoblyn, Balliol.
Dec. 2.—R. W. Mackay, Brasen. (g. c.)
John Phelps, Queen's.

Bachelors of Arts continued.

Dec. 2.—E. Ludlow, Edmund Hall.
William Lowth, Ch. Ch.
Joseph Jekyll, Ch. Ch.
C. W. Pitt, Brasennose.
J. R. Phillott, Magdalen.
Charles Causton, Trinity.
F. R. Miller, Worcester.
R. H. Froude, Oriel.
9.—J. Ingham, University (g. c.)
Robert Watts, Lincoln.
William Irwin, Queen's.
George Riggs, Queen's.
D. Robinson, Queen's.
George Thomson, Queen's.
William Leader, Ch. Ch.
H. S. Cocks, Ch. Ch.
T. S. Salmon, Brasennose.
W. P. Hopton, Trinity.
H. F. Earle, Trinity.
F. P. Hulme, Alban Hall.
Phillip Thresher, University.
David Twopeny, Oriel.
G. B. F. Potticary, Mag. Hall.
J. C. Philpot, Worcester.
17.—Joseph Webb, Wadham.
Henry Wood, Edmund Hall.
J. R. Pears, Magdalen.
W. W. Berry, Exeter.
G. P. Hollis, Alban Hall.
W. C. Townsend, Queen's.
John James, Jesus.
J. E. Latimer, Merton.

Books published at the Clarendon Press, during the Year 1824.

Faste Hellenici. The Civil and Literary Chronology of Greece, from the 55th to the 124th Olympiad. By Henry Fynes Clinton, MA. 4to. 1*l.* 4*s.*

Herculanensium Voluminum Pars Prima; Tabulis Lithographicis excussa. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.*

Cornelii Nepotis Excellentium Imperatorum Vitæ. 12mo. 2*s.*

Annals of the Reformation, and the Establishment of Religion, and other various Occurrences in the Church of England, during Queen Elizabeth's happy Reign: together with an Appendix of original Papers of State, Records, and Letters. By John Strype, MA. A new Edition, 7 vols. 8vo. 4*l.* the small, 10*l.* the large paper.

The Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Richard Hooker, Mr. George Herbert, and Dr. Robert Sanderson. Written by Izaak Walton. A new Edition. 8vo. 6*s.*

Formularies of Faith, set forth by the King's Authority during the Reign of Henry VIII. containing

1. Articles about Religion, set out by the Convocation, and published by the King's Authority.
2. The Institution of a Christian Man.
3. A necessary Doctrine and Erudition for any Christian Man, set forth by the King's Majesty of England. 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.*

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

Cambridge.—At a Convocation on Wednesday, Dec. 1, the Degree of Master of Arts was conferred on William Thistlethwaite, Esq. BA. Scholar of Trinity College, by Royal Mandate.—The Master of Corpus Christi College, Select Preacher at St. Mary's Church this month.—Wednesday the 25th ult. Charles Currie, BA. of Pembroke Hall, was elected Fellow of that Society.

At a Congregation on Wednesday the 8th, the following Degrees were conferred.

Honorary Master of Arts.—The Hon. William Harvey, of Trinity College, son of the Earl of Bristol.

Master of Arts.—William John Alexander, Trinity College.

Bachelors in Physic.—Benjamin Guy Babington, Pembroke Hall; Arthur Mower, Emanuel College.

At the above Congregation, certain graces passed the Senate, affecting the improvement of the Town of Cambridge—the purchase of houses, &c. That the Vice Chancellor, Dr. French, Dr. Godfrey, Mr. Hornbuckle, Mr. Vince, Mr. Peacock (Trinity College), Mr. Crawley, and Mr. King, be appointed a syndicate to examine into the present

distribution of University fees, and report thereon to the Senate before the division of Easter term, 1825, and that the Degree of AM. be conferred on Dominus Judge of Trinity College, by Royal Mandate. To appoint a syndicate to inspect Mr. Dodwell's collection of Drawings taken in Greece, and to report to the Senate whether the purchase of them by the University be advisable. To appoint a syndicate to report on the propriety of publishing certain curious MSS. of music in the Fitzwilliam Museum.

Dec. 17.—At a Congregation on Wednesday last, the following Degrees were conferred:

Doctor in Physic.—Richard Pritchard Smith, Caius College.

Honorary Master of Arts.—Hon. John Shafto Vaughan, St. John's College.

Master of Arts.—Rev. William Emerson Chapman, St. John's College.

At the above Congregation, a grace passed the Senate to appoint Mr. Skinner, of Jesus College, an Examiner of the Junior Sophs in Lent term, 1825, in the room of Mr. Graham.

To appoint Mr. Higman, Trinity College; Mr. Hughes, St. John's; Mr. Hind, Sidney College; Professor Henslow, St. John's; Mr. Kirby, Clare Hall; and Mr. Ramsay, Jesus College, Examiners of the Questionists.

The Rev. A. J. Carrighan, BD. Fellow of St. John's College, was on the 16th elected Lady Margaret's Preacher, in the room of the very Rev. Dr. Calvert.

The Rev. Charles Green, MA. of Jesus College, was on Friday last admitted Fellow of that Society.

Joseph Harris, Esq. BA. was yesterday elected a Junior Fellow of that Society.

CAMBRIDGE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a numerous meeting of this Society, held on Monday last, the Baron Alexander Von Humboldt, the celebrated traveller, and Professor Alfred Gautier, of Geneva, were elected Honorary Members. A very interesting paper was read by Professor Farish, on the construction of the cogs of wheels; several models were exhibited to the Society in order to show the action of cogs of different constructions upon each other, and more particularly when their form was that of the involute of a circle.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

The Anniversary Dinner of this Society was held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, on the 30th ult:—the President, Sir Humphry Davy, in the chair, supported by Mr. Peel, and Lord Bexley. Davis Gilbert, Esq. M. P. Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy, and many other gentlemen distinguished for art or science, were present.

Mr. Davis Gilbert alluded to the discoveries of Sir Humphry Davy in analyzing the alkalies and the earths, which he stated were unequalled in brilliancy and importance since the days of Sir Isaac Newton.—He also announced that Sir Humphry Davy had now established, by actual experiment, what, in the course of his experiments upon the alkalies and earths, he had been previously led to suppose, that the chemical affinities of bodies have a certain relation to their electric or galvanic attractions, and that by effecting an alteration in the latter, the former may be changed; and that this discovery had already been applied to purposes of great national importance.—The chemical affinities of copper had been altered so as to render it nearly indestructable, and ships could now perform the longest voyages without the copper sheathing on their bottoms being corroded by the action of the water, by which a very important saving was effected in this necessary article of naval equipment, and the invaluable lives of our seamen rendered less insecure.

The President, in giving the health of Dr. Brinkley, the President of the Royal Irish Academy, said, in the higher analyses he seconded La Place. His papers upon the parallax of the fixed stars were before the Society in their Transactions. Last year the Copley Medal was conferred on Mr. Pond, the Astronomer Royal, for a Series of

Observations made at Greenwich, which seemed to establish the parallax of the fixed stars—this year they conferred the same Medal on Dr. Brinkley, for a Series of Observations made at Dublin, which go to prove the fixed stars have no parallax—he would not pretend to decide between these two distinguished mathematicians — all he would say was, that the controversy between them was carried on in a spirit which shed additional lustre upon science. M. Pond, as a member of the council, was the first to vote for conferring the Medal upon Dr. Brinkley.

There were 90 members present.

PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETIES.

The Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris—has proposed the following subject for the mathematical prize of the year 1826:

"The best method of calculating the perturbations of the elliptic motion of comets applied to the determination of the next return of the comet of 1759, and to the motion of that which has been observed in 1805, 1819, and 1822."

The Royal Academy of Sciences, persuaded that the theory of heat is one of the most interesting objects of applied mathematics, and considering that the prize already proposed upon this theory had materially contributed to its perfection, announced the following question for the mathematical prize of the year 1824:

1st. "To determine by numerous experiments, the density which fluids, especially mercury, water, alcohol, and sulphuric ether, acquire by pressures, equivalent to the weight of several atmospheres."

2d. "To measure the effects of the heat produced by these pressures." None of the pieces sent in having gained the prize, the Academy re-proposes the same subject for the year 1826.

The memoirs must be transmitted to the Secretary of the Institute before the first of January, 1826.

The Astronomical Society.—The society held its first meeting after the summer recess, on the 12th of Nov. when the following prize questions were proposed:

1. The Silver Medal, to any person who shall contrive, and have executed an instrument, by which the relative magnitude of the stars may be measured and determined, and of which the utility for this object shall be sufficiently established by numerous observations and comparisons of known stars.

2. The Gold Medal, for approved formulæ for determining the true place of either of the four newly discovered planets, Ceres, Juno, Pallas, Vesta, within such limits as the council may think sufficiently correct for the present state of astronomy; such formulæ in each case to be accompanied with comparisons of the observed places at different periods.

3. The Gold Medal, for a new mode of developing the differential equations for expressing the problem of the three bodies by which a smaller number of tables shall be required, in order to compute the moon's place to the same degree of accuracy as by any existing tables, and with greater facility.

Competitors for the prizes to send in their answers to the first question before the 1st of February, 1826;—for the second, before the 1st of February, 1827;—and for the third, before the 1st of February, 1828.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Mecanique Cœleste.—They who have read the Mecanique Cœleste, are aware that upwards of twenty years ago M. Laplace promised to terminate this great work by an *exposé* of the labours of geometers on the system of the world, and by assigning to each the share which he had contributed towards elucidating its wonderful mechanism. The faithful execution of this task would have imposed on the illustrious author of the Mecanique Cœleste the necessity of making very ample acknowledgments to Lagrange, and it would almost appear that some repugnance arising out of this conviction had retarded the completion of this part of his labours. The name of M. Laplace occurs only once in the second edition of the Mecanique Analytique, a circumstance, which seems to

intimate that Lagrange had felt some displeasure at the unacknowledged appropriation of his investigations and discoveries. M. Laplace is, however, at length slowly redeeming his pledge in the fifth volume of his work, which is in a course of publication. The 13th book, which has recently appeared, treats on one of the most difficult problems in Physical Astronomy, that of the oscillations of the fluids which cover the planets. The first chapter contains a rapid sketch of the principal views and discoveries of geometers on the theory of the tides from Newton to Laplace. No branch of the history of science presents more interest than this view of the progress of mathematical analysis in one of the greatest questions of natural philosophy. It is the peculiar privilege of the inventors of the principal theories to show their origin, their difficulties, and their most important features. The ancient geometry has transmitted to us nothing more exact and beautiful than the few words by which Archimedes has prefaced his works.

Waves.—M. Cauchy is still pursuing his researches on the motion of waves formed at the surface of a gravitating fluid. If we elevate or depress a small portion of the surface of a gravitating fluid, and then remove the cause which had changed the natural state of the surface, it immediately forms waves which are propagated to the extremities of the fluid mass. The problem presented for calculation is to express the general laws of this propagation. It is easy to form the differential equations of this motion, and the main difficulty now is to integrate these equations in a form proper to represent distinctly the phenomena. In order to ascertain the general laws of the motion of waves produced by the emersion of a very small body, it is necessary to preserve in the solution a function which leaves the form of the immersed solid entirely arbitrary. M. Poisson had already determined the laws of their motion when produced by the emersion of bodies having certain simple forms, such as cylindrical bodies, &c. The investigations of M. Cauchy preserve in the formulæ, which express the law of propagation, an arbitrary function, which may agree with a body of any form whatever. This is the principal circumstance which distinguishes his investigations. He has shown that the velocities and altitudes of the waves produced by the immersion of a cylindrical body do not depend simply on the breadth and height of the part immersed, but also on the form of the surface which terminates it. His solution is expressed in a form well adapted to numerical calculation, and represents in all its details the march of the phenomena.

Professor Amici's Double-Image Micrometer.—This ingenious instrument was recently exhibited to the members of the Astronomical Society, by Mr. Herschel. The duplication of the image is effected by interposing a divided concave lens of very long focus between the object and eye-glass of a refracting, or between the mirror and eye-glass of a reflecting telescope. The separation of the centres of the two segments is performed by a rack and pinion sliding them on one another, their edges being preserved in contact, and is measured on a divided scale with a vernier in the usual manner. The advantages of this micrometer are, the simplicity of its construction and use, the magnitude of its scale; and lastly, the convenience of dispensing with a table of reduction, by so fixing the place of the divided lens, as to make one part of the scale correspond to 1″ of angular measure. Mr. Herschel, during his visit to Modena, in the spring of last year, had an opportunity of applying this instrument to celestial objects in one of M. Amici's useful reflecting telescopes of 12 inches aperture and 8 feet focus. The following among other measures were taken.

Distance of the two stars of Polaris (single measure).....	18′ 40″
Jupiter's Polar Diameter (mean of six measures).....	32′ 54″
——— Equatorial, ditto.....	34′ 06″
Consequent ratio of their diameters.....	1·0467

Phil. Mag.

MEDICINE.

Plica Polonica.—A very interesting paper has lately been read by M. Virey before the Royal Academy of Medicine, on the nature and remedy of this disease, an abstract

of which we shall premise by the following particulars taken from the Lancet, vol. iv. No. 6. "Cracow may be considered the centre of that singular and revolting disease, the *weichselzopf*, or *plica polonica*. It derives its name from the most prominent symptom, the entangling the hair into a confused mass. The most extraordinary part of the disease is its action on the hair; the individual hairs begin to swell at the root, and to exude a fat slimy substance, frequently mixed with suppurated matter, which is the most noisome feature in the malady; their growth is at the same time more rapid, and their sensibility greater than in their healthy state. When the disease has reached a high degree of malignity, not only whole masses of the hair, but even single hairs, will bleed if cut off, and that too throughout their whole length, as well as at the root. The hairs growing rapidly amidst the corrupted mass, twist themselves together inextricably, and are at last plaited into a confused, clotted, disgusting-looking mass. Very frequently, they form themselves into a number of separate masses like ropes; and there is an instance of such a *zopfe* (tail) growing to the length of fourteen feet on a lady's head, before it could be safely cut off. Sometimes it assumes other forms, which medical men have distinguished by specific names; such as, the bird's nest plica, the turban plica, the medusa-head plica, the long-tailed plica, the club-shaped plica, &c. After the hair has continued to grow thus tangled and noisome for a period, which is in no case fixed, it gradually becomes dry, healthy hairs begin to grow up under the plica, and at last, 'push it from its stool.' In the process of suppuration, however, it unites itself so readily with the new hairs, that if not cut off at this stage, it continues hanging for years, an entirely foreign appendage to the head. But till the disease has run through all its stages, and has begun of itself to decay, any attempt to cut the hair is attended with the utmost danger, producing convulsions, cramps, distortions of the limbs, frequently death, and sometimes madness. Yet for a long time this was the first step on the approach of the disease; its victims were naturally anxious to rid themselves of this disgusting symptom, and they uniformly ascribed the melancholy effects which followed, not to the removal of the hair, but to the internal malady. Medical men had not then learned that this was the natural outlet of the disorder."

Every one (observes M. Virey) knows that this was for a long time considered to be a peculiar disease, and was attributed to a specific virus. Many physicians have placed it after syphilis among the diseases most destructive to the human race; by some it was supposed to be contagious and epidemic. It appears to have been first brought into Poland by the Mongol Tartars about the close of the thirteenth century. It is only within a few years that the opinion of Davidson, suggested in the seventeenth century, has been renewed, that *plica* is only the result of improper treatment and negligence. MM. Moyer, Larrey, and Wolff, have clearly shown that the hair being covered with thick bonnets of skin, as is the case among the people of the north, principally produced that frizzled state of the hair, from the great accumulation of heat. Again there is the perspiration and every species of filth thrown off from the epidermis, which accumulating by negligence, so binds the hair together, that as it grows it becomes twisted, and forms a thick greasy mass, which increases itself enormously. The *plica* appears to be a disease which the barbers may cure. According to the remark of M. Des Genettes, it seldom attacks any other than the most filthy, negligent, and miserable individuals. The frequent use of the vapour bath by the Russians has also produced the appearance of this disease amongst them. It is not only in wild countries, as was formerly thought, that this disease shows itself, but it has been observed in France and Italy, and is even common in tropical climates. The hair grows the longest, and the *plica* appears in its most perfect form among the Fakyrs of the East Indies. Dillon remarked this in the seventeenth century, but his account was not much attended to till it was confirmed by more modern travellers. These facts show that *plica* throughout the globe is only the result of negligence and inattention, aided by the heat, the accumulation of sweat, &c.—*Archives Generales.*

EXPERIMENTS AT PARIS ON ACUPUNCTURATION.

The following is a letter we have just received from a distinguished scientific man at Paris.

Acupuncturation has been recently often tried and much talked of in this country; but the results of a number of experiments, conducted upon any thing like scientific principles, have not been stated publicly (we believe) by any medical men of character. Acupuncturation, as it is practised in England, is indeed merely empirical. The results of Mr. Cloquet's experiments, if they are accurately stated, go far to reduce it to a science, and give us a glimpse of an important discovery, viz. the proximate cause of pain in disease. It may be necessary to state, that Mr. Cloquet stands very high in his profession at Paris.

Paris, Dec. 18, 1824.

Dear Sir,—Jules Cloquet, Surgeon to St. Louis's Hospital in Paris, has been trying the effects of *acupuncturation* (sticking a needle through a part affected with pain), an old process employed in China and Japan, taken up and laid aside at different periods in Europe, and that has never been properly attended to. The success he has met with has excited general attention, both from the miraculous cures he has performed, and from the singular phenomena that attend the operation, as they are exhibited, not only by the patient, but the operator, and as tending to prove the presence of a fluid analogous to electricity, which would seem to be the principal agent in the disease and in the cure. He allowed me to make an extract from the paper he read last Monday to the Academy of Sciences. I shall refrain from any observations on the subject, till it is properly examined; which will be the case when the commission, appointed by the Academy of Sciences, consisting of Amher, Dumeril, and Majendie, make their report.

Mr. Cloquet's experiments have been performed on about two hundred patients, chiefly at St. Louis's Hospital, in the presence of students and physicians. He gives the following account of the effects of the operation.

1. Acupuncturation acts immediately and constantly on pain, whatever be its cause.

2. Of those pains, some disappear without returning: others re-appear after an uncertain period; but they are almost always weaker than before the operation, and may be removed again by a fresh puncture.

3. Some pains are only diminished in intensity, without entirely disappearing.

The introduction of the needle is in general slightly painful, especially when the operation is performed for acute pain. At an uncertain time after the introduction of the needle, the patient experiences numbness, stupor in the part affected, or slight shivering in the direction of the nerve. There is generally formed on the skin about the needle an erythematous mark, of a rose colour, more or less vivid, generally round, but sometimes broader on one side of the needle than on the other, sometimes longer and extended. This discoloration of the skin is very vivid, and takes place in some patients immediately after the operation; in others, it is less intense, and does not appear till after four, five, or six minutes, a quarter of an hour, or half an hour. In some patients it does not appear at all—in others it is replaced by a circular swelling which slightly raises the skin; the more extensive the

erythematous inflammation is, and the sooner it appears, the disappearance of the pain is more sudden and marked. At the end of an uncertain period, from one minute to half an hour, the pain appears to concentrate itself round the needle, the patient feels in the place which is pierced heat or shootings, more or less vivid, similar to those produced by the electric fluid. Sometimes new pains appear unexpectedly in a part distant from the seat of the puncture, but they are often removed immediately, by the introduction of a fresh needle in the part where they appear. The pain which the patient feels from the needle is continual, or returns at various intervals. Generally the needle should not be withdrawn, until after it has ceased to produce pain. Almost always, when the projecting part of the needle is touched with a metallic conductor, or with the end of the finger moistened, the patient feels in the puncture the most vivid shooting, even from the lightest touch, as long as it is continued. The pain for which the operation is performed subsides in proportion.

If a metallic conductor is applied to the needle, and the other extremity is immersed in a vessel of salt water, the action is much more immediate, the pain felt near the needle is more violent, and the numbness of the part more considerable. M. Cloquet has been sometimes even obliged to withdraw the conductor for a time to relieve the very acute shooting which the patient feels in the direction of the needle. If the operator keeps his finger on the needle or the conductor, he himself soon feels a slight numbness in the first joint of the phalanges; if he continues the experiment, the numbness extends to the whole of the finger, to a portion of the hand, and even to the fore-arm. In some cases, the writer has felt involuntary muscular contractions, very rapid, not painful, in several of the muscles of the fore-arm, and of the arm. Every time that the needle is touched, a slight shock is felt like that produced by the galvanic battery. These phenomena are in general the more marked, in proportion as the pain of the patient is acute; in some cases they cannot be observed at all. It is not unusual to see the patient experience the general phenomena during and after the acupuncturation; often partial sweats more or less abundant accompany the operation; some lose the sensation of cold which they had before in the part affected; others faint away, but this is very rare. Almost all experience a marked improvement, change the expression of their physiognomy completely, and pass in a very short time from the most painful anxiety of countenance, and the most profound depression of spirits, to a state of calm and often even of the most remarkable cheerfulness. The motions and functions of the part affected soon become more or less perfectly restored. When a needle of highly polished steel has been used, it is observed that during the operation it becomes oxidated; or at least the point, to a distance of four or five lines, becomes of a violet blue, brilliant, iridiated as if it had passed through the fire; the portion of it which had been buried in the soft parts is blackened, roughened, dulled, frequently marked with circles, alternately rainbow-tinted, bright, blackish, and dull. The portion which remained out of the flesh was clean and shining; it had not lost any of its polish. These phenomena of the oxidation of the needle are in general the more marked, in proportion to the intensity of the pain and to the length of time that the needle has remained in the part. They appear, but less constantly and distinctly, when a needle is plunged into living muscles free from pain; but they are not observed when the experiment is made on

the dead body. A puncture, for an instant, or one only continued one or two minutes, produces effects less marked, or none at all. It is not till after some time, varying from two minutes to an hour, that these effects are observed. When one needle will not produce the effect desired, it is obtained by the application of two or three more needles, either together or consecutively. In general the needles should not be withdrawn till they have entirely ceased to be painful, and till the pain for which they have been applied has for some time subsided. The duration of the acupuncturation should be proportioned to the obstinacy of the disease. M. Cloquet has not yet continued the aplication of it beyond eight hours, and at this period there remained no trace of inflammatory swelling in the vicinity of the needle, and sometimes even the erythematous circle has faded or disappeared altogether. He has used acupuncturation: 1. In muscular rheumatism, acute and chronic; it has then produced very marked effects; the greater part of his patients have recovered after two or three applications. In some cases he has been obliged to operate even as much as five or six times. 2. In rheumatism of the fibres, the same result. 3. In rheumatism of the joints, acute and chronic; white swellings in the joints: the effects less decided: marked relief in some cases: many cases of cure after several applications of the needle. 4. In neuralgia, facial, dental, orbital, and suborbital; and in obstinate head aches: the effects were very speedy—most of the patients cured after one or two operations. 5. In deep-seated contusions, recent, or of long standing; many in the parietes of the chest and the thoracic viscera: effects very speedy—complete abstraction of pain, or at least great diminution of its intensity. Cure after several operations, some were after one. 6. Inflammations, opthalmias, pleurisy, inflammations of the bowels, of the testicles, of the skin, chronic pains of the abdomen. Diminution or cessation of pain, diminution or cessation of inflammatory symptoms. 7. In paralysis, and in mercurial tremblings. No effect at all, unless when these diseases were complicated with pains. 8. In cramps and muscular contraction, effect in general prompt. The author says that he has practised acupuncturation more than 500 times in almost all parts of the body, without having ever met with a single accident. In fact, the needle, introduced with caution, merely pushes aside the fibres of the tissues, which reunite after the needle is extracted. In the greater number of cases not a single drop of blood flowed after the withdrawing of the needle. E.

CHEMISTRY.

Upas Poison.—This poison exerts such a formidable action on the animal body, and destroys life with such rapidity, that a scientific examination of it cannot fail to be highly interesting. All that has been hitherto known of it in this country is, that it is a vegetable production, found in the West Indies, and that it was formerly used by the savages to poison their arrows. It is to the French that we are indebted for the discovery of the active principle of this vegetable matter, as we have been for almost all others. The examination of the *Upas* has been recently undertaken by two distinguished French chemists, MM. Pelletier and Caventou. M. Lischenault, a learned naturalist, when making a tour of the Indian Archipelago, went into the interior of the country for the express purpose of obtaining from the plants themselves the poisonous matter. He had it prepared there under his own inspection, from materials which he had himself collected, and satisfied himself that the poisons now called *Upas tieuté*, and *Upas anthiar* were furnished, the one by a large tree of the family of the Strichnos, which he named Upas tieuté, the other from the gum resin of a tree, which forms a species of a

new genus, under the name of *anthiaris toxicaria.* The action of these poisons on the animal economy had been already sufficiently studied by the celebrated physiologists, Magendie and Delille, who showed that the *Upas tieuté* operated by absorption, exerting its action principally on the spinal marrow, and producing tetanus, asphyxy, and death. That the *Upas anthiar* operates also on the nervous system, but that it occasions, at the same time, violent vomiting and purging. The chemical composition of these poisons remained only to be ascertained, and for this purpose the present examination was undertaken.

1. The *Upas tieuté*, in the form of a solid extract, is of a reddish brown; broken into small pieces, it is of an orange yellow and transparent. Its taste extremely bitter, without acidity or any pungent aromatic flavour. It dissolves in water, yielding to it an abundance of a matter like brick-dust, which being well washed is tasteless. The solution is of an orange yellow, and horribly bitter. It dissolves almost entirely in alcohol, but scarcely at all in sulphuric æther. It is not soluble in the oils, and is without any peculiar smell. Exposed to the action of fire it becomes soft and then dries up. If the heat be increased, it is decomposed, swells up, and disengages a fetid empyreumatic odour. This aqueous solution is precipitated by the alkalis, by the infusion of galls, the alkaline gallates and oxalates; these precipitates dissolve in alcohol. The active principle of the Upas depends on the quantity of *strychnine* which it contains, and its action on the powers of life is really astonishing. A quarter of a grain diluted in a little water, was injected by M. Andral, jun. into the pleura of a rabbit; in about five seconds it was seized with a violent attack of tetanus and died. The experiment was repeated on a second rabbit with the same quantity of the poison, but dissolved in weak acetic acid; the effect was even more sudden and terrible. Similar experiments have been performed by Sir Astley Cooper. He introduced a bit of wood which had been dipped in the entrail of the Upas tienté beneath the skin of a rabbit. "It appeared to suffer no pain, but at the expiration of three minutes its hinder extremities were paralyzed, in three minutes and a half it appeared to be insensible, and at the end of four minutes it rolled on its back and died." (Sir A. Cooper's Lecture on Poisons, Lancet, vol. iii. No. 6.)

2. The *Upas anthiar* presents the same external appearances. A white matter was extracted from this poison, elastic, insoluble in cold or boiling water, and softened in such a manner as to appear very much like the nasal muscles. A crystalline substance was extracted from it, very soluble in water or alcohol, possessing all the energetic properties of the Upas. The base of this salt appears to be a vegetable alkali, but as yet it is not certainly known. That its action on the nervous system is powerful enough may easily be conceived; one of the experimenters very inconsiderately tasted a minute portion of it; he was immediately seized with a violent pain in his stomach and bowels, which yielded only to a very abstemious diet continued for several days. M. Andral, jun. injected a quarter of a grain of this poison into the pleura of a rabbit; in two minutes it was seized with nausea, bent its fore legs and fell on its side; the muscles of the extremities and the face became agitated by convulsions, and it died in seventeen minutes. The same quantity of the crystalline matter was injected into the pleura of another rabbit; the animal was seized with violent convulsions and died in five minutes.

Re-production of Minerals.—It has been often observed, that the analysis of minerals is of comparatively little importance, so long as we are enabled to re-produce them by composition. Professor Mitscherlich has accomplished this important object, by the re-production of some beautiful and well-defined crystals of greyish white pyroxene, which he obtained by mixing the constituent parts in the proportions ascertained by the analysis, and exposing them to the high degree of heat of the porcelain furnaces of Sevres. He has thus obtained several species which occur in nature, and among the different kinds of slags he observed more than forty species in a chrystallized state, particularly of such minerals as are found in primitive rocks, and also many others which have not hitherto been observed.—*Edin. Jour. of Science.*

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JANUARY.

MERCURY, from his approximation to the sun, can only be seen when at his greatest elongation, and then only half of his illuminated side is toward us, like the moon in her first and last quarter. When that takes place to the eastward of the sun, he is an evening star, and sets after him; but if to the westward he becomes a morning star and rises first. Thus Mercury was at his greatest elongation on the 31st of December, to the eastward; and will appear this evening, January 1st, at five o'clock, in the constellation Capricorn, SW. ¼ W. five or six degrees above the horizon. An imaginary line drawn from the first star of the Goat, a little to the right of the second, and about the same distance below the second as the second is below the first, will pass directly through it. Venus has likewise her phases, and becomes an evening and morning star alternately. At present she is the brilliant of the evening, setting at the commencement of the month, at a quarter past seven, and increasing to the close to half-past eight. Venus passes during this time from the tail of the Goat through the Water-bearer into Pisces, and will be in conjunction with several stars in her progress, but invisible to us, as the conjunctions will take place when the planet is below the horizon. The place of her setting is from SW. by W. ½ W. to W. ¼ S. Mars claims our next attention. Venus passed this planet on the 24th of last month, and consequently it now appears to the westward of her within four degrees, but as the rapidity of Venus' motion is greater than that of Mars, this distance will daily increase; thus the latter planet, at the close of the month, will have only reached half way through the Water-bearer. Mars will set on the first, a few minutes before, and on the last day seven or eight minutes after, seven. Place of setting about half a point on each side of WSW. Of all the planetary bodies, Jupiter is the largest and most beautiful; and, when seen through a powerful telescope, presents a very remarkable appearance on account of the dark shades which encompass his body, while the constant revolutions, eclipses, and conjunctions of his satellites become hourly more interesting to the observer. His situation is in the Crab, with a small regressive motion. Nineteen eclipses of his satellites will be visible to our latitude, either immersion or emersion, and in two instances both.

1st Satellite.			2d Satellite.			3d Satellite.				4th Satellite.			
Immersions only.			Immersions only.										
Days.	Hrs.	Min.	Days.	Hrs.	Min.	Days.	Hrs.	Min.		Days.	Hrs.	Min.	
1	8	17	6	12	47¼	4	12	36	Im.	1	8	9½	Im.
6	15	42	13	15	23¾	4	16	8	Em.	1	12	39½	Em.
8	10	10½	20	18	0	11	16	34½	Im.	18	6	41½	Em.
13	17	35¾	24	7	9¼								
15	12	4	Emersion.										
17	6	32½	31	12	49								
24	8	26¼											
Emersions.													
29	18	7											
31	12	35¼											

On the first day, at nine o'clock in the evening, only one of his satellites will be seen, the first and fourth being at that time eclipsed, and the second invisible on Jupiter's face. During the evenings this planet will be a conspicuous object in the eastern quarter, and he continues above the horizon throughout the night. Saturn is in the neck of the Bull, with an almost imperceptible regressive motion; his position is midway between Aldebaran and the Pleiades, forming a pleasing combination with those stars. At the commencement of the month he will pass the meridian soon after nine o'clock, but on each succeeding evening, the time of his culminating will be earlier, so that at the close it will take place a few minutes before seven. Many excellent opportunities will be afforded of viewing those wonderful phenomena, his luminous rings, and the position of his satellites. The Georgian is too near the sun to be visible. Towards the end of the

month, at six o'clock in the evening, four of the brightest planets will be above the horizon; at the same time, Jupiter to the eastward rising, Saturn advancing to the meridian, Venus and Mars declining to the SW. On the seventh day, at eight o'clock in the evening, the constellations will be situated thus: Ursa Minor, part of Draco, and the foot of Hercules at their lowest depression north. In the NE. Ursa Major occupies a considerable portion of the Heavens, while in the ENE. Leo is rising, Regulus just above the horizon. Between the feet of the former and the head of the latter Leo Minor is situated. East is Cancer, not distinguished by any stars of magnitude, except the planet Jupiter. Above Cancer are the two great stars of Gemini, and over these Aurega. The bright star below Gemini is Procyon in Canis Minor, and the brilliant star rising to the SE. is Sirius in Canis Major. Between these two latter is Monoceros. In the SE. also the beautiful constellation Orion appears, and may readily be known by the three stars in his belt. Above Orion, and advancing to the meridian, Taurus displays himself. In the zenith is Perseus. Extending from the meridian to the verge of the horizon in the SW. is Cetus, and above Cetus is Aries. Descending from the zenith to the westward are Andromeda and Cassiopeia, and below this latter is Cepheus. Pisces appear to the southward of Andromeda, while W. by S. the five stars in the water-pot are near the horizon. The intermediate space between these and Andromeda is occupied by Pegasus. Delphinus is setting W. by N. ½ N.; Cygnus and Lyra appear in the NW.; and to the NNW. are the head of Draco and part of Hercules. On the 21st, at the same hour, the stars will all have advanced to the westward, the Hyades in the head of Taurus on the meridian.

LIST OF PROJECTED WORKS.

A Series of Engravings, from the Paintings and Sculptures of the most eminent Masters of the Florentine School. By William Young Ottley, Esq. No. 1 will appear on the 1st of January.

The Itinerary of a Traveller in the Wilderness. By Mrs. Taylor of Ongar.

Mignet's History of the French Revolution translated. 2 vols, post 8vo.

A Third Volume of Landor's Imaginary Conversations.

Schleiermacher's Critical Dissertation on the Gospel of St. Luke. Translated from the German. 1 Vol. 8vo.

Memoirs of the Life of Schiller. 1 vol. 8vo.

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A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Liver. By George Darling, MD.

Popery in 1824. A Circular Letter of Pope Leo the Tenth.

A New System of Astronomy. By Lazarus Cohen, of Exeter. 1 vol. 8vo.

The Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus. By the Rev. D. Lardner.

The Prosodian's Alphabetical Directory; or a Guide to the Latin Language.

The Remains and Memoirs of the Rev. Charles Wolf, AB. Author of "the Burial of Sir John Moore," printed from the Author's own MSS. 2 vols. 12mo.

Travels in South America. By Alexander Caldcleugh, Esq.

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Travels in Greece. By Dr. P. O. Bronstead.

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Dr. Lyall's Travels in Russia, the Krimea, &c. in 2 vols.

The Complete Works of the late Dr. Matthew Baillie.

Count Gamba's Narrative of Lord Byron's last Journey to Greece.

The Book of the Roman Catholic Church. By Charles Butler, Esq.

Conway Papers; from the Collection of the Marquis of Hertford. 3 vols.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED DURING THE LAST MONTH.

Tales of Irish Life, 2 vols. 12mo. 12*s.*
Wanderings of Childe Harold, 3 vols. 12mo. 20*s.*
Latham's Commercial Guide, 8vo. 5*s.*
Burridge's Tanners' Key, 8vo. 5*s.*
Rivington's Annual Register, 1823, 8vo. 18*s.*
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Barclay's Engravings of the Skeleton, 4to. 15*s.*
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World in Miniature (Thibet), 18mo. 6*s.* 6*d.*
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Marianne Baillie's Lisbon, 2 vols. 12mo. 15*s*.
Walladmor, 2 vols. post 8vo. 16*s*.

THEATRICAL NEWS.

Kean is engaged at Drury Lane for twenty nights, at 50*l*. a night, and he is to play three nights besides to clear off the arrears of last season.

Liston's *Mawworm*, in the *Hypocrite*, has proved as attractive in Dublin as in London. The audience were even clamorous for a *third* repetition of Mawworm's address.

Matthews is also playing in Dublin with his usual success; although it seems he had one night occasion to address the audience in consequence of being hissed; his appeal was well received, and the discontented individuals were speedily silenced.

The managers of the two Theatres Royal have judiciously left off puffing at the foot of the play bills; so that each actor and each dramatic production are now very properly and fairly left to find their own level in public estimation.

Westminster Play. The Westminster scholars have had their annual exhibition; for which purpose perhaps the least exceptionable of all Terence's comedies, or rather *farce*, for it is no better, and if reduced into English would certainly, on our stage, be a very dull one, was selected; it is not so rich in those tid-bits which, being in Latin, used to convulse the venerable hearers with laughter.

The unsuccessful tragedy of *Ravenna: or Italian Love*, brought out this month at Covent Garden, and taken from *Schiller's Cabal and Love*, was first acted on the same stage in 1803, for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnstone, under the title of the *Harper's Daughter*, and adapted for representation by Monk Lewis.

The quarrel between Mr. Poole, the dramatic writer, and Elliston, has raised a question how far the lessee of a patent theatre has the power to exclude from free admission those writers who have written successful pieces in that theatre.

The veteran Michael Kelly is engaged in writing his life, which, by special permission, is to be dedicated to the King; but it is said it will be a considerable time before it can be ready for the press. Colman is reported to have engaged to see the work through the press.

The veteran dramatic writer, Frederick Reynolds, it is said is also engaged in writing his life. Few men have, to a greater extent, been connected with the higher departments of the drama, or enjoyed more of the society of distinguished literary men, during the last 40 years, than Mr. Reynolds. We believe he has himself written and adapted for the stage between 40 and 50 pieces, many of them eminently successful. Reynolds was the early associate and friend of Sheridan, Colman, Cumberland, Stephen Storace, Major Topham, Miles Peter Andrews, Mr. Harris, John Kemble, Holcroft, Mrs. Inchbald, Miss Lee, Mrs. Cawley, and indeed all the successful dramatic writers, actors, and critics during that period.

If an amicable arrangement should not take place between Mr. Ebers and the committee, under the late management for opening the Opera House *early in January*, the nobility are, it is said, determined to open a rival theatre with as little delay as possible, under the management of a judicious and experienced director.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY LANE.

December 1.—Siege of Belgrade.
The Seraskier, Sapio.—Cohenberg, Wallack.—Lilla, Miss Stephens. Mr. Sapio's debut very successful.
Hafed, the Gheber;
A new Oriental Drama, brought out on Monday night; run eight or nine nights, and then gave way to My Uncle Gabriel, which still continues to be played.

December 2.—Der Freischutz.
Caspar, Mr. Horn.—Rose, Miss Povey.

December 3.—Siege of Belgrade.
Characters as before. Sapio raised in favour.
Hafed, the Gheber.

December 4.—As you like it.
Orlando, Wallack.—Jacques, Macready.—Rosalind, Mrs. Yates.
Hafed, the Gheber.

December 6.—King John.
King John, Macready.—Constance, Mrs. Bunn.
Hafed, the Gheber.

December 7.—Der Freischutz.
Characters as before.
Hafed, the Gheber.

December 8.—The Siege of Belgrade.
Hafed, the Gheber.

December 9.—Der Freischutz.
Hafed, the Gheber.

December 10.—School for Scandal.
Sir Peter Teazle, Mr. Downe, from York, his first appearance (a failure).—Joseph Surface, Wallack.—Charles Surface, Elliston.—Lady Teazle, Mrs. Yates.
My Uncle Gabriel.

December 11.—The Cabinet.
Orlando, Sapio, raised still higher in favour.—Lorenzo, Horn.—Peter, Downe.—Wimsiculo, Harley.—Constantia, Miss Povey.—Floretta, Miss Stephens.
My Uncle Gabriel.

December 13.—King John.
Characters as before.
My Uncle Gabriel.

December 14.—Der Freischutz.
My Uncle Gabriel.
Characters as before.

December 15.—The Cabinet.
Characters as before. Sapio still more successful. My Uncle Gabriel.

December 16.—Der Freischutz.
My Uncle Gabriel.
Characters as before.

December 17.—The Winter's Tale.
Leontes, Macready.—Hermione, Mrs. Bunn.—Paulina, Mrs. W. West.
My Uncle Gabriel.

December 18.—The Cabinet.
My Uncle Gabriel.

December 20.—Macbeth.
Macbeth, Macready.—Macduff, Wallack.—Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Bunn.
The Family Fête.—The Miller's Maid.

December 21.—Der Freischutz.
My Uncle Gabriel.

December 22.—Guy Mannering.
My Uncle Gabriel.

December 23.—Der Freischutz.
My Uncle Gabriel.

COVENT GARDEN.

December 1.—Der Freischutz.
Wilhelm, Pearman.—Bertha, Miss Paton.—Lena, Miss Love.
Clari.

December 2.—A Woman never Vext.
Foster, Young.—Stephen Foster, Kemble.—The Widow, Miss Chester. This revival has proved a hit.
The Lord Mayor's Show.—The Frozen Lake.

December 3.—Ravenna (First time),
Damn'd after three or four nights.
The Frozen Lake.

December 4.—Ravenna (Second time).
The Frozen Lake.

December 6.—Ravenna.
The Forest of Bondy.

December 7.—Woman never Vext.
The Lord Mayor's Show.—The Frozen Lake.

December 8.—Venice Preserved.
Jaffier, Kemble.—Pierre, Young.—Belvidere, Mrs. Sloman.
The Blind Boy.

December 9.—Der Freischutz.
Clari.

December 10.—As you like it, with additional music by Bishop, performed as an Opera.
The Duke, Egerton.—Jaques, Young.—Orlando, Kemble.—Rosalind, Miss M. Tree.
A Tale of Mystery.

December 11.—Woman never Vext.
The Frozen Lake.

December 13.—King John, with great attention to costume.
King John, Young.—Faulconbridge, Kemble.—Queen Elinor, Mrs. Vining.—Lady Constance, Mrs. Bartley.
Forty Thieves.

December 14.—Woman never Vext.
The Barber of Seville.

December 15.—The Cabinet.
Orlando, Sinclair, who was powerfully attractive and successful.—Constantia, Miss Hammersly.—Floretta, Miss Paton.
The Duel.

December 16.—Der Freischutz.
Clari.

December 17.—As you like it.
Characters as before.
Irish Tutor.—Animal Magnetism.

December 18.—Woman never Vext.
The Frozen Lake. Characters as before.

December 20.—The Fair Penitent.
Altamont, Cooper.—Horatio, Young.—Lothario, Kemble.—Calista, Mrs. Sloman.
The Miller and his Men.

December 21.—Woman never Vext.
The Barber of Seville.

December 22.—Der Freischutz.
Clari.

December 23.—Native Land.
Aurelio Di Montalto, Sinclair.—Guiseppo, Farren.—Tancredi, Cooper.—Clymante, Miss Paton.—Biondini, Miss M. Tree.
Charles the Second, or the Merry Monarch.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 4.—In Great James-street, Bedford-row, the lady of C. H. Barber, Esq. a daughter.
5. In Argyll-street, the lady of W. J. Newton, Esq. a daughter.
6. The lady of J. F. Monkhouse, Esq. of Shepherd's Bush, a daughter.
7. The lady of F. Reade, Esq. a daughter.
8. At the Vicarage, Bishopstone, North Wilts, the lady of the Rev. Henry Middleton, a son.
— At Denford-house, the lady of G. H. Cherry, Esq. MP. a daughter.
10. In Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, Mrs. Horace Leggatt, a daughter.
— In St. Helen's-place, the lady of Charles Ashton Kay, Esq. a daughter.
— In Grosvenor-place, the lady of Sir Robert Graham, Bart. a daughter.
— At Paris, the Countess of Wicklow, a daughter.
— At Guernsey, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Kennedy, a son.
— At Moy Abbey, King's County, Ireland, the lady of Wm. Matthews, Esq. a daughter.
13. At Barnham-court, the lady of the Rt. Hon. Lord Barham, a son.
14. At his house, in Bryanstone-square, the wife of Joseph Hume, Esq. MP. a daughter.
— In Upper Gower-street, the lady of J. L. Mallet, a son.
— In Grafton-street, the lady of Sandford Graham, Esq. MP. a son.
22. In Grosvenor-square, the Rt. Hon. Lady Petre, a son.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 1.—At Lee, in Kent, Thomas Finlayson, Esq. of Demerara, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Thomas Fennell, Esq. of the former place.
— At Newtimber, Henry Butterfield, Esq. BA. Christ-college, Cambridge, to Miss Charlotte Wigney, of Newtimber-place, Sussex.
2. At St. Pancras Church, Frederick Wood, Esq. Lieut. Royal Navy, nephew of Mr. Justice Bayley, to Miss Farrar, only daughter of Thomas Farrar, Esq. of Mecklenburgh-square.
3. At St. Marylebone, Robert Jenkins, Esq. to Susanna Elizabeth Frederick, eldest daughter of Sir John Frederick Cart, of Burwood-park, Surrey.
4. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Charles Fitzaddesley, Esq. RN. grandson of the late Countess of Buckinghamshire, to Sarah Brown Staff, Chelsea.
— At the British Ambassador's Chapel, at Paris, Wm. Timothy Curtis, Esq. (now by letters patent Baron Aumont) to Mademoiselle Elizabethe Sophie Aumont, of Paris.
6. At Southam, Warwick, by the Rev. George Chandler, DCL. Rector of that place, and Chaplain to the Duke of Buccleugh, Henry Thomas Chamberlayne, Esq. of Stony Thorpe, in the above county, youngest son of Stans Chamberlayne, Esq. of Ryes, Essex, to Mary, only child of Edw. Fowies, Esq. of Southampton.
7. At Winchelsea, Sussex, by the Rev. Thomas Richards, Francis Gybbon Spilsburgh, Esq. of Bale Haye, Stafford, to Eleanor, daughter of John Edmund Wright, Esq. of the former place.
— At Fulham Church, by the Rev. —— Wood, Vicar of Fulham, the Rev. Charles Wesley, of Christ's-college, Cambridge, to Eliza, eldest daughter of John Skelton, Esq. of Hammersmith.
8. At Islington Church, T. Simpson, Esq. of Woburn Cottage, to Miss Sambourne, of Winchester.
At Buntingford, Herts, by the Rev. W. Young, Mr. Joseph Vaughan, of Enfield, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Richard Edridge, Esq. of the former place.
9. Edward Cutler, Esq. to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir Thomas Plumer.
— At St. Mary's, Portsea, by the Rev. Samuel Leggatt, Chaplain to the Forces, Lieut.-Colonel Wm. Woodhouse, 44th Reg. Madras Native Infantry, to Miss Leggatt, of King's Terrace, Southsea.
— At St. George's, Hanover-square, Robert Williams, Esq. of his Majesty's 44th Reg. to Anne, only daughter of John Benton, Esq. of Houghton House, Northamptonshire.
— At St. George's, Hanover-square, P. Box, Jun. Esq. of Buckingham, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. Rose, of Exmouth-street, Spa-fields.
10. At Tottenham, Adam Corrie, Jun. Esq. of Wellingborough, Northampton, to Elizabeth Ewer, only daughter of the late James Cooner, Esq. of London.
— At Streatham, by the Rev. Dr. Laing, Wm. Wild, Esq. of Martin's-lane, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Joseph Harrison, Esq. of Balham.
— At St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, Mr. James Maull Rose, of Darnaway, near Forres, North Brit. to Emma Sophia Jane Matilda Ashfield, of Ely Place, eldest daughter of Thomas Ashfield, Esq. late of London.
14. At St. Pancras New Church, by the Rev. A. R. Chauval, LLB. Rector of Great Stanmore, Middlesex, and Prebendary of St. Paul's, Samuel Homfray, Esq. of Bedwelty House, Monmouthshire, to Margaret Charlotte, second daughter of the late Lozenzo Stable, Esq. of Hanover-street, Hanover-square.
— The Rev. G. Percival Sandilands, of Bodmin, Cornwall, to Miss Renorden, of Finsbury-place.
— At Charlton, the Rev. Robert Lynam, AM. to Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Cotsworth, of Blackheath.
At Holywood, the Rev. James Blacker, son of Dean Blacker, of Carrick, County of Armagh, to Eliza, daughter of Cunningham Cregg, Esq. of Ballymanock.
16. At Clapham Church, by the Rev. W. H. Springet, MA. James, eldest son of William Norris, Esq. President of the Royal College of Surgeons, to Anne Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Alderman Rothwell.

— At St. George's, Hanover-square, Edmond Robert Daniell, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, Barrister-at-law, to Louisa Catherine, fourth daughter of Henry Peters, Esq. of Betchworth Castle, Surrey.
— At Sunninghill, Berks, by the Rev. William Haggitt, MA. Senior Chaplain of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, Henry Raper, of Lincoln's-inn, Esq. Barrister-at-law, to Georgiana, third daughter of the late John Moore, Esq. of 3d Dragoon Guards.
— At Great Marlow, Thomas Raymond Barker, of Hambledon, Bucks, Lieut.-Colonel of the West Gloucester Militia, to Elizabeth Jane, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Somers Cox, Esq.
At St. Andrew's, Holborn, John Hewitt, of Crofton Hall, county of Kent, to Ann, third daughter of the late Mr. John Horne, of Queen-street, Cheapside.
— At Paris, in the Chapel of the British Embassy, Robert Buchanan, Esq. the younger, of Drumpellier, to Sarah Maria C. Hoare, eldest daughter of Sir Joseph Willis Hoare, Bart.
20. At Gosford House, N. B. Lord Grey, eldest son of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, to Lady Catherine Charteris, third daughter of the Earl of Wemyss and March.
21. At Wanstead Church, the Rev. Walter Mayers, of Overworton, Oxon, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Mrs. Gibbern, of Wanstead, Essex.

DEATHS.

Dec. 1.—At the Rev. Lewis Ways, Spencer Farm, Essex, Major General Rowley, FRS., Colonel of the Corps of Royal Engineers.
— In his 57th year, James Walsh, Esq. Inspector of Aliens at Gravesend, and Captain of the Flamer, Custom House cutter.
— In his 86th year, Sir Harry Goring, of Higden, Sussex, Bart.
2. The Rev. John Toogood, AM., Rector of Kington Magna, Dorset, aged 82.
3. Elizabeth, the wife of M. W. J. Roper, of Duke-street, Portland-place, by the sudden rupture of a blood-vessel.
— At her house in Devonshire-place, Anna, relict of the late Thomas Davies, Esq., Advocate General at Calcutta.
— At his house, Leatherhead, Surrey, aged 72, Henry Reynell, Esq.
4. Mrs. Eustace, relict of the late General Eustace, and mother of Sir J. Eustace.
— John D'Oyly Hutchins, Esq., of Penton Lodge, Hants.
— At Albany barracks, Isle of Wight, Cosmo Alexander Gibbs, third son of Col. Ross.
At Parkhill, near Torquay, Devon, Mrs. Ottley, wife of Colonel Ottley, late of the 70th regiment.
At Stoke Newington, Thomas Smith, Esq., aged 71.
5. Universally regretted at Carlton, Monmouthshire, Mrs. Evans, widow of the late Rev. John Evans, Vicar of St. Woollas, in that county.
— At Dengethley, Herefordshire, Thomas Farmer Tuxacle, Esq., of Clifford's-inn, London.
— D. Alexander P. Buchan, son of the author of the well-known work on Domestic Medicine, late senior Physician of Westminster Hospital, &c.
— At Belsay Castle, Northumberland, after a short illness, most deeply lamented, Lady Monk, wife of Sir C. M. L. Monk, Bart., and daughter of the late Sir George Cooke, Bart., of Wheatley, Yorkshire.
At Norton, Durham, aged 26, Jane, the only daughter of Thomas Walton, Esq
6. Universally regretted, Thomas Smith, Esq., of Bersted Lodge, near Bagnor, aged 79.
— After an illness of only six days, Captain Thomas Stopford, R. N.
— At Oxford, of a typhus fever, Samuel, second son of A. R. Sidebottom, Esq., of Sloane-street.
— The Rev. James Worrall, Minister of the Presbyterian Congregation of Clonmel.
— In Portland-place, Bath, Robert Perfect, Esq., in the 71st year of his age.
10. At Hampton, Middlesex, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Hemming, aged 22.
— At Vernon-place, Bloomsbury-square, aged 11 years, fifth daughter of William Rothery, Esq.
11. At his seat at Carclew, Cornwall, aged 76, Sir Wm. Lemon, Bart., 50 years representative in Parliament for that county.
— At his brother's chambers in the Middle Temple, of a decline, in consequence of rupturing a blood-vessel, while in the performance of his duty during a homeward-bound voyage, after a four years' service in the Mediterranean, and among the Greek Isles, Mr. George Taylor, of His Majesty's ship Cambrian, aged 26.
12. After a few days illness, Mary Ann, daughter of T. M. Alsager, Esq. of Mecklenburgh-square.
— Richard Crossley, Esq. R. N. Commander of the Madras, Indiaman, after a short illness, brought on by his great exertions when that ship was unfortunately drove ashore near Portsmouth, during the gale of the 22d ult.
14. At the Vineyard, Peterborough, Mrs. Cole, wife of Martin Cole, Esq.
— At Carrick-on-Suir, Mary Banks, in her 107th year. She enjoyed her faculties to the last, and was seen at market for herself a few days prior to her decease.
16. At his house in Lincoln's-inn-fields, of a brain fever, Edward, eldest son of the late Edward Horne, Esq., of the same place.
— The wife of the Rev. Robert Todd, MA., Vicar of North Cave and Clift, and domestic chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Palmerstone.
— At Collumpton, at an advanced age, the Rev. J. Davies, nearly 30 years Minister of the Unitarian congregation.
17. At Brighton, after a long illness, Lady Williams, wife of Vice Admiral Sir Thomas Williams, KCB. of Burwood House, Surrey.

— At Ruscombe House, Berks, the Right Hon. Dowager Lady Sherborne, aged 71.
— In consequence of being run against by a horse in the Kent Road, Mr. Wm. S. T. Buchan, upwards of 30 years a clerk in the Bank.
— Suddenly, Robert Fleetwood, Esq., recently of the Victualling Office, in which upwards of 40 years of his life had been devoted to the exemplary discharge of his official duties.
18. In Baker-street, Frederica, the wife of Captain S. Hurd, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, and daughter of the late Lieut.-Gen. Wm. Wynyard.
— At Southampton, Harriet, wife of Captain Edward Fitzgerald, 30th regiment of Bengal Native Infantry.
— At an advanced age, Henry Lee, Esq., of Trehill, county of Devon.
19. At Fair Water House, near Taunton, Rear Admiral John Clarke Seare.
— Wm. Marmaduke Sellon, Esq.. of Harlesden Green, Middlesex, many years a most active and exemplary magistrate of that county.
21. Mrs. Young, the mother of Mrs. Fauntleroy, aged 71.
— In his 75th year, the Rev. Hugh Moore, one of the Ministers of the Presbyterian Congregation of Ushers Quay.
— At his residence in Kingsland Road, James Parkinson, Esq., Surgeon, late of Hoxton-square.
At the advanced age of 102 years, Colonel Des Barre, late Lieut. Governor, and Commander-in-chief of Prince Edward Island.

PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

(*From Nov.* 30 *to Dec.* 24.)

	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LAST.
3 per Cent. Consols	$95\frac{3}{4}$	$94\frac{3}{8}$	shut.
3 per Cent. Reduced	$95\frac{1}{8}$	$93\frac{3}{4}$	$94\frac{3}{4}$
$3\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Reduced	$101\frac{3}{8}$	$100\frac{1}{2}$	$100\frac{7}{8}$
New 4 per Cents	$108\frac{1}{2}$	$107\frac{3}{4}$	shut.
Long Annuities expire 1860	$23\frac{1}{16}$	$22\frac{7}{8}$	$22\frac{15}{16}$
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.	$231\frac{3}{4}$	$229\frac{1}{2}$	$229\frac{1}{2}$
India Stock, $10\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	287	285	shut.
India Bonds, $3\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	99*s.* pr.	80*s.* pr.	95*s.* pr.
Exchequer Bills, $2\frac{1}{4}$ per Cent.	57 prem.	52 prem.	55 prem.
Consols for Opening, 18th Jan.	95	$96\frac{1}{8}$	$95\frac{7}{8}$
FOREIGN FUNDS.			
Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent.	$96\frac{1}{8}$	$94\frac{1}{4}$	$95\frac{3}{4}$
Brazil ditto, ditto	$74\frac{7}{8}$	$74\frac{3}{4}$	$74\frac{7}{8}$
Buenos Ayres ditto, 6 per Cent.	——	——	$88\frac{1}{8}$
Chilian ditto, ditto	$80\frac{3}{4}$	76	$80\frac{3}{4}$
Colombian ditto 1822, ditto	$84\frac{1}{2}$	$81\frac{3}{4}$	$84\frac{1}{2}$
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto	$87\frac{3}{4}$	84	$87\frac{3}{4}$
Danish ditto, 5 per Cent.	$104\frac{1}{2}$	$103\frac{1}{2}$	$104\frac{1}{2}$
Greek ditto, ditto	$60\frac{1}{2}$	$53\frac{3}{4}$	$57\frac{3}{4}$
Mexican ditto, ditto	$71\frac{1}{4}$	$66\frac{1}{2}$	$71\frac{1}{4}$
Neapolitan ditto, ditto	$91\frac{1}{8}$	$90\frac{7}{8}$	$90\frac{7}{8}$
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent.	$75\frac{1}{4}$	$72\frac{1}{2}$	75
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent.	89	$87\frac{3}{4}$	$88\frac{1}{4}$
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto	101	$100\frac{1}{2}$	$100\frac{1}{2}$
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto	102	$101\frac{1}{2}$	$101\frac{3}{4}$
Russian ditto, ditto	$96\frac{1}{4}$	$95\frac{1}{8}$	96
Spanish ditto, ditto	$23\frac{1}{4}$	$22\frac{1}{8}$	$22\frac{1}{4}$

NEW SERIES. No. II.

CONTENTS OF THE

LONDON MAGAZINE AND REVIEW

FOR FEBRUARY 1, 1825.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANSWERS to all those Correspondents who have favoured us with the offer of their contributions, will be found on application at our publishers' in the course of the first week of every month.

ERRATUM.

P. 221, line 10 from bottom, in Napoleon's conversation with M. Daru, *for* "I am as you may then," *read*, "I am in your way then."

THE

LONDON MAGAZINE

AND

REVIEW.

FEBRUARY 1, 1825.

MEN, MEASURES AND MANNERS IN FRANCE, AT THE OPENING OF THE SESSION OF 1825.

THE notions generally entertained in England of French society are derived from those descriptions of it which appertain to a period anterior to the revolution; but since that event the state of society in France has undergone three or four changes. Indeed its character has been so altered, that we can confidently assert that the manners of the higher classes of Vienna, Berlin, and even of London, resemble more nearly those of the same classes in France, at the time when Mesdames Polignac and d'Epinay flourished, than they do the actual manners of the present French aristocracy. To supply, then, as far as in us lies, this want of accurate information, we shall here offer an impartial sketch of the present state of French society. As it is probable, from the actual aspect of politics, and the marked influence the reasonable and moderate Duke d'Angoulême is likely to exercise over public affairs, that the present modification of manners may be of several years' duration, the description we mean to give may merit some attention. Without this probability of duration it would not be worthy of any serious notice. We shall commence by speaking of the king and some other members of the reigning family, after which will follow, in regular succession, the leading characters of the government, the nobles, the rich, the manufacturers, the small landed proprietors, and lastly the peasantry—the class which has gained the most by the revolution, and which, in case of civil dissensions, must furnish the human *materiel* of war.

For the last 30 years French society has changed according to the phases of the government. It may be said to have been almost annihilated under the reign of terror. On awaking from the state of apathy in which it remained during the sway of the parties repre-

sented by Robespierre and Danton, it assumed a reckless and inordinate gaiety. Then followed the aristocracy of wealth, which arose under the Directory, when all sorts of adventurers, gamblers, and swindlers, whose manners had been formed during the last years of the reign of Louis XVI. assembled around the director Barras. Dishonesty and unbridled immorality were the characteristic traits of society from 1797 to 1800; after which the ambition of General Bonaparte introduced into France a moral and almost prudish severity. Never have the public morals in that country been so pure as from 1800 to 1809. At this latter period the foolish desire of having a court, and the mania for imitating the kings of Europe, took possession of Napoleon. At the court some disorders took place, which however were rigorously suppressed as soon as Napoleon was convinced that there would arise greater scandal from tolerating than from punishing them.

This rapid enumeration of the various changes through which society has run in France, within so short a space of time, may serve to prove, that as there is nothing *solidly established* in the country, the manners of its higher classes will still follow, for another half-century, the nature of the new interests created by the various forms of government that may succeed each other. It is necessary, in order to comprehend thoroughly the manners likely to be prevalent for some time, to examine with attention the action of the government of Charles X. upon France. It cannot be said that the Bourbons were established in France, until the late war in Spain. This war was unprincipled; it has probably retarded for half a century, if not much more, the civilization of Spain; it has been the cause of a thousand assassinations, and of wide-spread desolation; but nevertheless it cannot be denied, that it has established the Bourbons in France. It is only since the taking of Cadiz, that the Bourbons can boast of having a devoted and efficient army. It was only philosophers who knew, before that grand experiment tried by the firing of the first cannon at the Bidassoa, that in France the great majority of the army are for those who pay them. For a short time after a change of masters they may show a little sulkiness, but "ere the shoes are old with which they followed" their former leader, they will display equal courage and *fidelity* in the cause of him to whom they look for pay and promotion. French officers and non-commissioned officers, who have made eight or ten campaigns, and have become habituated to the service, dread only two evils, which are *ennui* and the neglect into which they fall during peace. The common soldiers of the present French army are, almost without exception, peasants torn from the plough by the conscription; for the policy of the Bourbons has been to prevent as much as possible the sons of the little proprietors, who have received some tincture of education, from entering the service; whereas, under Napoleon, it was especially this class that formed the strength of his armies. These *peasant-soldiers* weep a little the first month after joining their regiments; after which, if it be a time of peace, their sole desire is for the expira-

tion of their five years of service, when they may return to their villages. If, on the contrary, they are sent into the field, they soon acquire a taste for their bloody trade. At the commencement of the Spanish campaign, in many regiments 1500 strong there were but 50 men who had even seen a shot fired; of these 50, 40 were supposed by the liberals and Bonapartists to be adorers of Napoleon and devotedly attached to his family. Upon these considerations, many fine theories were raised; but what did the events of the campaign show—1st, that the 1450 men of each regiment who had never smelt powder, behaved themselves gallantly, and at the end of two years, may be considered as good soldiers as the Russians, the best in Europe, because they unite a blind devotedness to bravery; the second result has been, that the impartiality of the Duke d'Angoulême, the marked displeasure with which here pressed the insolent pretensions of the *gardes de corps*, and above all the prospect of touching at the end of every month their war appointments, added to their dread of the *ennui* of a half-pay life in a provincial town, have converted to the political faith of the Bourbons 45 at least of the 50 men per regiment who had served under Napoleon. The five men per regiment whose eyes still fill with tears on hearing the names of Austerlitz, Jena, and Napoleon; the 100 or 150 generals on half-pay, who still preserve similar sentiments; and the 4000 or 5000 Frenchmen who love Bonaparte and his family more than they do liberty, and the two Chambers, are convinced that there is but very little probability of success for any effort in favour of Napoleon II. The greater number of them, indeed, are only anxious to find a decent pretext to transfer their blind devotion from Napoleon to the Bourbon dynasty. The Bourbons make common cause with the Holy Alliance (an adherence repugnant to the feelings of the great majority of the nation), in the hope of preventing the Emperor of Austria from supporting with an army the pretension of young Napoleon. Lucien Bonaparte and Cardinal Fesch are men of superior talents, who might, with a little encouragement from a high quarter, undertake to give a crown to their nephew.

The little probability of a revolution in favour of this boy in France, is founded upon the personal characters of Charles X. and the Dauphin, and even upon that of the Dauphiness. Ludicrous as it may appear, one of not the least efficient causes of the popularity of Charles X. is the circumstance of his being able, notwithstanding his 67 years, to mount on horseback and ride 12 or 15 leagues in a day. Besides—his fear of being disturbed in the enjoyment of his commodious palace of the Tuileries, and forced to undertake a journey to Ghent, like Louis XVIII. in 1815; a much less exaggerated idea of his *right divine* to rule over France than the late monarch, considerably less obstinacy and hypocrisy, and less intellect, and probably a feeling of chivalrous regard for his oath: all these reasons, which are secrets to no one, but are openly discussed in the saloons of Paris, lead to the belief, that when Charles X. shall have sworn to maintain the charter (in the month of

May at Rheims), we shall have a government, still no doubt strongly biassed in favour of the Ultra party, and tending every year to become more and more anti-constitutional, but nevertheless, considering all things, of a tolerably moderate complexion. Charles X. is a man of no capacity for public affairs; it is with difficulty he can be made to comprehend the simplest report of his ministers. It is for this reason that the Dauphin has been called to a share in his councils. When Charles X. finds himself more firmly seated on the throne, it is more than probable that he will resume the ideas he entertained before 1789; in which case the only barrier to the absurd measures that would then succeed each other with a ludicrous rapidity, would be in the personal character of Louis Antoine, Dauphin of France, now aged 49 years. The extremely irritable nerves of this prince render it impossible for him to remain in the same attitude a single instant, and consequently precludes him from assuming an easy and majestic deportment. Now, for a monarch to secure the admiration of the French, it is necessary that he should exhibit a grave and pompous demeanour, show himself frequently on horseback, and issue once a month at least a remarkable decree that may furnish matter of conversation to his subjects. The outward appearance of the Dauphin, and the state of perpetual motion in which his body is, deprive him of all chance, we had almost said of all claim, to the admiring veneration of the French people; but as a compensation, it is not improbable but that he may secure their affections. The severest thing that even those who like him least will be able to say of him, is "that he was the least hurtful of a choice of evils; for since the 800,000 men that Russia has in readiness to let loose upon France hinder us from choosing a government, we may think ourselves indebted to fate for having given us a king, to whom so few serious objections can be made."

The future prosperity of France rests upon two hopes; first, that the extremely well regulated, though very scantily informed mind of the Dauphin may enable him to dissuade his father (a few months hence when his fears shall have subsided) from committing errors of too dangerous or ridiculous a nature; and secondly, that when he shall himself ascend the throne as Louis XIX. (an event which in all probability may happen within the next four years) he may, like Louis XIII. have sufficient discrimination to choose a man of talent for his minister, and sufficient firmness to maintain him in power.

Were the Dauphin to make choice of a ministry in January, 1825, it is generally understood that Messrs. Roy and Portal would be at the head of it. These two individuals, though peers of France, belonged but a few years ago to the middle class of society. M. Portal, a protestant, was a merchant at Bourdeaux, and dabbled a little in the slave trade; he is a man of great application, and rises every morning at four o'clock. M. Roy has amassed an income of 600,000 francs by fortunate speculations in the buying and selling of the estates of the noblesse. We have

stopped to say a few words upon Messrs. Roy and Portal, as their characters may throw some light upon that of the prince who esteems them.

It may not here be amiss to mention three anecdotes of the Dauphin. The first will show his almost total want of education, a defect common to the Bourbons, with the exception of the late king, and which is the result of the influence of the royal confessors. The two last will prove this prince's habits of application and pains-taking. Louis XVIII. named the Duke d'Angoulême some years ago protector of the polytechnic school, that admirable institution for which the French are indebted to the genius of Monge and Lagrange; but the result of whose labours Napoleon endeavoured to destroy, from his profound fear of the spread of knowledge. However, neither this despot nor the Bourbons have dared to suppress this inimitable institution. From the polytechnic school have issued and spread themselves over France between 4000 and 5000 men of enlarged capacities and profound knowledge in the natural sciences. One of the present professors of this school is M. Arago, one of the very small number of *savans*, who have preserved independence of character and not yielded to the corruptions of power. In this point of view M. Arago may be considered the antipode of the celebrated Cuvier, the most devoted worshipper of those who happen to have the distribution of the state loaves and fishes. Some ten years ago M. Arago ascended in a balloon with M. Gay Lussac to make some experiments upon the temperature of the air; they reached an elevation of 3200 fathoms. The Duke d'Angoulême before visiting, as if by *surprise*, the polytechnic school, took care to learn some particulars relative to the professors whom he should find lecturing at nine o'clock in the morning, the hour of his visit. Amongst other circumstances communicated to his Royal Highness on this occasion, M. Arago's aërial voyage was of course not omitted. The prince on his arrival at the polytechnic school first entered the room where M. Arago was lecturing a numerous class of young men, already far advanced in physical science. The Duke, in the course of his conversation with the Professor, said loud enough to be heard by all those present—" M. Professor, you must have found it very hot when up in the air—nearer the sun by 3200 fathoms." M. Arago in vain sought, in the most delicate manner, to make the Prince understand his mistake; he only furnished fresh occasion to his Royal Highness to repeat two or three times over this singular proof of ignorance, the absurdity of which the view of the first mountain covered with snow should have kept him from committing. It was only when he read in the secret police-report the account of the effect of his compliment upon the students, that he became aware of his mistake. His aides-de-camp sought to console him by saying, that a knowledge of these abstract truths might be very necessary to obscure *bourgeois*, who studied the sciences for their livelihood, but were little worthy of the attention of the great ones of the earth. To this fine piece of consolation the Prince replied in an angry tone, that " they (the aides-de-camp) were more *bêtes* than himself."

The two following anecdotes will show the love which animates him for the public good, and the pains which he has taken to acquire information:—One day he took M. Roy aside and said to him—" I also have made a constitution,—here it is;" at the same time giving him a huge paper book; " read it, and give me your opinion of it. Do not suppose that I think of putting it in execution, if I should be called to the throne, for I am bound by the oath which I took to maintain the charter of Louis XVIII." M. Roy read this constitution; it was little better than school-boy work; but what was most singular in it was, the exceedingly limited power it gave to the king. This constitution had been framed by the Duke d'Angoulême before 1814. On another occasion the prince sent for a celebrated jurisconsult (whom we could, but shall not name), and said to him—" I have made a commentary upon the *code civil*, tell me what you think of it." This commentary was at one and the same time a monument of the extreme ignorance, goodness of heart, and indefatigable industry of its author.

Louis XVIII. entertained but a slender opinion of the Dukes of Angoulême and Berry, because these princes sometimes made grammatical mistakes in speaking French, than which nothing so soon irritated this monarch, who had a strong dose of pedantry in his composition. Louis XVIII. was profoundly learned in the complicated science of etiquette, a study almost as laborious and difficult to master as that of the law. For it is necessary to learn by heart a multitude of ancient ordonnances and descriptions of old usages and ceremonies forming three volumes 4to. The Duke d'Angoulême's horror of this species of erudition was another failing in the eyes of his royal uncle. Happily for France the Duke d'Angoulême is either ignorant or heedless of the distinctions made between the old and new noblesse. It may be right to state that it is only within the last 50 years that certain titles carry any importance with them. Before that time, for instance, the Duke de Fleury was not considered a *gentilhomme*. A Chevalier de Rohan, a Count de Latrimouille, or a Vicomte de Montmorency, would have considered themselves insulted if put upon a par with the Duke de Fleury, and others of the same standing. Those who are curious with regard to those matters may consult a memoir *sur la Noblesse de la Cour*, published by order of the parliament of Paris about the year 1680. It is a very singular work, and but little known, though reprinted in 1817. The kings of France, particularly since Louis XIII. and XIV. were not only persuaded that they were endowed by heaven with the most entire and absolute property in the persons and goods of the French people, but that they ought in conscience to exercise this right by means of 200 families really noble, and whose ancestors had crusaded to the Holy Land. Louis XV. swerved but little from the strictness of this maxim, and for Louis XVIII. it was an article of belief. Incredible as it may seem, yet it appears that Louis XVIII. even while residing at Hartwell, never for a moment doubted but that he, his brother, and his nephews, should one day re-ascend the French throne. He sincerely believed that God had

made over in full property the human species to four or five families, and particularly to those of Bourbon and Hapsbourg. It was in vain that some of his ministers sought to convince him that all Europe was threatened by the fangs of Russia, and that the present arrangement of things in the south of Europe was merely owing to the want of energy or ambition in Alexander. Louis XVIII. only replied, disdainfully smiling—" The family of Romanzoff cannot be considered as the chosen of heaven!" It was equally in vain that his ministers endeavoured to dissuade him from the execution of an absurd measure, by stating that it might compromise the safety of the throne. A bitter and haughty smile was the only answer to such insinuations. The Duke de Richelieu, hazarding an observation of this kind to him on a similar occasion, met with the following rebuff—" Is it a Richelieu who so far forgets the name he has the honour of bearing, as to make use of such language to me? Leave such baseness, *Monsieur le Duc,* to the Mounièrs and the Pasquièrs." Thus expressing his contempt for those two men of talent on account of their want of birth. These details are authentic, and will be confirmed by any one who has mixed in good society in Paris, where they may be heard from the very lips of one or other of the 30 or 40 ministers whom Louis XVIII. has had in the course of his reign.

The principal cause of the poor opinion entertained by the late king of his brother and nephews was their total ignorance of this science of nobility, which prevented them from perceiving the immeasurable distinction there existed between a Marquis de Colbert and a Marquis de Grammont, or Vicomte de Soubise. This monarch looked upon the Duke d'Angoulême almost as a Jacobin, whenever he ventured to speak in terms of praise of a man whose ancestors had not been to the Holy Land. This was a cause of serious alarm to his Majesty, for he dreaded that the *right divine* conferred by heaven upon the family of the Bourbons, would run some risk of being encroached upon should the Duke d'Angoulême take with him to the throne sentiments so unworthy of a true legitimate. Louis XVIII. was perfectly sincere in his belief of *divine right;* for this monarch, though learned, was incapable of reasoning. All that struck him in books or conversation was beauty of language or correctness of phrase. This was so well understood by his ministers that, after a little practice, their reports to him were nothing more than a cento of phrases selected from his writings or conversation; and whenever a minister succeeded in composing a report almost entirely with these coinages of the royal brain, Louis signed the accompanying ordonnance without reading it. Merit and talent were in his estimation almost indicative of Jacobinism; however, fortunately for France and himself, they are the most powerful recommendations in the eyes of the Duke d'Angoulême.

As already observed, to understand the distinctions existing between various branches of the noblesse is extremely difficult. For it is only since the last half of the last century, that the title of duke even con-

veyed any consideration, all the other titles were adopted at will; besides, as the French nobles take their titles from the names of their estates, the sons generally bear a name different from that of the father, so that it requires a considerable effort of memory to distinguish, amongst the hundred thousand nobles of France, the descendants of the 200 or 300 families, who took a part in the holy wars. The attainment of this genealogical knowledge, is not only beyond the reach of the Duke d'Angoulême; but is, in a great measure, held in contempt by him. This prince is well pleased that those about him should be noble; but it is very indifferent to him, whether their nobility be derived from an office of treasurer of France, purchased under Louis XV. or have descended from a captain of a hundred men at arms under Charles VIII. The dauphin loves to encourage merit; and when he can find this quality joined to noble birth, all the desired conditions are fulfilled in his opinion. But a quality, which surpasses, in his estimation, nobleness of birth, and also, unfortunately, merit, is devotion to the Catholic faith. The importance that he attaches to this point, may be judged of by the following fact: M. Franchet, the police minister, requires the booksellers of Paris to furnish him with a list of all the books they sell, and the names of the purchasers, and the man whose name shall appear in these lists opposite the works of Voltaire, the *Origine des Cultes* of Dupuis, and similar productions, may rest assured, that he is lost for ever in the good opinion of the Duke d'Angoulême. The extreme ignorance of this virtuous prince, arising from the wretched education given him, and the almost isolated state in which he had been kept by the absurd etiquette adopted by the Bourbon family, forced him to take his notions upon men and things from the conversation of his aides-de-camp, and of the principal officers of his household. Now it so unfortunately happened, that a collection of more complete *imbeciles* than those composing his household, until the Spanish war, it would be in vain to seek for even in the saloons of the Fauxbourg St. Germain. Such was the predominant influence of folly and ignorance in the persons composing this prince's establishment, before he took the command of the Spanish expedition, that the very few persons of any experience attached to him adopted the prudent resolution of saying nothing, or at least as little as possible. In those very moments, when the dynasty of the Bourbons was most seriously threatened, the only topics of general conversation in the saloons of the Tuileries were, the details of the last stag hunt, some edifying anecdotes drawn from the lives of the saints, or a discussion relative to the foundation of *St. Germain l'Auxerois,* or some other church in the neighbourhood of the palace. To have talked upon these occasions of the government of Louis XIV. or to have hazarded an anecdote of the ministers Louvois and Chamillard, or the marshal Villeroy, would have been considered a singular imprudence (unless in the saloon of Louis XVIII.), and might have brought upon the speaker the reputation of being a philosopher; the greatest misfortune that could possibly

happen to a courtier of the present family. Except in this last particular, the war of Spain has wrought an entire change, not only in the Duke d'Angoulême, but in his wife, and in his court.

This campaign may really be considered as this prince's first acquaintance with the world. It is certainly arriving rather late at 48 years of age to this species of knowledge. But such is the result of that *chef d'œuvre* of absurdity invented by the Jesuits, and which is called *Education,* when applied to a prince of the House of Bourbon. It is at the age of 48, that the excellent Duke d'Angoulême, the honestest man, probably, that enters the castle of the Tuileries, has met with difficulties which he was obliged to vanquish by his own efforts; in a word, it is his first step in *experience.* Now if there be any princes in Europe who have need of experience to keep them from falling, and probably perishing, most certainly the princes of the House of Bourbon are such. It is to the Spanish war, so fatal to that devoted country, so useful, we repeat it, to France, by having *commenced the education* of the dauphin, that the prince and his wife are indebted for the partial dispersion of those mists of absurdity and bigotry in which they have been wandering from their earliest infancy. In order to make Englishmen comprehend so singular a fact as this, it is necessary to state, that when a Bourbon grants an audience to any one, the person so honoured knows beforehand what he is to hear, and prepares his reply accordingly; to swerve from this protocol would be considered in France a breach of what are called *les convenances,* and be looked upon as ridiculous, even by the liberals. From this it results, that a Bourbon prince is condemned never to hear the accents of truth and sincerity,—never to know the charms or utility of real conversation. But, in Spain, the dauphin, having to struggle against various difficulties, and resist the Duke de Belluno, then Minister of War, who wished to direct his movements, chose for his favourite and adviser, General Guilleminot, the chief of his staff, a man of considerable adroitness, and who had served his apprenticeship as a courtier near the person of Eugene Beauharnois, at Milan, where this adopted son of Napoleon held a splendid and military court, in imitation of the great prototype at Paris. In intellect and positive knowledge Eugene Beauharnois was not very much superior to the Duke d'Angoulême; his greatest advantage over him was his being fully aware of the machinations of the priesthood. The prince had been scarcely 15 days with the army in Spain, and as soon as the favour enjoyed by General Guilleminot was known in Paris, when the ultras had recourse to one of those favourite measures, which they had already played off so successfully at Lyons, at Colmar, &c. They got up a pretended conspiracy, in order to destroy the Duke d'Angoulême's confidence in General Guilleminot and his officers. They did not dare to arrest the general himself; but they had his aide-de-camp arrested. This mock conspiracy was a thunder-bolt for the single-hearted and unsuspecting prince. He now for the first time in his life, and remark

that he is 48 years of age, was led to suppose the possibility of a priest or an ultra being a knave, and of a Jacobin, such as General Guilleminot, being a man of honour. As he advanced from the Bidassoa to Cadiz, there was scarcely a day's march that did not furnish additional proofs of the machinations of the priests and the ultras, the only two classes of persons in whom he had placed any confidence before the Spanish war. At Madrid, the ultras, in order to inspire him with indignation against the constitutionalists, resorted to the atrocious expedient of setting fire to the church in which he was accustomed to hear mass. And as if something more were yet wanting to open his eyes, the *gardes de corps* refused to obey his orders for marching, because it had been transmitted by the revolutionary general, Guilleminot. The Duke d'Angoulême, already profiting by even the short lesson of experience he had taken, resolved, that the insolent corps should neither do duty near his person, nor have the honour of fighting while in Spain. The ordonnance of Andujar, which astonished all Europe, would have been remarkable under any circumstance, as emanating from so timid a character; but it is more peculiarly deserving of attention, when it is recollected, that this ordonnance was really an excess of authority. Reason and humanity induced this prince to overstep the strict limits of his power. He would himself, before his Spanish campaign, have deemed such an assumption as the result of Jacobinism and philosophy.

The change produced by the result of the war in Spain upon the character of the future queen of France, the dauphiness, is still more remarkable. This princess, hitherto so haughty, so prejudiced, and, as it was said by some, so inclined to vengeance, has become a model of good sense and moderation. At a public dinner given in honour of her Royal Highness at Bordeaux, she remarked, that a certain officer, the son of a regicide, whose rank entitled him to be present, did not appear. She inquired of the prefect the reason of his absence; and on being told, that it was on account of his father having voted the death of the king, she immediately refused to sit down to dinner, until the officer in question had been sent for, and presented to her. This unheard of breach of etiquette in a princess of the royal blood waiting dinner for a subject, and moreover that subject not a noble, horrified Louis XVIII. The grand-daughter of Maria Theresa, and the daughter of Louis XVI. saturated with the unmeaning and hereditary flatteries of the noblesse, and sick to nausea of the eternal declamations upon the antiquity of her race by Chateaubriand, and other manufacturers of phrases, is now proud, and proud as a *parvenue*, of being the wife of a *celebrated general*. For this princess has succeeded in convincing herself, that there was really a *war* in Spain. She has even become so warlike in her taste, that she hesitates not to express openly her admiration for Napoleon, and fatigues her royal eyes in reading the admirable memoirs of Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, upon the former campaign in

Catalonia. The dauphiness begins to think tedious, and even absurd, the high-bred prattle of the old court ladies, and has been more than once heard seriously asking, "What has the husband of such a duchess done?" At this philosophic, and almost Jacobinical question, the very foundations of the Tuileries seem to tremble, and the priests, who had so confidently hoped to govern Louis XIX. by means of his wife, turn pale. In a word, this princess has become reasonable; it is not to be expected, that she will ever become seductive; for owing to an obtuseness of feeling, and the total absence of the lighter graces of female intellect, her conversation is arid and unattractive; and this is the more particularly remarkable in an age, when an over-excited sentimentality is the reigning characteristic of conversation, at least in Paris, where may be seen pretenders to the pathetic, who are deeply engaged in the infamous slave-trade, indulging in all the luxury of sensibility over the sufferings of a dog that has had its leg broken.

However, the French have good reason to be satisfied with the change already apparent in the character of the dauphiness. The moderation remarkable in her sentiments at present, the desire to be humane and just, the decided inclination to acknowledge and recompense useful actions, in preference to the pretensions of high birth, are traits which were certainly not so strongly pronounced before the Spanish campaign. The dauphiness, hitherto so precise in her ideas, has even gone so far as to join with all Paris in laughing at the silliness of M. Sosthenes de la Rochefoucauld, aide-de-camp to the king, and *moral* and *religious* director of the Grand Opera. She has even become convinced of the dulness of the Duke Mathieu de Montmorency, notwithstanding the astonishing fervour of his devotion, which made him some time back profess a vow of continence, and separate from his wife. The time is not long passed, when the Duchess d'Angoulême would have looked upon such an action as a sublime effort of virtue; it is even said, that she has expressed her disapprobation of the late refusal (Nov. 1824) by a priest to perform the service of the church over the body of a M. Latrobe, at Troyes. This refusal was countenanced by M. de Boulogne, Bishop of Troyes, who, it is well known, has always in his palace a very pretty niece, and who is changed, from time to time, for another niece equally pretty, as nearly related to her episcopal uncle. In the remarks attributed to the Duchess d'Angoulême upon the above occasion, it is said, she made a very adroit allusion to the circumstance just mentioned.

We fear we have dwelt too long upon the characters of the future Louis XIX. and his queen. But in a despotic country like France, and with a budget of a thousand millions at his disposal, the personal character of the sovereign must most materially influence the tone of the government. The two chambers have been established in France only 10 years, and yet already is the Chamber of Deputies bought and sold. Such an assembly, thus devoted, is one of the surest

supports of absolute power. It is cheating the people with a show of freedom; for the voting of taxes by those very persons who are to share in their produce, though such a mockery satisfies, in some measure, the simple and short-sighted part of the community, at the same time furnishes the wily and the rapacious with a *pretexte honnête* for selling themselves.

We shall not dwell long upon the characters of the present ministers, who are liable to be changed every moment. M. de Villèle will descend to posterity as the Walpole of France. It is he who has set up a regular tarif for the consciences of Frenchmen. He is a very adroit personage, though naturally of a blunt and unamiable disposition. He seeks to make no converts by his conversation, for two good reasons; the first, that nature has denied him the qualities necessary to captivate the hearts of Frenchmen; and secondly, he takes a shorter cut to their conviction; his arguments are directed only pocket high. After being a Jacobin in 1793, M. de Villèle went to the Isle of France, in the capacity of midshipman. He there married a lady, whose grandmother had been a slave from Madagascar (Madame de Bassin). We afterwards find M. de Villèle Mayor of Toulouse under Napoleon; the functions of which dignity, it is but justice to state, he filled to the general satisfaction. It was there that his financial talents, which he certainly possesses in a very eminent degree, were first revealed. Of these talents, the best proof is the present prosperous state of the French finances; though such is the want of order in certain quarters, that the supplies granted for the civil list are exhausted every year, by the month of August. Besides providing for these deficiencies, M. de Villèle has had to pay, for the last two or three years, immense sums to Madame du Cayla, on whom, a short time previous to his death, Louis XVIII. wished to settle an income of 500,000 francs. M. de Villèle is understood to have amassed a fortune amounting to several millions, by what means it is easier to conjecture, than safe to say; but, that the source whence he drew them was an abundant one, would appear from his having allowed, as it is said, Madame du Cayla, and M. Sosthenes de la Rochefoucauld, the fortunate rival of Louis XVIII. in his lady's affections, to draw from the same mine. If it be true, as reported, that the Minister of Finance, and the most famous of European bankers, are no longer upon terms, the latter might, if he wished, give some curious information, relative to this *El Dorado*. What may be considered disgraceful to the French character is, that Madame du Cayla is looked up to with respect as a devotee, and that M. de Villèle on quitting the ministry (provided he does so with several millions in his pocket) will not incur public reprobation.

The other ministers are little better than the head clerks of the president of the council. M. de Corbière, who is a Breton, is a man of narrow views, but of considerable firmness, and even obstinacy of character. M. de Peyronnet, predecessor of M. Sosthenes de la Roche-

foucauld in the heart of Madame du Cayla, has all the petulance and presumption of a *parvenu*. M. de Damas may be said to scandalize his colleagues, by his unblemished probity. M. de Chateaubriand, who thought to play the same *golden* game as M. de Villèle, had too much poetry in his head to make a good financier, and succeeded only in ruining himself, and the husbands of his mistresses. These strange doings, however, do not prevent him from being considered the chief of the devout party in France, where, but in too many respects, there is a rapid return towards the usages in vogue under Louis XIV.; influence of confessors, mistresses, and persecution of heretics. The manners of the present time, however, being less ferocious, the heretics of the day, who are the men of letters, are not sent to the stake, but only to St. Pelagie, or the prison of Poissy, where they are placed in the same apartment with the refuse of society, the galley convicts, not only morally, but physically repulsive from filth and disease. For a proof of this, see a book entitled, *Histoire de ma Translation, par M. Magellon.*

Each prefect takes his tone from the minister. One half of these departmental sovereigns are lay Jesuits (*Jesuits de robe courte*), like Messrs. Mathieu de Montmorency and Franchet. The other half know and dread, like M. de Villèle, the power of the Jesuits, and, in order to keep their places, show themselves but too willing to second, or at least connive at, the furtherance of their most unjust and dangerous projects.

The priests, from one end of France to the other, consider themselves independent of the civil authorities, and not only disregard the laws when it is their fancy or their interest to do so, but even brave the king's ministers. For an example of this, it is only necessary to refer to the letter of the Cardinal, Archbishop of Toulouse (inserted in the French papers), in which he boasts of not having deigned even to reply to the repeated orders of the Minister of the Interior, relative to the reading in the ecclesiastical seminaries the propositions adopted by the clergy of France in 1682. Even the foulest crimes, committed by clergymen, seem to carry impunity with them. Witness the case of the curate, Mongrat, of St. Quentin, (department of the Isere) who having failed in seducing one of his parishioners, a young and handsome married woman, inveigled her into his apartment, under pretence of hearing her confession, and then, after violating her, cut her body in pieces and threw it into the Isere. This man might have been arrested, but justice on this occasion was slow; he escaped into the territories of the King of Sardinia. This monarch, who had immediately delivered over to the French authorities Didier, accused of conspiracy, would of course not have refused doing the same by the wretch Mongrat, but it is known that a certain illustrious female at Paris requested the Minister of the Interior not to demand his being given up.

However, some recent circumstances have tended to open the eyes of

some members of the royal family upon the presumption of the priesthood. The insolent refusal of the clergy of Paris to form part of the magnificent procession which accompanied the body of Louis XVIII. to St. Denis, because they wished that the royal remains should have been first carried to the church of *Notre Dame,* as was the case on the death of Henry IV. gave rise to an observation very generally assented to even at court, that if Louis XVIII. had not had the weakness to allow the priests to usurp a part of the royal authority, they would not have dared to refuse appearing at his funeral. Since 1815, the clergy and the noblesse, guided in common by the Cardinal de la Luzerne, the Abbé Duke de Montesquieu, Messrs. de Chateaubriand, de Villèle, de Vitroles, &c., have been conspiring to destroy the constitutional system still but in its infancy, and to get possession of all the vantage grounds of power by means and for the benefit of the occult government * and afterwards to re-establish the *ancien régime,* for this is the only word to which the hearts of the nobles and the clergy beat truly in response. The resuscitation of the *ancien régime* is for them a return to youth and happiness. However, as they neared the goal of their wishes, some of the most enlightened amongst them became startled by the warnings of that Nestor of diplomacy and political delinquency, the Prince Talleyrand. This skilful statesman, who for the last 30 years has evinced such a political second-sight in foreseeing the coming destinies of France, has demonstrated to the ultras in various memoirs, that it is impossible to restore the *ancien régime;* for the people will never consent, unless cajoled by the vote of the two Chambers, to pay a thousand millions of francs in taxes, with that unmurmuring exactitude that marks the payment of their present contributions. "To succeed in such a project," M. Talleyrand has said, "you must place all the printing presses in the hands of government, and, in a word, the king must be the only printer in the kingdom."

This observation revealed to M. de Chateaubriand his position. This man of talent, in becoming after his first work a convert to the orthodoxy of power, has gained by his pen a peerage, embassies, a place in the ministry, the *cordons bleux* of France and Russia, and a revenue of 150,000 francs during some years. But M. de Chateaubriand now perceives that his fate is similar to that of those able generals who, during a time of war, are honoured, flattered, and rewarded, but in a dull piping time of peace, are thrown by as useless. If no more republican pamphlets issue from the press, if legitimacy have no longer any enemies to combat, then M. Chateaubriand's "occupation's gone." Such during the last year has been the position of this arch-hypocrite and clever arranger of sonorous phrases. After the war in Spain, the acquisition of a devoted army to the Bourbons, and the lost battle of the elections,

* Denounced by M. Madier de Nismes. See his *brochure*, in which he has advanced nothing but what is strictly true.

the cause of the country was despaired of, and no one any longer thought of either writing or reading liberal pamphlets. The game being over, advice was of no utility. M. de Pradt was silent. Benjamin Constant wrote religious sentimentality, M. Courièr was afraid, and M. Etienne, who owes his celebrity to the *Nain Jaune,* trembled for the fate of the *Constitutionnel,* which brings him in 80,000 francs a year. From the moment that the liberal party thus sunk into silence and stupor, M. Chateaubriand became useless with all his value, and was turned out of the ministry with as little ceremony as is used in discharging a temporary lackey. It was in vain that he wrote pamphlet upon pamphlet; the first was read, the second a little talked of, but the third passed *incognito* from the press to oblivion. Stung with rage and disappointment, he raised the standard of revolt against the clergy, who can only prosper by paralyzing the press, their direct enemy.

This was the first cause of division between the clergy and the noblesse. The division first showed itself between the chiefs of both parties, and then the journals, which exercise a most extensive influence in France, took up the war-cry. A second incentive to the discord that is beginning to blaze between the priests and the noblesse is, that the latter may be said to have gained their cause, they have got possession of the prefectures, the colonelcies, and all the Chamber of Peers belongs to them, and the majority of the Chamber of Deputies. Though they do not preside in the tribunals, because they are incapacitated by their ignorance and hatred of a serious occupation, yet there are few provincial courts that do not incline with deference to their wishes. Though it cannot be said that the present French judges are actually accessible to pecuniary bribes, yet, unfortunately, it may be affirmed that they are but too amenable to the influence of the clergy and the noblesse. There are, no doubt, to be found in each *Cour Royale* some men of probity and independence, but these are noted down by M. Peyronnet, the present worthy Minister of Justice, as rank Jacobins. This impartial distributor of legal honours seems to have resolved to give the place of president or *procureur general* to no one who has not, by some striking act of servility, as M. Mangin de Saumur (in the affair of General Berton), given a pledge of utter subserviency to government.

Though the nobles do not hold the reins of power, they being both too ignorant and indolent, yet they may be said to possess the exercise of power, as its execution is almost exclusively (with the exception of the tribunals) in their hands. They have also all that portion of it which gives eclat, and ministers to their pride and vanity, such as the great offices of state; and M. de Villèle, in choosing his under ministers, thought it prudent to have one at least amongst them bearing a distinguished name (M. Clermont de Tonnere, Minister of Marine); and, indeed, it is well known that he would have given the six departments of the ministry, particularly that of the Keeper of the Seals and Minister of Justice, to possessors of ancient titles, but that he could not find

amongst the bearers of these illustrious names sufficient capacity or activity for the offices in question. It thus appears that if the noblesse are not at the helm of affairs, it is because they are satisfied with state *honours,* and too lazy to qualify themselves for its labours.

The clergy are far from occupying so favoured a position as the noblesse have attained. The latter have every thing, or at least all that they wish for; the former have nothing. The clergy receive a certain salary from the state. But the Minister of Finance might, upon the breaking out of a new war, or upon any other occasion of financial embarrassment, write to all the bishops, stating that there was a deficiency of funds in the treasury, and that their salaries must in consequence be reduced to 8 or 10,000 francs a year. It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the satisfaction which such a circular from the Minister of Finance would give to the majority of Frenchmen. It is this precariousness of position that urges the clergy to make such daring attempts at regaining something of their former independence; they must, in fact, either conquer or perish. Besides the necessity which urges them, they are also moved by a sentiment of pride. It is with a sense of the most stinging humiliation that the French bishops see themselves *salaried* by the state; they, the successors of those haughty and ambitious prelates who only after due deliberation consented to pay voluntary contributions (*dons gratuits*) to even Louis XIV. to be thus obliged to depend for support upon a salary, and which salary is subject to the caprice of a Chamber of Deputies, where in the annual discussion on the budget, any member may rise up and propose a diminution in the sum set apart for the support of the priesthood. But how are they to escape from this precarious and humiliating position? By acquiring real property. "But," says M. de Villèle, "how are you to get possession of this landed property?" "Give us," reply the clergy, "the *état civil,* and take no notice of our refusal of funeral rites, and by means of *confession alone,* in twenty years, we shall be as rich as we were before the revolution: by terrifying the consciences of the dying possessors of church property we shall make them restore their ill-gotten wealth." This is the vantage ground the clergy are straining every nerve to attain.

To understand the present state of France, it is necessary to comprehend the great importance of this vantage-ground. Under the existing laws of France, it is the mayors of the *communes,* the great majority of whom are noble (note this point, it is an important one), who are entrusted with what is called *l'état civil,* that is to say, it is they who take legal cognizance of the birth of every child, who deliver burial certificates (*extraits mortuaires*), and give validity to the marriage contract. This contract must first be entered into before the mayor, after which the married couple may either go or not, as it pleases them, to the church to have the religious ceremony performed. During the revolution, numbers, particularly amongst the peasantry, neglected this

latter ceremony. They ceased to look upon marriage as a sacrament. Should the clergy obtain the *état civil,* then the religious ceremony of marriage must precede the contract at the municipality, which will be virtually transferring the function of the mayors into the hands of the priests. Then the clergy will have the power, as they have already the will, to refuse Christian burial to all those who may die possessed of national or church property. The sources of wealth opened to them by this means are incalculable, for there are no sacrifices almost that the peasantry will not be brought to consent to, rather than that their bodies should be kept out of consecrated ground.

The clergy, who have all the imprudence of fanaticism, will, when possessed of this powerful engine (the *état civil*), either extort from the people these sacrifices or else drive them to a state of desperation that may lead to a second overturning of the Bourbons. The danger is real, and so much the more so as all the young priests are as ignorant as they are fanatic. The clerical profession is so despised in France that none of the children of the middling classes are brought up to the priesthood. A few young men of family, such as the Duke de Rohan, M. de Forbin, &c. take orders, because they know that in a few years they shall be nominated to bishoprics; but since 1815 the ranks of the clergy have been almost solely filled up by the sons of peasants. These young boors are well pleased to be supported gratuitously in the *seminaries* instead of working in the fields. But vain have been all the pains taken by the leaders of the clergy (Messrs. de la Luzerne, de la Mennais, &c.) to give some tincture of information, some polish, and decency of deportment to these peasant-priests. The only acquirement they seem to have made, is that of a *blind and burning fanaticism.* The Bourbons, or at least their ministers, see all the danger of placing in such hands an instrument of such immense power as the *état civil.* "Your lower clergy," says M. de Villèle to the devout party, "are too ignorant and too fanatical to permit me to place in their hands so dangerous a weapon as that of the *état civil.*" To this the devout party reply, "Let us establish openly the Jesuits, and we will recruit their ranks from the middling classes of society,—that class from whence sprung all the energy of the revolution, and the victories of her armies; for all the non-commissioned officers of that period were the sons of respectable parents. Let us make Jesuits from this class." "Your remedy is too dangerous," observes M. de Villèle; "If I should give up to your experiment the middling class, which furnishes the nation with its chief force and talent, what would remain to the civil government? The Bourbons of France would soon become, what the doges of Venice were; in ten years the Jesuits would be the real Kings of France. No, I shall not re-establish the Jesuits; find out some means of rendering less ignorant, and above all, less fanatical, your country curates, and I shall entrust them with the *état civil.*"

Such is the struggle at present between the ministry and the devout

party, the result of which must decide the future destinies of the kingdom. All the probabilities are in favour of the clergy and the Jesuits.

But what will become of France, a country in which there is no genuine religious feeling, when it shall be governed by Jesuits in the name of religion? The Alarmists say, there will be a civil war, and the great majority of the population will turn Protestant. M. de Villèle, who foresees with great alarm the state of general confusion likely to result from entrusting the clergy with the *état civil,* is endeavouring to urge the country mayors to oppose the pretensions of the clergy. These functionaries, who, as we before stated, are in general of noble extraction, have become attached to their municipal prerogatives and white scarfs, which serve to distinguish them from their neighbours, and enable them to exercise something like that *feudal power* which the revolution deprived them of.

We may appear to have dwelt too long upon these matters, but it would have been impossible to convey an accurate idea of the actual state of France without first laying before the reader the reasons which may urge the clergy to commence a combat, in which they must either vanquish or perish; and also the reasons why, to secure success, they must obtain possession of the *état civil.*

The refusal to perform the funeral service over the body of M. Latrobe, at Troyes, 40 leagues from Paris, in November last, was an act of premature imprudence on the part of the fanatical bishop M. de Boulogne, the same who has been stigmatized by Madame de Staël, in her *Considerations sur la Revolution Française;* but it may serve as an example and a proof of the truth of what we have been stating. The prospect of the troubles likely to result from the efforts to extort the restoration of church property, sold during the revolution, would be less gloomy, if there existed in France any real religious feeling, or disinterested belief; if the inferior clergy had any thing like a sensible education; and if the Jesuits were less Machiavelian and unprincipled.

Paris may be said to be now, more than ever, the heart of France. Thither tend all those Frenchmen whose pursuit is either instruction, wealth, or pleasure. To all but the class of artizans, small shopkeepers, and peasants, a provincial life appears full of *ennui.* This feeling has been on the increase for the last twenty years amongst all those who possess a competence. The women, from their more sedentary habits, are particularly affected by this *tædium.* In the South and West of France the Jesuits, with their usual skill, have taken advantage of this circumstance. They have got up religious ceremonies for the amusement of the women; they have revived the magnificent processions of the Catholic church; the preparations for which occupy their imaginations before hand, and the solemnity furnishes conversation for weeks afterwards. In the confessional the Jesuits show great indulgence towards female *peccadilloes,* the most reprehensible of which result from those daily meetings of the two sexes in church, which afford such facilities

to the intriguing and inflammable natures of the women of the South. The abbé Fayet, a very keen-sighted person, has established female clubs in some of the Southern provinces. The same abbé Fayet, who is an excellent preacher, and one of the leaders of the clergy, acquired great celebrity at the court of Napoleon, by a written declaration of love that he made to the Princess of Wagram, who is of the royal blood of Bavaria, but whose want of external advantages might have secured her from such a proposition. The Jesuits are triumphant in the South of France; from Marseilles to Bayonne, and from Bayonne to Nantes and Orleans, the number of women not devoted to their interests is very few indeed. Toulouse may be said to be the head-quarters of their power; and such has been its influence, that it is not an unfrequent occurrence in that town to hear persons, otherwise not deficient in good sense, justify the death of Calas, and term the massacre of St. Bartholomew a salutary rigour. In the *Etoile,* a journal belonging to the Jesuits, and edited by M. Genoude, one of their *âmes damnées,* there was, a short time back, (Nov. 30th) an article in defence of the assassinations in Spain. One of the expressions contained in this article was *que les immolations n'etaient pas des assassinats.* This atrocious maxim has had the most astonishing success at Toulouse, where a few years since General Ramel was assassinated. But if the Jesuits reign triumphant in the South of France, they are execrated in the East and North. At Lisle, Metz, Strasbourg, Colmar, Besançon, Bourg, and Grenoble, their machinations are looked upon with horror. The people of Alsace entertain such a hatred of them, particularly since the pretended conspiracy of Colmar (one of the most unprincipled acts of turpitude on record), supposed to be of their forming, that they would scarcely hesitate to re-act the *Sicilian Vespers* against them. It then appears, that the party who wish to establish theocratic government in France, have the South along with them, but the North against them.

The two chief places where the Jesuits hold their meetings, are at Montrouge, a little hamlet near Paris, and at St. Acheul, near Amiens. They purchase land every year to the amount of 2,000,000 of francs; whence the funds come, is as yet a secret. The purchases are made in the name of a layman; so that if the government even wished, they could not seize this property. The Jesuits have also established little seminaries in several of the departments, where they educate almost gratuitously a certain number of chosen pupils. This important measure has been executed by M. de la Mennais, brother to the celebrated abbé de la Mennais, author of a work entitled *de l'Indifference en Matière de Réligion.* The Noblesse of Lyons, which dates no further back than a hundred years, being sprung from persons who made their fortunes by trade, is despised by the military Noblesse, and has embraced the cause of the Jesuits with all the zeal of a *parvenu* desirous of increasing his consideration. It is these Lyonese nobles who furnish the Jesuits with

funds for the support of the little seminaries in the twenty neighbouring departments.

These facts are well known in France, but nobody dares to publish them. The Count de Santo Domingo has lately been condemned to a long imprisonment for having revealed the present organization of the Jesuits. According to his statement, M. Fortis, General of the Jesuits at Rome, aided by a committee of eight Cardinals, directs the measures of the Jesuits in France. The celebrated Abbé de la Mennais, who will be shortly a Cardinal, is the chief of General Fortis's staff. He is at this moment at Rome. His departure from Paris furnished a subject of mirth to the higher circles for some time, for the Abbé could not conceal the grief with which he yielded to the voice of duty, that called him so far away from his mistress, the pretty and *celebrated* Madame C****. The Abbé Duke de Rohan is also an agent of the Jesuits at Rome; but from his want of capacity his *rôle* is confined to merely watching the motions of the Duke de Laval, the minister of M. de Villèle. M. de Villèle, though detesting the Jesuits, yet yields step by step to them. He sees that they will one day drive him from power; but like the Duke Decazes, he endeavours to defer that day to as distant a period as possible, by subserviency and concession to them. M. de Villèle has neglected to make an auxiliary of Leo XII. This Pope, now an *ultra* and a fanatic, was in his youth a man of intellect and pleasure, nay of libertinism. As there is no place where the Jesuits are more cordially hated than at Rome, M. de Villèle might have made use of the powerful assistance of the Dominicans, who possess great influence at the papal court. But to accomplish this, he should have had an ambassador who was both anti-jesuitical and sincerely devoted to his interests. But the Duke de Laval is far from being such a man, and is besides under the surveillance of the Abbé Duke de Rohan. There is also at Rome Madame Recamier, a lady celebrated some twenty years ago for her beauty, who has 25,000 francs a year for watching both the Duke de Laval and de Rohan. The result of this oversight of M. de Villèle is, that the Jesuits are already too powerful for him; they insult him and his prefects. These latter, dreading to lose their places, throw no obstacles in the way of these holy fathers.

It is only since the accession of Charles X. to the throne that the Jesuits avow openly that they are Jesuits: under the existing laws such an avowal renders them liable to certain pains and penalties. The fear that the Minister, seeing his ruin approach, might, from an effort of despair, put the laws in execution against them, has been the cause that the point of communication between the Jesuits of Rome and those of France is established in the convent of *Briguè* at the foot of the Simplon in the Vallais. It is now the general opinion that M. de Villèle's subserviency is nearly exhausted, and that the last step of his retrograde movement before the invading army of the Jesuits will be the *Etat Civil*,

which they now consider themselves strong enough to insist upon, but which it is said the Minister will have the courage to refuse.

To finish this sketch of the actual state of parties and passions in France, we must say a few words upon the great financial question, the indemnity to the emigrés, which will form one of the principal subjects of discussion in the session of 1825. The chief noblemen and favourites (such as the Dukes de Fitzjames, de Grammont, de Montmorency, Messrs. de Latil, de Bruges, and de Vitrolles), by whom Charles X. is surrounded, are inimical to M. de Villèle. This Minister's maintenance in power is owing solely to the persuasion which the King has, that he is the only man in France who possesses sufficient financial talent to accomplish so arduous and important a measure as the indemnity to the emigrés. M. Franchet, prefect of police, he who has earned a name for himself in the annals of French gallantry by persecuting three defenceless ladies (Lady Oxford, Mrs. Hutchinson, and the Countess de Bourke), and who has lately caused Professor Cousin to be arrested at Dresden, is a staunch Jesuit and a sworn enemy to M. de Villèle. This he has shown by endeavouring to counteract the conciliatory measures by which M. de Villèle sought to render popular the commencement of the reign of Charles X. M. de Villèle has no personal wish to give an indemnity to the emigrés; he brings forward that measure solely because it is necessary to maintain him in power. The ultra party, whom upon this occasion the Jesuits have left to the guidance of their own stupidity, a stupidity that exceeds all belief, are so totally incapable of any financial combination, that M. de Villèle is not without a hope, that the absurdity of their amendments will prevent the measure from passing in the session of 1825, and defer it for another year. The Jesuits are jealous of the emigrés on account of this indemnity, for they had hoped that that of the clergy would have accompanied it, or at least that the 900 millions proposed to be granted would have been equally divided between the lay and clerical claimants. The ultra party, thus abandoned by the Jesuits, or but luke-warmly served by them, have no other resource than to entrust the conduct of their cause to the old and wily Talleyrand, who, notwithstanding his seventy summers, has still the soundest head in France. But the actual chiefs of this party feel so sensibly their own insufficiency in presence of the genius of Talleyrand that they have, under the ridiculous pretext of his being one of the most unprincipled men in France, refused to give him the direction of their affairs.

Besides this want of capacity in the ultra party, there is also a want of unanimity. They are split into three principal divisions. The most heedless and foolish division wish that the sum to be granted may be employed in purchasing from the present possessors (for the most part peasants), the lands formerly belonging to the emigrés, so that they may re-enter upon their hereditary possessions. M. de Villèle encourages under-hand these measures, hoping that their foolish propositions may frighten Charles X. and shock the good sense of the dauphin, and thus

defer the passing of the law to the session of 1826, in which case he (Villèle) will keep firm in his place for another year. The second division following their different degrees of folly, insist that the emigrés should receive double the price for which their lands were sold, inasmuch as these lands are now, from the improvements in agriculture, &c. worth double what they were in 1794. The third division consists of the old court noblesse, a great number of whom were the companions in debauch of the Count d'Artois. This division is guided by M. de Chateaubriand; their wish is that the whole amount of the debts of the emigrés should be first deducted from the indemnity, after which the remainder to be distributed proportionably to the losses of each individual. This arrangement would be highly disadvantageous to the little provincial noblesse, whose debts are immeasurably less than those of the extravagant nobles of the court. Besides these divisions, there are still other minor shades of difference between the emigrés; but these we shall not stop to describe, trusting that we have already succeeded in conveying to the reader an accurate idea of the two great interests or passions that will animate the speakers in the session of 1825.

We trust also that we have not failed in exhibiting the character of the man who has the reins of power at present in his hands, M. de Villèle, who is a person of little conscience, but great finesse and flexibility; very prudent and cautious in his measures, unless when to please his master he finds it necessary to put his name to some absurd ordonnance. In a word, the only object of M. de Villèle is to keep in place. With this view he will endeavour to carry through the indemnity, in like manner as he undertook the war with Spain though it was against his judgment, for he thought the experiment a hazardous one for the Bourbons, not supposing the army would have been so easily won over.

The chiefs of the emigrés, the Montmorencys, the Talarus, &c., are altogether devoid of capacity, so that unless they put themselves under the guidance of the most skilful knave in Europe, Talleyrand, they will but blunder on from folly to folly.

The chiefs of the Jesuitical party are, on the contrary, amongst the cleverest men in France; the Abbé de la Mennais; M. de Latil, the Confessor of Charles X., and who was the intimate friend of all his mistresses; the Abbé Ronsin, superior of the convent of Montrouge, and chief of the Jesuits at Paris; Messrs. Fayet, Forbin, &c., have more talent and real knowledge of France, than any equal number of Frenchmen. This party must either conquer or perish; for if, before ten years, they cannot get into their hands the education of the French youth, and acquire a full control over the French press, France will become a Protestant country, or at least adopt a *reformation called for by the spirit of the age.* Indeed, the first germs of this reformation are visible to the keen-sighted in the sentiments of the society *de la Morale Chretienne,* which has been attacked with such fury by the *Etoile,* a journal belonging to the Jesuits. This society, *de la Morale Chretienne,* has for its chief

supporters, the liberal Peers, the Duke de Broglie and Boissy d'Anglas (a protestant), and Messrs. de Saint Aulaire, de Staël, and other enlightened individuals of rank. The Duchess de Broglie (daughter of Madame de Staël) has written a homily in favour of this society, which may acquire an historical importance, if the chair of St. Peter should continue to be long filled by so narrow-minded and imprudent a fanatic as Leo XII. What is most to be dreaded in any attempt at reformation in France is, the effect of that total indifference with regard to religion entertained by all those who are less than forty years of age, and have more than 6,000 francs a year. Nothing is more frequent than to hear persons of the better classes of society say at table, and with that heedlessness so inherent in the French character, "it is necessary to go to church on a Sunday, as an example to the children and servants;" and remark, that this avowal is made in the hearing of those very children and servants.

It may not be uninteresting to give some idea of the characters of those persons who for the last twelve years have most enjoyed the confidence of Charles X. M. de Vitrolles is a *roué* who plays the same part near the King as did *Chanderlos de Laclos* (author of the *Liaisons Dangereuses*) near the Duke of Orleans (*Egalité*). M. de Latil, the King's Confessor, is as profound as he is unprincipled; his political talents are of the first order, but unless he should be bribed by a present share of power, a place in the ministry, he would prefer giving the weight of these talents to the Jesuitical party, rather than to that of the Noblesse. M. de Bruges is of a daring and obstinate character; he was a General in the Prussian service, during the emigration. He is a sort of Ajax about the King. At the present moment, however, there is some coolness between Charles X. and him. The Duke de Fitzjames is rather a reasonable person upon most points, except that of birth, upon which subject he entertains all the prejudices of his ancestors, the Stuarts. He has no inconsiderable portion of intellect, but is devoid of patience, and too much addicted to gallantry and the bottle to permit him to take an active or prominent part in politics. He has been guilty of one great imprudence, that of turning into ridicule the society *of the sacred heart of Jesus*. This is a species of jugglery with which the Jesuits excite the imagination of the women in the provinces. The image before which they are called to prostrate themselves is of the most repulsive nature. It is the figure of a man with the breast cloven, and exhibiting a bleeding heart. There is no public execution in Europe at present, that offers so hideous and revolting a spectacle as this; its parallel can only be found amongst some of the horrible superstitions of India, and yet the women are enraptured with it. There is something romantic and touching in the word *heart*, which immediately inflames their imaginations. It is in presence of this bloody and frightful picture, that most of the young girls of high rank are now brought up, in an institution near the Hotel des Invalides, founded by

the Duchess de Grammont. The Duke de Fitzjames, in alluding to this circumstance, indulged in some pleasantries, but was soon made sensible of his error by the vengeance of the Jesuits, who discovered and made public the name of the man of letters who was paid by the Duke to write the speeches which he delivered in the Chamber of Peers.

Let us now take a rapid view of the perfect nullity of opinion, to which M. de Villèle has continued to reduce, within the last three years, all the public functionaries, and other persons in the employ of government. All the prefects and sub-prefects, the inspectors, collectors, officers, and clerks of the customs and excise, all the chiefs and *employés* of the administration of the domains and forests, all the receivers general and particular, of taxes, together with their subalterns, down to the lowest grade, are reduced to the same state of passive obedience as the military. A prefect of a department, as well as the poor clerk at 1,200 francs a year salary, who refuses to vote as the Minister wills, or who takes in the *Constitutionnel,* or the *Courier Français* (this last the only sincerely liberal journal in France), is dismissed without any ceremony. It often happens, that a prefect, to prove his zeal in the cause of the Minister, seizes upon these two journals (the *Constitutionnel* and *Courier*), *in transitu,* and prevents them from ever reaching the subscribers.

Great numbers of Frenchmen of mature age, who entertained sober and reasonable patriotic sentiments as long as they saw any chance of a real constitutional government with two independent chambers being established in their country, have now resigned these sentiments as chimerical, and only seek for an opportunity to sell themselves. Those amongst them who have most forecast treat with the Jesuits; the most needy succumb to M. de Villèle. The Minister, in order to find place for these recruits, has allowed 8,000 persons, who have been in the service of government for 30 years, to retire on pensions. This measure has a two-fold advantage. He makes a parade of economy, by suppressing 4,000 of these places, while, at the same time, he has 4,000 new places with which to reward his proselytes. No one, of course, will be unreasonable enough to allude to the additional expense of the 8,000 retiring pensions. M. de Villèle, it is said, does not despair of bringing to reason even the most staunch of liberal deputies. M. Lafitte surrendered last year. Messrs. C. Perrier and Delessert look with a longing eye, it is thought, towards the peerage. General Foy and Benjamin Constant are very poor, and at Paris, the worst of plague-spots is that of poverty; it soon makes a solitude around you. M. Royer Collard, the most powerful and closest reasoner of the *centre gauche,* would not, it is supposed, refuse a good place.

To conclude the sketch of the liberal party, sold, or to be sold, there remain a few words to be said upon the *Constitutionnel,* which, with its 20,000 subscribers, forms a kind of power in the state. Messrs. Etienne, deputy, Jouy and Jay, principal proprietors and editors, are thought to display some symptoms of yielding to the all-pervading influence of the

Minister. It is not probable that they will altogether range themselves under his banner, as the gross receipts of their journal being 1,400,000 francs a year, the sacrifice necessary on his part would be too enormous. But it has been remarked for some time back, that the attacks made by this journal upon M. de Villèle are far from being as direct and bitter as the circumstances would have warranted. This same species of *ménagement* for the Minister has also been observable in the speeches of M. Benjamin Constant. The only dangerous adversaries then that M. de Villèle has to fear are the headlong and furious members of the *côté droit,* Messrs. *de la Bourdonnaye, Delalot,* and others, who were formerly his friends. However, these individuals are far from possessing the powerful eloquence of General Foy, the deeply-wounding sarcasms of Benjamin Constant, the keen and polished pleasantries of M. Chauvelin, or the irresistible reasoning powers of Messrs. Royer Collard, Daunou, and Koecklin; these two last-mentioned persons are the most incorruptible men in France.

To conclude this rather long account of the present state of France, some mention must be made of the people. All the peasants, little country shop-keepers, and *aubergistes,* enjoy a state of great prosperity. For them the cause of the revolution has been gained since 1810. Since the assignats have been replaced by coined money, this immense majority of the French nation have gradually increased their comforts, and are now perfectly at ease, and without any inquietude. They look upon the Bourbons *comme un inconvénient, mais comme un inconvénient peu embarrassant.* They dislike the nobles a little, but it is the priests only whom they really hate. Numbers of this class, who are well lodged, fed, and clothed, frequently work only five days in the week; so prosperous is the state in which they find themselves, particularly in the East and North of the kingdom. From Rennes to Rouen, from Rouen to Amiens, and from Lisle to Metz, at Strasbourg, Besançon, Dijon, Lyons, and Grenoble, they are on a par, in point of comfort and civilization, with the peasantry of Scotland and Belgium. The peasantry of the South, towards Toulouse, Bordeaux, Rochelle, Nantes, &c. are much less happy and less civilized. The revolution has but very slightly modified them. The curates, who are much more fanatic in those parts of the kingdom, have retained too much influence. The geographical centre of France, represented by the town of Bourges, is proverbially celebrated for the stupidity of its inhabitants. The country from Moulins to Bordeaux may be considered the Bœotia of France.

If from the peasants we ascend to the manufacturers and tradesmen of every kind, we shall find the great majority of them prosperous and happy. From the great population of France being accustomed to be well clothed, lodged, and fed, the internal commerce of the country is in the most flourishing condition, and enriches all those engaged in it. The class of these traders and manufacturers who gain 20,000 francs a year and put by 10,000, also look upon the Bourbons, and particularly

upon M. de Villèle, as *un inconvénient.* This class has for a long time worn the order of the *Lys,* as a kind of defence against the petty persecutions of the sub-prefect and mayor; a species of dwarf tyrants, not a little formidable to the inhabitants of the province. The chief ambition of this class at present is, to get the order of the Legion of Honour, and to be on good terms with the directors of the *Little Seminaries, and the society of the sacred heart of Jesus.* These two last objects once attained, the sub-prefect and the mayor are more inclined to fear than persecute them. All the generals and officers on half-pay, who live retired in the provinces, are eager enough to vote for M. de Villèle's candidates, in order to shelter themselves from the *tracasseries* of the curates. The French military and clergy abhor each other. They are, in fact, the members of two rival bodies, who only agree in one point, that of esteeming only themselves, and maltreating all the rest of their fellow-citizens; each would wish to become an *imperium in imperio.*

It is the middling class of persons, who follow no profession or trade, but live in the provinces upon a competence of from 6 to 10,000 francs a year, that furnishes the youth that fill the schools and colleges in Paris, and who form the greatest stumbling block in the way of the Bourbons, of Messrs. de la Mennais, Ronsin, and even of M. de Villèle. This class of *liberal* young men, whose minds are imbued with the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau, and the political pamphlets of Benjamin Constant, despise equally M. Latil and the French clergy, M. Etienne, Jay, and the *Constitutionnel,* which is said to be on the turn. The idol of these young men is General Lafayette, the only great character of the revolution that remains unbought. The 8,000 richest individuals of this class come to Paris to study law and medicine; after a sojourn of four or five years, they return to their respective provinces; the young physicians all deists, and filled with a hearty contempt for the priests; the young advocates, *avoués,* and notaries, inspired with a hatred of absolute monarchy, and dreaming of the King of France being reduced to the dimensions of a President of the United States of America. Experience, however, soon divests them of the Utopian part of their opinions, so improbable in an old monarchy like France, where every one is willing to barter himself, if not precisely for money, at least for a cross or a ribbon. But as long as the press can be preserved from falling under the paralyzing control of the Jesuits, the education of the French youth, which was excellent from 1794 to 1802; debasing under M. de Fontanes and Napoleon, from 1802 to 1814; reasonable and philosophical, in despite of the professors, from 1814 to 1820; but to deteriorate which, altogether, has been the wish of those in power since 1822; this education, we repeat, must necessarily form men averse to both priests and nobles; men who will not ostensibly make any attempt to overturn the present dynasty (of the danger of that they are too well aware), but who would willingly applaud, and secretly encourage those who should be bold enough to reduce the present ruler

of France within the limits of a constitutional monarch, such as George IV. Their wish would be, to see their country governed by a constitutional king, but without a bench of bishops and predominant aristocracy, as in England. For never will French vanity allow a privileged class of nobles to take root in public opinion, and exact, as a matter of hereditary right, the deference and submission of their fellow-citizens.

UNITARIAN PROTESTS:

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND OF THAT PERSUASION NEWLY MARRIED.

Dear M——, Though none of your acquaintance can with greater sincerity congratulate you upon this happy conjuncture than myself, one of the oldest of them, it was with pain I found you, after the ceremony, depositing in the vestry-room what is called a Protest. I thought you superior to this little sophistry. What, after submitting to the service of the Church of England—after consenting to receive a boon from her, in the person of your amiable consort—was it consistent with sense, or common good manners, to turn round upon her, and flatly taunt her with false worship? This language is a little of the strongest in your books and from your pulpits, though there it may well enough be excused from religious zeal and the native warmth of nonconformity. But at the altar—the Church of England altar—adopting her forms and complying with her requisitions to the letter—to be consistent, together with the practice, I fear, you must drop the language of dissent. You are no longer sturdy Non Cons; you are there Occasional Conformists. You submit to accept the privileges communicated by a form of words, exceptionable, and perhaps justly, in your view; but, so submitting, you have no right to quarrel with the ritual which you have just condescended to owe an obligation to. They do not force you into their churches. You come voluntarily, knowing the terms. You marry in the name of the Trinity. There is no evading this by pretending that you take the formula with your own interpretation, (and so long as you can do this, where is the necessity of Protesting?): for the meaning of a vow is to be settled by the sense of the imposer, not by any forced construction of the taker: else might all vows, and oaths too, be eluded with impunity. You marry then essentially as Trinitarians; and the altar no sooner satisfied than, hey presto, with the celerity of a juggler, you shift habits, and proceed pure Unitarians again in the vestry. You cheat the Church out of a wife, and go home smiling in your sleeves that you have so cunningly despoiled the Egyptians. In plain English, the Church has married you in the name of so and so, assuming that you took the words in her sense, but you outwitted her; you assented to them in your sense

only, and took from her what, upon a right understanding, she would have declined giving you.

This is the fair construction to be put upon all Unitarian marriages as at present contracted; and so long as you Unitarians could salve your consciences with the equivoque, I do not see why the Established Church should have troubled herself at all about the matter. But the Protesters necessarily see further. They have some glimmerings of the deception; they apprehend a flaw somewhere; they would fain be honest, and yet they must marry notwithstanding; for honesty's sake, they are fain to dehonestate themselves a little. Let me try the very words of your own Protest, to see what confessions we can pick out of them.

"As Unitarians therefore we (you and your newly espoused bride) most solemnly protest against the service (which yourselves have just demanded) because we are thereby called upon, not only tacitly to acquiesce, but to profess a belief in a doctrine which is a dogma, as we believe, totally unfounded." But do you profess that belief during the ceremony; or are you only called upon for the profession but do not make it? If the latter, then you fall in with the rest of your more consistent brethren, who waive the Protest; if the former, then, I fear, your Protest cannot save you.

Hard and grievous it is, that in any case an institution so broad and general as the union of man and wife should be so cramped and straitened by the hands of an imposing hierarchy, that to plight troth to a lovely woman a man must be necessitated to compromise his truth and faith to Heaven; but so it must be, so long as you chuse to marry by the forms of the Church over which that hierarchy presides.

Therefore, say you, we Protest. O poor and much fallen word Protest! It was not so that the first heroic reformers protested. They departed out of Babylon once for good and all; they came not back for an occasional contact with her altars; a dallying, and then a protesting against dalliance; they stood not shuffling in the porch, with a Popish foot within, and its lame Lutheran fellow without, halting betwixt. These were the true Protestants. You are—Protesters.

Besides the inconsistency of this proceeding, I must think it a piece of impertinence—unseasonable at least, and out of place, to obtrude these papers upon the officiating clergyman—to offer to a public functionary an instrument which by the tenor of his function he is not obliged to accept, but, rather, he is called upon to reject. Is it done in his clerical capacity? he has no power of redressing the grievance. It is to take the benefit of his ministry and then insult him. If in his capacity of fellow Christian only, what are your scruples to him, so long as you yourselves are able to get over them, and do get over them by the very fact of coming to require his services? The thing you call a Protest might with just as good a reason be presented to the churchwarden for the time being, to the parish clerk, or the pew opener.

The Parliament alone can redress your grievance, if any. Yet I see not how with any grace your people can petition for relief, so long as, by the very fact of your coming to Church to be married, they do *bonâ fide* and strictly relieve themselves. The Upper House, in particular, is not unused to these same things called Protests, among themselves. But how would this honorable body stare to find a noble Lord conceding a measure, and in the next breath, by a solemn Protest disowning it. A Protest there is a reason given for non-compliance, not a subterfuge for an equivocal occasional compliance. It was reasonable in the primitive Christians to avert from their persons, by whatever lawful means, the compulsory eating of meats which had been offered unto idols. I dare say the Roman Prefects and Exarchats had plenty of petitioning in their days. But what would a Festus, or Agrippa, have replied to a petition to that effect, presented to him by some evasive Laodicean, with the very meat between his teeth, which he had been chewing voluntarily rather than abide the penalty? Relief for tender consciences means nothing, where the conscience has previously relieved itself; that is, has complied with the injunctions which it seeks preposterously to be rid of. Relief for conscience there is properly none, but what by better information makes an act appear innocent and lawful, with which the previous conscience was not satisfied to comply. All else is but relief from penalties, from scandal incurred by a complying practice, where the conscience itself is not fully satisfied.

But, say you, we have hard measure; the Quakers are indulged with the liberty denied to us. They have; and dearly have they earned it. You have come in (as a sect at least) in the cool of the evening; at the eleventh hour. The Quaker character was hardened in the fires of persecution in the seventeenth century; not quite to the stake and faggot, but little short of that, they grew up and thrived against noisome prisons, cruel beatings, whippings, stockings. They have since endured a century or two of scoffs, contempts; they have been a bye-word, and a nay-word; they have stood unmoved: and the consequence of long conscientious resistance on one part is invariably, in the end, remission on the other. The legislature, that denied you the tolerance, which I do not know that at that time you even asked, gave them the liberty which, without granting, they would have assumed. No penalties could have driven them into the Churches. This is the consequence of entire measures. Had the early Quakers consented to take oaths, leaving a Protest with the clerk of the court against them in the same breath with which they had taken them, do you in your conscience think that they would have been indulged at this day in their exclusive privilege of Affirming? Let your people go on for a century or so, marrying in your own fashion, and I will warrant them before the end of it the legislature will be willing to concede to them more than they at present demand.

Either the institution of marriage depends not for its validity upon hypocritical compliances with the ritual of an alien Church; and then I do not see why you cannot marry among yourselves, as the Quakers, without their indulgence, would have been doing to this day; or it does depend upon such ritual compliance, and then in your Protests you offend against a divine ordinance. I have read in the Essex-street Liturgy a form for the celebration of marriage. Why is this become a dead letter? O! it has never been legalised; that is to say, in the law's eye it is no marriage. But do you take upon you to say, in the view of the gospel it would be none? Would your own people at least look upon a couple so paired, to be none? But the case of dowries, alimonies, inheritances, &c. which depend for their validity upon the ceremonial of the Church by law established—are these nothing? That our children are not legally *Filii Nullius*—is this nothing? I answer, nothing; to the preservation of a good conscience, nothing; to a consistent christianity, less than nothing. Sad worldly thorns they are indeed, and stumbling blocks, well worthy to be set out of the way by a legislature calling itself Christian; but not likely to be removed in a hurry by any shrewd legislators, who perceive that the petitioning complainants have not so much as bruised a shin in the resistance; but, prudently declining the briars and the prickles, nestle quietly down in the smooth two-sided velvet of a Protesting Occasional Conformity.—I am, dear sir,

With much respect, yours, &c.

ELIA.

PENSIVE STANZAS

TO

MISS M. A. T—. A FAVOURITE ACTRESS.

She's tall, and she's straight as a pop'lar TREE!—*Rosina.*

1.

MY Jasmine! my Myrtle! my Rose!
My pretty, my favourite Tree!
I shall give up the play, heaven knows!
If you give up its temple, and me!
What's *Clari* without you,—and what
Farmer Fawcett's old corn-yard?—I care
Not for *Home, sweet Home,* where you are not,—
Nor a palace, if you are not there!

2.

If I knew Mr. Bradshaw, I would
  Remonstrate against your retreat!
Now Rosalind dies in the wood,
  And Rosina must rot in the wheat!
Your marriage will consecrate two
  With happiness, that I believe!
But what is the Public to do?—
  What the world?—what must I do—but grieve?

3.

Have you given us Pittites a thought?
  Your earliest admirers, Miss Tree?
Is the love of a populace nought?
  Is *my* happiness nothing to me?
Oh think ere you enter the *ring*,
  The *prize*-ring, when you are within it,
What voice will be left us to sing,—
  What voice like thine own, little Linnet?

4.

When you sing—when you speak—Lady-bird!
  You are somehow so musical-sweet;
That one thinks your heart's echo is heard,
  And one's own begins straightway to beat!
Your eye hath a music, I swear!
  And your step hath a melody too!
Oh! I think, on my life, your whole air
  Is an air—and the town thinks so too!

5.

You remind me of dreams,—fairy-tales,—
  Book fancies,—and poësy things;—
Your Psyche-like voice never fails
  To make my mind take to its wings!
You're the "singing Tree," that Fairy One,—
  Which in Pantomime now one may see!
You're the orange, *bee*-lov'd, in the sun!
  A person alive,—yet a Tree!

6.

Where will honest Will Shakspeare's old songs,—
  Old songs of the heart,—find a tone
Fit to make mellow work of the wrongs
  And the joys of true-love, when you're gone

Oh! think, dear M. A.! ere you part,
  What Orlando will do for a mate?
What a death-blow to Viola's heart?—
  Do you think Mr. B. could n't wait?

7.

Other singers there may be,—there are—
  Vestris, with the garb of a lad on;—
No musical voice has Miss Carr,
  But that isn't the case with Miss Graddon.
Miss Hallande is charming, no doubt,
  And Miss Povey sings sweetly 'tis true,
But not these, nor the Stephens, can rout
  My remembrances, Myrtle! of you!

8.

Mrs. Orger remains,—Mrs. Bunn,—
  Mrs. West,—but then *she* has no voice!
Oh! I think not on them!—No! nor on
  Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Harlowe, Miss Boyce!
E'en thy seniors I once could esteem!
  Every dear old autumnal delight!
But my Davenport now is no dream!
  And my Grove is gone out of my sight!

9.

Miss Chester in fulness of bloom,
  Her sweetness may waste on the air;
Miss P. (Lady L.) in a room
  May warble, but I'm in despair!
Miss Love may be merry, not wise,
  With her laugh, light and short as her gown;
Miss Foote, with her dangerous eyes,
  May return, if she pleases, to town!—

10.

But if *you* go,—I pack up my heart!
  Take a place, for some grove, by the stage,—
And in silence, outside, I depart,—
  To vent, in the forests, my rage!
I'll read As you like It, and pine
  Over roots and remembrance:—And I
Will, by Heaven! as the June-days decline,
  Cut your name on your namesake,—and die!

Bankside, Jan. 1825. STREPHON.

HIGH-WAYS AND BY-WAYS.*

Being aware of the fact that the "*Walking Gentleman*" labours under a troublesome incontinence of sentiment, we examined the titles of the tales composing the Second Series of High-ways and By-ways, with the design of commencing our perusal with that story, which from its subject should appear the least likely to exasperate the author's melancholy infirmity. On opening the first volume, Caribert the Bear Hunter at once arrested our attention as the very thing we desired; bear hunting seemed to us an occupation by no means sentimental, and this title accordingly promised a suspension of sensibilities; we therefore took up the tale with the hope of finding the author on new ground, and in a vein more agreeable to our taste than that in which he has hitherto delighted to indulge. How egregiously we have been disappointed, a sketch of the story will sufficiently show.

In the commencement of Caribert the Bear Hunter, we find the Walking Gentleman promenading the Pyrenees; but, lest we should draw any hasty conclusion touching his turn of mind from his taking such lofty ground, he prudently intimates that, in seeking the high places of the earth, he is uninfluenced by any motive of "*utility* or *ambition*." We should hope that no human being would be so unjust as to ascribe these aspiring walks either to ambition or utility; we acquit the writer of any such motives, and it is indeed sufficiently evident that he wanders about high mountains merely for the convenience of being in the clouds. On the occasion of the present ramble, walking in the Pyrenees, it appears, was rendered rather unpleasant by very disagreeable weather, which made things look so comfortless and drowsy, that both the pedestrian and his dog took their tone from the scenery; and, what is particularly odd, the dog travelled with his nose down—but not to the purpose, for alas! he had lost the use of his nose! This remarkable incident must be told in the author's words: "Every thing looked comfortless and drowsy, and myself and my dog took our tone from the scenery. He dodged along with his nose down,—but not to the purpose. He seemed instinctively to push it to the ground, but found no use in it ———, &c." This dog, by the by, will be the death of us, he bores us most cruelly,—the author carries him about with him through all his books, and pats his head, and coaxes him, and talks to him, and calls him Ranger in such a sort, as would move a heart of stone; and then we are told how Ranger wagged his tail, and whined, and looked up, and looked down, and frisked to and fro, and all the pretty things he did, in a manner very tedious and affecting; in a word,

* High-ways and By-ways; or, Tales of the Roadside, picked up in the French Provinces. By a Walking Gentleman. Second Series. In three Volumes. London, Colburn, 1825.

we are quite tired of this dog, and shall not be sorry to learn in the next High-ways and By-ways that he has been cut off by the mange. No old woman ever bored one more intolerably with the customs, habits, and manners of her tortoise-shell cat, than the Walking Gentleman does with the amiabilities of his dog Ranger; and, to sum up all, the dog is a sentimental dog!

After an unpleasant day passed under the circumstances above-mentioned, the Walking Gentleman had made up his mind to bivouac in a pathless desert, when happily hearing the tinkling of a sheep-bell, he springs up, follows the sound, and finds himself in the midst of a flock of goats; and, strange to say, both man and dog pass through these terrible animals, "unmolestingly and unharmed." A goatherd is next discovered, and the author takes occasion to be immoderately witty in describing the process of making him drunk. A dram-bottle is always a sure card, an irresistible stroke of humour, in this bibacious country. By the tipsy goatherd our traveller is conducted to a public-house, where we may be well assured that an adventure of some double-distilled sentimental kind awaits him. Here he finds a landlord, who without loss of time betrays tokens of a mysterious sorrow, by shaking his head, and sighing at one of his daughters, who on her part takes the very earliest opportunity to discover the finest sensibilities, and fills her eyes with tears, in such a sort, as to convince the author that "she was fit to be the heroine of a mountain adventure—or of any other adventure," he adds, "which involved in its course deep feeling and uncommon delicacy of mind." Good for the lowlands also; in short, the maid of the inn was a heroine of all work, and, as the Walking Gentleman forthwith engaged her in that capacity, it may be as well to give a specimen of her qualifications for the sentimental business:—

"Come along Aline, (loquitur landlord,) cheer up, look gay, my girl. It is not every day that we have such visitors in these wild parts. Do give a smile or two to this gentleman, and your poor father."

His look, as he spoke, was most affectionate. A smile of the tenderest melancholy spread across her face; she raised her large hazel eyes full upon him: they filled in a moment with tears, and to avoid their overflowing, or at least our observation of it, she hurried towards the door. I never saw so sudden a change of countenance—of feature almost. A face which at first appeared scarcely worthy of remark, not plain certainly, but still not pretty, was by one simple touch of sensibility transformed in an instant—*for* an instant only it is true—into one of infinite charm. I shall leave my readers to discuss the question whether this susceptibility does or does not constitute beauty. I do not think it necessary to give a more accurate description of Aline. I may once for all say that the women of the upper Pyrenees are commonly plain, coarse, and unintellectual. The admirer of beauty and variety must seek them in the face of nature, not of *the sex*. This general fact has, however, like all others, its exceptions; and I have met a few;—one in particular pre-eminently remarkable, and which I hope on some future occasion to introduce to my readers. But Aline was not precisely such, as far as personal appearance went. Her figure was tolerably good, and was, like her face, susceptible of very graceful movement when put in action by some powerful mental impulse. Such, for example, as when she started from the fire-place towards the door, to hide her emotion from her father and me. She had many of those moments.

I wish my reader had seen her just in *one* of them, and they would have been quite convinced that she was fit to be the heroine of a mountain adventure—or of any adventure which involved in its course deep feeling, and uncommon delicacy of mind. (P. 19—21.)

The Walking Gentleman is of course quite certain that this display of fine feeling must be connected with matter of considerable interest, and is most anxious to discover the hidden sources of these sorrows of the pot-house; an excellent opportunity to accomplish this object presents itself. There is no bed for the traveller, and it is arranged that he and the mysterious maid are to pass the night together by the fire-side. Here was room for much discovery of past, or much preparation for future mischief; but nothing can be more innocent than this tête-à-tête:—

Left to ourselves, Aline and I began very quickly and cordially to enter into conversation. The situation was somewhat singular, and rather amusing; but as she seemed to feel no awkwardness in it, I had, for my part, no objection to keep watch with a single female companion, amidst four or five sleeping neighbours mostly of my own sex. We began to talk on subjects of a very general nature, such as the pleasures and privations of a mountain residence compared with those of a town; the occupations of the inhabitants of the hills; the life of the smugglers, and so on.—(P. 30.)

The maid, however, found all this rather dull, it seems; and towards 12 o'clock, contrived several excuses for going to the door and window, as if to look out for more agreeable company: the Walking Gentleman, whose infirmity it is to sympathise with every body on every occasion, and who is in fact a sort of sentimental Busy Body, could not resist the impulse of looking out and listening too, after the manner of the maid; suddenly a whistle is heard; Aline is petrified; he offers to hand her to a chair and see what came to pass:—

I approached to offer to help her from her seat, but she motioned me to stop: and, after a few seconds, passing her hand across her brow, and then putting it to her heart, as if a pang had connected the one with the other, she rose up, and giving me one of her deep speaking smiles, she moved firmly towards the door.—(P. 33.)

A peasant called Claude enters, bearing the intelligence that Caribert the Bear Hunter and maid's lover (who has got what the Scotch call a bee in his bonnet) has escaped from restraint, and is running wild about the mountains. It is unanimously agreed that Aline shall go in quest of her mad lover, and the Walking Gentleman is so liberal and obliging as to press her to take the horse of an unconsulted guest, a dandy, who is snoring under her father's roof:—" I spoke to her then as one fully impressed with the necessity of speed, 'Do, do go, my worthy girl—delay no longer—*use no ceremony—take the strange gentleman's horse,* and you yet may be in time to save him.'" They may manage these matters differently in the Pyrenees, but in some places it is rather a serious affair to use no ceremony in taking a strange gentleman's horse out of the stable; this however is doubtless the "High-way" manner of doing business. Mounted on the pony thus irregularly obtained, Aline trots off with as little ceremony as could possibly be desired, in chase of the mad hunter of bears, to whose birth, parentage, and education we now

come, and whose history, such as it is, forms the chief part of the story :—

In the whole range of the Pyrenees, from the ocean to the Mediterranean, from Mount Aralar to Mount Carrigon, there were not two finer young fellows in their different natures than Caribert and Claude. They were both born in the district of Barrège. They were the admiration of the neighbourhood in infancy, its hope in boyhood, and its pride in youth. When as children they sported about the cottages of their respective parents, or later began to clamber up the mountains in search of young eagles, or in pursuit of a wounded izard, the fathers used to shake their heads and rub their hands together, and the mothers to smile and look up thankfully to heaven,—all four agreeing that there were no lads like them to be seen any where.—(P. 90.)

The professional pursuits of Caribert the Bear Hunter cause him to grow up of rather a morose turn of mind, which manifests itself in a decidedly bearish indifference to female society. Claude, however, who is a true piping swain after the old pattern, amiability itself, prevails upon his friend to come to a ball where he is at once smitten with the graces of Aline, who had already made a deep impression on the heart of Claude. At this fête, the maid of the inn, and the hunter of bears, as might be expected, dance into each other's affections, and, on parting for the night, Aline is described as acknowledging the pressure of Caribert's hand "*just in the proper proportion of mountain sentiment acting upon manual feeling.*" Here we should be somewhat at a loss to understand the true force of this shake of the hand, did not Caribert supply a datum; but when it is considered that the gentleman was used to the pawings of bears, it is clear that nothing short of a vigorous application of "mountain sentiment" could act on his "manual feelings." After this eventful ball, the parties fall into the regular course of lovers, moonlight walks and nocturnal assignations; but mark the dismal consequences of these bad habits, from which we extract the valuable moral, that if young people meet in the open air on cold nights they are likely to catch cold. "This continued and unsparing exposure to the night air in all weathers, and in the winter season, began to make visible ravages upon" the Hunter of Bears, while the more robust, tender Aline suffered no sort of inconvenience from these hardships of love. The poor young man grew feverish, and continual damp and cold brought on frequent attacks of illness, rheums, and such common consequences of night air, by reason of which he was wholly unable to go to his work the next day. Meantime the bears growled, the wolves ranged abroad, and Caribert's brother hunters sneered at his inaction; but, instead of keeping better hours and avoiding the night air, or taking something warm at bed-time to cure his cold, and so qualifying himself for a return to his professional avocations, "he bit his lips, and his distempered spirit fed fiercely on such nourishment." Dieted on this meat, is it surprising that our poor gentleman was in no condition to cope with bears? But lamentable are the consequences that arise from his neglect of his profession. Returning one day to the paternal roof, he sees his father with a bleeding arm, and a dog looking up with tearful eyes; but as this scene is of a very affecting

kind, we give it at length, marking in italics those passages at which the reader is expected to shed a flood of tears.

"My God! what is all this?" exclaimed he, (Caribert,) taking his father's hand in his—"What has happened? Who has done this?"

"Who!" cried the father angrily, snatching his hand away, and fixing his eyes on Caribert with a reproachful expression, "Who! you may well ask that—you did it."

"I! What do you mean?" said Caribert,—"Tell me what has happened that I may revenge you, if"—

"Come, come, no bullying now—it's too late. The coward that shrinks from his duty and leaves his old father to run all risks for his support, has no business to prate of revenge."

Part of this retort passed lightly over Caribert. He knew he was no coward [he was mistaken in this particular], and it was the first time the word had ever been insinuated as applying to him. He only thought of his father: and turning to his mother asked her for explanation in a peremptory tone.

Before she could reply, the father cried fiercely, "Come, come, my lad, no insolence to your mother, or I'll fell you to the earth even with this wounded arm! Give over, Marie, give over. Let alone that old withered branch—you have bound it well enough where the bark was stripped off. 'Tis nothing, I don't feel it. Let's see what we can do for *our poor murdered Fanchette* here."

Upon this he turned to the dog beside him, and Caribert seeing there was no serious injury done to his father's arm, fixed his observation also upon his favourite bitch that had followed him too in many a hard chace, and had only given up her attendance on his steps, since they had been turned down towards the low grounds, instead of leading her, as they were formerly wont to do, to the most rugged haunts of the bears, the objects of her inveterate hatred.

"Aye, you may well look at her, and never hold up your head again," said the old man to Caribert; but less harshly than he spoke before. "*See how she wags her tail and wants to lick your hand, poor thing!*"

Caribert was about to raise her up, when the old man roared out in his fiercest tone, "What are you going to do? Don't touch her;" and then, as if all at once melted by the misfortune he was about to announce, he turned aside his head, and sobbed out in smothered accents, "Let her alone, Caribert—both her hind legs are broken."

"Oh, heavens! is it possible?" exclaimed Caribert, throwing himself on his knees beside the poor animal, and leaning forwards his face which she licked with her hot and feverish tongue, *as if the rain of tears* that flowed from his eyes had brought relief and refreshment to her pain.

"My poor dear Fanchette!" continued he, "Why was I not with you when this happened. *Oh! if you could but speak, you would not leave me thus cruelly, without the miserable satisfaction of knowing how all this came about.*"

Here poor Fanchette howled piteously, as if condoling with the kind and sorrowful tone of her young master. The tender-hearted mother joined her loud sobs to the lamenting tone. Old Larcole turned round towards them, and seeing the evident sufferings of Caribert, he gave him his hand and exclaimed; "Well, well, my boy, hold up. This is too much; there's no help now; and crying like children does no good to broken bones." *He here wiped his eyes with the cuff of his knitted flannel waistcoat, and rose up.* He gave a turn or two up and down the room, hemmed and coughed, and opened his shirt collar, as if he wanted air, *struck his chest two or three times* with his *open* hand, and spoke as follows:

"Stand up, Caribert, be a man! I'll tell you how it happened—though after all there's no time for delaying now, for we must do something with the poor bitch. 'Tis useless to let her linger in pain."

"Why, for God's sake, Larcole," exclaimed the wife, who was fomenting the

wounded legs of her dumb patient; "what do you mean by that? you wouldn't think surely of—— What do you mean?"

"Oh, it's needless to talk, you see, Marie. Go on with the warm cloths and the *Guimauve*.* Perhaps the swelling may abate.—(P. 133—137.)

Here the cause of all this mischief is explained. Caribert having refused to accompany his respectable parent on an expedition against a certain bear, the father went, single-handed, to the contest, and suffered a rough repulse. The account of this disaster fires the ursal ardour of Caribert, and he takes an oath of revenge in the accustomed language of heroes of Romance. "Aye, father, to-morrow!" cried Caribert, catching the fierce tone and look of the old man, "*I swear* with you that poor Fanchette shall have her revenge." This gallant speech propitiates the old gentleman, who seems to have a pretty taste for bluster, and they then agree to shoot the wounded dog Fanchette, but she saves them the trouble by dying of her wounds—here is more pathos: the son announces the death of the dog.

"Dead!" said the father, "what do you mean?" and then stepping towards her, and seeing her *to be really, unequivocally dead*, he added, "She is, by the Virgin! When the monster caught her in his gripe, he must have not only broken her legs, but her faithful heart as well!"—(P. 144.)

They return to the house, and the mother takes up the note of sorrow. "Why, Larcole, is it all over? Is the poor thing *murdered*—dead, I mean? I heard no shot."—"Because none was fired" (admirably reasoned). "She *is* dead, Marie, and *not murdered*, thank God! Come out and see her *laid in the cold grave*." That "*laid in the cold grave*" is the most moving phrase in the English language, it always tells, and is a sort of sliced onion to the eye of sensibility. If, instead of Fanchette, the bear that bearishly killed Fanchette had been "*laid in the cold grave*," from the mere tear-compelling force of the expression, we, for our parts, should have felt ourselves obliged to wet a pocket handkerchief or two. But, however, there must be a limit to tears as to all other things, and if people are called upon to weep through more than a dozen pages over a dog that has met with an ugly accident, they will not have tears enough left in their heads to meet the current demands on their feelings. It is pitiable that a poor dog should have its legs broken, but it is injudicious to drain the sources of sentiment on such a subject. On the present occasion, we have to weep for several large families; there is the Bear Hunter, his father and mother, Claude, his sisters and all his good friends and relations, Aline and her family, all requiring oceans of tears. Is it fair in such a case, with so many demands on us, to put our sensibilities in requisition for Fanchette, the wounded bitch? Of a truth, if we answered all these calls on our feelings, we should die the death of the poor ladies in Rabelais, who miserably ran themselves out at the eyes as they were stringing onions.

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* Marsh-mallows.

Caribert, having solemnly engaged himself to his father to hunt the bear with him the next day, repairs to meet Aline at their place of rendezvous. Claude, whose suspicions that his friend is endeavouring to supplant him in the affections of Aline have just been excited, watches him on his way, traces him to the scene of assignation, and overhears a conversation in which the perfidy of Caribert is made sufficiently apparent, and in which the Hunter of Bears reflects in a manner by no means handsome on the listener and his family. Claude, who is on the one side of a hedge, while his false friend is telling lies on the other, acts as is usual on these occasions; that is to say, he invites Caribert to come forward, that he may the more conveniently tear his heart out of his bosom. What follows may be very fine, but it seems to us particularly ridiculous.

"Villain!" exclaimed Claude, at these words, unable longer to contain himself, almost choked with rage, and bursting through the tangled briars—"Villain! come forward, *that I may tear your false heart from your bosom!*"

Aline, terrified at the recognition of his voice, in a tone so new and so shocking, uttered a scream, and threw herself close upon Caribert's breast. He was thunder-struck. He could not reply, but clasping her firmly to him with his left arm, he struck fiercely with the other in the direction of the voice. His stick met only the passive resistance of the over-hanging branches.

"Where are you, liar, odious, treacherous liar?" vociferated Claude: "are you flying from me? Stand, coward, stand!"

Caribert rushed towards the voice, dragging Aline with him, and dealing forward in the darkness his harmless blows.

"Oh, Claude! Oh, Caribert!" cried Aline, "stop in mercy! What would you do?" and here throwing herself between the enraged but invisible rivals, she put forward one hand. It met with Claude's outstretched arm, which she grasped firmly; adding, in accents faint from her fright, "Claude, dear Claude, forbear! if my father hears this, I am undone!"

"What, Aline! do you supplicate the pitiful spy?" asked Caribert bitterly; "do you call the sculking wretch, *dear* Claude? Why cannot my arm reach the injurious dog!"

Claude was arrested on the spot, his whole tide of vengeful feelings for an instant stopped. The touch of Aline's fingers acted like magic on him. He caught her arm, and while he trembled in every joint, he pressed the hostage hand repeatedly to his lips. She left it unhesitatingly in his. His embrace was like the kiss of peace, yet she shuddered when she felt Caribert's heart throbbing against hers. "For the sake of Heaven, Claude," cried she, "I conjure you, leave this fatal spot. This is a moment of destruction to us all. We know not what we are doing or saying."

"You have saved him," replied Claude—"I leave him in his guilt."

(P. 160—162.)

This scene, which is only ludicrous in a tale of sentiment, would be charming in a ballet. Let us fancy for a moment Albert and Vestris, one on one side of a hedge the other on the other, thrashing away very vigorously and harmlessly at the interposing barrier, and Noblet, in a false position between the two lovers, like many a fair lady, giving her hand to one gentleman and pressing her heart to the breast of the other! What could be more interesting? After this *esclandre*, Caribert returns to the paternal roof, and accompanies his father on the appointed expedition against the bear. The father charges the enemy with great

spirit, but Caribert, taking fright, or, to use the genteeler phrase, being panic-struck, leaves his aged parent to grapple single-handed with the bear; and, after a manful struggle on the one side, and an ursal hug on the other, the two combatants roll over a precipice twined in each other's arms, while our gallant hero (as is common with frightened folks) just recovers his courage at the moment when there ceases to be any occasion for it. Under these circumstances, Caribert goes mad with all dispatch; but how he went mad, after what fashion he lost his reason, "what he did, or said, or felt," the author plainly tells us, "we must not inquire;" and we can assure him that we feel no disposition whatever to be curious on the subject, having already supped full of sorrows. In his madness, Caribert retains the desire of rambling about, and one of his escapes from his friends gives occasion to the scene at the commencement of the tale, and Aline's pursuit of him on the unceremoniously obtained pony. Caribert is found in the mountains, is secured by his friends, put to bed, and dies in an orderly manner, and Aline comforts herself for his loss in a marriage with Claude,—thus ends the Bear Hunter.

This is indeed a barren story, but a barren story serves only as a stimulant to the genius of your sentimentalist, who, like Ophelia, has the faculty of turning every thing to prettiness; or, to descend to a less poetic simile, he is like a French cook, who relies not on the excellence of the thing he dresses, but on the richness of the sauce in which he serves it up, and who will pique himself on making a savoury dish of an old shoe. Thus also the disciples of the Lackadaisical school will take any bald incidents and endeavour to dress them up in a sort *à faire pleurer*. To draw tears is the great ambition, and the art of the sentimentalist is to furnish the necessary provocation to the eye of sensibility. The author before us seems to have attempted a short cut to the lachrymary ducts of the sympathetic reader. He seems to have construed rather too literally,—

——— Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi.

The force of example is the engine on which he appears mainly to rely; and without describing any thing moving in his scenes, he touches us at once, by representing the effect which his scenes produce on his characters; they burst into tears, and show the reader that something particularly affecting is taking place, and then he may weep too if he be that way disposed. Laughing is catching, so is yawning, and so we suppose is crying. The pity-moving machinery of the Walking Gentleman is accordingly sufficiently simple, a sigh and a burst of tears serving as wind and tide to carry on his story. His humour is not superior to his pathos, it is of an order essentially pantomimic, coarse, strained, and practical—a deep draught from a dram bottle, and an exaggerated caricature of that novel subject of ridicule, a dandy form, the pleasantry of the tale before us. Occasionally he is tempted to venture on a reflection, and provided it be serious it is really diverting. For example, in page 247, vol. i. we find him delivering himself thus: "The awe with which they

all seemed impressed was a fine lesson of human weakness, and not a slight proof of *the value of superstition for the government of that class over which it is the best, because the most natural, instrument.* I deliberately say this at the risk of drawing down the censures of all the Theophilanthropists, upon me." The Walking Gentleman may say a foolish thing without any risk whatever.

We have already observed how grievously we have been bored with the dog Ranger in our travels through High-ways and By-ways, in "Caribert," the izards are no less troublesome; it is scarcely possible, indeed, to open a page at random, without finding some discourse touching izards, and we almost doubt whether the author could have filled his 293 pages, without the aid of these izards; nay, in one place he inserts some verses on "*The Izard-hunter,*" avowedly "to fill up a page or so;" this is honest; there certainly could be no other reason for publishing the lines, but such is the way in which books are made.

The other two tales in this series of High-ways and By-ways, The Priest and the Garde-du-Corps, and The Vouée au Blanc, are, if possible, more mawkish in sentiment and uninteresting in story than Caribert.

THE CHAMBER OF PYSCHE.

1.

TREAD softly through these amorous rooms!
For every bough is hung with life,
And kisses in harmonious strife
Unloose their sharp and wing'd perfumes.
From Afric and the Persian looms
The carpet's silken leaves have sprung,
And Heaven in its blue bounty flung
These starry flowers and azure blooms!

2.

Tread softly!—By a creature fair
The Deity of love reposes:
His red lip's open, like the roses
Which round his hyacinthine hair
Hang in crimson coronals;
And Passion fills the arched halls;
And Beauty floats upon the air!

3.

Tread softly, softly,—like the foot
Of Winter shod with fleecy snow,
Who cometh white, and cold, and mute,
Lest he should 'wake the Spring below.

Oh, look! for here lie Love and Youth,
Fair spirits of the heart and mind;
Alas! that one should stray from truth,
And one be ever, ever blind!

4.

Here lie they, like lost pleasures flung
From Eden's rich and grassy bowers,
Nourish'd both by breath of flowers
Once, and still divine and young:
Sure somewhere a green home must be,
Though paradise and faith have flown,
Where these two may slumber on,
Sweet friends, into eternity!

A. B. C.

THE BRITISH CODE OF DUEL.*

As a great yearly sum of absurdity is ascribable to the uncertainty in which certain points of honour are involved, we looked with some curiosity into this little treatise, which professes to instruct the fighting world on these important subjects. The table of contents promised well, as we found in it several pithy queries, the satisfactory solution of which would prove an unspeakable advantage to society, and save many of those painful displays of spirit which grievously trouble the parties concerned, and exceedingly amuse the indifferent world. For instance, we perceived the great question, "*What is honour,*" standing conspicuously on the list of contents, and also saw with infinite satisfaction that it was canvassed in one page, while its laws have not even that space allotted to them; here, then, we thought, the main point is to be found in a nut shell, this is the very kernel of the argument; and, accordingly, we turned with an eager hand to the leaf which promised to lay honour, in its common acceptation, open to our view, and to discover the marks, signs, and tokens, by which it may be known. We cannot, however, say that the following perspicuous definition has much enlightened us on this head: "It may be safely agreed, with all, that honour is a principle generated by virtue, as demonstrated in useful and agreeable services to a community; and from the appreciation of which arose those exterior distinctions to which it gives name, for the purpose of their preservation to posterity." If this rigmarole gives no sort of idea of what honour is, it makes amends for the deficiency by conveying a very just notion of what nonsense is, and we should recommend the author to refer to it under that head, were it not, that on a closer examination we find the

* The British Code of Duel: a Reference to the Laws of Honour, and the Character of Gentleman. London: Knight and Lacey, 1824.

The Young Man of Honour's Vade-Mecum, being a salutary Treatise on Duelling. London: C. Chapple.

whole book stuffed with the same description of jargon. It is certainly, however, highly desirable that men should be brought acquainted with the nature of that inestimable treasure which causes so many big words and hard blows in the world. We hear every day that honour is wounded, that honour is lost, and that honour is gained; and yet no two men can agree as to the precise nature of that thing which they thus confidently pronounce wounded, lost, or gained: it seems, indeed, by the common consent of mankind, considered as a mystery, like the spleen, in our animal economy, only good to make us quarrelsome. Every one prides himself on having got an honour to take care of, and complains loudly when it is hurt, but how he came by it, and what it is like, the owner can seldom tell; and, indeed, he generally neither thinks nor talks about it until it is lost, when from his ignorance concerning all that relates to this jewel he can take no measures to recover it. When a man loses his pointer dog, he advertises that it has a brown spot here, and a liver mark there, and that it answers to the name of Ponto; but ask a man suffering under the loss of his honour what it was like, and not one particular can he give you touching the thing he bewails, or he defines it by negatives: it was very unlike a kick, or did not relish the lie, or it could not abide the lash of a horse-whip; but as for any positive character of it he can give none. In all quarrels, the ground of complaint is the injury which honour has received; let us then have a fair view of the sufferer, and before we proceed to consider the wound let us see the patient. In nine cases out of ten, however, this word of all work is merely used to express some vague feeling of injury in the party which he does not himself very well understand, or know how to explain in more meaning language; just as nerves are made answerable for all the odd aches and pains of valetudinarians which cannot be laid to the account of lumbago, rheumatism, gout, &c. To paraphrase a very vulgar distich:

> The man has a wound, and he does not know where,
> He looks to his honour and finds it is there.

Affairs of honour, like causes in Chancery, are not all white or black; there are many brown: in cases where a gross insult has been offered, the phrase "injured honour" may be used in an intelligible sense; but the greater number of disputes which occur are of a purely fanciful nature, and were any rational test applied to the alleged grounds of these quarrels, much unnecessary discussion and many late duels which end, at last, in very innocent smoke and the ridicule of the world, might be spared. "*What are we angry about?*" is the question which a rioter asks in one of Foote's Farces, and it is a query, which few men who wage notes with each other, or take the morning air at Chalk Farm, are prepared to answer.

As Gentlemen only can call each other to account, it is a matter of some moment to ascertain the sort of person qualified to shoot, or be shot at by his peers—what estate, or what qualities confer on men the privilege of homicide? The Code of Duel, professes to inform us on

this point, and gives a page to the question, "Who is a Gentleman," which it resolves as happily as that touching the nature of honour: "One honourable in himself, in course, possessed of all the generous virtues and graces so implied, with full means for their exercise, without occasion to descend to offices incompatible with the generosity of his character; or of parentage, from whom those excellencies have descended to him, to be preserved." Can any one tell what all this means, or what species of monster is here described? But definitions of both honour and gentleman might puzzle a better head than that of the author of this treatise, we will therefore try him on another ground—Parliamentary quarrels.

Among our many beautiful fictions, there is none more worthy of admiration than that which has obtained touching public and personal character. Every man embarked in politics has three characters—a private character, which is always excellent in proportion to its privacy, and most perfect when the world knows nothing about it; for by private virtues, people often mean virtues which never appear: he has a public character bestowed on him by those of his own side of the question; and another public character attributed to him by men of the opposite party. The opponents of a public man are, indeed, wont to dress up his character as boys dress up their Guy Fauxes; they fashion a thing of straw merely for the sake of calling it foul names, bawling about it, and making a parade of their own patriotic sentiments; occasionally, the original, touched probably by some traits of likeness to himself in this abused effigy, takes fire at seeing the indignities heaped on his own image, and, identifying himself with his abused public character, calls the aggressor to account; then the beautiful fiction to which we have alluded furnishes a saving distinction, and preserves the integrity of men's skins—"'Tis true, I called my honourable friend's public character, sycophant, liar, spoiler, unprincipled peculator, and so forth; but nothing was more distant from my purpose than to cast any reflection on him *personally;* there is no man in the world for whom I entertain a higher respect than for my honourable friend, for so I am proud to call him." This sort of apology, founded on the distinction we have noted, is certainly rather like the excuse of the pampered hog in Gay's Fable, which being upbraided by the gardener for destroying his darling tulips *satisfactorily explains* by saying—

> Explain, Sir, why your anger burns?
> See here untouch'd your tulips strown,
> For I devour'd the roots alone.

The political adversary, like the hog, only makes free with a part of the public man's character, but that part is the root. But this *amènde,* such as it is, seldom fails to propitiate the party concerned. Generally speaking, the rule is, that a man's public character is like his coat on a clothes-horse, which any one may beat, without ill will to the owner, as tender parents beat a child merely for its good; but when he slips himself into it, dusting the coat becomes *personal*—it is caning the man. In

such a case, if a smart stroke or two of the ratan may have fallen on the back of the party, the excuse of the servant in parliamentary phrase would be, "Sir, I meant nothing disrespectful to your shoulders, what I did was done out of regard for your apparel, and I hope you will not think of identifying yourself with your coat." The great utility of these distinctions having been perceived by the world in general, they have been made to avail by Lord Peter's logic, even where there is no public character to serve as a scape-goat; and after the most injurious language has been applied to an individual, peace may be made by the assurance that nothing personal was meant. Disavow personality, and you may kick some men from London to York. In a book professing to instruct the world on affairs of honour, we certainly expected to find these refinements canvassed with some nicety, and to see the nature of personal affronts clearly defined, so that the fighting public might know the exact point at which a man should begin to be personally sensitive; what measure of foul words—liar, scoundrel, &c. and how many cuts of a whip, and of what force, amount to a personality. Respecting all these matters however, The British Code of Duel leaves the reader in the dark, and even on the subject of Parliamentary Quarrels; it contents itself with informing us that great men in the House of Commons use very bad words. "Buz, buz, we know it."

With regard to "*Posting, Horsewhipping, and Pulling the Nose,*" the author assures us that these courses are seldom resorted to by honourable men; because the individual who executes such delicate offices usurps to himself the prerogative of the Crown, as the origin of these respectable customs may be traced to the form used in the degradation of knights. Of a truth, people little dreamed that pulling a man's nose was an usurpation of the Royal Prerogative, and that his Majesty alone is privileged to handle such nice matters. Another argument is, however, urged against the two first measures which will probably prove more potent than the preceding with an unchivalrous generation, namely, that they render the parties amenable to the law.

In the instructions respecting the examination of arms, the choice of ground, distance, and the etiquette of affairs, we do not see any thing which every body does not already know, excepting perhaps the following passage which seems to have some sense in it.

To determine upon, and then measure, the distance. This determination has been formed according to the various degrees of magnitude of the dispute. It is however now but little reckoned upon; as when combat is found to be the only resource, such considerations must generally be supposed to have ceased. And moreover nice calculators have often found, that from the parabola described by the ball on its projection, twelve or fourteen paces are at times more dangerous than eight. The distance nevertheless is entirely in the discretion of the seconds, *ten* paces of *not less* than thirty inches being, however, always the *minimum*. And here the controul of the second may be called into operation by the passion of principals, which might lead them to fight muzzle to muzzle. It must also be recollected by gentlemen that eagerness for extreme proximity has always more the semblance of bravado than bravery. "Slugs and a saw-pit," is the proposition of a bravo in a play; and has been used by those who never intended to employ them

even above ground. The ground being paced is to be sufficiently marked by any means at hand, and no advance is to be made beyond it. The parties, if they step at all, are to step *to* it, not *from* it, as otherwise they gain a pace of each other, which shortens the distance two paces.—(*British Code of Duel*, p. 46, 47.)

It is now pretty generally determined as it should be, that the parties fire by signal. This may be by motion of handkerchief or any other object, in the manner familiar to military men, or even common observers of a parade. It prevents that decisive aim, which might give one party the advantage over another, and is always to be avoided. The custom of alternate firing is now justly exploded; the only end which could ever have authorized it, is answered by the party offending beyond power of redress being bound not to fire upon his opponent.—(*British Code of Duel*, p. 48.)

Alternate firing was unquestionably an advantage to the man of weak nerves, who in simultaneous firing is very likely to be hurried and disturbed while taking his aim by the apprehension of his adversary's coming shot. In alternate firing, after having escaped his antagonist's ball, such a person felt the assurance of momentary safety, and consequently acquired the self-command requisite for the use of his weapons; but when the discharge is simultaneous, the party is likely to think more of himself than of his antagonist. We shall now close The British Code of Duel, which is a jejune treatise written in a strange incomprehensible style, that in common parlance passes under the description of rigmarole; the oddness of the subject, indeed, alone entitles the book to notice, and excites a curiosity which its contents disappoint.

The Young Man of Honour's Vade-Mecum, or *Salutary* Treatise on Duelling, by Abraham Bosquett, Esq. is a more original production by far than that which we have above quoted. Mr. Bosquett was admirably qualified to instruct us in the practical part of this subject, having been, as he informs us, four times a principal, and twenty-five times a second; his experience he therefore very safely avers must be pretty extensive, and on the strength of it he lays down the law of duel with a dogmatical professor-like air that is amusing enough, and which reminds one of the martial pedantry of Dugald Dalgetty. We extract some directions for the attitude to be taken on the ground.

But to return;—much depends on the position which a man takes when he fights a duel, which is, at least, as one to four, that he is, or is not killed or wounded. The attitude, therefore, to be taken, is that which presents the least surface; this being premised, it is almost unnecessary to say, that a direct front face is always to be given over the right shoulder, which presents a surface more than one-fourth less than a side face. I have known the ball make a groove across the ear, the side of the head grazed, and on two occasions, the side locks carried away: had the side face been presented, the consequences would have been fatal in all these cases. Due attention also should be had to the position of the body; the side, which is by much the narrowest, should carefully be given, the belly drawn in, and the right thigh and leg placed so as to cover the left; at the same time, the right hip twisted a little, in so much, merely, as to cover or guard the lower extremities of the belly. Balls have been frequently known to graze from one shoulder to the other, making a furrow across the chest, and in like manner across the back; whereas were the front presented, all such balls would take place, perhaps, mortally. Numberless instances might be given of these hair-breadth escapes, due to a good position;—lastly, do not lower your pistol hand until your adversary has fired, as it is a

partial guard to your head, arm, and shoulder.—(*The Young Man of Honour's Vade-Mecum*, p. 11, 12.)

We are, by no means, convinced by the experienced author's argument—much may be said for a full front. If a man presenting his side be shot in the side, the ball traverses the longest horizontal line of his body, and the chances are many against its missing a vital part—it is like raking a ship fore and aft, the broadside undoubtedly is an easier mark to hit, but the mischief is less considerable, as the space swept by the shot is shorter. On the whole, we incline to Sir Lucius O'Trigger's way of thinking:

Sir Lucius. Pray now how would you receive the gentleman's shot.

Acres. Odds files! I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius, there—a side front, hey?—Odd I'll make myself small enough, I'll stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius. Now you're quite out, for if you stand so when I take aim ..... Well, now, if I hit you in the body my bullet has a double chance; for if it misses a vital part in your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed in the left. ..... But then fix yourself so—let him see the broad side of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do you any harm at all..... Aye, may they, and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Both the books which we have noticed in this article are deficient in several important particulars, respecting which it is extremely desirable that the fighting world should be better informed. We cannot read in a newspaper the correspondence which has taken place in an affair of honour, without feeling that there is some foundation for the complaint made by the Orator in the Mayor of Garret, of the miscarriages owing to the ignorance of the great people in the curious arts of reading and writing; it therefore seems to us particularly desirable that some hints should be given to young gentlemen of fashion, concerning the framing of those letters, in which they set forth their wrongs and blazon their honour to the world. In former times the parties never took the grey goose-quill into their own hands. In cases of appeal to arms, the language was, "I will go to our chaplain, and get him to pen me a challenge;" of late years the letter-writing business in affairs of honour has fallen into hands of less clerkly skill, and of a truth they make sad work of it—the discord of the subject creeps into the grammar. Much, however, turns on the manner of these notes, and we remember indeed a case, in which even the date of a challenge served to impress the world with an alarming opinion of the writer's resolution. In a famous affair between two learned Barristers, the challenge was dated *Slaughter's* Coffee-house, the very place congenial with the spirit of one bent on fee-fa-fum doings. A collection of epistles in the vernacular tongue, containing challenges and explanations adapted to various affronts, appears to us the article most wanted in a treatise on duelling, and until some work of the kind be published, it would be well if a school-master were employed in affairs of honour to superintend the epistolary department, for there is generally more need of his skill than of the surgeon's.

The very last correspondence before the public, that between Colonel

Berkeley and Mr. Horatio Clagett, furnishes an example of the common failing we have noted:—

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

Fladong's Hotel, December 31, 1824.

Sir—You will much oblige me by giving the enclosed correspondence an early insertion in your Paper.—I am, Sir, &c. HORATIO CLAGETT.

London, Fladong's Hotel, Dec. 28, 1824.

Sir—A Morning Paper of Saturday contains two letters from you to Miss Foote mentioning my name and conduct in terms which I do not purpose here to discuss, but to which you will see it is impossible for me to submit without a satisfactory explanation.

For that purpose, Mr. Spooner has accompanied me *from London*, in whom I have *placed my honour* on this occasion.—I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

Colonel Berkeley, &c. &c. Berkeley Castle. HORATIO CLAGETT.

Berkeley Castle, December 29, 1824.

Sir—I cannot have the least hesitation in assuring you, that in the mention of your name in a correspondence, lately published, unauthorized by me, *that* it was not my intention to make any insinuation prejudicial to your character; and that, *as I never had the pleasure of your acquaintance*, I beg you to believe, that, in the exercise of my authority over my children, *I totally disclaim any wish of giving personal offence to you.*—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

To H. Clagett, Esq. W. FITZHARDINGE BERKELEY.

The thing which strikes us most particularly in Mr. Clagett's letter is, that he performs in it what the Irish account an impossibility, "he is in two places at once like a bird." The letter, according to the date, was written in London; and yet the writer informs the Colonel in it, that Mr. Spooner *has* accompanied him *from* London. But possibly a performance of such labour was commenced in London and finished at Berkeley. Besides this miracle, we remark several ugly dislocations in these six lines, which a skilful schoolmaster would have put in joint. But the Colonel's reply is even more curious still, the grammar is rather deranged, but the logic is the most extraordinary we ever observed: "As I never had the pleasure of your acquaintance, &c. I totally disclaim any wish of giving personal offence to you." The conclusion implied here must be particularly alarming to Colonel Berkeley's acquaintances. Thus it is that for want of a little skill in these matters, a man says things most foreign to his meaning. "A man of Honour's complete Letter-Writer, or the Duellist's Assistant," would prevent these awkward blunders. Future writers on duelling would also confer a great benefit on the fighting world, by giving individuals a clear view of their honour (if they have any), by which they may distinguish plainly when it is wounded, the extent of the injury inflicted, and the remedy which the case demands; it is also expedient that people should be instructed in some logical process, by which they may discover what they are angry about, as much vague and irritating discussion arises in quarrels from the obscurity in which this important point is invariably involved.

HISTORY OF NAPOLEON AND THE GRAND ARMY IN 1812,

BY GENERAL COMTE PHILIPPE DE SEGUR.*

It was mentioned in the letter from Paris in our last Number, that two very remarkable works had just issued from the French press. The first is intituled *L'Histoire de Napoleon, et de la Grande Armée pendant l'Année* 1812, *par M. le Général Comte de Segur.* The second has for title *Le Manuscrit de* 1813, *par M. Le Baron Fain, l'un des Secretaires de Napoleon.* These two interesting historical productions bear evident marks of a judicious imitation of Sir Walter Scott. This celebrated romance writer has caused a revolution in French literature. Without being conscious of it probably, or aspiring to the honour, he is the chief of what is called in France *le parti romantique.* All the women adore him, and there is no literary name which so frequently falls from their lips as his. Moreover, the strong attachment felt or feigned by Sir Walter Scott, for all that smacks of ancient institutions, and his consequent want of enthusiasm for those innovations and improvements, which tend to ameliorate the present social state of mankind, have rendered him a distinguished favourite with the Ultra-party, to which party belong, at least, three-fourths of the female readers of his romances. The History of the Dukes of Burgundy, by M. de Barante, and the two works mentioned at the commencement of the article, will find their way into every chateau in France, as they are calculated to excite strong emotions without exacting from the reader any great effort of historical acumen.

But the difference of merit in these three compositions is immense. M. de Barante is an adroit rhetorician, who has taken care not to give umbrage to the powers that be by unpalatable deductions. This author was an under-secretary of state, and writes only to fill up his enforced leisure, until some favourable chance shall throw another *portefeuille* in his way. While reading him, the conviction is irresistibly impressed upon the mind, that we are communing with a man who has all the patriotism of one of Buonaparte's prefects, joined to the frankness and candour of a diplomatist. M. Fain writes history as he would prepare a report for the royal and imperial eyes of his late master. M. de Segur is a writer *sui generis,* and displays the independence of character and depth of thought, which are indispensable in the 19th century to secure an elevated rank in the republic of letters. To make a book which shall be correctly written is now, from the spread of education, an effort within the reach of seven-tenths of those belonging to the richer classes of

* The writer of this article was himself an officer of the Grand Army, and had peculiar means of observation.

society. Hundreds there are, who, like M. Villemain,* the king of modern rhetoricians, can string together a set of fine phrases; the difficulty is to append thoughts to them.

The history of the Campaign of Moscow in 1812, by the Count de Segur, is a work that soars far above the vulgar class of similar attempts. It is a true, nay, a sublime picture of that grand experiment upon the heart of man—the retreat from Moscow. Having myself been a partaker in that deplorable catastrophe, I can bear witness to the unerring truth of M. de Segur's narrative. Though some of the details appeared to me under a different point of view, yet this circumstance can in no wise detract from the veracity of M. de Segur, neither would it lead me to doubt the pains which the author must have taken to collect accurate information upon the various subjects connected with the ever-memorable march from Moscow to Köningsberg. M. de Segur evidently adores the great man in Napoleon, at the same time that he perceives and contemns the various moral maladies that despotism and the enforced absence of all truth from the atmosphere by which he was surrounded engendered in his elevated mind. M. de Chambray, an officer in the royal guards, published about a year ago an account of the Campaign of Moscow. This officer, a man of intellect and acquirements, would have willingly told the truth, had not his hopes of promotion under the Bourbons checked his pen. And thus obliged to affect ultraism by not daring to do justice to Napoleon, the veracity of his narrative undergoes various eclipses. It would not be an uninteresting exercise, particularly to military men, to compare the accounts of this officer playing the Ultra with those of M. de Segur. In the work of the former there is scarcely any thing but mere military details, these being the only ones where his pen had liberty to be veracious. M. de Segur had not space for all these details, his work being rather a philosophical and political, than a military, history of the event, and merits, as well as the history of the Revolution by Mignet, to be translated into every civilized language. It is certainly more interesting in the perusal than Redgauntlet, and Napoleon is another guess sort of personage, compared with the poor Pretender Charles Edward. Having said so much, and with perfect sincerity, of the author's merits, we shall now advert to his defects. M. de Segur has too closely imitated the History of the Anarchy of Poland by Rulhiére. Before 1815, this work was decidedly superior to any historical production that had appeared in France for 50 years. The minds of Frenchmen, emasculated by the puerile refinements and morbid taste of the court of Louis XV. only gave birth to those pale and feeble productions, which communicate so affected and effeminate a physiognomy to French literature from the year 1756 to 1789. The

* The author of a History of Cromwell, and various minor pieces. He is a Member of the French Academy, and a celebrated lecturer on the Belles Lettres in Paris.

stunted and pigmy intellects of that period were unable to grapple with great historical questions. Voltaire alone, by the force of his wit, arose above the mist which covered the literature of his country. The father of General Segur, the Count de Segur, formerly Grand Master of the Ceremonies to Napoleon, may be taken as the representative of the literati of the reign of Louis XV. He has compiled an endless Universal History, in 30 volumes, 8vo. written in the style which was in vogue before the Revolution, and equally colourless and inanimate as that of Abbé Millot, and other intellectual heroes of the same epoch. The Count de Segur, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, exhibits several of the little vanities and affectations of that period; for instance, he has prefixed to his enormous compilations of 30 volumes, a *fac simile* of his own hand-writing. Rulhiére, in his History of the Anarchy of Poland, sought to imitate the style of Seneca; the work was not published for several years after his death, for the manuscript belonged to government, from whom Rulhiére received during twenty years a pension of 8,000 francs for writing it. It would never probably have seen the light, but for the rupture between Napoleon and the Emperor of Russia. Napoleon then caused it to be made public, for the purpose of dishonouring the Russians in the eyes of the world, and showing to the civilized portion of Europe what barbarians those were by whom they were threatened to be over-run. M. Danou, one of the three or four writers of first rate talent, who have abstained hitherto from selling themselves either to Napoleon or the Bourbons, was the editor of Rulhiére's history, but unfortunately the Jesuits, who are to be met with every where, and on all occasions, had previously exercised their censorship upon the original manuscript, and the strongest passages were either altogether effaced or considerably mutilated by these arch-hypocrites. *Par parenthese,* whenever you hear of a *fripponerie* of this kind in France, you may set it down, without much fear of being mistaken, to the account of the knavish children of Loyola. I have spoken at some length of Rulhiére's work, for two reasons; first, it forms the proper and almost necessary introduction to the history of General Segur; and secondly, as it is the model which M. de Segur seems to have had most constantly in view, and which he has, unfortunately for his own literary reputation and the reader's pleasure, too closely imitated. I also cannot help objecting to the obscure metaphysical speculations upon the character of Napoleon, in which M. de Segur but too often loses himself, as also to his endeavours to find proofs of the immortality of the soul in the fortuitous events of the Russian campaign; and lastly, I must deplore that affected brevity of style, which often forces upon the reader the conviction of it being the result of considerable labour. In the very first sentence of the work the author has committed a grammatical error, in a vain endeavour to compress, like Tacitus: "*Depuis* 1807, *l'intervalle entre le Rhin et le Niemen etait franchi et ces deux fleuves devenus rivaux.*" But these are blemishes more than compensated by

the various and novel information contained in the work, and which, besides, has many passages written with great force both of style and expression. The only really ridiculous pages are those of an affected and mock-pathetic dedication to the veterans of the grand army, whom, after the example of Cæsar, in his Commentaries, M. de Segur calls his 'companions.' This sacrifice of good taste was probably necessary to secure a favourable report of the work in the *Constitutionnel* and other liberal journals, who find it their interest to flatter the partizans of Buonapartism, and without whose aid no literary production can have any success in France.

This dedication, however, is curious, as affording a specimen of the manner in which the French military were accustomed to talk of themselves. Of this species of vain boasting there is a very spirited and faithful description in the first volume. The soldiers themselves, though influenced by this ranting, were not unconscious of its absurdity, and gave it the name of *blogue*. To be understood by the French soldiery, and even by a great majority of the officers, it was necessary to adopt this species of *blarney*. Marshal Augereau was a perfect master in this detestable style of declamation; which is directly the contrary of that simple and natural language made use of by English officers in their dispatches or addresses to their soldiers. The secret of this *blogue* is for the orator to talk in unmeasured terms of praise of himself and his soldiers. The truth is, that this kind of wordy *dramming* is necessary to the French soldier, who would remain altogether unmoved by the plain matter-of-fact address of an English General. A philosopher like Catinat would be powerless at the head of a modern French regiment, to lead which on to the cannon's mouth, it requires a ranting player such as that madman, the brave, and foppish, Murat. M. de Segur very clearly explains how the jealousy which Napoleon was weak enough to feel towards Marshal Davoust (the only one of his Generals who foresaw the precise species of obstacle that proved ruinous to the Russian expedition) led him to suffer himself to be influenced by the gasconading Murat, whose *brilliant* manœuvres caused the loss of 50,000 horses before the army reached Moscow. Amongst the other unskilful advisers by whom Napoleon was surrounded, M. de Segur has ventured to designate only Prince Berthier, and two or three others now deceased. Those who survive, not being in the sunshine of court favour, M. de Segur has generously abstained from further adding to their gloom by his reproaches. The author does full justice to the firm, frank, and *ungasconading* character (this last quality a very rare one in France) of Messrs. Caulincourt, Daru, and Ney. General Segur, as son to the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, was enabled to acquire the fullest information upon what took place in the interior of the court; consequently his account of Napoleon's diplomacy, both preparatory to, and during the campaign, is singularly interesting and entirely new. One of the drivellers (whom in the pride of his despotism Napoleon

had about him in number) dissuaded him from sending Talleyrand, the most skilful intriguer in Europe, on a mission to Constantinople and Stockholm, in order to secure the co-operation of the Sublime Porte and Bernadotte, then Prince Royal of Sweden. I know not if Talleyrand would have succeeded in these missions; but this I know, that if Napoleon had been then the same *unspoiled* great man he was in 1796, if the habitude of despotism had not made him prefer talentless sycophants to men of energy and tact, he would have left no effort untried to secure the support of Bernadotte, and particularly that of the Sublime Porte, without whose co-operation the right wing of his army was devoted to destruction. The presence of Talleyrand at Constantinople was then a most indispensable preliminary, and the Emperor was woefully punished for not sending him there, by the disasters at the Berezina. All that portion of M. de Segur's work, relative to diplomatic details, and the intercourse of Napoleon's court, is a *chef-d'œuvre.*

In his description of these interesting matters the author throws much novel light upon the character of Napoleon. He declares his profound admiration for the great and extraordinary qualities of the hero, but in a very different style from the indiscriminating and childish adoration of *Las Cases,* that perfect incarnation of the *beau ideal* of a Chamberlain. We learn from this work some singular and interesting details of several severe attacks of indisposition, which the policy of Napoleon concealed from the army, but which often reduced him to a state of almost utter feebleness, in those very critical moments when he had most need of all his physical and mental energy; as for instance, on the day of the battle of the Moskowa. The author in another passage shows that despotism, which by the vulgar is considered so useful, nay, indispensable, in commanding an army, often counteracts its own objects. Napoleon's jealousy of Davoust (Prince d'Eckmuhl) so convinced the other Generals that the Emperor was very unwilling to see any of them evince talent superior to his own, that they considered it prudent to play the part of mere automatons, and abstain from acting upon their own judgment, even where the imperious exigency of the case required it. How different was the system pursued in 1796, during the immortal campaign of Italy, when every one, fired with Republican enthusiasm, obeyed with zeal, but when the orders of the Commander-in-Chief arrived not, *dared to invent.* The debasing effects produced by Napoleon's despotic wilfulness cannot fail to strike the most inattentive reader in the account of the battle of the Moskowa (7th Sept. 1812). The battle might have been gained five times over if Napoleon had been on the field, or if his Generals, at the same time so brave and so timid, had ventured to take upon themselves the risk of following up their success. Napoleon was a league distant from the field of battle, suffering under an excess of fever. Under these circumstances, if the Russians had been commanded by a Blucher, who would have recommenced the battle on the 8th, the French army would in all likelihood have met with the same

fate as they since experienced at Waterloo; and, as they were 93 leagues from Poland, not a single soldier would probably have escaped the just vengeance of the Russians. For the only entire *corps d'armée* the Emperor had then with him was his guard, about 20,000 strong, and mostly composed of young recruits, who were evidently unable to withstand the shock of the Russians. If the disastrous probability above mentioned had taken place, it would have been solely attributable to the timidity with which the Emperor had inspired his Generals. It was the absence of this timidity that enabled the fool-hardy Murat to play so brilliant a *role* in that campaign.

The character of Napoleon as a great captain was eclipsed, on the field of the Moskowa, by the superior conduct of two of his Marshals—Ney, whom Louis XVIII since put to death in breach of the capitulation of Paris, and as the French say with the connivance of the Duke of Wellington, aided by the base subserviency of the Chamber of Peers. The other was Davoust (Prince d'Eckmuhl), who, when in Egypt, gave but few signs of talent, but between 1800 and 1812 showed himself a man of genius, in war and *espionage*. It was Davoust who gained the battle of Jena in 1806, and who, at the Moskowa, pointed out to the Emperor, at the same time offering to execute it in person, and in two hours time, a manœuvre which would have saved the lives of 10,000 Frenchmen. Napoleon on this occasion conducted himself like a drunken captain of grenadiers, in ordering his soldiers to attack barbarians such as the Russians in front, instead of turning them. One word will suffice to show the murderous effects of such a system of attack; 43 Generals were either killed or wounded at the affair of the Moskowa. M. de Segur is too much of a Bonapartist to record this truth; however, every reader of his book, gifted with a spirit of deduction, and who examines minutely the military details of the campaign, will draw this inference from the facts, which M. de Segur narrates with impartiality, but the consequences of which he sometimes omits to bring forward.

Ney was a truly great captain: after the victory of the Moskowa, if such a frightful battle merit the name, the first word he said to Napoleon, the 7th September, at nine o'clock at night, was, *Sire, you must retreat.* The expression of this honest advice was highly honourable to the speaker, particularly when it is considered, that it was addressed to Napoleon, when he was all irritation from disease and from the consciousness that the frightful loss he had just sustained was attributable in a great measure to his own want of generalship. Still all was not lost; for if Napoleon had, four days after the battle of the Moskowa, marched upon Smolensko, the distance to which, 83 leagues, he might have got over in 20 days, he would have found himself on the banks of the Borysthenes on the 6th of October, until which time the sun shone brilliantly, and the degree of cold was only sufficient to brace and not incommode. By such a movement he might have made Poland his own, and the next year have made a

summer march of it to Moscow, between which and him there would have been but 93 leagues and two or three battles.

Prince Eugene Beauharnois and King Murat presided at the frightful butchery of the Moskowa, like men who seemed to think there was no such thing as death,—Murat braved it like a ranting actor, and with a constitutional gaiety, which, though a little *de mauvais ton,* was all powerful in its effect upon his soldiers. The extravagant costume of this theatrical king, the plume of feathers two feet high, dancing above his casque, and his headlong valour, made him the admiration and rallying point of the troops. The bravery of Prince Eugene, who always preserved much of the Marquis of the *ancien regime,* was cold, simple, and *de bon ton.* It was remarked that his refinement of feeling was greatly shocked when, during some moments of the day being on foot, he was obliged to march ancle deep through the pools of blood that thickly intersected the plain. Seeing his finest regiments mowed down like grass, he sent to the Emperor for aid, informing him that the troops could hold out no longer. "I cannot remedy that," replied Napoleon, who was endeavouring to assuage his fever thirst with copious draughts of tea. Napoleon had considerably increased his malady by passing the night of the 6th until four in the morning upon horseback, reconnoitring the enemy's position within gun-shot of their lines: Indeed, it may be said, that upon this memorable occasion, Napoleon was a General only during that night. His principal fear, as well as that of the army, was, that the Russians would escape a second time.

My intention is to terminate this article by extracts from the work of M. de Segur. Many of these inspire so deep an interest, that it would be in vain to expect that any one, after reading them, could lend his attention to any further reflections of mine. I shall therefore, before giving these passages, here insert a few of those recollections and observations awakened in my mind by the perusal of M. de Segur's work. Though unwilling to speak of myself, I must, as a title to the reader's confidence, commence by stating that I served in a regiment which took part in the action of Moskowa.

All the military defects engendered by despotism in the great mind of Napoleon were tripled as to their fatal effect upon the army by the incredible incapacity of the Major-General Berthier, Prince de Neufchatel. The physical force of this poor man was nearly exhausted; and, as to his mind, it was not many degrees removed from dotage. A march of eight or ten leagues on horseback left him unfit for further exertion. A great portion of the disasters which signalized this campaign would probably have been avoided, had this superannuated Prince de Neufchatel fallen sick at Dresden, and been replaced by Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia; the same man, be it said *en passant,* who at present (Dec. 1824) is seen each morning going to mass with a huge prayer-book bound in red morocco carried before him. Under

Napoleon he was a great general, but under the Bourbons he has dwindled into a hypocritical worshipper of the power of the Jesuits.

But to return.—So desirable a change as that of Soult for Berthier was not possible at that time, for Napoleon had become a hater of all transcendent merit; servile plodding mediocrity was the quality which found most favour in his eyes, and unfortunately this disposition of the master was a secret for no one. He was seen, at Dorogubué I believe, half-way between Moscow and Smolensko, to redden with suppressed rage at being forced to name Gouvion St. Cyr Marshal of the Empire, one of the greatest military characters modern France has to boast of. At Watipek, where he commanded, and where he was ably seconded by Count Amadée de Pastoret, Count Gouvion St. Cyr gave battle twelve times to the Russians, who sought to break the French line of communication and cut them off from Poland and France. These engagements cost the Russians more men than General St. Cyr had under his command. Marshal St. Cyr has been Minister of War since the restoration, and in that capacity conducted himself with scrupulous honour. In 1822, he published the Memoirs of his Campaign in Catalonia, a work equally remarkable for good sense and simplicity of style. He has finished writing a similar work upon the Campaign of Moscow, which will not a little shock the Buonapartists; for the writer not only asserts, but proves, that during the fatal year 1812, Napoleon not only evinced incapacity as a general, but gave signs of *etourderie*, which seemed the result of a head turned by pride. Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr has, for what reason I know not, omitted to make any mention of the frequent indispositions of the Emperor. Napoleon was extremely nervous; and sickness prostrated his bodily and mental faculties to such a degree, that he became almost an inert mass. On these occasions he sometimes slept for twelve hours consecutively, and on awaking endeavoured to excite his faculties by drinking large quantities of tea, in which a small portion of brandy was mixed. But afterwards, as misfortunes thickened around him, this tea became strong brandy-punch, so strong, that a single glass of it was sufficient to set the excellent and simple Duroc to sleep. On some occasions the Emperor has been known to drink as much as two bottles full of this beverage. When Marshal St. Cyr denominates Napoleon a *médiocre* general, he must forget the Italian campaigns in 1796, and those in the neighbourhood of Paris, in 1813. It is true, the bodily powers of this great man failed him at Brienne, and at Montmirail. On this last day, to rouse his sinking powers, he drank three bottles full of brandy-punch. Of this the army suspected nothing, for those about his person would have considered it foul treachery to have made known the circumstance.

The only individuals who, at the Kremlin, while Moscow was burning, had the courage to speak the truth to the Emperor, were the Count Daru, then Secretary of State, and the Grand Marshal Duroc. The harsh and abrupt observations of Daru irritated and checked Napoleon for the

moment; while the mild reasoning and long-tried friendship of Duroc bade fairer to produce an effect upon his mind; but the base flatteries of several individuals still living, but whom I shall not name, aided by the blind wilfulness attendant on despotic power, engaged the Emperor not to quit Moscow until four days after the conflagration. He entered that extraordinary city on the 14th of September. At that time the army was perishing for want of food; so little precautions had Count Dumas, then Intendant General, taken to provide for its support. The city continued to burn during the 14th, 15th, and 16th; when the conflagration had ceased, there were found in the cellars a large store of good dried fish, and so much excellent wine, that the best claret was sold at three francs a bottle. The soldiers of the guard had the privilege of pillaging, and they carried on the trade in wine, and also in fur pelisses, which those who were prudent took care to provide themselves with. The army, thus refreshed, could and ought to have left the city on the 19th of September, but they did not do so till the 19th of October. For this fatal delay of 30 days, they paid dearly on the banks of the Berezina, and in the environs of Wilna. It would have been better to have marched upon St. Petersburgh than have remained at Moscow. The Russian army could scarcely have come up with the French before they were half-way to Petersburgh. If the French had once got there, it is not improbable but the inhabitants of that city, much more selfish, and less patriotic than those of Moscow, would have opened their gates like those of Vienna and Berlin. To march upon St. Petersburgh would certainly have been a folly; to leave the army at Moscow during the winter under the command of Davoust, while Napoleon repaired to Paris, would also have been one; but still either of these two would have been less hazardous than setting out the 19th of October for Smolensko.

It was at this moment that the imbecility and incapacity of the Prince de Neufchatel were evinced in a most fatal manner—he frightened the whole army by directing their attention to the 600 dreary leagues that separated them from France. From the 12th of October, straggling bands of 30 and 40 deserters, with their baggage and *arms* tied upon the backs of a small race of horses, called by the soldiers *coniats*, set out from Moscow for Smolensko, by Borodino and Doragubué. Berthier, instead of having the firmness to order the first of these deserters who abandoned their eagles and set out for home *en voyageurs*, to be shot, authorised in some measure this infamous desertion; and Napoleon, who had acquired the habit of maltreating those who revealed the truth to him, either was ignorant of the circumstance, or, if he knew it, had not the energy to put a stop to it. These are the principal causes of the unheard-of desertions that accompanied that retreat. They are chiefly to be attributed to the Prince de Neufchatel, and the fops in red pantaloons who were his *aides de camp*. During this fatal march, the Russians committed the most extraordinary errors in

tactics; posterity will, in vain, endeavour to comprehend the excess of stupidity which hindered these barbarians from destroying the bridges and causeways in the swamps of the Berezina. Had they done so, the whole French army must have met with a fate similar to that of General Pastoveu's division. I was with that army, and yet I do not hesitate to say that it would have been fortunate for France had Admiral Tschitchakoff and General Tschaplitz possessed the ordinary military skill of an English or French Colonel. In which case, Bonaparte's ruin would have been inevitable. So conscious was he himself of his dangerous position, that he entertained the idea of committing suicide; which, if he had then attempted, it would not have been vainly, as at Fontainbleau, in April, 1814, when he took a preparation of stramonium, invented by Cabanis, and tried with success by Condorcet. In the event of Napoleon's death, the army would have been made prisoners, the great majority of whom would have perished with cold and hunger; but never would the barbarians have ventured to cross the Rhine, then the limits of France. The King of Rome, under the direction of Cambaceres, and a well-chosen regency, would have enabled the Senate to recover its influence; in which case the French would not now have to deplore the excess of debasement into which they have fallen—led as they are at present by the Jesuits, and obliged to follow the car of the Holy Alliance.

Before justifying, by extracts, the praises given to M. de Segur in the beginning of this article, I cannot omit again animadverting on his style, which in too many instances is affected, elaborate, and full of pretension. It is under this point of view particularly that I think this work will be eclipsed by the Memoirs of Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, which are written with the simplicity peculiar to a great mind. I should recommend to M. de Segur to suppress in the second edition all the vague metaphysical discussions upon materialism, and the immortality of the soul; also to clear up a great number of passages that have become obscure, from the great pains taken to make them resemble those of Tacitus and Rulhiére; and, lastly, to correct that affected *tournure* of phrase which is peculiar to modern French writers, instances of which are to be found in but too many pages of this otherwise remarkable production. The extracts which follow relate to three different epochs:—1. The passage of the Niemen, and entrance upon the Russian territory.—2. The battle of the Moskowa.—3. The horrors of the retreat in the environs of the Berezina.

In page 116, of the first volume, we find that the system of plunder in which the army indulged was not confined to the soldiers, but that general officers, and even princes, took part in it. M. de Segur says:

However, the Emperor wished there should be some order in this disorder. Amidst the accusing cries of the subjects of the two monarchs, our allies, his anger selected the names of certain individuals. We read in his letters upon this occasion: "I have reprimanded the generals * * * and * * *, I have suppressed the brigade of * * *, I

have caused it to be notified to * * * (the present King of Wurtemberg), that he would draw upon himself the most disagreeable consequences if he did not put an end to such a system." Some days after, meeting this prince at the head of his troops, Napoleon, still full of indignation, cried out to him, "You disgrace yourself by setting an example of plunder. Be silent, or return to your father; I have no need of your services."

In page 117 is the following passage on Berthier and Davoust.

At Marienbourg the Emperor rejoined Davoust. Be it natural or acquired pride, this Marshal was unwilling to acknowledge any one for his chief but he who commanded all Europe. Besides, he was of a despotic, obstinate, and unbending character, and almost as little inclined to yield to circumstances as to his fellow men. In 1809, Berthier was his superior in command during some days, and Davoust gained a battle, and saved the army by disobeying his orders. Hence arose a terrible hatred between them, which, during the peace, went on increasing, but without bursting forth, as they were separated—Berthier being at Paris, Davoust at Hamburg; but this war brought them together. Berthier had become enfeebled. Since 1805, war appeared odious to him. His chief talent was in his active habits and business, and excellent memory; he was always ready to receive and transmit, at all hours of the day and night, the most multiplied dispatches and orders. On some of these occasions, he took upon himself to transmit orders upon his own authority. These orders were ill received by Davoust, and their next meeting, which took place at Marienbourg, in the presence of the Emperor, ended in a violent altercation; Davoust expressed himself in the harshest terms, his anger carried him even so far as to accuse Berthier of incapacity or treason. They mutually menaced each other; and when Berthier quitted the apartment, Napoleon, influenced by the naturally mistrustful character of the Marshal, exclaimed, "It sometimes happens to me to doubt of the fidelity of my oldest companions in arms, but then my head becomes crazed with grief, and I hasten to repel such cruel suspicions." While Davoust was enjoying perhaps the dangerous pleasure of having humbled an enemy, the Emperor set out for Dantzic, and Berthier, burning with a desire of vengeance, followed him. From that moment the zeal, the renown of Davoust, his preparations for that new expedition, all, in fine, that should have tended to raise his reputation, turned to his disadvantage. The Emperor had written to him: "that they were going to make war in a desolate country, where the enemy would have destroyed every thing, and that it was necessary that every one should be prepared to supply his own wants." Davoust replied to him by enumerating his preparations. "He had 70,000 men in a state of the completest organization; they carried provisions for 25 days with them. To each company were attached a certain number of swimmers, masons, bakers, tailors, shoemakers, armourers; in a word, workmen of every kind. They carried every thing necessary with them; his army was, in fact, a colony: they were even provided with hand-mills. He had foreseen all their wants: and all the means of supplying them were ready." Such precautions merited commendation; they were, however, ill received, and maliciously interpreted. Insidious observations were made in the Emperor's hearing: "This Marshal," it was said, "wishes to foresee, to order, to execute every thing. Is the Emperor then to be only a spectator of the expedition? Is all the glory to fall to Davoust?" "In fact," exclaimed the Emperor, "it appears that it is he who commands the army."

At page 125, we have the following spirited description of the French army.

As to the French, he found them filled with ardour. Amongst the soldiers, this arose from habit, curiosity, the pleasure of appearing as masters in a foreign country, the vanity of the youngest particularly, who had need to acquire some renown, that they might afterwards boast of it with that charlatanism so much liked by soldiers; these narratives, big with their great deeds, were moreover indispensable to occupy their leisure

moments. Besides all this, there was also the hope of plunder; for the ever-craving ambition of Napoleon had often discontented his soldiers, as their depredations had tarnished his glory. A compromise then became necessary. Since 1805, there seemed to have been a tacit convention that they should not object to his ambition, nor he to their plundering. However, this pillaging, or rather marauding, was in general confined to provisions, which, in default of the regular distributions, were exacted from the inhabitants, but often with too little regard to moderation. The more reprehensible species of pillage was that committed by the stragglers, of whom there were necessarily a great number during the forced marches; but these disorders were never tolerated. In order to put a stop to them, Napoleon left brigades of gendarmes and moving columns to follow the route of the army; and when these stragglers rejoined their regiments, their havresacks were examined by their officers, or even, as at Austerlitz, by their comrades, who, in case of delinquency, did strict justice upon them. The last levies, it is true, were too young and too feeble; but the army had still a great number of vigorous men enured to action, accustomed to the most critical situations, and whom nothing could astonish. These were easily recognised by their martial looks and conversation: all their reminiscences and anticipations were of war, which was the only subject of which they spoke. Their officers were worthy of them, or became so: for, to maintain the ascendancy of their rank over such men, it was necessary to be able to show your wounds, and talk of the brave actions you had performed. Such was then the life of these men; every thing was action—even their words. Sometimes they boasted too much, but even this engaged them to act, for they remained not long without being put to the proof, and then it was necessary to appear as brave as they had represented themselves; this is more particularly the character of the Poles; they represent themselves more brave than they *have* been, but not more so than they are capable of being. They are a nation of heroes! boasting of themselves beyond the bounds of truth, but afterwards making it a point of honour to make true what had at first been neither true nor likely to be so. As to the old generals, some of them were no longer the rigid and plain-mannered warriors of the republic; honours, fatigues, age, and the Emperor most of all, had changed many of them. Napoleon compelled them to live in a luxurious manner by his example and his orders; it being, according to him, one of the means of swaying the multitude. Another motive probably with him was, that it hindered them from amassing large fortunes, and becoming, in some measure, independent of him; for being the source which supplied them with wealth, it was his policy to keep them in such a state as should necessitate a continual recurrence to him for a fresh supply. He thus enclosed his generals in a circle from which it was difficult to escape; forcing them to pass incessantly from want to prodigality, and from prodigality to a state of want, which he alone could satisfy. If he granted them lands, they were those of a conquered country, subject to all the chances of war, and which war alone could preserve to them. But to retain them in dependance, renown, which had become a habit with some, a passion with others, and a necessary acquirement for all, sufficed; and Napoleon, absolute master of his age, and commanding even history, was the dispenser of that renown. Although he made them pay a high price for it, they dared not retract; they would have been ashamed to have acknowledged their weakness in presence of his force, and stop short in a career which he, who had already attained such a height of renown, still pursued with unabated vigour. Moreover, the eclat of so great an expedition had its charms; the success appeared certain; it promised to be no more than a military march to Petersburgh and Moscow. It was but one effort more and all their labours would probably be at an end. It was a lost occasion which they would have repented to have passed by: they would be annoyed by hearing the glorious event of the campaign recounted by others.

The passage of the Niemen is thus described:

The 23d June, before day light, the imperial column reached the Niemen, but without

seeing it. The borders of the great Prussian forest of Pilwisky, and the hills which rise immediately from the river, concealed it from the view of the grand army about to cross it. Napoleon, who had come thus far in a carriage, here mounted his horse at two o'clock in the morning. He reconnoitred the Russian river without disguising himself, as it has been falsely asserted. As he approached the bank, his horse stumbled and threw him. A voice exclaimed, "This is a bad omen, a Roman would be deterred by it!" It is not known if it was the Emperor, or one of his suite, who pronounced these words. After reconnoitring, he ordered that the next evening, at night fall, three bridges should be thrown across the river, near the village of Porriemen; he then retired to his quarters, where he passed the whole of that day, alternately in his tent and in a Polish house, stretched, seemingly bereft of force, in an immoveable attitude, in the midst of a heavy oppressive heat, and seeking, but in vain, for repose. As soon as night returned, he again approached the river; a few pioneers in a little skiff first crossed it. Astonished at meeting with no obstacle, they quitted the boat and set foot upon the Russian soil. There they found peace; it was only on the opposite side that the appearance of war existed: all was tranquillity upon this foreign soil, which had been painted to them in such menacing colours. However, a subaltern officer of Cossacks, commanding a patrol, soon approached them. He was alone, and seemed to consider it a time of profound peace, and to be ignorant that Europe was in arms before him. He asked the strangers who they were: "Frenchmen," replied they; "What do you want," demanded the officer, "and why do you come into Russia?" A pioneer bluntly replied to him: "To make war upon you! to take Wilna! to deliver Poland!" The Cossack retired and disappeared amidst the forest; upon which three of the soldiers, carried away by their ardour, discharged their muskets. Thus the feeble report of three muskets, and to which there was no answer, told us that a new campaign had opened, and that a great invasion had commenced. This first signal of war, be it prudence or presentiment, threw the Emperor into a state of violent irritation. Three hundred voltigeurs then passed the river to protect the construction of the bridges. Some time after, all the French columns issued from the vallies and the forest. They advanced silently towards the river, under favour of a profound darkness. To be conscious of their presence, it was necessary to touch them; it was forbidden to light any fires, or even strike the smallest spark; the soldiers slept with their arms in their hands as if in presence of the enemy. The green barley, wet with a heavy dew, served the men for beds and the horses for food. At 300 paces from the river, on the most elevated ground, was seen the Emperor's tent. Around it all the hills to their very tops were covered, and the vallies filled with men and horses. As soon as the sun shone upon these moving masses and their sparkling arms, the signal was given, and immediately this multitude began moving in three columns towards the three bridges. The ardour was so great, that two divisions of the advanced guard, contending for the honour of passing the first, were near coming to blows; it was not without some difficulty that order was restored. Napoleon hastened to set his foot upon the Russian soil; he made, without hesitation, this first step towards his ruin—he first kept near the bridge encouraging the soldiers by his looks, who saluted him with their accustomed cries. They appeared more animated than himself; whether it were that he felt so enormous an aggression weigh upon his heart, or that his enfeebled body was unable to support the excessive heat, or that he was already astounded at finding nothing to conquer; at length a fit of impatience seized him. He suddenly dashed forward, and plunged into the forest that borders the river. He put his horse to his utmost speed, and appeared as if, in his eagerness, he wished all alone to come up with the enemy. He rode forward, thus unattended, the distance of a league, and then returned towards the bridges; after which he descended the bank of the river, with his guard, towards Kowno. We thought, at one time, we could hear the roaring of cannon; we listened while marching, to learn on what side the battle had begun. But on that and the following days, with the exception of some troops of Cossacks, the only enemies we met with were the elements. For scarcely had the

Emperor crossed the river, when an indistinct sound was heard in the air; soon after the sky became obscured, the wind arose and brought to our ears the sinister mutterings of thunder. This menacing sky, this soil without a shelter saddened us. Some even who had been before enthusiastic, became alarmed, looking upon the circumstance as a bad omen. They thought that these thunder-riven clouds gathered around our heads, and descended towards the soil to forbid us entering upon it. It is true that this thunder storm was as gigantic as the enterprise in which we were engaged. For several hours the black and heavy clouds continued to increase, their sombre masses covering the whole army; from the right to the left over a line of fifty leagues the troops were menaced by incessant lightning, and deluged with torrents of rain; the heat of the atmosphere was suddenly replaced by a piercing cold. Ten thousand horses perished in the march, and particularly during the *bivouacs*. This same day a particular misfortune was added to this general disaster. Beyond Kowno, Napoleon, finding the march of Oudinot interrupted by the river Vilia, the bridge over which the Cossacks had destroyed, became irritated, and affecting to despise it, as he did every thing which interrupted his designs, he ordered a squadron of the Poles of his guard to cross the river. These chosen men dashed into it without hesitation; at first they went forward in good order, and even after getting beyond their depth they still continued, their horses swimming, till they reached the middle of the river; there the strength of the current divided them, their horses took fright, and were swept away by the violence of the waters; their riders struggled for a long time, but in vain, their strength failed them, but just before the waters covered over them they suspended their dying efforts, and turning their heads towards Napoleon, they shouted *Vive l'Empereur*. Three in particular were seen, whose lips alone were above the water when they uttered this cry, and immediately sunk. The army was seized with horror and admiration.

Battle of the Moskowa.

It was half-past five in the morning when Napoleon arrived near the redoubt that had been taken on the 5th of September. There he awaited the first appearance of day, and the first musket shots from Poniatowski's detachment. The sun arose, and the Emperor pointing it out to his officers, exclaimed, "Behold the sun of Austerlitz," but it was unfavourable to us. It rose on the side of the Russians, enabling them to see us distinctly, while it dazzled our eyes. It was then discovered that during the darkness our batteries had been stationed out of reach of the enemy. It was necessary to advance them; this we did without receiving any obstruction from the enemy. They seemed unwilling to be the first to break this terrible silence. The attention of the Emperor was directed towards the right, when suddenly on the left the battle began; he soon was informed that one of Prince Eugene's regiments, the 106th, had carried the village of Borodino, and the bridge, which they should have broken down, but that, hurried away by their success, in despite of the cries of their general, they pushed on to attack the heights of Goreki, from whence the Russians swept them by a fire in front and flank. Further information soon arrived that the general commanding this brigade had been killed, and the 106th would have been entirely destroyed, had not the 92d regiment, of its own accord, rushed forward to their aid, and sheltered and brought back the survivors. It was Napoleon himself who had given orders to his left wing to begin the attack furiously. Probably he thought that he would have been but half obeyed, and that he wished only to draw the attention of the enemy to that side. But he so multiplied his orders, and overstrained his excitements, that the attack which he had planned as an oblique one was directed against the front of the enemy. During this action, the Emperor, judging that Poniatowski was already engaged upon the old road to Moscow, had given the signal of attack before him. Suddenly, from that tranquil plain, and those silent hills, were seen shooting up volumes of fire and smoke, followed by a thousand explosions, and the whistling of balls that tore the air in every direction. In the midst of this astounding noise, Davoust, with the divisions Campans, Desaix, and 30 pieces

of cannon in front, advanced rapidly upon the first hostile redoubt. The fusillade of the Russians began, to which the French artillery alone replied. The infantry advanced without firing, wishing to arrive close to the enemy before pouring in a volley; but Campans, at the head of this column, and his bravest soldiers, fell wounded; the remainder, disconcerted, halted under this shower of balls in order to reply to it, when Rapp rushed forward to replace Campans; he hurried the soldiers forward, and brought their bayonets to the charge in double quick time against the enemy's redoubt. Already he himself the first had touched it when he was struck by a shot: this was his 22d wound. A third general succeeded to him and also fell; Davoust himself was wounded. They bore Rapp to Napoleon, who said to him, "Eh! what Rapp, always! But what are they doing above there?" The *Aide de Camp* replied that the guard would be necessary to conclude the affair. "No," said Napoleon; "I shall take good care not to let them go, I do not wish to see them destroyed. I shall gain the battle without that necessity." Ney then with his three divisions reduced to 10,000 men, threw himself into the plain, and hastened to succour Davoust; the enemy divided their fire; Ney pushed on. The 57th regiment of Campans, seeing itself supported, recovered its ardour, and making another desperate effort, attained the enemy's intrenchments, escaladed them, came up with the Russians, whom they drove before them at the point of the bayonet, killing those who still stood their ground. The remainder fled, and the 57th established themselves in the position they had conquered. At the same time Ney attacked the two other redoubts with such impetuosity that he wrested them from the enemy. It was now noon; the left of the Russian line thus forced, and the plain clear, the Emperor ordered Murat to lead the cavalry thither and finish the affair. In an instant this prince was seen upon the heights, and in the midst of the enemy who had re-appeared there, for the second Russian line and some reinforcements, led by Bagawont and sent by Tuchkof, had come to support the first. All were hurrying forward to retake their redoubts. The French, who were still in the disorder of victory, were astounded and retired. The Westphalians, whom Napoleon had dispatched to aid Poniatowsky, were traversing the wood which separated the prince from the rest of the army, when they perceived through the dust and smoke our troops retrograding. From the direction of their march they took them for the enemy, and fired upon them; this mistake, in which they persisted, increased the disorder. The enemy's cavalry followed up vigorously their good fortune; they surrounded Murat, who forgot himself while endeavouring to rally his troops; already they had stretched forth their hands to seize him, when he escaped from them by throwing himself into the redoubt; but there he only found a few frightened soldiers who had given themselves up for lost, and were running round the parapet seeking for an issue by which to make their escape. The presence and exhortations of the King at first reassured some of them. He himself snatched up a weapon, and while using it with one hand, with the other he raised and shook in the air his white plume, by which he brought together his troops, and reinspired them by the influence of his example with their former valour. At the same time, Ney had got his divisions into order. His fire checked the enemy's cuirassiers, threw confusion into their ranks, and they at length gave way; Murat was then relieved, and the heights reconquered.

We must here omit several farther details, too long and too unintelligible for our *non*-military readers, and come to the description given of Napoleon during this terrible day.

Napoleon was seen during this entire day either slowly pacing up and down or seated in front, and a little to the left of the redoubt which had been taken on the 5th, on the borders of a ravine, far from the battle, which he could scarcely perceive since it had moved beyond the heights; he seemed to feel no alarm when it re-appeared and approached him, and expressed no impatience either against his own troops or the

enemy. He showed only by signs a kind of sad resignation, when from time to time he was informed of the death of his best generals. He rose frequently, walked a few paces, and then sat down again. Those around him looked upon him with astonishment. Hitherto during the shock of battle he was accustomed to evince a calm activity, but on this occasion it was a lethargic calm, a feeble mildness, devoid of activity: some took it for that prostration of spirit, the usual result of violent sensations; others imagined that it arose from his mind having become blunted (*blasé*) to every thing even to the "rapture of the fight." The most zealous attributed his immobility to the necessity, which required that the commander in chief of an extensive line of military operations should not too often change his position, in order that the reports from his generals might easily reach him. Others, in fine, ascribed it to the more probable motives of the debilitated state of his health, and his violent and severe indisposition. The generals of artillery, who were astonished at the inaction in which they had been left, promptly took advantage of the permission they had just received to fight. They were soon seen upon the summits of the hills, whence 80 pieces of cannon were discharged at once. The Russian cavalry first advanced, but were soon broken and forced to take shelter behind their infantry. The infantry then came forward in thick masses, in which our balls made wide and deep fissures; and yet they continued to advance, when the French batteries redoubling their fire mowed them down with grape shot. Whole platoons fell at once, and the soldiers were seen endeavouring to keep together under this terrible fire; every moment blanks were made by death, but still they moved close to each other over the dead bodies of their comrades. At length they halted, not daring to advance farther, and yet not wishing to retire, whether it be that they were struck, and, as if petrified with horror in the midst of this immense destruction, or that at the moment Bagration fell wounded; or that their first disposition failing, their generals were incapable of changing it, not possessing, like Napoleon, the difficult art of manœuvring rapidly, and without confusion, such numerous bodies of troops. In fine, these inert masses allowed themselves for the space of two hours to be mowed down, without giving any signs of motion, but that occasioned by their fall. The massacre, upon this occasion, was frightful, and the enlightened valour of our artillerymen wondered at the immobile, blind, and resigned courage of their enemies.

It was towards four o'clock that this last victory was gained; there had been several during the day: each division got the better of the enemy opposed to them, without being able to follow up their success, and decide the battle; for, not being supported in time by the reserve, they were obliged to stop short from exhaustion. But, at length, all the principal obstacles were surmounted. The noise of the artillery diminished, and was heard at a greater distance from the Emperor's position, whither officers were hastening from all parts of the field. Poniatowski and Sebastiani, after a desperate struggle, had also been victorious; the enemy had halted and retrenched themselves in a new position. It was late in the day, the ammunition exhausted, and the battle over. It was only then that the Emperor mounted his horse with difficulty, and rode slowly towards the heights of Semenowska. He found there a field of battle, but incompletely gained, for the cannon balls and even the bullets of the enemy still disputed it with us. In the midst of these spirit-stirring sounds of war, and the still flaming ardour of Ney and Murat, Napoleon remained the same; his spirits sunk, his voice languishing, and addressing his victorious generals only to recommend prudence to them: after which he returned at a slow pace to his tent behind the battery, which had been carried two days before, and in front of which he had remained since morning, an almost motionless spectator of all the vicissitudes of that terrible day.

On entering his tent, he appeared not only enfeebled in body but prostrated in mind. The field of battle he had visited told him in more convincing terms than his generals, that this victory so long pursued, so dearly purchased, was incomplete: Was it him, who was accustomed to follow up his success to the last possible results, that Fortune now found frigid and inactive when she offered him her last favours? For the loss was

immense and without proportionate result. Every one around the Emperor had to deplore the death of a friend, or a relation, for the havoc had been great among the officers of high rank. Forty-three generals had been killed or wounded. What mourning in Paris! What triumph for his enemies! What a dangerous subject of meditation for Germany. In his army, even in his tent, victory appeared silent, sombre, isolated, neglected even by his flatterers! Those whom he sent for, Dumas, Daru, &c. listened to him, but replied not: but their attitude, their downcast looks, their silence, was sufficiently intelligible. At ten o'clock, Murat, whom twelve hours' fighting had not tired, came to ask for the cavalry of the guard. "The enemy," he said, "were passing hastily and in disorder the Moskowa; and he wished to surprise and destroy them." The Emperor repressed this sally of immoderate ardour, and then dictated the bulletin of the day. He was pleased to inform Europe that neither himself nor his guard had been exposed. Some attributed this to an excess of self-love. Others, better informed, judged differently, for they had never seen him exhibit gratuitous vanity: they thought that distant as he was from France, and at the head of an army of foreigners who could be kept together only by victory, he felt how indispensable it was to preserve untouched a chosen and devoted body of troops. Those who had not lost sight of Napoleon during the whole of that day, were convinced that this conqueror of so many nations was vanquished by a burning fever. They then called to mind what he himself had written down fifteen years before in Italy. "Health is indispensable to a soldier, its place can be supplied by no other quality;" and also an expression, unfortunately but too prophetic, which the Emperor made use of on the field of Austerlitz, when he said, "Oudinot is worn out; a man can make war but for a certain time; I myself shall be capable for six years more, after which I should stop."

The remaining extracts relate to the disasters in the neighbourhood of the Berezina.

A remarkable conversation which took place on the night of the 23d November will serve to show how critical his position was, and in what manner it affected him. It was late in the night, and Napoleon had retired to bed. Daru and Duroc, who remained in his chamber, were communicating to each other, in a low voice, thinking the Emperor asleep, their sinister conjectures: but he was listening to them, and when he heard the expression "prisoner of state," he exclaimed, "What, you think they would dare!" Daru, after recovering his surprise, answered, "that if forced to surrender they should make up their minds to the worst that could happen; that he had not much confidence in the generosity of an enemy; and that those who had the power, generally invented a morality for themselves, and disdained the previous law." "But France," interrupted the Emperor, "what will she say?" "Oh, as for France," continued Daru, "we may indulge in conjectures more or less agreeable, but none of us will be allowed to know what passes there." He then added, "that for his principal officers, as well as for himself, the most fortunate circumstance that could happen would be the escape of the Emperor, either through the air or otherwise, since by land it was impossible, for that, by his presence in France, he might more efficaciously serve them, than by remaining amongst them." "I am as you may then," replied Napoleon smiling, "Yes, Sire. And you do not wish to be a prisoner of state?" To which Daru replied in the same tone, "I should think myself well off to be so." After this the Emperor remained for some time absorbed in silence, and then with a grave air, said, "Have all the reports of my ministers been burnt?" "Sire, hitherto you would not permit their destruction." "Well, go and destroy them, for it must be confessed we are in a deplorable position!" He then turned himself to sleep. On approaching Borizoff, we heard a loud shouting, some ran forward thinking it was the attack which had commenced. It arose from the army of Victor (Duke of Belluno), which had come up to await the passage of Napoleon. This *corps d'armée*, entire and

in good spirits, when the Emperor appeared, received him with their usual acclamations, the sound of which he had almost forgotten. This division was ignorant of the disasters that had befallen us: they had been carefully concealed not only from the soldiers, but their chiefs. So that when, instead of the grand conquering column of Moscow, they perceived behind Napoleon only a flight of spectres covered with tattered uniforms, women's pelisses, pieces of old carpets, and dirty cloaks, scorched and holed by the fire, and whose feet, instead of shoes, were enveloped in rags of every hue, they started back with consternation. With feelings of affright they saw defile before them these miserable emaciated soldiers, their faces of an earthy hue, and scarcely distinguishable amidst a hideous grisly beard, without arms, without shame, marching confusedly, their heads dropping on their chests, their eyes fixed upon the earth, and moving along in silence like a convoy of captives. What was still more astonishing was, the immense number of colonels and generals isolated from their regiments and divisions, and only occupied with providing for themselves, or looking after the remainder of their baggage, many of them mingled indiscriminately with the private soldiers, who paid no attention to them, to whom they had no longer any orders to give, and from whom they had nothing to expect, for all the bonds of discipline were broken, all distinction of rank effaced by the common misery. The soldiers of Victor and Oudinot could scarcely credit their senses. Their officers, moved to pity, with tears in their eyes, stopped those whom they recognized in the crowd. They shared with them their provisions and clothes, and then asked them where were their *corps d'armée*. And when those, pointing out a slender platoon of officers and non-commissioned, grouped about a chief, instead of the thousands of men the inquirers expected to see: these last, still incredulous, repeated the same question. The view of such a dire disaster exercised from the very first day a fatal influence upon the 2d and 9th corps. Insubordination, the most contagious of disorders, infected their ranks. And yet the disarmed, and even the dying, though they were fully aware that they had to cross a river and cut their way through a fresh enemy, did not despair of succeeding.

After the passage of the Berezina, Napoleon marched at the head of the slender remnant of his army towards Zerubin, whither Prince Eugene had preceded him. It was remarked that he still commanded his marshals, now soldierless, to occupy certain positions upon the route, as if they had still armies under their orders. One of them made this observation to him with some bitterness, and began a detail of his losses; but Napoleon, determined to listen to no more reports, lest they might degenerate into complaints, interrupted him bluntly by saying, "Why do you wish to deprive me of my calmness?" And upon the other still continuing, he silenced him by repeating in a reproachful tone, "I ask you, Sir, why do you wish to deprive me of my calmness?" An expression which shows the demeanour, that, in his misfortune, he imposed upon himself and wished to exact from others. At each bivouac during the dreadful march, numbers sunk under their suffering to rise no more. Upon these occasions were mingled together men of various professions, rank, and ages, ministers, generals, &c. Amongst these, one individual was particularly remarkable. He was a nobleman of the *ancien regime;* and every morning this general officer of 60 years of age was seen seated upon the trunk of a tree covered with snow, occupying himself with the most imperturbable gaiety, as soon as the day appeared, with the details of his toilet: even during the most violent tempest he never omitted having his head frizzled and powdered with the most minute care, as if he mocked his sufferings and the rage of the elements that assailed him.

The following is the appalling picture exhibited by the remains of the army after Napoleon had left it.

The winter in its utmost rigour now overtook us, and by filling up the measure of each individual's sufferings, put an end to that mutual support which had hitherto

sustained us. Henceforward the scene presented only a multitude of isolated and individual struggles. The best conducted no longer respected themselves. All fraternity of arms was forgotten, all the bonds of society were torn asunder, excess of misery had brutalized them. A devouring hunger had reduced these unfortunate wretches to the mere brutal instinct of self-preservation, to which they were ready to sacrifice every other consideration—the rude and barbarous climate seemed to have communicated its fury to them. Like the worst of savages, the strong fell upon the weak and despoiled them: they eagerly surrounded the dying, and often even waited not for their last sigh before they stripped them. When a horse fell, they rushed upon it, tore it in pieces, and snatched the morsels from each other's mouths like a troop of famished wolves. However, a considerable number still preserved enough of moral feeling not to seek their safety in the ruin of others, but this was the last effort of their virtue. If an officer, or comrade, fell alongside them, or under the wheels of the cannon, it was in vain that he implored them by a common country, religion, and cause, to succour him. He obtained not even a look: all the frozen inflexibility of the climate had passed into their hearts; its rigidity had contracted their sentiments as well as their features. All, except a few chiefs, were absorbed by their own sufferings; and terror left no place for pity. Thus that egotism, which is often produced by excessive prosperity, results also from extreme adversity, but in which latter case, it is more excusable; the former being voluntary, the latter forced; one a crime of the heart, the other an impulse of instinct, and altogether physical; and indeed, upon the occasion here alluded to, there was much of excuse, for to stop for a moment was to risk your own life. In this scene of universal destruction, to hold out your hand to your comrade or your sinking chief, was an admirable effort of generosity. The slightest act of humanity was an instance of sublime devotion.

The following is the closing scene of many of these once invincible warriors.

When unable, from total exhaustion, to proceed, they halted for a moment, Winter, with his icy hands, seized upon them for his prey. It was then that, in vain, these unfortunate beings, feeling themselves benumbed, endeavoured to rouse themselves. Voiceless, insensible, and plunged in stupor, they moved forward a few paces like automatons; but the blood, already freezing in their veins, flowed languidly through their hearts, and mounting to their heads, made them stagger like drunken men. From their eyes, become red and inflamed from the continual view of the dazzling snow, the want of sleep, and the smoke of the bivouacs, there burst forth real tears of blood, accompanied by profound sighs; they looked at the sky, at us, and upon the earth, with a fixed and haggard stare of consternation: this was their last farewell or rather reproach to that barbarous nature that tortured them. Thus dropping upon their knees, and afterwards upon their hands, their heads moving for an instant or two from right to left, while from their gasping lips escaped the most agonizing moans; at length, they fell prostrate upon the snow, staining it with a gush of livid blood, and all their miseries terminated. Their comrades passed over them without even stepping aside, dreading to lengthen their march by a single pace; they even turned not their heads to look at them, for the slightest motion of the head to the left or the right was attended with torture, the hair of their heads and beards being frozen into a solid mass.

Scenes of still greater horror took place in those immense log-houses, or sheds, which were found at certain intervals along the road. Into these, soldiers and officers rushed precipitately, and were huddled together like so many cattle. The living, not having strength enough to remove those who had died close to the fire, sat down upon their bodies till their own turn came to expire, when they also served as death-beds to other victims. Sometimes the fire communicated itself to the wood of which these sheds were composed, and then all those within the walls already half dead with cold, expired in

the flames. At Joupranoüi, the soldiers set fire to whole houses in order to warm themselves for a few moments. The glare of these conflagrations attracted crowds of wretches whom the intensity of the cold and of suffering had rendered delirious: these rushed forward like madmen, gnashing their teeth, and with demoniac laughter precipitated themselves into the midst of the flames, where they perished in horrible convulsions. Their famished companions looked on without affright, and it is but too true that some of them drew the half roasted bodies from the flames, and ventured to carry to their lips this revolting food.

SONNET.

You, the choice minions of the proud-lipp'd Nine
  Who warble at the great Apollo's knee,
Why do you laugh at these rude lays of mine?
  I seek not of your brotherhood to be:
I do not play the public swan, nor try
  To curve my proud neck on your vocal streams.
In my own little isle retreated,—I
  Lose myself in my waters and my dreams:
Forgetful of the world, forgotten too,
  The cygnet of my own secluded wave,
I sing, whilst dashing up their silver dew,
  For joy, the petty billows try to rave:
There is a still applause in solitude,
Fitting alike my merits and my mood.

MEDDLING'S JOURNAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

You could not recollect what the fellow said—could you?
Sir Fretful Plagiary.

Sir,—The great success which has attended the publication of a Journal kept by a certain light dragoon, though heavy writer, of Lord Byron's long last moments of conversation, and the celebrity which Mr. Colburn has acquired by indisputable Private Journals and Public Advertisements, having driven every acute friend of an eminent man or woman to recollect himself, and to set about recollecting all that has dropped from the lips of the dear deceased in his or her most unguarded moments, my valued and valuable acquaintance Captain Meddling has penned and confided to my hands his manuscript "Journal of the Conversations of Dr. Kitchener, noted during a residence with his Cookship in the years 1823 and 1824;" and has strictly enjoined me to preserve it with the utmost secresy and caution, until a departure

of the enlightened and excellent hero of this Journal from the Globe and the Gridiron shall have made a publication desirable. To a delicate mind such an injunction was needless, and indeed as the Captain has not thought proper to trust to my honor, I feel relieved from any moral obligation, and accordingly hasten to possess you with such extracts and observations as I conceive will be beneficial to your interests and amusing to your readers. I am under no bond to my friend, and he, I believe, is not in any legal form pledged to Dr. Kitchener not to publish his life, during his life;—for what is a man's talk but his life? though it must be allowed that until a gentleman *has done*, a biographical work, being necessarily incomplete, comes out under some disadvantages. Thus much I can assure you, that my friend Captain Meddling has seen Dr. Kitchener more than six or seven times, and that on one occasion he spent a very long evening with him between tea and supper; and therefore of all other persons he is perhaps the most qualified to report the admirable observations and solid talk of the Doctor, and to sketch his character for public contemplation. The Captain has played at bagatelle with Dr. Kitchener for half an hour together, and has sounded him on many abstruse points during the game. The Captain tells me that he is sure his account will be the first of the kind published on the great Cook; and I verily believe that, if all is properly managed, and an interest can be excited, Mr. Colburn will offer a thumping nominal sum for the copy-right. Mr. Colburn, I am told, says that if he has it, he will have a handsome title-page built for the occasion, and he is pretty sure the work will be well spoken of in the New Monthly Magazine, and the Advertisements;—and you, Mr. Editor, know the value of praise from an impartial Journalist. *Our* Journalist has been very careful not to record any of the Doctor's sarcasms on Mr. Campbell, Mr. Galt, or Mr. Urban, (the three eminent men of the day,) so that no prejudice will exist against him in the Periodicals.

I have but a few words to say on the subject of publications of this confidential nature; and having said them, I will no longer detain you from the very curious and spirited manuscript which my friend has entrusted to my care. It is well for the world of authors and readers that all walking bureaus of interesting and delicate memoirs are not *Moores* and *Littles;* otherwise, in the hurry to sacrifice to a few of the *very alive,* not only the living in general would suffer, but the dead: those who wish "to speak after long seeming dead," might as well at once bury themselves and their self-histories in one of Bridgman's iron repositories, as hope to accomplish a posthumous explanation of dissipated, that is, departed days. Fortunately, in the present age, the Medwins, the Dallas's, and the Meddlings swarm in every family, and there is not a Fitzgerald that has not his domestic historian, or a scribbling green-grocer that has not his Boswell. The conversations and the letters of every breathing curiosity that wags a pen, from the Irish Giant of prose to the Tom Thumb of poetry, are treasured up, and very properly, in albums and

night-books,—in diaries and *noctuaries,* with a zeal highly creditable to this incurious age. Every private action—every petty malice—every sleepy or tipsy observation is recorded; so that the moment a gentleman's great toe is against the roots of the daisies, his bosom friends very unreservedly and affectionately out with every small conjecture and fact of easy virtue; and the scull of the illustrious late-lamented is served up, like every other calf's head, with a garnish of its own tongue and brains. In reporting conversations, too, it is not necessary to have been present when they took place, as they can be pretty faithfully gathered from servants, friends, and enemies.

Such poets and prosers as Lord Byron and Doctor Kitchener are not to be met with every day, and we are therefore not a little bound to be grateful for the labours of our brace of Captains. The reader will observe a singular coincidence in several of the circumstances and conversations of the Peer and the M. D.; but great men will hit upon similar feelings, failings, and fancies, (alliterative!) and it is always truly interesting to trace the corresponding characteristics of your heirs of immortality.

Finally, I must observe, that I should have thought it prudent to suggest to Captain Meddling the suppression of certain passages, but that he is all abroad, at Brentford, and moreover that he might have taken it into his head to have suppressed the whole, which I could not afford. I find, too, that the doubtful passages are the favourites with the Journalist, as they are more immediately from his own pen; and therefore, on due consideration, I sell the whole, like George Robins' unredeemed pledges, without reserve.—I am, your's, &c.

E. A.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL

OF DR. KITCHENER'S NOTED CONVERSATIONS,

BY T. MEDDLING,

Captain of a Light Company, and Author of "Assurance, the Wanderer;" a Romance of Real Life.

PREFACE.

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"A great Author is of no parish. His works are public property. They are injunctionless, and may be pirated by every Benbow on the face of the globe. His meat is for every mouth!"—Such were the enlightened sentiments of Dr. Kitchener. Am I not right, therefore, in picking as much as I can from his worthy old bones, and making a hash of his joints for my own repast?—The Doctor has no country,—he has no property. Every child may put a finger in his plate. He is as much the offspring of Benbow as of Constable and Co. "I will carve him as a dish fit for the gods!"—(p. ii.)

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The world will wonder how I knew so much of this great man, but the fact is I read all I could about him, and listened to all his "damned good natured friends," who of

course were the more unreserved, since they enjoined me to secresy. I listened to his acquaintance behind his back, and so got a bite at the truth. I wrote all down that I could rake together, for the sake of reference only, and I now refer the world to my notes; thus keeping my original object honourably in view. This is strictly correct. I love to be of the Light Company even of Truth. This Journal has only been shown to one Mr. Hill and the town crier, so that no one knows a syllable about it; and I should never have suffered it to see the light, if I were not assured that the manuscript of the Cook's Oracle was destroyed.

I despise mere book-making, and shall therefore only make a quarto of my work. It is not large enough for an octavo. I know that my publisher will sell the volume, as Abydos's Bride's Selim sold his life, as dearly as he can:—It will be therefore my duty to make it as big as I can for the money.—(p. iv.)

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I have noted down my illustrious friend's ideas, as nearly as my recollection served, in my own words. The workings therefore of two minds will be seen together. The spirit of his voice, the beauty of his fancy, the pungency of his sauce, the novelty of his wine, the music of his spinette, who could do justice to? His pocket bottle, which gave a life to the whole, who could forget?—(p. vi.)

Man sat before the proof spirit's decoctor,—
And worshipp'd at once Curacoa and the Doctor!—
Woman, who felt his sweet tones were bewitching her,
Sigh'd in the drawing-room over the Kitchener!

THE JOURNAL, &c.

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During the few minutes the Doctor was engaged in finishing a receipt for calf's foot jelly, I took the opportunity of drawing his portrait in my pocket book. He sat with his back to me, so that I had every opportunity of completing the picture, and unobserved.

From his appearance behind, I should judge him to be under sixty years of age, several feet high, and of a remarkably youthful aspect. As was said of Mr Paap, the Dwarf, he narrowly escaped being long and thin. His face was firm,—his forehead extending almost to the back of his head,—he looked florid and melancholy. His hair was grey, graceful and perfectly straight,—and his head seemed to be assimilating itself fast to "the sleek last Maw-worms." He was very long behind. In criticising his features, it might perhaps be said that his eyes were too near his ears, and that they differed in size, in the proportion of half a crown to a sixpence, which gave his look a fine irregular expression. His eyes had a peculiar brilliancy when looking at the fire, and set your feelings quite upon a simmer. His teeth seemed competent to any joint, and I afterwards found that he was very particular in his use of them.*

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"Among our countrymen at Hornsey I made no new acquaintances. Croly, singing Tinney, and Tom Dibdin were almost the only great London people I saw. We talked of the *Universal* on the banks of the New River.—What is become now of my butter-boat? It never was worth much, and I valued it. When I and Croly and Dibdin went to discover the source of the New River, we were in great danger at the Sluice House, near where the romantic Dyer nearly died. It would have been interesting to have perished there. Croly, who is an angler, was at the river much oftener than I:

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* To this end he told me he was in the habit of using every little delicacy of the season,—and as he ate very eagerly, he was forced under his chin to put a napkin.

indeed at all hours of the day and night. *His* great rage is also a butter-boat. We are having two made, after patterns of our own at Spodes."—(P. 17.)

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We occasionally rode about the city: and often returned by Newgate and Ludgate.

"Newgate with its hanging debtors' door, and Dr. Dodd-like doom reminds me," said the Doctor, "of the prison in Horsemonger Lane."

I thought the observation not inapt. He then remarked the heavy vehicles that rolled away from the City, and which, when they reached the vale at the bottom of Holborn Hill, we missed. He watched the olden crowds of evening as they appeared.

"It is fine," said the Doctor, "but no cabriolets are to be compared with those of Maberley. They are too heavy for any horse, and defy any driver. My rides indeed would be tame without the grand melancholy of Mab's Cabs. Ask Liston?"

"Stand on Blackfriar's Bridge," said Dibdin. "Cast your sixpenny eye, if you can afford it, into the Thames when it is on fire, then follow in and out till you get to Battersea Mill (erroneously called the Horizontal); and tell me if anything can surpass mock turtle at Cuffs'?"– (P. 20, 21.)

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"I am sorry said he not to have a copy of my Cook's Oracle to show you. I gave it to Fitzgerald, or rather to Fitzgerald's nine little children, at Turnham Green. I remember saying here are 2000lbs. for you, my young Fry. I made one reservation in the gift,—that I was to share the profits as long as I lived with Constable, and that he was to have the whole at my death."

"I have no objection to copies being bought.—In fact, the work had gone through many editions. Among others, Mrs. Rogers, the Banker, *borrowed* a copy, and on returning it, admitted that she had transcribed every useful receipt. This was shabby: and we put her on the Kitchen fire. Ever since this happened, Alderman Birch has been urging me to take the Mes S into my own hands. There are few bad stews or wretched broils in which I have been concerned in the book. The second volume will prove a good lesson to old Cooks, for it will treat of improper *courses*, and will shew the fatal consequences of dissipation with Cape wine. It will deal with few dishes that may not, and none that will not, be relishing to old Gentlemen."—(P. 34, 35.)

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At another time he said,

"A very full account of my best broil is contained in the Cook's Oracle: after it was completed I requested Mrs. Kitchener would taste it. She declined."—(P. 35.)

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"When I married, and I cannot recollect the time, my wife and I had separate kitchens; this could not last long. Pounds and pounds melted away before the two fires. My last knucle of veal, which we had to dine upon, was seized by the Sheriff, who had no bowels in committing such an act. Mrs. Kitchener went to a country town for a short period, until the spit and the times should turn round. She wrote me the price of the markets; and you will judge of the terms on which poultry was parted with when she commenced her letter with,—"Dear Duck!"

"I have prejudices about women. I like to see them eat. Mrs. Glasse liked her glass, and was *un peu gourmande;* her cutlets are not at all according to my taste. I do not like to be interrupted in my victuals. Mrs. Kitchener once came in, in the middle of a made dish. I was standing before the kitchen fire ruminating over it, she came up and said "Kitchener! am I in your kitchen?" to which I replied "Damnably." I afterwards informed against myself for the oath, and was fined. Sir Richard Birnie hardly understood what I said."—(P. 42.)

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"The gravest accusation that has been made against me is that of having admired Mrs.

Grove of the English Opera House, and of introducing her to old Mr. Linley, &c. &c. There never was a more unfounded calumny."

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"During one day at Mr. Orme's (who was a good sort of man, but that he made a joke of a leg of mutton) I broke a grinder, and could not avoid showing that I was annoyed, as dinner was not half over. "It will do you good," said Lucy Aching "I am glad of it!" I gave her a tart!"—(P. 45.)

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"——The Price Current was the only paper that ever took up my cause. And Lady Barrymore, the only lady in the titled world that did not look upon me as a bore.

I once sent some Coins to her that made her my friend for ever. She had just quitted Mr. Vickery. The cause of my sending them was her being excluded from a certain cabinet of the beauties of the day. She will soon be at Marlborough Street, and I will shew her you.—(P. 48.)

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There are two things that strike me at this moment, which I did at Hornsey. I fought Mr. Wordsworth for writing The Pet Lamb:—and prevented Fitzgerald from burning one of his odes, by shewing him the compliment passed upon him in the Rejected Address.—(P. 62.)

I observed to the Doctor one day I had heard that he drank through his own skull. D. K. took no notice of this remark.—(P. 64.)

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"I was at this time a mere luncher—a great man at coffee houses and beafsteak clubs. My days were spent in visits, luncheons, and dinners and suppers,—not forgetting drinking. If I had known you early in life, you would have been *cold meat* by this time. I remember Henry Hunt—X Sheriff P——— and myself clubbing a trifle and losing a dinner at little chicken-hazard, which may be called *poultry!* H. and P. quarrelled, and H. wanted me to lend him my pocket pistol, but I excused myself by assuring him that the cork was out. I knew my answer would have more effect than four sides of prosing.

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I will give you a specimen of the epigrams I wrote to my friend Wilberforce.

Hey for the flask! 'tis surely done!
The worse for me and you!
'Tis now *five* years since we drank *one*,
And *four* since we drank *two!*

And another on his sending me a goose in May by Mr. Rogers, which ended thus foolishly:

"You may send a goose in the season,
Let us, prythee, have none for to-day."

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"I will show you an ode," with this he read the last feeling lines recited by Fitzgerald at old Anderson's Fund Dinner. After he had finished, he repeated the lines

"God bless the Regent and the Duke of York," &c.

and said they were perfect!

I should have taken them, said Croly, for a rough sketch of Campbell's.

"No," replied the Doctor—"Campbell would have printed them in Colburn's Minor Periodical, if they had been his."

I afterwards had reason to think this ode was the Doctor's, he praised the lines so highly.

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Talking after dinner of swimming, he said: "Cadell published a note I wrote him from Islington, which might have seemed an idle display of vanity; but the object of my writing was to contradict what George Dyer had asserted of the impossibility of crossing the New River from one side to the other in consequence of the tide."

"One is as easy as the other. I and Lady Barrymore did both. Turning to his cook he said, 'Flitcher! How far did I and her ladyship swim?' Flitcher replied, three yards and a half (of course he did not exaggerate), the whole width of the New River. The current is prodigiously strong, and I had a tureen under one arm. I was the Leander of this stream, and Lamb says Dyer was the Hero! I caught a cold in the head, and Lady Barrymore was taken out half drowned by a little boy, angling for bites."

I remember being at Brighton some years ago, and having great difficulty in seeing a tree— I wanted to cross for the wooded shores of Calais, and luckily the tide was just setting out. Mr. ——— (I think he said Parkins) was with me.—(P. 116.)

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"Parkins urged me not to publish my work on Spectacles, he said it would damn my eyes, and demoralize me for ever. Croly, who is no bad judge of others, however he may fail in writing himself, says my "Spectacles" are the finest things in the world, and worthy of Dollond, and backs them against any other optical illusions."—(P. 126.)

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I cannot resist presenting the public with the following song written by the Doctor, after one of our suppers.

"I'm a Yorkshireman just come to town,
My coming to town was a gay day;
For fortune has just set me down,
Waiting gentleman to a fine lady!"
&c. &c. &c.

I fear giving more, on second consideration, as these lines have never been in print; and the Doctor is particular about original poetry.

Discussing the different actors of the day, he said: "Macready who hated Miss Boyce, used to say her acting Lady Ann in Richard reminded him of an undertaker's wife. But whatever her Lady Anne might be, Miss Tidswell in Jane Shore never surpassed Miss Boyce in the waiting woman in Macbeth."

"Macready is a great man. The actresses are afraid of him. He exhausted the audience so in Richard the Third, that it went into fits. He and Howard Payne have done much towards reforming the stage. He can *do* for a play if he likes!"—(P. 136.)

"Mr. Cadell, of Edinburgh pretends he has lost money, I hear, by my Oracle. My joints have been his sheet anchor. He is a cautious man and likes a book to sell, before he praises it. Without Constable I know not what would become of me:—Cadell is not an easy man to deal with."

* * * * * *

*** Here we are compelled to stop, though much curious matter is still in our hands; indeed we know not what E. A. could imagine our space could be, for he has furnished us with MS. sufficient to make a very heavy quarto, as quartos go. We leave our readers to judge of the work itself from the extracts we have given.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. MUNDEN:

IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

HARK'EE, Mr. Editor. A word in your ear. They tell me you are going to put me in print—in print, Sir. To publish my life. What is my life to you, Sir? What is it to you whether I ever lived at all? My life is a very good life, Sir. I am insured at the Pelican, Sir. I am threescore years and six—six; mark me, Sir: but I can play Polonius, which, I believe, few of your corre—correspondents can do, Sir. I suspect tricks, Sir: I smell a rat; I do, I do. You would cog the die upon us; you would, you would, Sir. But I will forestall you, Sir. You would be deriving me from William the Conqueror, with a murrain to you. It is no such thing, Sir. The town shall know better, Sir. They begin to smoke your flams, Sir. Mr. Liston may be born where he pleases, Sir: but I will not be born at Lup— Lupton Magna, for any body's pleasure, Sir. My son and I have looked over the great map of Kent together, and we can find no such place as you would palm upon us, Sir; palm upon us, I say. Neither Magna nor Parva, as my son says, and he knows Latin, Sir; Latin. If you write my life true, Sir, you must set down, that I, Joseph Munden, comedian, came into the world upon Allhallows' day, Anno Domini 1759—1759; no sooner nor later, Sir: and I saw the first light—the first light, remember, Sir, at Stoke Pogis—Stoke Pogis, comitatu Bucks, and not at Lup— Lup Magna, which I believe to be no better than moonshine—moonshine; do you mark me, Sir? I wonder you can put such flim flams upon us, Sir; I do, I do. It does not become you, Sir; I say it—I say it. And my father was an honest tradesman, Sir: he dealt in malt and hops, Sir, and was a Corporation man, Sir, and of the Church of England, Sir, and no Presbyterian; nor Ana—Anabaptist, Sir, however you may be disposed to make honest people believe to the contrary, Sir. Your bams are found out, Sir. The town will be your stale puts no longer, Sir; and you must not send us jolly fellows, Sir—we that are comedians, Sir,—you must not send us into groves and Charn— Charnwoods, a moping, Sir. Neither Charns, nor charnel houses, Sir. It is not our constitutions, Sir. I tell it you—I tell it you. I was a droll dog from my cradle. I came into the world tittering, and the midwife tittered, and the gossips spilt their caudle with tittering. And when I was brought to the font, the parson could not christen me for tittering. So I was never more than half baptized. And when I was little Joey, I made 'em all titter;—there was not a melancholy face to be seen in Pogis. Pure nature, Sir. I was born a comedian. Old Screwup, the undertaker, could tell you, Sir, if he were living. Why, I was obliged to be locked up every time there was to be a funeral at Pogis. I was—I was, Sir. I used to *grimace* at the mutes, as he called it, and put 'em out with my mops and my mows,

till they could'nt stand at a door for me. And when I was locked up, with nothing but a cat in my company, I followed my bent with trying to make her laugh, and sometimes she would, and sometimes she would not. And my schoolmaster could make nothing of me: I had only to thrust my tongue in my cheek—in my cheek, Sir, and the rod dropped from his fingers: and so my education was limited, Sir. And I grew up a young fellow, and it was thought convenient to enter me upon some course of life that should make me serious; but it would'nt do, Sir. And I was articled to a drysalter. My father gave forty pounds premium with me, Sir. I can show the indent—dent—dentures, Sir. But I was born to be a comedian, Sir: so I ran away, and listed with the players, Sir; and I topt my parts at Amersham and Gerrard's Cross, and played my own father to his face, in his own town of Pogis, in the part of Gripe, when I was not full seventeen years of age, and he did not know me again, but he knew me afterwards; and then he laughed, and I laughed, and, what is better, the drysalter laughed, and gave me up my articles for the joke's sake: so that I came into court afterwards with clean hands—with clean hands—do you see, Sir?

[Here the manuscript becomes illegible for two or three sheets onwards, which we presume to be occasioned by the absence of Mr. Munden, jun. who clearly transcribed it for the press thus far. The rest (with the exception of the concluding paragraph, which seemingly is resumed in the first hand writing) appears to contain a confused account of some law-suit, in which the elder Munden was engaged; with a circumstantial history of the proceedings on a case of Breach of Promise of Marriage, made to or by (we cannot pick out which) Jemima Munden, spinster, probably the comedian's cousin, for it does not appear he had any sister; with a few dates, rather better preserved, of this great actor's engagements—as "Cheltenham (spelt Cheltnam) 1776;" "Bath, 1779;" "London, 1789;" together with stage anecdotes of Messrs. Edwin, Wilson, Lee Lewis, &c. over which we have strained our eyes to no purpose, in the hope of presenting something amusing to the public. Towards the end the manuscript brightens up a little, as we have said, and concludes in the following manner.]

——— stood before them for six and thirty years, [we suspect that Mr. Munden is here speaking of his final leave-taking of the stage] and to be dismissed at last. But I was heart-whole, heart-whole to the last, Sir. What though a few drops did course themselves down the old veteran's cheeks; who could help it, Sir? I was a giant that night, Sir; and could have played fifty parts, each as arduous as Dozy. My faculties were never better, Sir. But I was to be laid upon the shelf. It did not suit the public to laugh with their old servant any longer, Sir. [Here some moisture has blotted a sentence or two.] But I can play Polonius still, Sir; I can, I can.

Your servant, Sir,

JOSEPH MUNDEN.

LETTER FROM ABRAHAM TWADDLER.

My Dear Sir.—You ask me what I think of the first number of the New Series of the London Magazine, which I may be permitted to observe is also the last—first and last, a puerile point, perhaps, but let that pass—such as the number is, however, whether first or last, whether alpha or omega, I hasten to convey to you my sentiments on its contents, in the spirit of candid criticism, and in compliance with the tenour of your request. I shall consider the articles in the order in which they occur.

"*The Thames Quay.*" The main objection which suggests itself on perusing this paper, turns on a matter of fact. "Soane, Nash, and Macadam," says the writer, "are stoning the streets to death as though they were so many St. Stephens." Is this statement warranted, or is it not, if I must use a harsh expression, rather incorrect—has the writer taken pains to inform himself on the point, has he had opportunities of making personal observation, has he ever been in London, or if he has been in London, has he ever seen any of those streets of London which have been Macadamised? If you reply in the affirmative, how are we to account for so remarkable and important a mistatement, as that which I have quoted in the very threshold of the argument, in the first sentence of the article—"Soane, Nash, and Macadam, are stoning the streets to death, as though they were so many St. Stephens."—Soane, Nash, and Macadam, I confidently reply, are not stoning the streets; the fact is, the very reverse of what is stated; the truth is, that they are taking up the stones and grinding them to dust. What reliance, let me ask you, my dear Sir, can be placed on the architectural views of a writer, who cannot inform us at this time of day, whether they are taking up or laying down stones in the streets of London? But this little slip satisfies me that the author of this article can know nothing whatever about architecture. Take my word for it—and you are pretty well aware that I am not often mistaken—he has not the skill necessary to the construction of a house of cards, or a grotto of oyster shells. I have yet another objection to his proposed plan;* he colours the Surrey side of the Thames lilac, and the London green; had I sufficient space, I could demonstrate to the satisfaction of every man blessed with eyesight, that the London side should be lilac, and the Surrey green—observe the green hills of Surrey, while on the London side what is the prevailing colour? surely not the livery of nature.

"*The Vagrant Act.*" Without saying one word about the spirit and execution of this article, I shall at once take exception to the tendency of it. A Reverence for the Laws, my dear Sir—but you know

* It has escaped our correspondent, Mr. Twaddler, that he has as yet presented no objection to the proposed plan.—*Ed.*

the sentiment I would express. Let us endeavour to cultivate a deference to authority, and inculcate a becoming respect for those measures which have received the sanction of the collective wisdom of our enlightened land.

"*Memoir of Mr. Liston.*" This is, indeed, a valuable piece of biography, containing many curious facts which were not generally known, concerning the private history of this popular comedian. The style of writing is extremely pleasing and original; and it is evident throughout that the author has kept his eye steadily fixed on Johnson's Lives of the Poets, and caught much of the spirit of the great original. I know no writer of the present day, who bids so fair to excel in biography, as the author of this interesting article—I know of no one who so enviably unites a strict adherence to historic accuracy, with profound philosophical reflection, and the breathings of an imaginative genius. Homely in detail, and sublime in sentiment, never departing from the track of truth while aspiring to the regions of fancy, he reminds me of those giants of old, who walked with their feet in the narrow ways of the earth, and their heads in the clouds; or, if I may be allowed another illustration, with happy art he makes a garden of sweets on the barren rock of facts. The account of young Liston's loss of the best of masters, is given with a pathos that must awaken the touch of nature in the most insensible bosom; and for my part I am not ashamed to confess, my dear Sir, that it has beguiled me of many a sweet tear of sympathy. I cannot resist the temptation of quoting the passage, though you doubtless have it by heart—for these are things which come home to the heart. "It seems they had been walking out together, master and pupil, in a fine sun-set, to the distance of three quarters of a mile west of Lupton, when a sudden curiosity took Mr. Goodenough to look down upon a chasm, where a shaft had been lately sunk in a mining speculation (then projecting, but abandoned soon after, as not answering the promised success, by Sir Ralph Shipperton, knight, and member for the county). The old clergyman leaning over, either with incaution, or sudden giddiness, (probably a mixture of both), suddenly lost his footing, and to use Mr. Liston's phrase, disappeared; and was doubtless broken into a thousand pieces. The sound of his head, &c. dashing successively upon the projecting masses of the chasm, had such an effect upon the child, that a serious sickness ensued, and even for many years after his recovery, he was not once seen so much as to smile."

If I were asked whether I saw any flaw in this gem, I should reply in the eloquent language of the Frenchman, who, being asked a question to the same effect, with regard to a friend's tragedy, answered, "Faults! how can I see faults when my tears blind me?" This I should say, because I would not lose a fair opportunity of saying a fine thing; but nevertheless, it is a profound truth, that nothing is perfect in this world; and were it put to my conscience to declare whether I found any thing amiss in this incomparable passage, I should feel compelled to confess

that the phrase, "and was, doubtless, broken into a thousand pieces," seems to me susceptible of some improvement. The conjecture is extremely rational, I allow; but as it is not strictly matter of fact, is not the expression somewhat too homely? would it not have been better to have turned it thus, for instance, "he was, doubtless, precipitated into eternity?"—"broken into pieces," seems to me to convey a mean idea of crockery ware—man is frail, 'tis true, but his frailty is not as that of china or delph—he is as clay, but not as clay that has been fashioned by the potter's hands, and baked into fragility. But this is hypercriticism—why should I dwell on so minute a blemish, or urge so fanciful an amendment? it is like the cavil of the old woman in the Arabian Nights, who declared that the palace of Aladdin, built of precious stones, fell short of perfection, insomuch as it lacked a roc's egg, suspended from the centre of the dome.

To conclude my notice of this article—could not the writer be prevailed on to give us the lives of all the actors in the same manner; or I should like still better to see a Life of Lord Byron, from his pen—take my word for it, he would eclipse Medwin and Dallas. Of a truth, a faithful biographer is now much wanted! But hold, I have been rash in my unqualified commendation; may not serious objection attach to the "Memoir of Mr. Liston," on the score of its unveiling the secrets of private life? The truth is not to be spoken at all times. It behoves us to consider this point seriously. I have been too hasty.

"*Theatricals.*" This paper is full of mistatements that must excite an honest indignation in every British breast. The theatres are represented as deserted by the gay people, while we all know that they are nightly filled to suffocation with beauty and fashion, or the newspapers lie; but there is a consistency in their paragraphs, and an agreement among them on this point only, that give the best assurance of truth. And I am the more ready to doubt Mr. Pickle's word, because I have detected him in one fib. He states his intention of going to see the Drury Troop "when that piece is brought out, in which Elliston, blowing a trumpet, is to ride on four horses at once." You will be shocked and surprised, my dear Sir, to learn that no piece of the kind is to be brought out, or was ever heard or thought of; that it is, in short, a pure invention from beginning to end. I speak advisedly. I have the fact from excellent, I may say the best, authority; and grieved will you be to discover, that your respectable publication has been the medium of circulating so idle and unfounded a tale. But setting aside the improbability of the thing, did not the impossibility strike you; for how, as was shrewdly observed to me, can a man ride four horses at once?—as the divine poet truly observes, "what's impossible can't be, and never, never, never comes to pass." Confess, my dear Sir, that in this instance, your accustomed acumen has failed you.

"*A Vision of Horns.*" Fidon!

"*Railways.*" This article would endeavour by specious arguments

to reconcile us to the ruin of those widows and orphans * who hold shares in navigable canals. May every better feeling of the human heart rebel against the sophistry that would sacrifice innocence and helplessness under the sordid pretext of promoting our commercial prosperity. For my part, I would rather go to Liverpool by the way of the North Pole, than take a short cut, trampling over the vested interests of suffering shareholders in navigable canals. "Improvements must always injure some class," says your considerate philosopher (who must possess the heart of a cherry); more shame for improvements then, I reply—What, are we cannibals to eat each other up in this manner? Let things be as they are—let well alone, is my maxim; but above all things let us be cautious how we interfere with concerns so closely connected with the main source of our national greatness as canals: is it not to navigation that we owe our proud preeminence over other nations? and are not canals navigable and navigated? Nay, how many of our hearts of oak have learned the rudiments of their profession on canals? and what would become of that meritorious body, the bargemen, if railways should supersede the truly British method of transporting goods—Heaven avert the omen!

Apropos to this subject, I cannot but think, my dear Sir, that you are getting on too fast. In your number before me, I should prefer seeing your articles making their objects by the long sea, or tortuous canal passage, instead of getting on, as they now do, like a house on fire; and if I must speak my mind, and may be permitted a play on words, you are falling more into the railing way than your friend Twaddler can approve.

"*Sterne at Calais and Montreuil.*" The novelty of the subject is what most particularly pleases me in this article.

"*Advice to various Persons, in various Walks of Life, &c. by a Philanthropist.*" Shall I give you my candid opinion on this article? shall I frankly confide to you the doubt that occurs to my mind? Do not take it amiss, my good Sir, if I confess that I much question whether this paper be really written, as is stated, by a philanthropist. I form no rash judgments, I come to no hasty conclusions, I would injure no man by vague suspicions, but there appears in this article some advice which I am persuaded can never have been dictated by the pure spirit of philanthropy. The proposed *amusement* of spilling cold water on people's toes in intensely cold weather; the suggestion of slides on the foot paths; the recommendation to shop-boys to disregard the safety of passengers, and to knock them on the head with their shutters; the instructions to button holders how to ASSASSINATE their friends.—Shame! shame! are these the admonitions of a philanthropic breast? Forgive me, my dear

* This is merely the language of course, it does not follow that any widows and orphans are concerned, but on these occasions the widow and orphan are always, as a matter of form, put in the front of the battle: our friend, Mr. Twaddler, is a considerable shareholder in several canal speculations.

Sir, if I am mistaken; we are all liable to err in our judgments—but I doubt, very much doubt, whether this gentleman be really a philanthropist in his heart.

"*Letters from Paris by Grimm's Grandson.*" Here you have again been deceived, my dear Sir; this letter never came from Paris, believe me. Nay, I will incontestibly prove, in a few words, that it *cannot* have been written in Paris. It is a notorious fact, that the people of London know better what is passing in the French capital than the people of Paris; as the people of Paris, on the other hand, are better informed concerning the affairs of London than our fellow citizens. If we desire to learn what is occurring on a certain spot, we must go to some distance for the news. When you wish to examine a great object, and to acquire a just idea of its nature, you do not go close up to it—or if you are so ill advised as to do so, you see nothing but the few bricks or the large stone immediately before your nose—but you remove yourself to some distance from it, and then the eye is enabled to take in all the bearings of the fabric. I then lay it down as a maxim, that a certain intervening space, proportionate to the magnitude of the place to be considered, is necessary to a correct view. It follows then, that the accuracy of the view and the size of the object being given, the distance may be determined. Paris is a large metropolis. Your Correspondent, M. Grimm, presents in his article an accurate view of its literature, &c., ergo M. Grimm must have written his letter at a considerable distance from the French capital. It would take up more space than I can give to the subject, to prove by a like incontrovertible process of reasoning, that London must be the true date of the letter; but I think you will now confess at least, that a letter containing such correct information cannot have been written on the spot. No one knows his own duck-pond better than B—— of the Quarterly Review knows the North Pole; but do you imagine he would know so much about the matter if he had ever been there? Nay, if he went there to-morrow, it is my firm belief that the visit would upset all his knowledge. His own wine-cooler is now not more familiar to him than the frigid zone; but a more intimate acquaintance with the spot would freeze his theories, and set him fast in the icebergs of mist, doubt, and uncertainty. Professor Buckland is as well informed touching the manners and customs of antediluvian hyænas, as if he had enjoyed their society; but can you be so simple, my dear Sir, as to fancy that he would have understood their economy equally well if he had lived in their age and neighbourhood? The further things are removed from us, the more certain is our knowledge of them, and we are indeed most assured of those truths which are altogether beyond the reach of human ken.

A fact, I affirm, is like a round shot from a great gun when it first comes forth,—the spectator on the spot, stunned by a loud report, dazzled by some fire, and blinded by much smoke, has no distinct view of the thing sent into the world; but the further it travels the more visible it becomes, when nearly spent its configuration is clearly discernible, and

when it has traversed a certain distance and falls to the ground, you may take it up, weigh, and consider it, in your hands.

"*The French Cook.*'! A Review of a Cookery Book! Is not this a little *infrâ. dig.?*

"*The Street Companion.*" An article about shoes. Surely, surely this is descending, methinks, rather too low.

"*Madam Campan's Journal.*" It would be well for the reading public were the sale of books under false pretences punishable like other misdemeanors of the same stamp."—Have you thoroughly considered, my dear Sir, the innovation suggested here? have you seriously weighed the consequences which would attend so bold a step in legislation? have you duly reflected on the wise sentiment of our ancestors,—Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari? have you carefully examined the probable effects of the change which would thus be worked in our venerable constitution? have you reconciled yourself to the heavy punishments which must in such a case be inflicted on certain *enterprising* booksellers? have you pictured to your mind's eye the unhappy bibliopole forced into exile, torn from his agonized wife and weeping children, and hurried into ignominious banishment? In a word, when you propose such a law, are you prepared to witness the operation of it? Can you contemplate unmoved the idea of Colburn tried for a title-page, arraigned for selling twaddle under false pretences, found guilty, sentenced to Botany,—his tears, his entreaties, his advertisements for mercy and compassion? Could you see the wretched bibliopole torn from his pleasant shop and all he sells dear, carted like a baser ware for foreign exportation, bound in boards on the rude ocean, and lettered larcenous for transportation? O! O! O! I shed a tear at the touching picture which has presented itself to my too busy imagination. No, my friend, these are things which you cannot see unmoved; your generous mind would disdain to add the vengeance of the law to the terrors of criticism. It is enough, and more than enough for your compassionate nature to know, that poor Mr. Colburn is, even now, alas! broken-hearted,—he refuses all nourishment, turns a deaf ear to the consolation of his friends, and takes to nothing but advertisements, finding his only earthly comfort in the first page of the newspapers. There he appears day after day, telling the same sad tale of sorrow to the public, while he wastes away in stamp duties, or pines in paid paragraghs. I confess that I cannot witness these things unmoved—of all "*the cases of real distress*" that I have seen in the newspapers, that of poor Mr. Colburn seems to me the most touching. Come, come, make no more words about the matter, forget and forgive, he will never do so any more—shew the spirit of a Christian Critic, and send this very day to ask how he does, and whether he has slept since the accident.

"*Juaniana:*" never having read Don Juan (who has?) I cannot pronounce any opinion on this Article.

"*Letter to an Old Gentleman whose Education has been neglected.*" "I send you a bantering Epistle to an Old Gentleman whose Education

is supposed to have been neglected." I have in the first place to remark on this introduction, that it is extremely unhandsome to *suppose* that any old gentleman's education has been neglected. Why suppose any thing so uncivil? Then it is a *bantering* epistle to an old gentleman. Now what is the meaning of the word to banter?—"to play upon," "to rally," "to turn to ridicule," says Johnson. Is this right, is this becoming I ask? is old age a proper subject to play upon, to rally, to turn to ridicule? Then for the instructions he gives this worthy old gentleman,—he tells him that his preceptor "must be capable of embracing all history so as from the countless myriads of individual men, who have peopled this globe of earth—*for it is a globe," &c.* What offensive pedantry! what obtrusion of learning! Most people, who are not ignorant, know perfectly well that it is a globe rather flattened at the top and bottom like an orange—for my part, I have two globes, one in each window seat, and often divert myself with spinning them, the use of the globes being an agreeable relaxation of a wet day.

"*Letter to a Friend in Natchitoches.*" I know that it is the fashion to admire this article and to commend it for its wit; but what there can be admirable or commendable in turning *such a man* as Mr. Southey into ridicule, for the life of me I cannot discover; and so far from laughing at this production, I rather feel disposed to weep over the depravity of human nature. It has been profoundly remarked that..... envy .....merit..... detraction..... great man..... censure ..... presumption. Who is it presumes, &c. to decide, &c. such a man as Southey? *

The attempt to prove that the Quarterly Review did not kill Keats is the most brutal thing I ever read in my life; this writer will next deny that Blackwood threatened to send Hogg over to Italy to assassinate Leigh Hunt.† And after I have been weeping the murder of Keats for years,

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* To publish the passages omitted here would fill our present number and a good part up the next. We therefore give the catch words or cues, and leave the reader to fill up the blanks with the words of course; or, if he desire to see this *argument* more at length, we refer him to the article on Southey, in Blackwood's Magazine for December last; our correspondent, Mr. Twaddler, it will be discovered, merely echoes the sentiments of Blackwood. For example:

"His only enemies are a few pert critics,—scarcely one of whom would dare to open his lips in Mr. Southey's presence;—and the miserable riffraff of Cockneydom,—none of whom one can willingly imagine to occupy even one second of the serious attention of such a man, and such an author as he.

"Had Southey and Byron been thrown together in life, we are certain, there would have been nothing but kindliness of feeling between them. It is now too late to pray for this;—but we are sure the world will not thank the survivor for anything tending to prolong unnecessarily the existence of feelings which never ought to have existed at all."—*Ed.*

† I urge no groundless accusation. In the 71st number of Blackwood, page 780, will be found these words: "If he (Leigh Hunt) dares to go to Rome, we shall send

am I to be told at this time of day that it is all my eye? is my heart to be steeled against the woes of mankind, by persuading me that I have been tricked out of my tears, swindled of my sorrows, that my sensibilities have been imposed on, and that I have been choused of my sympathy? A person of the smallest humanity would have been fond to encourage the belief that the Quarterly killed Keats, seeing the innumerable touches of pathos and sentiment to which that dismal anecdote has given birth; and further, is this contradiction of an old established story quite fair to the Quarterly? If you should, as is extremely likely, kill Colburn, how would you relish a denial of the fact—how would you like to hear it affirmed that the bibliopole puffed himself into a consumption, that he in fact pined away from excessive advertising—and died the death of a broken-winded trumpeter? Give the devil his due—that's my motto.

"*Ode to George Coleman the younger*,"

> Come, Colman! Mrs. Gibbs's chum!
> Virtue's protector! Come, George, come.

Wrong, wrong, very wrong indeed. This is violating the sanctity of domestic life; fie; for shame!

"*The London Tithe Question.*" A lively subject learnedly handled.

"*The Athenaion.*" Here you appear guilty of a gross inconsistency. In your letter to an old gentleman whose education has been neglected, you advise him not to put himself to a day school, objecting the unsuitable nature of the rewards and punishments to one advanced in years; and in this article you recommend Sir Richard Paul Joddrell, Messrs. Bulwer, Pearson, Codd, and Capper, to submit themselves to the government of the parish school-master. What reliance, my dear Sir, can be placed on a publication which thus blows hot and cold in one breath?

Thus have I gone through the Magazine, assigning to each article, without favour or prejudice, that share of praise or blame which I think fairly its due. The errors which I have noted will be easily avoided if you will but resolve never to publish any thing which may give offence to the prejudices or taste of any body, or perhaps rather never to publish any thing which will not please *every* body; thus all the world will be your friends, and you will have as many allies as that timid animal in the fable, who

> ——————— in a civil way,
> Complied with every thing like Gay.

For my part, my good Sir, I must confess to you that I think the Magazine improvable; you will say that I am like the before-mentioned old

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over Hogg to ASSASSINATE him."—*Twad.* It is curious that in this very number of Blackwood, page 698, we also find these words:

"*Odoherty.*—What a shame it is to banter such a respectable man as Dr. Southey at this rate—so uncalled for—so out of taste—so indefensible—so scurrilous."

Appearances are against our correspondent; if he be guiltless of plagiary, there is certainly a wonderful sympathy between him and the Northern Maga.—*Ed.*

woman in the Arabian Nights, who found fault with the palace of precious stones that lacked a roc's egg; but in truth, I think you do want some of those amusing articles and embellishments which relieved the pages of your periodical predecessors. I should like, for instance, to see now and then a view of a parish church, a beautiful wood cut; or the copy of an ancient inscription—a song, "When Damon on the plain appears," with the music; Honour, or Virtue, an allegory—arithmetical facetiæ with their solutions worked at length, a herring and a half for three half-pence, how many for sixpence? Then for the utilities; a letter on smut in wheat, a cure for a cold, a receipt for a cooling drink, and such matters, which if not of the first importance, yet come home to the every-day business of life; for the lighter reading, for relaxation, I should desire to see some of those rebuses, charades, riddles, conundrums, acrostics, anagrams, &c. &c. &c., with their answers in the next number, by Phyllis, Chloe, and Strephon, which served to amuse our forefathers, who were, I think I may venture to say, my dear Sir, *at least as wise as ourselves.* Our sage ancestors took delight in

"My first is the name of a fish," &c.

and why should their children affect to be less easily pleased; surely fastidiousness is not wisdom.

Trusting, my good Sir, that you will take these hints in good part, and excuse the candour with which I have pointed out what appear to me to be the defects of your publication, I subscribe myself,

With every sentiment of regard and esteem,

Your most obedient servant,

ABRAHAM TWADDLER.

LE MOIS BUBBLOSE,

OR

THE A. S. S. COMPANY.

IF we named the several divisions of the year after the French revolutionary fashion, by the phænomena observable in them, we should, from our experience of January, 1825, call it *Bubblose.* It has been a month of most flagitious and flourishing knavery.

The definition of a bubble we take to be an undertaking which is blown up into an appearance of splendour and solidity, without any probability of permanence; and the name, we take it, is derived from the specious products of puffing and soapy water, with which most of the ingenuous youth of this realm have been long familiar.

Our readers, who, like all other persons' readers, are eminently enlightened, know, no doubt, how to blow a real and innocent bubble with a tobacco-pipe; but the formation of the metaphorical but more mischievous

bubbles which have been of late floating up and down the kingdom is not generally so well known, but merits quite as well to be so.

Mr. Jeremiah Hop-the-twig, attorney at law, perceives a great probability of advantage to the public, from a more safe and easy communication with the moon, and from the introduction and general use of the pig's wool with which it is well known that satellite abounds. The benevolent mind of Mr. Hop-the-twig immediately conceives the idea of directing the "surplus capital" in which in these days of wonderful prosperity this country abounds, to the formation of a Joint Stock Company for the outfit of air balloons, the purchase of herds of swine, and the other requisites for a flourishing lunar commerce. Mr. Hop-the-twig, therefore, seated on his joint-stool, forms the Æronautical, Swine-shearing Lunarian Joint Stock Commercial and Agricultural Company—Capital, One Million, divided into 10,000 shares of 100*l.* each. Nothing now is wanted but directors, and subscribers' money, and an Act of Parliament.

Mr. Hop-the-twig, the Company ad interim, opens an account with a respectable banking-house, in the name of the Lunarian A. S. S. Company, which the respectable bankers have no scruple in doing, as the "opening an account" signifies nothing more than receiving the benefit which is to be derived from the use of money paid into their hands.

Mr. Hop-the-twig, or the Company, now applies to a number of respectable merchants, gentlemen, and Members of Parliament, to accept the offices of directors in the Lunarian A. S. S. Company, which promises (a good word) the highest advantages to the subscribers and the country. These respectable men are informed by Mr. Hop-the-twig that by so doing they incur no sort of responsibility, and have a very fair prospect of respectable gain. If "the Lunarian" come out at a premium, as from the respectability of the parties there is every reason to hope it will; the directors, having the distribution of the shares, will have all the advantages to be derived from the premium. If they come out at a discount they need not be burthened with them.

On these terms a respectable direction is soon formed. It now becomes high time to form an establishment. Mr. Jeremiah H. and Co. are, by the very constitution of the A. S. S. Company, its Standing Solicitors. Mr. Hop-the-twig's son-in-law is Secretary; and some of the respectable directors taste the sweets of patronage in the appointment of clerkships, purveyorships of long-haired swine, balloon builderships, &c. &c. In a word, the establishment is suited to the prospects of the Company; *id est*, to the prospect of money enough being got to pay the officers, after discharging the first claim in law and gratitude—the continually accumulating bill of Hop-the-twig and Co. The son of a highly respectable director is appointed Standing Counsel.

The speculation now bears every mark of respectability, and is advertised in the respectable newspapers. Tenders for shares are received, and

deposits, at the respectable banking-house of ——— and Co. and at the office of the respectable solicitor of the Company. As many active persons as can be engaged by promise of shares to exert themselves by talking or writing in favour of the A. S. S. must now be procured. Their zeal, the well-known respectability of the direction, and the general opinion that "every thing comes out at a premium," bring in applications for shares in abundance. Mr. Hop-the-twig takes care to have it stated that the applications for shares exceed four-fold the amount which can be granted —so favourable are its prospects, and so great is the quantity of unemployed capital. A. S. S. shares bear a premium by anticipation, and are quoted in the market.

Mr. Hop-the-twig and the directors now form themselves into a share committee, for the distribution of shares, and take measures for reaping the fair reward of their exertions. The very extensive arrangements which they have made; the negociations they have entered into in the moon; the inquiries concerning the best breed of swine; the scientific investigations of the comparative merit of the several kinds of shears; and finally, the value which the public sets upon the A. S. S. stock; justify them in taking a contractors' premium. Mr. Hop-the-twig and Co. demand from their subscribers *5l.* on each 100*l.* share, and a deposit is called for of *5l.* more, applicable to the purposes of the Company. A large reserve is made of shares, for the respectable directors, for their respectable friends, and for the respectable persons who have been employed in promulgating the merits of this highly beneficial institution.

Here it is that the management becomes delicate. Hitherto the matter has been easy—hitherto the bubble has been firm on the bowl of the tobacco-pipe; it is now to be shaken off, and to rely on its own firmness and buoyancy. The point is this: to know how many shares to distribute among the persons who really speculate on eventual profit from the swine-shearing in the moon; how much to retain for the respectable friends of the respectable authors of the scheme, who purpose to sell them in the share market for the sake of the immediate premium. The dilemma is this,—if all the shares are kept for the respectables, in order to sell them at a premium, no premium will they bear; if none are kept, no premium can be got by selling them, whatever premium may be offered. Wisdom lies in the middle course.

The practised astuteness of Mr. Hop-the-twig, and the experience and "knowledge of the market" of the respectable directors, enable them to hit the proper line between blind cupidity and prodigal liberality. The deposits are paid; but the applications for Æronautical Swine-shearing shares having very much exceeded the quantity distributed, the shares are in demand at 15*l.* viz.: deposit, *5l.*; contractor's premium, *5l.*; premium in the market, *5l.*

The brokers in the share-market know that if there is no buying there can be no selling, and if there is neither selling nor buying there can be no brokerage. Mr. Timothy Gudgeon, Senior, who has had a

mortgage just paid off, and has bought three per cent. consols, finding that he gets only 3*l.* 3*s.* 2½*d.* per cent. for his money, inquires of his broker what is the character of the A. S. S. shares. The broker informs him that they are very well spoken of, that the names connected with them are highly respectable, that they are much inquired after, are at 15*l.* a share, and are looking up. Mr. Gudgeon calculates that for 600*l.* which produces him only 18*l.* 19*s.* 1½*d.* a year, he can buy 40 shares of the A. S. S. Company, which promise a large return. He therefore sells out the requisite quantity of consols, for which he pays seven half crowns brokerage, and buys 40 shares of the A. S. S. Company, for which he has the following document delivered to him.

Bought by ——— *for* Mr. Timothy Gudgeon, *Senior.*

40 shares of A. S. S. at 15*l.* per share.....	£600	0	0
Brokerage, 2*s.* 6*d.* per share	5	0	0
	605	0	0

The ultimate distribution of Mr. Timothy Gudgeon's consols appears to be the following:

To the respectable friends of Mr. Hop-the-twig, or of the respectable directors, *premium* 5*l. per share*.....	£200	0	0
To the respectable directors, and the respectable Mr. Hop-the-twig, in their character of contractors, contractors' premium, 5*l.* per share	200	0	0
To the deposited fund for the payment of Mr. Hop-the-twig's bill, and to residue applicable to the payment of salaries of secretary, clerks, swine purveyors, &c. 5*l.* per share	200	0	0
To broker, 2*s.* 6*d.* per share.....	5	0	0
Total	605	0	0

Mr. Timothy Gudgeon's consols are thus satisfactorily disposed of, and probably his identical 3 per cents. stand the next day in the names of the respectable directors and the respectable directors' respectable friends, who are almost as well satisfied with the exchange as Mr. Gudgeon.

Mr. Gudgeon, the day after his purchase, sees the A. S. S. quoted at 16¾ to 17⅛, congratulates himself on his seasonable purchase, and explains to the somewhat incredulous Mrs. Gudgeon the manner in which he is to derive 600*l.* a year from the sum which formerly only produced 18*l.* 19*s.* 1½*d.*, and informs her that his capital has already received an increase of 12 per cent. equal to nearly four years' interest in consols. Mr. Gudgeon informs his neighbours of his wonderful good fortune, and advises them to invest their capital in A. S. S.

Now if the respectable friends and the respectable directors make an orderly retreat, the purpose of the establishment is answered, and thus the unemployed capital of the country is put into full activity; the consols of the Gudgeons and their friends passing into the names of the Hop-the-twigs and their friends, with great ease and rapidity. Any thing like a *sauve qui peut* among the respectables is to be avoided.

What is to become of the Gudgeons is not contemplated by the respectable projectors, and may be told in a few words; A. S. S. "looks down," the Gudgeons try to sell; there are "no buyers." The "quotations are nominal." A second instalment is called for, the Gudgeons hesitate; their shares are forfeited. The speculation, though still very promising, is unfortunately frustrated by the default of the adventurers, and there being only the sum of 10,000*l.* in the banker's hands, applicable to the payment of Mr. Hop-the-twig's bill of 10,073*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* that respectable solicitor is defrauded of the sum of 73*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; which in strictness he might claim of Mr. Timothy Gudgeon, and the other adventurers, but which, with his accustomed liberality, he does not sue for.

This is the rise and fall of a legitimate and respectable bubble, from which we may infer that a solicitor and his respectable coadjutors in forming bubbles can only lose by the chivalrous and extraordinary generosity which we have here attributed to Mr. Hop-the-twig. In the first place, the solicitor has a prior claim upon all the funds. If he advances "work and labour" done beyond the extent of these funds, he may incur a loss as we see Mr. Hop-the-twig has done; but this imprudence, however strongly a liberal spirit may be tempted to indulge in it, is easily guarded against, and will, we hope, be guarded against in future by the lesson which we have read in our apologue. The directors, too, cannot lose, because none but themselves judge how many shares they are to take. As in an old Company, the proprietors elect the directors, so, in a new one, the directors elect the proprietors. They take as many shares as they can sell at a profit; and if they cannot sell them at a profit, it is unreasonable that they, who, without any emolument, undertake the management of a new and arduous speculation, should be burthened with them. Every respectable man can become a director, or if the direction be full, he can set up another bubble. It is quite clear, therefore, that respectable men cannot lose, and must gain. The loss falls upon persons not respectable, upon those who have little to lose, and who therefore ought to lose that little. Capital is thus thrown into large masses, which is a great advantage (see the Edinburgh Review, No. 80), and the respectability of those who are respectable is still further increased. Respectable men can afford to indulge in greater luxury and splendour, which raises the standard of opulence in the country, and excites the ambition of the enterprising classes (*ibid.*). A number of small annuitants are deprived of their whole properties, and besides the lesson which is thus read them on the imprudence of being ruined, they, by being reduced to destitution, are compelled, if young and healthy, to sweep the crossings, to brush the shoes, to clean the plate, to hang behind the carriages of the respectable men whom they have contributed to aggrandize, or to exert themselves in some other productive branch of industry, instead of vegetating on their incomes as persons of small possessions are too apt to do. If they are old, though they are not allowed to starve, as in a more healthy state of the community they would do,

though they form as inmates of the parish workhouses a serious burthen upon capital; yet there is no doubt they will both live a shorter time, and be supported at less expense than they would, if left in possession of their properties; whereby a very considerable saving accrues to the nation, besides that being set to pick hemp, or employed in some other business suitable to their age and strength, they are not altogether unproductive.

Long live respectability! long live bubbles!

THE ART OF ADVERTIZING MADE EASY.

WITH SPECIMENS OF THE MOST APPROVED KINDS

For the Use of Tradesmen and Others.

BY A LOVER OF THE FINE ARTS.

ADVERTIZEMENT writing is an art in itself, and as it opens a direct and safe way to wealth, I have thought a few simple directions, with illustrations, from one who has made it his peculiar study, may not be an uninteresting or unworthy offering to those readers who are about to declare war against the freckles of the face,—to invent a new coffee by which gentlemen may be *inflated* with a breakfast from dried peas of their own breeding,—or to refine upon the most rectified sperm oil for bald people and those who have shadows of roots which they may wish to encourage. Modest merit never did succeed; and if an inventor or an improver be not capable of giving the world assurance of his skill, he might as well let the infallibles be buried in endless obscurity, as hope to do himself any good by their discovery.

An advertizement should be written as it were in letters of brass; for it is intended to record the merits of the great and the good. The style should be firm and forcible, calculated to command respect and attention, and not going tenderly and gingerly to work merely to solicit observation. Judgment must be passed, not prayed for. The public must be cautioned against every thing on earth but the identical article advertized. The world must be challenged for a certain amount (a hundred guineas is an approved sum). The trade must be defied. The inventor must be "ever anxious," or "always emulous," to check imposition. Nothing of a misgiving or retiring nature will succeed, for the public, like silly Roderigo in the Play, is only desirous of being *satisfied!* It is pretty well known, that a celebrated prose writer of the present day was induced by Bish to try his hand at those little corner delicacies of a News-paper,—the Lottery puffs; and that his productions were returned upon his hands as being too modest for use. Poor soul! He thought he could write; and florid

Mr. Atkinson, with a pen dipped in his own curling fluid, wrote a flourishing paragraph that put him quite beside himself.

The best advertizement writers of the present age are in my opinion Russia Oil—Prince; Macassar—Rowland; Fluid or Fluent—Atkinson; Anchovy—Burgess; Minor-periodical—Colburn; Cape-Madeira—Wright; Symmetry—Wallace; Jet-black—Day and Martin, and Cat-reflected—Warren. These are certainly the most eminent composers in the genuine line,—the directors, as they may be called, of the Advertizement Assurance Office. Prince is, perhaps, a little too florid on the bald places; but Atkinson's flowers, as though they were nourished by his own fluid, become sensitive plants, and literally curl and flourish of themselves. While we admire the delicacy yet firmness with which Miss Wallace "relies on the basis" of her own corsets, we cannot but be all alive at Charles Wright's eternal purchases of all the growths of all the champaigns in France:—Burgess is lofty on Anchovies,—but Colburn and Warren surprize you with the variety, brilliancy, and country-circulation of their advertizements. The former of the two has not yet, I believe, like the other, had his name white-washed in letters twice as long as his Magazine upon the walls of the metropolis and the Park-palings of the country. This is, however, a popular and striking mode of advertizing; and was, if I rightly recollect, first started by that staunch friend to publicity, the Bonassus, though it has since been more extensively patronized by gentlemen in the blacking and medical line.

Example, I have always been led to understand, is the best and surest of preceptors, and I shall therefore hasten to delight the reader with some of the most ingenious and attractive compositions of the Day (and Martin), illustrative of the art which I am truly anxious to see flourish throughout England. An attentive perusal and careful consideration of the specimens which I shall now produce will, I trust, make the modestest reader and inventor a complete advertizer. Carstairs professes to teach writing in six lessons; I undertake to teach it in one lesson.

Sheridan, in one of his esteemed productions, has endeavoured to class what he calls "Puffs" under their separate heads; but as I cannot consider a scientific exposition of merit to be a puff, I regret that a deserving and intelligent author should have lent himself to the ridiculing of an art which has the best interests of a certain class of society for its principal object. Advertizements may certainly be classified as Mr. Sheridan arranges his puffs, and the reader will be struck, while perusing the following addresses, with the various modes of taking the town, by the advertizement collateral, the advertizement by implication, the advertizement direct.

If a man is confident, and the discovery be of vital importance, the advertizer must judiciously rush in *medias res*, and either invite competition or defy it. He should appeal directly to the passions or the pocket of his reader. For instance—

ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS REWARD.

THE attention of the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, is respectfully solicited to LAWTON'S PATENT LOCK, *so strongly recommended by the POLICE*, and allowed by the most *eminent artists* of the present day to stand UNRIVALLED for SECURITY. It is adapted to every purpose where Locks can be used, and is so constructed as to resist force, consequently less liable to be out of repair than any Lock ever yet offered to the Public. Its PRINCIPLE renders it PROOF AGAINST PICKS or FALSE KEYS, and *if the whole of the Keys that were ever yet made could be collected*, none other than that absolutely made for ANY PARTICULAR LOCK, while in the hands of the workman, would have the least effect in opening it.

So confident is the PATENTEE of its INVINCIBILITY that he offers the above Reward of ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS to any ARTIST who by means of PICKING may succeed in opening ANY LOCK offered for Sale by him on his PATENT PRINCIPLE.

Common Locks on Iron Safes or Chests may have the Patent Principle attached at a trifling expense.

LAWTON'S PATENT ANTI-PECULATOR, with which, by means of a key weighing only a few grains, every door in an establishment may be rendered secure even against its own key, is a valuable acquisition to those who are in the habit of living in Hotels, Chambers, &c. &c. where master keys are kept.

Manufactory, 78, Fleet-street, where a stock of Iron Chests, Deed Cases, Cash Boxes, &c. &c. are kept ready fitted up.

PROOF OF PUDDING IS IN EATING. In short, there are various articles for the Hair, now advertised, but it is proved that Prince's Original Russia Oil is the best for preserving and promoting the hair of Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, and if used constantly, not a hair will fall off or turn grey, *and is such a nourisher to the Hair, that if it has began to turn grey, will restore it again to its natural colour.* Several ladies have declared, about three years ago, their hair began to turn grey, and by using constantly since Prince's Russia Oil, *have now a good head of hair, without a single grey.* Is the pleasantest for ladies to dress their own or false hair; will make it always look elegant, soft, glossy, and will curl beautifully any way; clears the scurf, and keeps the head and hair clean, and by using it regularly for a few months, *will restore the hair on the bald part, if the least signs of roots are remaining*, which has been proved by hundreds.

Ask for Prince's Russia Oil. The ounce bottle five shillings; a large bottle, containing five ounces, one pound, which is a saving. Sold by the sole Proprietor, A. Prince, No. 9, Poland-street, Oxford-street, London; and by most principal perfumers and medicine venders. Be particular, and observe his address, "A. Prince, 9, Poland-street, Oxford-street, London," on the cover of each bottle: without, it is not genuine, and cannot answer the purpose. Purchasers ought to be particular, as counterfeits are in circulation.

OF IMPORTANCE to GENTLEMEN.—The very high prices charged by Tailors who make the best Clothes is well known; in consequence of which, WM. TAYLER, tailor and breeches-maker, 72, Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, respectfully submits a List of Prices, which are for articles not to be excelled:—

Superfine extra Saxony cloth coats of any colours, except blue or black	£3	3	0
Blue and black superfine ditto	3	18	0
Best double-milled kerseymere breeches	1	6	0
Ditto double-milled kerseymere or cloth trousers	1	11	6
Blue and black ditto	1	16	0
Kerseymere waistcoats	0	15	0
Best white and all other coloured cord riding breeches, interlined at the proper parts to secure them from splitting	1	2	0
Drab, milled, superfine, or any other coloured great coats, except blue, with back and front skirts lined with silk, &c.	4	4	0
Super extra-milled driving ditto	4	4	0

None but the very best materials used, therefore but one price. The principle on which the business of this house is conducted will be found *quite different from those of the advertising shops.* A suit of Livery complete, 4l. 4s. A stable dress, 1l. 5s.—72 is one door from Queen Ann-street. Gentlemen waited on within 10 miles from the metropolis by addressing a letter post paid.

These three foregoing specimens are perfect in their kinds. Lawton is almost sublime, where he states how the case would be, "if the whole of the keys, that were ever yet made, could be collected." Prince, however, in his own discursive way, plays round the bald head with inimitable lightness. No roots could resist *his* oil! He is the one to teach the young ideas how to shoot. Mr. Tayler, the breeches-maker, nevertheless speaks, like Mr. Hume, in figures, and brings "the best superfine Do's" home to the business and bosoms of men.

Where health is at stake, I should recommend the high reasoning, the sounding, elevated style. Sick people, or those who fancy themselves so, which makes people sick, cannot be too strongly *assured* of the infallibility of the article recommended, and of the dangers of delay. The following (particularly the first) are master-pieces of the art.

GOUT, RHEUMATISM, COUGHS, & COLDS,

LIFE PILLS, entirely vegetable, discovered by the Rev. C. CARRINGTON, Vicar of Berkely, one of His Majesty's Deputy Lieutenants, &c. for the County of Gloucester. By increasing the energy of the brain, and pouring new life and vigour into the constitution, they enable nature to make incredible efforts for the expulsion of disease, before organic destruction. In Colds, Coughs, Rheumatism, Atonic Gout; in Female Complaints; in Flatulence, Sickness, and Pains of the Stomach; in Nervous Affections; the bursting agony of sudden Grief, or the deep Heart Ache of settled melancholy; in every Spasmodic Pain, from the slightest Cramp to the most excruciating Cholic, their stupendous success obscures all former remedies. *Even in the most aggravated cases of Gout in the Stomach, they often arrest the progress of Death, and lead to a recovery, &c.*

TONIC LOZENGES, prepared from the Sulphate of Quinine.—The success which has attended the employment of the Sulphate of Quinine as a tonic and febrifuge, since its introduction into England by Mr. Morson, is a sufficient proof of its containing, in a small compass, the entire active principle of the Yellow Bark. In the cure of Intermittent Fever it has seldom or never been known to fail; and in impaired Digestion, and all cases requiring the aid of a tonic, it has been found most valuable.—These Lozenges, which are prepared under Mr. Morson's immediate inspection, from Sulphate of Quinine, prepared by himself, will be found a convenient form for administration. Eight of the Lozenges are equivalent to half an ounce of Yellow Bark, &c.

In cases of personal defects, the advertiser must invariably flatter himself and his reader, and talk morally and loftily on his subject. Who would have a moment's hesitation at getting rid of a hesitation, after reading the following unanswerable address of Mr. B.? And what lady would remain a *corkscrew* that could be rendered a *fork*, when once apprized of "the firm basis" on which Miss Wallace "relies."

STAMMERING EFFECTUALLY CURED.—The noble faculty of speech which the Divine Creator has bestowed upon mankind alone, claims the warmest gratitude from all who enjoy without impediment that pre-eminent blessing, destitute of which the mind is embarrassed, the beauty of eloquence destroyed, together with a train of unpleasant circumstances which constantly attend the incapability of perfect utterance. The system now offered for the advantage of those who labour under this galling infirmity, merits their particular attention, as they may, with feelings of pleasure, anticipate the moment when they will possess the power of expressing their conceptions with ease and fluency. The extraordinary success attendant on the means embraced by this system, so completely dissipates the defect, that a relapse is rendered totally impossible. Terms may be known by application to Mr. B. at A. Cameron's, Esq. No. 9, Howland-street, Fitzroy-square. Letters addressed to whom (post paid) will be respectfully attended to.

☞ Private attendance in town or country. A respectable reference can be given, wherein the powerful efficacy of the above system has been singularly verified.

SYMMETRY.—If acknowledged utility and extensive patronage are the criterion of merit, MISS WALLACE, 38, New Bond-street, may freely challenge competition; confidentially anticipate the attention of Ladies to her celebrated CORSET (without seams) constructed a la mode de Paris; strongly recommended by the Faculty as the most infallible preventative of deformity and strengthener of the human frame, as the distinguished preference of our truly discerning Female Nobility daily and amply testify. On this firm basis, Miss Wallace relies for continuance of public favour.—38, New Bond-street.

The nervous and the demi-mad are best attracted by some mysterious hope held out to them of mental consolation, some confused comfort offered to the mind, which they do not understand.

PREVENTION OF INSANITY.—A Gentleman afflicted with great Depression of Spirits, or a painful apprehension of impending Insanity, may meet with something that will probably gratify his wishes. By letter (only) addressed (post paid) to M. D. at Mr. Hewes's Library, 51, Lisson Grove.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—The Public are respectfully reminded that the New Series of this Work, which is edited by one of the most distinguished writers of the present day, is conducted on a new and very improved plan, combining the several characters of a Magazine, a Review, and an Annual Register. The First Number of a New Volume, in which Mr. Campbell resumes his Lectures on Poetry, appeared on the 1st January, and those who desire to avail themselves of that favourable opportunity for commencing, are requested to send their orders forthwith, to any Bookseller or Newsman in their neighbourhood.

NERVOUS INVALIDS.—A Nobleman, or Gentleman of fortune, inclined to rusticate, may meet with something suited to his rank and circumstances, and particularly calculated to promote his recovery. By letters (only) address, (post paid,) to M. D., at Mr. Hookham's Library, Old Bond-street. The most satisfactory references will be given to the highest professional characters.

Schoolmasters at rectories, married clergymen, M. A.'s, and professors of private tuition, are recommended to show a little of the elements of composition in their newspaper addresses to, what the Yorkshire people

call *fond* fathers. The workman is seen by his chips. And, as fears are often not improperly entertained of the head being fed at the expense of the belly, it is recommended that the larder and the learning be enlarged upon in the same sentence. Mothers love *polish,* and therefore it will not be amiss, at the same time, to promise fine manners as well as a full meal, in order that all appetites may be satisfied. I give a model of this kind of writing. It is perfect.

EDUCATION.—The improvement of the understanding, morals, and manners, is the chief design of education. The first cannot be attained without the habit of attention, thinking, and reading; the second, without better principles; the last, without polite school associations. The advertiser's peculiar plan of education induces the habits of attention, thinking, and reading; it raises the tone of moral feeling, and polishes the roughest manners. The Principal, who is a member of the University of Cambridge, and highly graduated, having long found his peculiar plans remarkably successful, would not hesitate to guarantee extraordinary improvement in classical, mathematical, and useful learning, including the modern language of Europe, &c. From the certainty of the success of his system, and the abundance of his table, where no appetite is restrained, every parent may repose in confidence of the happiness of his children, and expect his sons to become excellent scholars and good men. The school is near London, and select. Terms, 60, 80, or 100 guineas per annum, including every expense. An outline of the course of education may be had at Mr. Ebers', 27, Old Bond-street; and Mr. Letts', 32, Cornhill.

Improvements in articles of every-day use may be introduced to the public in the form of "A Card," or "An Address," or with the particular goods put as a heading. I like country papers, because they do not object to a picture or cut. Here it is desirable to be "always emulous," or to be thirsty only for the "public good;" but, indeed, the judicious advertiser must invariably live but for the benefit of the world at large. Abuse of the advertising system is occasionally not without its advantages. I subjoin a few honest manly specimens of the tradesman's advertisement.

AN ADDRESS.—In this epoch of British Commerce, when a system of deception is become so prevalent, by misnomers in advertisements, and alluring quotation of prices, it is hardly credible that Tradesmen acting on the equitable principle of selling goods for what they really are, of warranted fabrics, and moderate prices, should meet with any attention.—DISON and Co. Lace Manufacturers and Importers, grateful for the increasing patronage they receive, respectfully apprise the Nobility, Gentry, and Ladies in general, that they will tenaciously adhere to the system of selling articles they can warrant, by their genuine appellations, and at prices that shall defy competition, the honourable test of which they are ever desirous of courting. Their Stock is now replete with every Novelty in Foreign and British Lace, more particularly in Blonde Laces, Pelerines, and Chantilly Veils, Point, Brussels, Mechlin and Valenciennes Laces, Colonnade and Flounced Bobbin Dresses, &c.—N. B. A few choice specimens in Real Point a l'Aguille and Brussels Veils for Wedding Presents.—Orders executed to any design with dispatch.—No. 237, Regent-street, facing the Argyll Rooms.

A CARD.—To the Nobility, Gentry, and Public at large.—*The opening of a New Year naturally excites the proudest emotions of gratitude for the unprecedented patronage* which Messrs. ROWLANDS have been honoured with respect to the continued great sale of their original and genuine MACASSAR OIL; also, they retain their grateful acknowledgments for the immense patronage they have been honoured with by the Female Nobility, Gentry, and Ladies of the United Kingdom, with respect to the increasing sale of their KALYDOR, for the Complexion—a more flattering demonstration of its unrivalled properties could not be given.

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY GOODS.—*Alway emulous,* C. MILLS asks a comparison of his Stock of Cabinet and Upholstery Goods with other warehouses; *comprehending* Pedestal and other Sideboards, excellently made; Dining Tables correspondent; Chairs in morocco of the most approved colour; also *Library articles,* solid Rose-wood and other Chairs, with Tables, &c. to suit them; French and four-post drapery Beds, &c. &c.—The frequent remarks of gentlemen inspecting the above (since customers) of having been too premature, has induced C. Mills to submit a comparison as the best mode of choosing.—Regent Park House, opposite Devonshire-street, High-street, Mary-le-bone.

Dison and Co. are frank and free, but "*alway emulous. C. Mills*" is a cabinet maker of a thousand! *He* is, indeed, an eloquent encourager of "library articles."

But of all eloquent writers, Macalpine shines out as the brightest and the best: he really should give lectures on the poetry of hair-cutting.

C. M'ALPINE,
Hair Cutter and Peruquier, to His Majesty George the Fourth,
No. 47, Threadneedle-street,

ANIMATED with feelings of heartfelt gratitude for the pre-eminent patronage a generous Public has enriched him with, begs to reiterate to the Fashionable World his former pledge of having his taste and fancy ever and anon engaged in some new discovery for the embellishment of his Votaries. Hebe herself wears not a more youthful nor Venus a more lovely appearance than do the British Fair when adorned by the magical touch of Macalpine. The Horatii and Curatii of old were the most comely youths of their age, but Macalpine's skill imparts to the sons of Britain, that distinguished *je ne sais quoi* which Greek or Roman never possessed. Macalpine feels diffident in thus eulogizing himself, but as there are arrogant and empirical pretenders in his immediate neighbourhood caution becomes an imperative duty. *It is distressing to witness the havock these voracious and superficial quacks make on a head of hair, for with heads as senseless, as barren as their wooden blocks, they cut and cut, and heav'n knows that's all.* Macalpine, on an average operates personally upon three hundred heads of hair weekly, and pledges his professional reputation, which he values more than life, that others are paid for disfiguring that beautiful ornament which a skilful man can alone preserve in classic and luxurant tresses. Macalpine being the only hair-cutter who ever obtained a prize, and that of 200*l.* challenges all Europe to a trial of skill for 100 guineas. Come the four quarters of the Globe, with comb and scissars, and his great superiority has "stomach for them all!!!" He will hurl them to the tomb of the Capulits. The Rubicon is crossed and now it must be, —*Aut* Macalpine, *aut Nullus*!

This is classical indeed!

In all advertisements, I should particularly urge the writer to dwell mainly on counterfeits,—to caution,—to intreat,—to challenge,—to bully,—to rave against counterfeits. To protest that such are abroad!! So shall all doubt as to the originality of the advertiser's article be fully and properly removed. So shall every man look to the label before he takes his patent medicine. Some gentlemen prefer touching on this point at the bottom of their advertisements. But I love Warren's "Imposture Unmasked," which comes upon one at once, in capitals, like a moral power,—or Day and Martin's "ever anxious to prevent Imposition," which shows them to be in so laudable a state of ever virtuous agitation. Atkinson, too, is great with his "Imitation Bear's Grease" at the very opening of his address. It is fit that all frauds *should* be made public, as truly a man, verging on wiggism, scarcely knows how now-a-days to rub his head with safety.

IMPOSTURE UNMASKED.

THE progress of MERIT, although frequently assailed, is not impeded by Envy and Detraction. The aggression of ambuscade terminates in defeat; and conscious rectitude ultimately triumphs in the attainment of the grand object—public approbation. The test of experience is the guarantee of favour, and has established WARREN'S BLACKING in general estimation; of which there exists not a stronger proof than the tacit acknowledgment of a host of servile imitators, who surreptitiously obtrude on the unwary a spurious preparation as the genuine article, to the great disappointment of the unguarded purchaser, and manifest injury of WARREN, whose character and interest by this iniquitous system are equally subject to detriment. It becomes, therefore, an indispensable duty to CAUTION THE PUBLIC against the manœuvres of UNPRINCIPLED VENDERS, who having no character to lose, and stimulated by avarice in their nefarious pursuits, aim at the acquisition of money through any medium than that of honour! The original matchless BLACKING bears on each bottle a short direction, with the signature of ROBERT WARREN.

BURGESS'S ESSENCE of ANCHOVIES.—Warehouse, 170, Strand, corner of the Savoy-steps, London.—John Burgess and Son, being apprized of the numerous endeavours made by many persons to impose a spurious article for their make, feel it incumbent upon them to request the attention of the Public, in purchasing what they conceive to be the Original, to observe the Name and Address correspond with the above: the general appearance of the spurious descriptions will deceive the unguarded, and for their detection, J. B. and Son submit the following cautions,—some are in appearance at first sight, "The Genuine," but without any name or address:—some "Burgess's Essence of Anchovies;"—others—"Burgess's"—and many more without Address.

John Burgess and Son having been many years honoured with such distinguished approbation, feel every sentiment of respect towards the Public, and earnestly solicit them to inspect the Labels previous to their purchasing what they conceive to be of their make, which they hope will prevent many disappointments.

BURGESS'S NEW *SAUCE for general purposes* having given such great satisfaction, continues to be prepared by them, and is recommended as a most useful and convenient Sauce: will keep good in all climates.

Warehouse, 170, Strand, corner of the Savoy-steps, London.—(The original Fish-sauce Warehouse.)

I scarcely know what Burgess means by his "*sauce for general purposes,*" but, I suppose, it is that which Lady Barrymore is in the habit of using.

IMITATION BEAR'S GREASE.—James Atkinson, Perfumer, respectfully cautions the Public against numerous imitations of the Bear's Grease imported by him. The pots and wrappers in some are exactly similar, only his name is omitted. The words being on the counterfeit, "Genuine Bear's Grease," and on his, "Atkinson's Bear's Grease," and on the wrapper round the pot he affixes his signature, to counterfeit which is felony. The article he sells is sent out just as imported, only a little perfume to keep it sweet. It is procured from the animal in its native climate, that being the state in which it is recommended by all writers on natural philosophy. The repute it has long held for restoring the hair, is now indubitably established by numerous recent instances, and for dressing the hair nothing can better answer the purpose. It gives strength and elasticity to weak hair, and makes it, however dry and harsh, soft and glossy as silk, price 2s. 6d., double 4s., and perfumed with Otto of Roses, 3s. and 5s.—Sold by J. Atkinson, perfumer, 44, Gerrard-street, Soho-square, London, and most perfumers and medicine venders.

I have been looking a little into the country papers, and am extremely glad to find that the art is receiving every encouragement and attention in the districts: I hope to live to see the day, when the provincial trader and speculator will be as flowery and smooth in his periods, as Mills, Miss Wallace, or even oily Prince! I give the two following bits from an Exeter paper, as a brace of ingenuities worthy of a metropolitan pen. Who can doubt of getting the genuine Bear's Grease from Piper, Junior, when he "respectfully announces his intention of killing a *large Russian Bear on* MONDAY NEXT?" The day fixed!—the dead warrant come down! The guard too, Bond, is quite right, being a disinterested person, in asking the Defiance to explain how it has happened that the Subscription Coach has come to be the best and safest mode of conveyance.

PIPER, Jun. 238, HIGH-STREET, EXETER,

RESPECTFULLY announces his intention of killing a large RUSSIAN BEAR on Monday next, which has for some time been fattening for the express purpose of obtaining BEAR'S GREASE in its GENUINE STATE, free from the fat of other animals, which the Russian Exporters are so often in the practice of using, and which must be very destructive to the Human Hair. The present Bear being extremely fat it will naturally produce a considerable quantity of Grease, which will be rendered to the public in its PURE STATE, being merely clarified and perfumed, and will on comparison show the immense difference between the GENUINE MATERIAL and what is frequently foisted on the public as such.—Exeter, Dec. 31, 1824.

To the Proprietor of the HOTEL, EXETER,

Mr. CONGDON,—SIR,

I TRUST you will with your usual good nature excuse the liberty I am about to take, in asking what it is occasions the *Defiance Coach* keeping such irregular time. On Friday evening, December 17, 1824, I left the Old London Inn, Exeter, at six o'clock in the evening, two hours after the departure of the Defiance Coach for London, as Guard of the "*Subscription,*" and had the pleasing felicity of *running by* the Defiance, and performed the journey in two hours less time than that Coach. On Sunday evening I returned with my Coach, leaving London between one or two hours after the Defiance, and arrived at the Old London Inn, Exeter, in time for the passengers to take a comfortable dinner before the Defiance arrived. May it not be presumed that the Defiance was loaded with *Fish* or *Dead Turtle*, as it had but one solitary passenger visible, who has determined never to subject himself to be so again mortified, by allowing a Coach laden with passengers, to run by a Coach with so few! I am sorry to have trespassed so long on your kindness; waiting your answer to the above question;

I beg to subscribe myself, very respectfully, your very obedient Servant,

M. BOND,

Dated, Exeter, Dec. 20, 1824. *Guard of the Subscription Coach.*

P. S. Since writing the above I learn from one of my brother Guards, honest *Tom Goodman*, that it is no uncommon thing for the *Subscription* to run by the *Defiance*, which he did on Thursday the 16th instant.

I wish I had time or room to extract some of the best medical advertisements, but the reader will do well to read "Goss and Co." and "Marriage," and a few others, and he will quickly understand the most confirmed method of exposing quackery. I have not touched upon the Lottery, because, as that elegant cosmetic for blemished purses is about to be "done away with," it is useless to instruct the scholar on that head. I am quite sure that every thing is done by advertisement, where

proper attention is paid to the construction and *derangement*—as Mrs. Malaprop calls it. Mr. Colburn's Mr. Campbell, of Rathbone-place (not the afternoon-lecturer on poetry, I believe) has almost ruined a minor periodical, I understand, by the mere art of advertising. "In this epoch of British commerce" too much ability and ingenuity cannot be cultivated; and if I have improved one advertising soul, I have not lived in vain. P. A. Z.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—STATISTICS.

Paris, January 17, 1825.

Dear Sir,—In this country, the new year regularly brings in a new crop of science, which is kept for some months in the repository of the Institute, till upon a solemn day it is distributed among the public. This may appear an enigma to you, but you know that several prizes are founded for the encouragement of various branches of science, and that all competitors must send in their papers before the first of January. Though Government has been very liberal to the Academy of Sciences in this and other respects, yet all the funds appropriated to these expenses have not been furnished by it, but in a great measure have arisen from individuals. The most distinguished of these benefactors is the late Baron of Monthyon, who made a princely donation to the Academy for the improvement of science. Several interesting subjects have been proposed for the present year, among which may be noticed an inquiry into the process of digestion. This being a great desideratum in physiology, the Academy had it long in contemplation, but refrained from recommending the investigation, till they thought animal chemistry sufficiently advanced to insure success. Much is expected from this prize-question, if those who are able, engage in the contest. A commission has been appointed to sit in judgment, but their verdict will not be pronounced before the end of April or May.

All the prizes are not reserved for particular questions, some being founded for the best work written or printed within the preceding year, in certain branches of science. Of this description is the prize for Statistics, which has given rise to, or promoted many interesting researches. This is a favourite topic with the Academy in general, and several of its members have given it particular attention, and contributed much to its improvement. It is not in itself a science, but furnishes facts to almost all departments of science. What is scientific is its process in selecting or ascertaining the facts, and combining them, so as to deduce general and important truths. The secretary of the Academy for mathematics, Baron Fourrier, one of the most eminent mathematicians of the age, is a zealous promoter of statistics, which he considers as one of the

greatest sources of knowledge, and to be resorted to in all cases where many complicated causes act together at the same time; and this is the more necessary, as there are an immense number of facts, the causes of which are wholly unknown. He has, himself, planned and superintended the statistical inquiries relative to Paris, ordered by government, and carried on by the *prefecture*. Two volumes have been published, one for 1821, the other for 1822, which bear the stamp of Fourrier's philosophic mind. The president for this year, Chaptal, when minister of the interior under Bonaparte, was very active in similar pursuits, requiring the prefects to give him accurate statistical accounts of their respective *departments*. Seven or eight of them were published in 4to. and folio, under his administration, and thirty more were ready for the press, but have remained in manuscript, and probably ever will. Even his friend, the unfortunate Lavoisier, though engaged in the arduous but glorious task of raising chemistry on a new foundation, dedicated a part of his attention to the same object. Indeed, it has been a favourite study in France with several men of note at different periods from Sully to the present times. His manly and vigorous mind, to which the spirit of the reformation had given a more serious and useful turn, led him to inquire into the state of a nation which he was called upon to regulate. When Henry proposed measures, dictated rather by the benevolence of his heart than by sober judgment, Sully would take time to consider, and then come forward with such stubborn facts as would restrain the ardour of the prince's misguided imagination. There is a curious record of Sully's statistical lucubrations in an attempt to estimate the general expenditure of the inhabitants of France, which he rates at 259 millions of livres. Though his documents could not be very accurate, he took at least a very comprehensive view of the subject, appearing to omit no kind of expense, as we may gather from the following specimen:

"Spent in ceremonies, new year's gifts, candles, carousing, drunkenness, intemperance, *amourettes*, clothes, furniture, equipages, buildings, gilding, rings, jewels, stuffs, plays, masquerades, ballets, dancing, gaming, and *autres bombances et dissolutions superflues*." In the valuation of other sources, we see the spirit of the Hugonot stirring within him, at the expenses incurred by the influence of the church of Rome and the ceremonies of the Catholic religion.

A man no less eminent, and of a kindred mind, resumed and pursued such researches, but on surer ground. Vauban employed his short intervals of leisure, among other philanthropic pursuits, in framing a statistical account of the district where he resided, the *election* of Vezelay. This investigation, undertaken with the express view of bettering the condition of the people, was conducted with the accuracy of a mathematician, and proved him to be no less eminent as a philosopher than as a warrior. He communicated the results of his inquiries to Louis XIV., who, struck with their novelty and utility, resolved to extend them over all his kingdom. He accordingly issued orders, enjoining all the

governors to have a similar survey taken of their provinces; and their numerous reports formed a collection of 40 large manuscript volumes.

You may judge from the few facts I have stated, that the French Government has at different periods been at some pains to collect materials; but these would have been of no use, had there not been from time to time scientific men, able and willing to work them up for the public, and combine them with their own researches. The spirit is now more prevalent than ever, and seems to be one of the characteristic features of the age. M. de Chateauneuf stands foremost among those who have distinguished themselves in this respect. He has, in the selection of his subjects, and his mode of investigation, set an example that has led many to emulate him. That you may form an adequate idea of the nature of statistical researches in France at present, I shall give you a short account of his principal results, and the foundation on which they rest. I shall only mention his first work: *Recherches sur les Consommations de tout genre de la Ville de Paris, en* 1817, *comparées à ce qu'elles etaient en* 1769;" which, though interesting and instructive, is not of that general import, for which his other productions are remarkable. The interval between 40 and 50 has always been considered as a dangerous period in the life of women, and, on that account, has been called their *critical age.* Impressed with this opinion, all women come to that time of life with apprehension, nor do they think themselves secure till they have passed it. Some writers, indeed, had expressed their doubts respecting the truth of this opinion, but as the facts they brought forward were local, M. de Chateauneuf undertook to examine the question upon a large scale. He did not, therefore, confine his inquiries to France, but extended them to Switzerland, Berlin, Sweden, and Petersburgh, selecting the most authentic records, and collecting as large a number as possible, amounting to 140,000 women. Then comparing their mortality at different ages, every five years, from 35 to 70, he found no particular increase of mortality at the period looked upon as critical, and no other than such as is the natural consequence of the decline of life. This was equally the case when he considered them either collectively or separately with regard to their respective countries, whether in the bustle of civil life or in the tranquil retirement of religious seclusion. Such a conclusion is highly gratifying, and, if properly inculcated into the minds of the fair sex, will dispel those gloomy terrors that cloud and harass so great a part of their existence. Another remarkable fact, arising from a similar comparison of the different ages of men, is that mortality is proportionally greater among them between 40 and 50; so that what was erroneously considered as the critical period for women, is really the *critical age of men.* But the advantage is still more in favour of women, for their mortality is less at every period of life. If presuming on our natural superiority in several other respects, we attribute this difference to the hardships we endure, and the dangers to which we are exposed, we shall be undeceived by a statistical examination of the case. Eccle-

siastics and nuns are unquestionably in the same situation, equally exempt from these causes of mortality; now, it appears, from a comparison of 13,000 of the former, and 22,000 of the latter, that women maintain their advantage in this respect, so that, it seems, they are endowed by nature with greater longevity.

He has in another paper dispelled another prejudice, respecting the season most fatal to consumptive patients. They were said to fall mostly with the fall of leaves; he has, on the contrary, shown that the greatest increase of mortality among them is during spring in France, and summer in Italy. But as these are events over which we have little controul, I shall proceed to facts immediately connected with the civil institutions, and of more general interest; his inquiries respecting foundlings. From these, it appears, that the number and proportion of foundlings in most of the European states has been increasing for a long time back. Thus, in Rome, towards the middle of the last century, only 600 or 700 were annually brought to the hospital, and in 1810, from 1,000 to 1,200. In Madrid, in 1788 and 1789, the number did not exceed 900, and for these five years past, the average has been 1,100. The London Foundling Hospital did not at first admit more than 400 annually; eight years afterwards, the admissions increased to 6,000, when it became necessary to establish similar institutions in the country. From about the same period to 1820, their number in Paris has varied from 2,700 to 6,600, which it attained just before the Revolution; but has decreased since, and stands at present below 5,000 annually; the proportion rising rapidly during the last years of Louis XV. diminishing considerably under the Convention, increasing again under the Imperial government, and becoming pretty nearly stationary since the restoration. Notwithstanding this decrease in the number of foundlings in Paris during the Revolution, a fact which, from the nature of events during the period, could not have been expected, the general amount in France has constantly risen since 1784 to the present time. In 1784, there were not more than 40,000 throughout the kingdom, but in the space of less than 40 years they increased to the enormous number of 138,500. This appears to be the general tendency of the age in the different states of Europe, whenever satisfactory documents can be obtained. The diminution which has lately taken place in the Foundling Hospital at Brussels seems no real exception; it may be local, as the reduction which we have noticed in Paris, while the sum total rose in the country at large.

What is the cause of this growing evil, which ill accords with the idea of improving in civilization? Are its benefits confined to the higher orders of society, while it is the lot of the lower to sink deeper into vice and misery? But avoiding speculative reasoning, I shall proceed to state various circumstances, as far as they are supported by authentic records. From what is known to be the case in the Lying-in Hospital in Paris, we may infer, that by far the greater number of those who

abandon their children are unmarried women. Of 21,000 inmates of the *Maternité* in the space of 10 years, 17,000 were single, and only 2,634 took charge of their children, or sent them out to nurse. It likewise appears that extreme poverty, rather than a reckless insensibility, is one of the chief causes of abandoning children. If we compare five provinces of France (each comprising, as you know, several departments) which are unquestionably the richest, with five others that are certainly the poorest, we find the proportion of foundlings to births in French Flanders, Picardy, Artois, Normandy, and Alsace, to be at the rate of 2·63 in a hundred, while in Berri, Nivernois, Marche, Bourbonnois, Limousin, it amounts to 5·66 in a hundred. A comparison between the other provinces, of intermediate wealth and poverty, would not probably afford a satisfactory result, from the difficulty of fixing a standard for estimating smaller differences; and it is often only in extreme cases, that the agency of one of the numerous causes that operate together may be ascertained by statistics.

It has often been said, that misery and vice prevail to greater extent in very populous towns than in the country; and in no instance is the truth of this opinion more evident, than in the comparative rate of foundlings in Paris and in the whole kingdom. The proportion of foundlings to the sum total of births throughout France in 1821, was 3·52 in a hundred, while in Paris, it amounted to no less than 19 in a hundred. You are not to consider this great proportion as an excess peculiar to Paris. Of all the great capitals on the Continent, Paris is the least afflicted with this evil, which progressively increases according to the order of the following enumeration; Vienna, Madrid, Lisbon, Rome, Moscow; till in Petersburgh, it rises to the pitch of 45 in a hundred. But it would be unreasonable to take this scale as a standard, by which the relative degrees of vice and misery in those cities should be rated, till we can know what proportion of foundlings belongs to the precincts, and what to the inhabitants of the country that bring them to town. That a number are brought from distant parts is well known, but the number cannot be ascertained; and the confluence will necessarily be greater, all other circumstances being the same, to those towns, in the neighbourhood of which there are fewer or no asylums. Indeed, the number of foundlings in any country where there is misery, and of this there is enough in all European states, will increase with that of hospitals open for their reception; for where the means of subsistence will hardly suffice to support a single life, the mother had rather leave the care of her offspring to the public who offer to take charge of it, than let it perish together with herself.

But what is the fate of these forsaken beings when consigned to the care of the public? In some countries, their prospects seem fair, and even flattering. Russia considers them all as born free, which is a blessing in a state, where so great a part of the population are born and live in bondage. Spain, where *native slavery* has been long abolished, it is said, declares them all to be of noble birth. From the good educa-

tion they receive in Russia, many rise to eminence in every department of the state, and in Spain they prosper in the church. At Barcelona, when the female foundlings are grown up, they are led in procession through the streets, for the purpose of exhibiting their beauty and attractions; and when a spectator, as is likely to be the case with this combustible nation, falls in love at first sight, he throws his handkerchief, and a marriage ensues. The foundlings in other countries have less aspiring hopes; they become musicians in Italy; they were doomed in France during the Revolution to be soldiers; and at present they may choose their own professions; but such has always been the scanty education they received, that not more than three ever got into notice, and these were head surgeons to hospitals.

Such is the lot of the survivors, which upon the whole may be deemed satisfactory; but what is the general chance of attaining these advantages? The mortality of foundlings had not been properly investigated in France, or at least, had not been made known, till M. De Chateauneuf laid open the scene of misery and death which these asylums conceal from the eye of the public. Great, indeed, is the mortality of children in all parts of the world, but humanity shudders at the untimely fate of foundlings. Two-fifths of the children born in France die before they are ten years old, but nearly three-fifths of the foundlings perish in the first year; and such is more or less the case over all Europe. Particular attention has within these last four years been given to the subject, and mortality among this wretched class of children has been considerably reduced both in the Hospital at Paris, and without, in those parts where they are sent out to nurse. Notwithstanding these successful measures in the capital, where there is greater power and greater will to exert it, you may judge of the deplorable extent of the evil from what still takes place here. One-fourth of the children admitted into the Foundling Hospital die in the space of the first week.

Such facts ought to be generally known, not only among the higher but likewise among the lowest orders of society; that the former, by an attentive investigation into the particular causes of the excessive mortality of foundlings, may reduce it, as far as the nature of things will admit, and as long as such asylums are deemed necessary; that the latter, when not impelled by dire necessity, may not be deceived by the idea that their children will be well provided for, and fare better than if they brought them up at home; that, on the contrary, they are sending them to the pest-house and to the grave. From the latter view of the subject, independently of other well known considerations, it will appear problematical, whether these institutions do really answer the humane purpose for which they were founded. A comparison between the mortality of children brought up by the poorest inhabitants of very populous cities, and that of foundlings in the same place, might be a first step towards the solution of the question. Mr. Villerme's late paper about the relative influence of riches and poverty on mortality contains some interesting data relative to a part of this subject. His researches

excite particular attention here; but as the chief results were immediately inserted in the English newspapers, I need not give you any account of them. I shall only observe, that he distinguishes the rich and poor departments, without stating the principles on which the classification is founded. I hope, when he publishes his paper, he will give us the criterion by which the differences may be ascertained, and not appeal merely to the general opinion for a distinction on which the whole import of the subject depends. E.

ATHENAION.

The learned institutors of the Athenaion have at last done a wise thing; they have put themselves to preparatory schools, and the Society is consequently dissolved for the present; but it will re-unite again next Christmas, when it is expected that the erudite patrons of literature will be enabled to publish very tolerable advertisements in words of one or even of two syllables. This proficiency in learning will be celebrated by a fête in honour of the Horn-book.

Thus it appears that our paternal advice to these grown gentlemen has not been thrown away; but yet we much question whether they could have made up their minds to submit to the discipline and privations of preparatory seminaries for young gentlemen, had it not been for a frightful blunder in the following advertisement, which could not fail to awaken them to a lively sense of the danger that attends the improper use of words:—

ATHENAION, No. 164, REGENT STREET, comprising the circle of the Arts, Sciences, and Belles-Lettres.

Second Session.

The Members and Subscribers are informed, that the Lectures on the ARTS, SCIENCES, and BELLES-LETTRES, have commenced at the Theatre of this Institution, on Thursday, the 13th inst., at half-past Seven in the Evening, as formerly announced: but the fête of Minerva (in consequence of the Prorogation of Parliament, and the absence of several of its members, desirous of being present), is postponed until Thursday the 10th of February next. *The tickets issued for the 13th inst. will be admitted on that night.*

The celebrated Roman poet, Pistrucci, is engaged for the season.

Terms.

Annual Subscribers to all the Lectures, Concerts, Balls, including admission to the Reading and Conversation Saloons	10 Guineas.
Ladies	5
A single Course of Lectures	3
Parterre	10*s.* and 6*d.*
Gallery	5

For a Plan of the Institution, and Tickets of admission, apply to the Secretary at the Athenaion.

P.S.—To be sold a few shares in this Institution of 25*l.* 50*l.* and 100*l.*, bearing an interest of 5*l.* per cent. per annum, *and entitling the holder to free admission to the Athenaion, including all the Concerts and Balls given elsewhere.* The Reading and Conversation Saloons are open to New Subscribers to the Lectures, at Six Guineas a Year.

Thus it is expressly covenanted, that a shareholder shall have a free admission to the Athenaion, *including all the concerts and balls given elsewhere.* This was excellent news to myriads of young ladies, who earnestly recommended their papas to invest their money in so eligible a speculation. Five per cent. interest, a free admission to the Athenaion (that to be sure was no great temptation), and to all the concerts and balls given elsewhere; that is to say, a right of entry at the Philharmonic, Ancient Music, Almack's,—all delightful places, but difficult of access; not to mention other Societies of inferior note, and all the private balls and concerts given in London, which would seem included in the terms above quoted. Such were the irresistible advantages offered in the advertisement of the Athenaion; and a prodigious sensation was accordingly made by the new scheme, especially east of Temple Bar. The sting of dissipation is ordinarily the expense of it; but here the promise was held out of 5 per cent. for the money, together with free admission to all the pleasures of the town. The conductors of the Athenaion, the patrons of letters, who never dreamt of offering the temptations that their words expressed, doubtless took the alarm when they discovered that from their sheer ignorance of the art of writing, they were very likely to be indicted for selling shares under false pretences; and being honest men, though no scholars, they resolved to take our advice,—broke up the Society, and went to day or preparatory schools, to acquire those rudiments of education which are requisite to steer a man through the perils of print.

MR. ABERNETHY AND THE LANCET.

The question between Mr. Abernethy and the Lancet is simply this: Has a lecturer any property in an oral lecture of which there is no existing manuscript?

Can there be any property in that which has no substantial tangible existence? If such a case of undoubted property could be found, it would go a great way to settle the claim of Mr. Abernethy in the affirmative. No such case that I know of exists.

Can any thing have the attribute of property which cannot be brought into the market? No one, I fancy, will hesitate to answer in the negative. Could an oral lecturer go to a publisher, and say, I *have* delivered a course of lectures on surgery or physiology, what will you give me for them? It requires no ghost to rise from the dead and tell us what would be the answer. Or could he go to a publisher, and say, I *am about* to deliver such a course of lectures, what will you give me for them? This is a sort of bargain into which few publishers would enter; it would be a leap in the dark which they are not very much in the habit of making.

If a man possessing great eloquence and rich stores of knowledge, go into company, and for the sake of honouring his host, or gratifying his audience, scatter about his knowledge, can he say I have a property in the ideas and sentiments I have been delivering; no person has any right to repeat them, or embody them in writing for the sake of publication? Yet in what does an oral lecturer differ from a person thus situated, except that the one is paid in the gratification of his vanity, the other in solid cash? In what does an oral lecture differ from a conversation, except that in some cases it is a little better sustained and compacted together?

If a man deliver an oral lecture, how is he to identify it? If one of his audience take a note of this lecture, and choose to say to the lecturer, this is none of yours, how can he rebut the shameless assertion?

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, lectures, especially oral lectures, are merely the substance of what has been long before the world, and has become common property. Now, Mr. Abernethy, at the conclusion of a lecture, can merely say to his pupils: "Though I have not delivered this lecture from a note, and though I cannot probably recal a single sentence of it, yet I have the substance of it in my memory; you have no right therefore to publish." What answer could he make to a pupil who should turn round and say, "So have I, in the writings of "that thinking man, John Hunter." The only part of the lecture which can, in such a case, be said to belong to the lecturer, is the language; if he neglect to secure this by committing it to writing, what is there remaining which he can call his own? How will any body distinguish the property he has in it from that which a man has in his ordinary conversation?

What can be said then about this property in an oral lecture?—at the best, it is a kind of phenomenon. It is a curious species of property surely which has no physical existence,—which cannot be brought into the market,—which even the owner cannot identify; and which any despoiler may seize, and say to Mr. Abernethy, or whoever may claim it, this is none of yours, and no proof can be brought to rebut the appropriation. Shall we be over hasty then in concluding, that that which has none of the attributes of property, cannot be entitled to the name and protection of property?

As property of any kind is a thing which has no inherent independent existence, springs entirely from the conventions of society, and is enjoyed only by fulfilling certain conditions which society prescribes; he who refuses to fulfil these conditions, of course forfeits his claim. If a man have property, and wish to enjoy it, he must put a mark upon it, hedge it in, and take such other precautions as its preservation requires. If a man refuse to enclose his lands, has he any right to complain if his corn be trodden down, or his pastures eaten by his neighbour's oxen?

If then property, the most sacred in its character, the most clearly recognised by society, cannot be preserved from spoliation without

adopting those means which the conventions of society have established; how much more strongly will this apply where the property is a thing which cannot be seen, handled, examined, which has no physical existence, and to which society has never yet agreed to affix the character of property?

It cannot be said that this strikes at the root of all intellectual property, for the law of the land has already recognised one means of hedging in and identifying the fruits of a man's intellectual labour. This means is, the reducing of it to writing. In this shape, literary property may always be secured, and it is a means sufficiently simple, and to which no man who really wishes to avail himself of the fruit of his intellectual labours can reasonably object. If a man refuse to comply with this means, if he be too idle to reduce his sentiments to writing, has he any right to complain of their spoliation,—no more than he who neglecting to put a mark on his cattle, and permitting them to range at will beyond their prescribed bounds, has any reason to complain at their being forfeited as waifs and strays.

Thus far I have argued this question as a matter of abstract right, on the grounds of common sense, and independently of legal decisions, or grounds of legal argument. A word or two on this head will be quite sufficient. Every case of literary property which has hitherto been brought before a court of law or equity has been where there either was a book or a manuscript; there has been no decision on an oral lecture, nor any case where the argument could reasonably be applied to an oral lecture. The question of abstract right then never has been decided, and a very few words will convince us *that it is not likely that it ever will.* Will a court of law create a right where they can administer no remedy for a breach of that right? Let it be supposed, however, that they have decided that a lecturer has a property in an oral lecture—the only remedy is by an action for piracy. Now it is a rule of evidence, and a rule founded in the strongest sense, that a piracy can only be proved by comparing it with the original; but in the case I am arguing there is no original; such an action, therefore, cannot be sustained. And this, be it remembered, not through any defect in the law, but simply through the neglect of the plaintiff in not taking due means to support his claim. To make this remedy effectual, the court must go a step further, and supply this defect of evidence by admitting the testimony of one or more of the audiences to prove the identity of the delivered and published lecture. Courts of law are not wont to be so indulgent, nor is this a case that requires it.

In arguing this question, I have abstained entirely from a variety of collateral topics which have been enlisted into their service by the advocates on either side. As a question of mere property, and this is the only legitimate view, it is clear that considerations like the following have nothing to do with the matter.

1. That the lectures of Mr. Abernethy are simply a repetition of, and

re-embodying of the principles of Mr. John Hunter. This has nothing to do with the question of absolute property. A fact of this kind may, perhaps, reduce the value of Mr. Abernethy's lectures to five shillings, but it is no reason why he should be plundered of these five shillings.

2. That the lectures are paid for, and therefore that he has nothing further to do with them. This would merely prove that the property of these lectures was in the entire body of his pupils, and would not entitle any individual to publish them.

I have nothing farther to say in the shape of argument. A word or two more on the particular case of Mr. Abernethy, and I have done. It is very clear that throughout this whole transaction, Mr. Abernethy has been actuated not by any present or anticipated pecuniary loss. It is very certain that he never intends to publish: in fact, his lectures, as delivered, are in such a condition, that publication would neither be very profitable nor very creditable to his reputation. Neither is the publication of his lectures likely to diminish the number of his pupils, which is the only remaining means by which he could sustain a loss: because, in the first place, no medical student could derive one-twentieth part of the information and advantage from merely reading these lectures in his garret, that he would by attending Mr. Abernethy. In the next place, the regulations of the College of Surgeons require that young men applying for diplomas, shall have a certificate of having attended a certain number of courses of these lectures; this is a positive rule which cannot be avoided, and which would of itself keep Mr. Abernethy his pupils. On the other reason, Mr. Abernethy has himself spoken: "You may read my lectures if you please, but I do not think that the impression on the mind is made so firmly, as when you hear what I have to say. * * * Well, as I say, you may read, but there is nothing like the *viva voce* after all, and next to this you must *see* the things which form the subjects of those lectures; unquestionably, the impression made on the memory through the medium of sight, is more durable than through the medium of sound, as Horace has very judiciously observed:—

> Tardiùs irritant animos demissa per aurem,
> Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

I say, that I believe, there is nothing like *having seen* as well as *heard* the subjects which form the principal foundation of your professional knowledge."

It is quite obvious, indeed, that the real *gravamen* is not any actual or anticipated loss, but an unwillingness to have his lectures exposed to the searching ordeal of public criticism. There is clearly in his mind a feeling that his lectures will not satisfy the public expectation. "If the author of the Lancet," says Mr. Abernethy on one occasion, "should publish my lectures, I only know, from what I have seen of those parts of them which have appeared in the newspapers, that they represent me as one of the most pert, balderdash fellows in existence.

Any person would say, on reading these paragraphs, Well, I always thought Mr. Abernethy a well-informed man, and somewhat of a scientific man too, in the practice of his profession, but I really think he must be a very weak man." On a subsequent occasion we find him saying, "And here I may not go into the subject scientifically or satisfactorily to yourselves or the public, but I will tell you what I know about it." And similar interjections are frequently occurring. At the outset of Mr. Abernethy's opposition, he is even more distinct as to the motives which actuated him: "I cannot prevent publication, but it is very disagreeable to me, and, at least, it shall never be done with my sanction. God forbid, gentlemen, that I should wish to keep back from you any knowledge that I am able to afford, or that you should not have an opportunity of reaping the full benefit of it. Take the substance of what I say: you are perfectly welcome to it—you have paid for it—it is yours; but I do protest, that I think no one has a right to publish it to the world; I do not like it; and, certainly he shall never have my sanction for so doing." Whether Mr. Abernethy has acted wisely in this business, it is not necessary for me to give an opinion. I am no partizan. I am in no way connected with the profession, or with any of the parties. I am a reader of the Lancet; I have been both amused and instructed by its contents; and though the editor has been pleased to say in his last number, that "for good surgical principles and practical examples, Mr. Abernethy's lectures, when compared with the works of Hunter, and other systematic writers, betray an extreme paucity of chirurgical knowledge," and that if an arbitrator should award to Mr. Abernethy, "precisely what his lectures are worth, it would be—nothing,"—I cannot help thinking that those very lectures are not among the least interesting and important articles in this periodical; there has been considerable provocation on both sides, and I can readily pardon hot words. The asseverations on either side must be taken *cum grano salis.* I think upon the whole, however, that Mr. Abernethy would have acted more discreetly, more wisely, perhaps, for his reputation, if he had followed the example of Sir A. Cooper. The view which this distinguished surgeon has taken of the matter, is as just as it is liberal and independent, and with that view I shall terminate a sketch which has perhaps already grown beyond the limits which should have been prescribed. After animadverting on the practice of publishing hospital cases, he thus proceeds: "With regard to my lectures the case is different. I have a duty to perform in this theatre, and I have no objection for the whole world to know how it is discharged. Although the publication of my lectures exposes me to the critical ordeal of my professional brethren, yet I fear it not; I care not who may be made acquainted with the doctrines I advance, the instructions I give, the principles I inculcate, while in this theatre; if they cannot withstand the test of criticism, they are unfit for your guidance, and ought to be exploded. Facts, and inevitable conclusions arising from these

facts, compose the lectures; therefore I am perfectly indifferent as to who publishes them, and equally indifferent as to who may be made acquainted with them, for I am positive they cannot be refuted. I am well aware that I shall be assailed by the abuse of scoundrels; that envy, disappointed malice, and foul ingratitude, will endeavour to vilify my name; but, gentlemen, such base and puny efforts are beneath the consideration of an honourable mind, and I shall continue to treat them, as I have ever done, with scorn and contempt."

PAPINIAN.

COLBURNIANA.

A disgust for the sentence of justice is, we believe, common to all culprits who are receiving the correction due to their offences, and a certain allowance is by general consent very considerately made for those expressions which are dictated by a man's nice and natural regard for his own flesh.—"*On m'assassine,*" cried the French rogue who was whipped for taking liberties with his neighbour's pockets; but there was no slander in his words, for every one attributed them to the true cause —the smart of his back. Our duty to the public occasionally compels us to inflict a gentle chastisement on persons who offend against the interests of literature; and so far from desiring to gag them under the operation, we rather like to hear a lusty roar, which serves as a sort of acknowledgment of the salutary punishment, and also satisfies us that the patient takes the discipline in a healthy way; we don't like silent grief—sorrow is like air, if confined it becomes mortal. Mr. Colburn had a gentle whipping in our last number, for making free with the name of Madame Campan; and not displeased have we been to see him daily, during the last month, airing his sorrows in the advertisements of the newspapers, where he roars at so much a line, thus giving a wholesome vent to his griefs, benefitting the journals, and enriching the revenues of his native country. But though an ad libitum of howling is in all cases accorded to flogged children, and other delinquents under the rod, yet there is also an ancient law, that if the patient kick against the correction intended merely for his and the public good, he shall be punished for such calcitration, which is always accounted symptomatic of vice. When a certain useful quadruped, whose name is an offence to decorum and a reproach to our vocabulary, brays a lamentation in the streets, every tender soul cries "poor dear!" but if he put his head between his legs, fling up his hinder extremities, and flourish his heels in the air, thus showing the disposition to do all the little mischief that an ass can do, the cry of compassion is changed to "a cudgel for the donkey!" Having made these general remarks, we now proceed to consider the matter in hand, which has suggested them to our minds.

Immediately after the publication of our last number, containing an article on the Journal of Madame Campan, Mr. Colburn gave vent to the troubles of his soul in the following advertisement, which has for the last month appeared almost daily in the newspapers:

> By Henry Colburn, 8, New Burlington-street, in 1 vol. 8vo. price 12s.,
> JOURNAL ANECDOTIQUE de MADAME CAMPAN: suivi d'Extraits de sa Correspondence, ses Pensées sur l'Education, &c. &c.
> N.B.—To the paltry attack made on this Work and its Publisher, in a minor Periodical, no farther reply is deemed necessary than to state, that *the title of the Book is copied* from that of the Paris edition, and that the Pensées sur l'Education *are the substance* of Madame Campan's large Work on Education, lately published in Paris, at 14 francs.

It will be observed in the first place that Mr. Colburn does not attempt to defend the *taking* title of the book; he satisfies himself with telling the public that he did not invent it, but copied it from the Paris edition; and thus he would shelter himself under the respectable character of utterer *only* of the counterfeit. "Thou can'st not say *I* did it," is the equivocation of the criminal; 'qui facit per alium facit per se,' is the retort of justice. While Mr. Colburn was about his purgation, would it not have been as well if he had assured us that he took no part either in imagining or approving the peccant title of the Paris edition? A concert between Paris and London booksellers in publishing works is not a very uncommon circumstance. But assuming for one moment that Mr. Colburn, in the blindness of the understanding and in the simplicity of the book-selling heart, was betrayed into copying the false description of the work from the French, whence did he get the following title, which he has generously given to the English translation?—

PRIVATE JOURNAL OF MADAME CAMPAN,
COMPRISING ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH COURT,
&c. &c. &c.

EDITED BY M. MAIGNE.

Doubtless it will be argued, or rather advertised, that this is a faithful translation of the title of the Paris edition; if so, it must be confessed that Mr. Colburn, like a bishop, knows how to profit by translation, and we would give a trifle to hear him construe a page of French with an eye to business—Journal Anecdotique de Madame Campan, Anglice, *Private* Journal of Madame Campan, &c.! Why this impudent *mystification* is like Falstaff's tale of the men in buckram, in every step it becomes more gross. First the book, being in fact no Journal at all, is a Journal Anecdotique de Madame Campan, ou Conversations recueillies dans ses Entrétiens, par M. Maigne; then from this it is metamorphosed into a *Private* Journal of Madame Campan, edited by M. Maigne.—In the name of *Colburn* what will it be next? * Lord Peter, in the Tale of a Tub, served up a brown

* It is curious to observe how the title has shifted about in the Newspaper Advertisements. First of all (Dec. 11), it is THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF MADAME CAMPAN;

loaf to his brethren with all the formality of a city feast, insisting that it was excellent mutton; and if the Burlington-street bookseller, with like assurance, will force on us the dry crusts and stale bits picked up by Mr. Maigne at Madame Campan's table as a curious and delicate treat, we must adopt the language of one of Lord Peter's brethren in reply, and modestly submit that we never saw the Journal of a clever woman in our lives so nearly resembling the tittle tattle of a twaddling gentleman. But to go on with the Tale of a Tub, which we find particularly apposite to the present occasion, we shall not suffer Colburn to cram the public in this way with stale crusts, which he chooses to call excellent mutton. Many readers have fallen into a very bad state of mind, a decay of the understanding, and decline of the intellectual faculties, in consequence of their having had all sorts of trash, and trumpery, and stuff, and rubbish, thrust down their throats as tid-bits; but we will no longer endure this cruel imposition on the public, we will not see worthy folks stuffed full of bran and chaff like the dolls in a toy-shop, while they fondly flatter themselves that they are storing themselves with the deliciæ of the feast of reason. What is the consequence? One meets these deluded people in society; and when they would pour out the riches of their minds, there issues forth the loading of a beggar's wallet, they sicken us with the refuse of books, the offal, scraps, and broken victuals of literature, and offer as *bonnes bouches* mouthed morsels, which famished Plagiary would reject with loathing; or else, like the Jew in Anastasius, they carry about with them a treasury of vile metal, which deluges us with an interminable stream of small coin, current but not worth the carriage, tuns of the liards, farthings, and maravedos of the literary mint, the circulating medium of the circulating libraries.

We shall now consider the second statement in Mr. Colburn's defence, that "the Pensées sur l'Education, *are the substance* of Madame Campan's large Work on Education, lately published at Paris, at 14 francs." —So then it appears, from Mr. Colburn's own showing, that the "Pensées sur l'Education" are nearly as great a hoax as the Private Journal; for they are not *the* Pensées sur l'Education, *but the substance of them* (or the shadow of them).—Why then did the publisher describe them as the Pensées in the title page? Why did he not explain that they were merely the substance of the treatise? Is it customary with booksellers to sell abridgments of any author's works under the description of the entire work? And would not the public have just reason to complain of such a practice? Mr. Colburn may next take it

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Dec. 20, it is changed to JOURNAL ANECDOTIQUE DE MADAME CAMPAN. On the 10th of Jan. it becomes THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF MADAME CAMPAN'S CONVERSATIONS. Colburn should *advertise* the world of the meaning of A Private Journal of a Lady's Conversations. It may be observed that in all the numerous advertisements which have presented themselves whenever we have looked upon a newspaper, the name of M. Maigne has never met our eyes.

into his head to publish, at a high price, an abridgment of Hume's England, under the usual description of that work.

We cannot, however, but admire the easy assurance with which he now explains to the happy purchasers of his "Pensées sur l'Education," what a delightful bargain they have got. "I advertised," says he, "The Pensées sur l'Education, by Madam Campan, but I sold you the substance of that treatise"—his word is a work, and his deed an abridgment! There is an impudent *naïveté* in this confession, which is extremely amusing—Mr. Colburn has certainly attained to that pitch of audacity, which Bacon says has something ridiculous in it. We stated that Madame Campan's Treatise on Education was cheap and common. Mr. Colburn affirms, in his advertised defence, that it was lately published in Paris, at 14 francs. No man knows better than Mr. Colburn how easy a thing it is to put a high price on any book: by virtue of fine paper, handsome type, and the name of some man of note in the title page as Editor, "Jack the Giant-killer," might be sold in Burlington-street for a guinea, but that would not prove that a tall copy could not be purchased at a stall for two-pence. We have now considered the two points of Mr. Colburn's advertised defence. We charged him with having published a book under a false description of its contents, he does not attempt to justify the description, but replies that he copied it from the French. In law or morals this is no exculpation; but allowing the apology to pass for one moment, how does he account for the title of his English translation, which contains more falsehood than the French one?

We stated that Madam Campan's Treatise on Education was a common work, and he confesses that what he has published and sold as the Treatise, is not the Treatise, but the substance of it. If the Purchasers be content to have these liberties taken with their credulity, we can have no objection to their throwing away their money, but as such practices are injurious to those who do not descend to them, and to the interests of literature, we feel called upon to expose them in their true colours. As for the expressions of slip-slop scorn which appear in Mr. Colburn's advertisement, we regard them, not only without any sentiment of anger, but with perfect good humour. The advertiser pays for every word, and it must have cost poor Mr. Colburn no trifle to call our attack "paltry," and our periodical "minor," in all the prints for the last month; advertised abuse must be very expensive, and disdainful epithets, such as waiting-women love to use, must prove very costly in a long account. There is, indeed, some-thing so particularly ridiculous in the idea of a man's groaning and vituperating at so much a line in the newspaper that we cannot but laugh at this odd method of digesting grief—the struggle between the natural inclination of sorrow to prolixity, and the commercial disposition to economise, must be whimsical in the extreme. As we have before observed, every offender under the rod has the privilege of complaint, and if Mr. Colburn had confined himself to his jeremiad, he would have escaped further punishment; but he has,

unfortunately, not only criminated himself in his defence, but also shown those symptoms of vice which, as we have already explained, warrant additional chastisement. Observe the foul blow aimed at us, his gentle monitors, in the following advertisement. It may be as well to premise, that the bookseller, whose name shines at the bottom of this fiction, is a person who does those odd jobs for Colburn, in which the respectable principal does not care to appear.

> THE LONDON MAGAZINE.—Shortly will be published, AN EXPOSITION of the HOAX just practised on the SUBSCRIBERS to the LONDON MAGAZINE, by which, under the plea of a very considerable increase in size, an additional charge of 1s. per Number has been made, whereas by a comparison and calculation of the new mode of printing with the old, it will be demonstrated that a number of the New Series at 3s. 6d. contains less reading than one of the old at 2s. 6d.
>
> "The law punishes the man who at this season of good cheer takes money for the carriage of a basket of rubbish, with the tail of a cock pheasant and the foot of a hare peeping out, to give the world assurance of game; and will visit with pains and penalties the trader who sells his goods under names which do not belong to them—chopped hay for tea, and ground beans for coffee. But the correction of literary quackery, such as we have above noted, can only be effected by the immediate detection and exposure of the hoax (we love to use soft words), an office which shall be our peculiar care."—London Magazine, New Series, January 1.
>
> Printed, by especial desire, for the benefit of the Subscribers, and sold by M. Campbell, Library, 52, Rathbone-place.

This is a *Colburn* from beginning to end, a mere coinage of the bookselling brain—it is like the private journal of Madame Campan, the title of a work that has no existence, and which is only imagined to gratify the small spite, as other phantoms of books have been conjured up to fill the pockets of the Burlington-street publisher—puff et præterea nihil! This fiction is, indeed, an unlucky satire on the inventor's practices.

The medium through which the attack is made, also betrays its author. Nothing con be more natural than for Mr. Colburn to fly to advertisement, seeing that he does every thing by advertisement—it is his tool of trade, and he takes the field with it for the same reason that Strap the Barber, in Roderic Random, proposed to fight his man with razors.

In the nature of the charge urged against us, we further discover the spirit of Mr. Colburn's dealings—quantity, without reference to quality is the point on which he insists. We have improved the type and considerably increased the size of the "London," but these are not things on which we lay much stress; and, indeed, we must confess that we pique ourselves more on the quality than on the quantity of our articles; nay, we are inclined to think that the quantity of reading, as it is called, in a work, may not altogether depend on the quantity of letter-press which it contains—there is a distinction between things printed and things readable, which a worthy contemporary cannot be expected to understand.

THE NEW SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

AN ECLOGUE ON COX AND KEAN.

" Love's a gentle generous passion,
Source of all sublime delight,—
When with mutual inclination
Two fond hearts in one unite ! "—*Old Song.*

1.

You ask me, Strephon, what I think,
Lying beside the streamlet's brink,
Tending our straggling flocks ;—
What 'tis I think (since I have seen
The Globe and Traveller) of Kean,
And wicked Charlotte Cox.

2.

Our sheep are feeding,*—let them feed
Before us o'er the sunny mead—
We will discourse the time !
And since you wish that I should scan
The miserable Alderman,
And his two lumps of crime :—

3.

I'll pore, Dear Strephon, near this brook,
Over the paper—(where's my crook ?)—
" King's Bench "—What's that ?—a seat ?
Aye ! where the gentle cuckold sits
To be chastised by thick-wigg'd wits,
And joked, from horns to feet !

4.

It was not right, Strephon !—it could
Not, and it did not, come to good,
For Aldermen to be
So very fond of genius things,—
Of nags, and wags, and wanderings
In strolling company.

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* Wintry as the season is, it is pastoral weather about Salisbury Plain,—and sheep must feed, and the sun *occasionally* shine. We regret to see that the simplicity of a shepherd's life is beginning to be injured by the circulation of newspapers. What has Alexis to do with The Globe and Traveller ?—He is as experienced about City matters as a shepherd in West Smithfield !

5.

Ah! Strephon!—you who woo the maid,
Coy Amaryllis in the shade,
Know not what 'tis to be
Behind the scenes, night after night,
Where cots are false,—and faithless light
Falls on a painted tree!

6.

The Guildhall feast, the flow of bowl,
The London tithe, and Cobbett's toll,—
And not the private box,
Were matter for his Worship's care:—
(I think *eight hundred* not quite fair
For such a Mrs. Cox).

7.

She was no better than she should be,
I wish to heaven that people could be!—
But that's an idle wish!
And Kean doth seem to such as we—
Who live so very sheepishly—
The loosest of loose fish!

8.

The husband, and the friend and wife,
Were made to bless each other's life;
Why should they go to law?—
Did they not travel, tipple, talk,
Tell stories,—lie together,—walk
Together;—Law?—Pshaw! pshaw!

9.

All *three* were wrong! all *three* gave way
To little exquisite bye-play,—
It ever was *deuce-ace!*
And small the difference can be seen,
To my poor mind, 'twixt Mr Kean,
His worship, and her grace!

10.

It almost seems she ne'er could be
From paw-paw wretched wrangling free,
Such were the hours she led;
Her husband had a precious *limb,*
For when she had done abusing him,
She did abuse his bed!

11.

No doubt she wink'd,—by all unseen,
Save lynx-eyed, watchful Mr. Kean;
Nor can it then, I fear,
Be marvell'd at, since Tragedy
Own'd him her votary, that he
Play'd *Edmund* to her *Leer!*

12.

He sent his Myra money,—Oh!
Shed not those tears of pastoral woe;
Strephon! my Shepherd dear!
Be sure, as sure as goats are goats,
When Corydons send ten pound notes,
The golden age is near!

13.

Strephon! I think, in short, all *three*
No better than they ought to be,—
The sinners and sin-*nee!*
All three have made three faithless pairs;
All lowered themselves up Windsor stairs,
And here at Salisbury!

14.

Let us live simply near our brooks!
Our lives as straight as are our crooks!
Oh Strephon! what is town?
A place for sin and men of fur,
So says the Globe and Traveller,
Frank'd me by Downshire down!

Salisbury Plain, Jan. 1825. ALEXIS.

LETTERS FROM PARIS,

BY GRIMM'S GRANDSON.

No. II.

Paris, Jan. 18, 1825.

NAPOLEON, my friend, tried to convert us into the feudatories of the middle ages. Danton and Robespierre wanted to make us citizens of Sparta and Rome. Now come the clergy and noblesse, who, in the intoxication of their triumph, aim at reducing us to the state of the *roturiers* before the revolution. A bookseller has hit upon the happy idea of reprinting the best pamphlet which has appeared in France

since the *Lettres Provinciales.* I mean the *Qu'est ce que le Tiers Etat?* of the Abbé Sieyes.

In reading this admirable *brochure,* one thing has struck every man of mind; that is, that thanks to Chateaubriand, Montlosier, De Bonald, and other sycophants, we have not advanced a single step for the last 35 years. This pamphlet of the Abbé Sieyes, published in 1788, bears all the appearance of having been written the other day—this the title of the following book will prove.

Instructions sur la Danse extraites des Saintes Ecritures, des Saints Peres, des Saints Conciles, par M. l'Abbé Halot. Dancing is the principal pleasure of the French peasant on the Sunday evening, a national usage which the clergy are trying to destroy. I think you know the admirable pamphlet of M. Courier, entitled *Petition pour des Paysans qu'on empeche de danser.* M. de Boulogne, Bishop of Troyes, has the reputation of being the most fanatic priest in France. It was he who, when obliged to celebrate the funeral of Louis XVIII. in his diocese, tried to hurry it over in an indecent manner and divest it of every thing like solemnity. It is he, who is the bitterest enemy to the dancing of the peasants; and yet he keeps a mistress, who, as his niece, does the honours at the episcopal palace at Troyes.

This young person a month ago was in a situation which rendered her appearance in public impossible. This circumstance has amused all Champagne, and though no Frenchman has taken the matter up seriously (no one dare; when a priest is concerned a Frenchman knows how to contain his indignation, with whatever reluctance), yet the bishop has been so pursued with epigrams and ballads, that he has at length declared that his niece was married, two years ago in secret, to a man whom he names, but who has never been seen at Troyes; and this interesting young lady has not quitted the town for the last year. Do not imagine that I tell you this out of a love of scandal. I have chosen this anecdote out of a hundred of the same kind. All Paris, for instance, knows by name the mistress of the Abbé de la Mennais, who is about to be made a Cardinal. These anecdotes will have an important influence; they will, probably, ruin the enterprise undertaken by the priests, and for the support of which they publish every month two or three new works.

A bookseller, whose name is not mentioned, has just reprinted the Memoirs of M. de Vauban, formerly Chief of the French Staff, in 1 vol. 8vo. This little ill-printed volume sells at 100 francs. It contains some curious particulars relative to Charles X. It is a bitter answer to the base flatteries by which M. de Chateaubriand tries to win back his place. M. de Vauban had the reputation of being the bravest of the émigrés officers. He returned to France under the Consulate; he had the impudence to write his Memoirs; they are the *cry of indignation* from an honourable spirit. M. de Vauban, not wishing to injure the Bourbon princes, at that time in misfortune, locked up his Memoirs in a

mahogany case, and buried it in his cellar. He disclosed the fact of his having written his Memoirs but to one person, a nobleman of high rank, living at that time in England, and the intimate friend of the Bourbon princes. Eight days after this imprudent communication, Fouché, Duke of Otranto, Minister of Police, summoned M. de Vauban, and said to him, "*I want your Memoirs.*" M. de Vauban denied their existence. M. de Vauban, a man of upright and honourable feelings, was so transported with indignation at being betrayed, and so disgusted with human nature, that on leaving the house of Fouché, he was on the point of blowing out his brains. Fouché caused a lady to whom M. de Vauban was deeply attached to be arrested; when this officer went to reclaim her liberty, and to demand information of the charge against her, Fouché laughed, and said, "The charge against her! It is your Memoirs." Poor M. de Vauban gave up his Memoirs, and three months afterwards died of a broken heart. Fouché thought that if the government gave any éclat to the publication of the *Memoires de Vauban,* every body would consider them supposititious. One of his agents made a present of them to an obscure bookseller. They produced no effect; in 1808, we had forgotten in France the existence of the princes of the family of Bourbon.

Les Malheurs d'un Amant Heureux, a Romance in 3 vols. 8vo. by Mad. Sophy Gay, has just appeared. This romance describes the manners of Paris from 1798 to 1808 tolerably well. All of us, at least those who have the melancholy advantage of having passed their 50th year, know these manners have existed, and that Madame Sophy Gay is a faithful painter. At the present moment, when M. de Sosthenes de la Rochefoucault is doing all in his power to lengthen the petticoats and widen the pantaloons of the nymphs of the Opera, what we were in 1806 appears like a dream. The manners of Constantinople more nearly resemble our mode of life in 1825 than the manners of 1806. You will read with pleasure the romance of Madame Sophy Gay; and if you have the patience to read also the *Gil Blas de la Revolution,* by M. Picard; *L'Ermite* of M. de Jouy; and the new Romance called *Monsieur le Prefet,* you will have a pretty just idea of the manners of France for the last 30 years. Madame Sophy Gay received from Napoleon 6000 francs per month for rendering him a report of the spirit of the times. The old devotee, the Marquise de Genlis, only received 1,000 francs a month for the same service. Mademoiselle Delphine Gay, who writes the best verses of any lady in France, is the daughter of Madame Gay the author of *Les Malheurs d'un Amant Heureux.*

M. le Prefet (a romance in 4 vols.) is an admirable subject spoiled by a writer incapable of doing it justice. There are 86 Prefects in France; little despots, who reign almost as absolutely in their departments, as eight years ago the Agà of Athens lorded it over the birth-place of Socrates. Each Prefect has his court; and, provided *M. le Prefet* is under 70 years of age, this court has its Madame de Pampadour; ordinarily the wife of the *Receiver General,* or of the *Mayor,* who has this honour. The

necessary go-between in *M. le Prefet's* affairs of love is *Monsieur le Capitaine de Gendarmerie.* The author of this new romance has painted, with remarkable accuracy, all the shades of servility which surround the Prefect of the day. Every morning the Prefect opens the Moniteur with a trembling hand, dreading lest he shall find his own dismission gazetted. As soon as he is assured on this grand point, he writes an affectionate word or two to the Madame de Pampadour of his little court. *Monsieur le Secretaire intime,* also a great personage of this little court, carries the billet-doux of his patron himself. Scarcely is the billet written before M. le Prefet gives an audience to M. le Capitaine de Gendarmerie, who is the chief of the police. "What's that rogue of a Bishop about," is the first question addressed to his Captain of Gendarmerie by every Prefect who has the misfortune to have a Bishop in his town. Under Napoleon the General was the bug-bear of the Prefect; at present it is my Lord Bishop who makes them both tremble. After the Bishop, the principal fear of the Prefect, who dreads the loss of the *Pachalick,* is caused by the committee of Jesuits who meet at the *Petit Seminaire* as they call the School or College.

On the appearance of the novel entitled *Monsieur le Prefet,* the town was highly amused with eight or ten dismissed prefects who happened to be at Paris, and who all went to complain to M. de Villèle (the actual king of France) of the insolent author who had just published a *personal* libel against them. We cannot refuse the author the merit of resemblance; but this resemblance is hideous. On reading *Monsieur le Prefet* I experienced the disagreeable feeling of profound but *impotent hatred.* Now *impotent hatred* destroys in an instant all literary pleasure. For this reason I suppose it is, that a mixture of politics is in France fatal to a work of literature. If the author of this romance, which I beg of you to read, had had the least dramatic genius, he would have perceived the necessity of *softening* the abject servility of his characters. The author excuses himself by saying that he took for his model M. Trouvé, formerly a prefect, and the natural son of La Reveillere Lepaux, one of the five Directors, and at present a violent Ultra, and the printer of his party.

I have but one excellent work to announce, that is the *Proverbes Dramatiques,* by M. Theodore Leclerc, the intimate friend of M. Fiévée. The three volumes of M. Theodore Leclerc contain 30 little comedies of exquisite truth. Seven or eight of them are excessively laughable, and thus fulfil the two conditions which we exact in France. First, that the manners described shall be accurately true; and, next, that this true picture of manners shall not awaken the sentiment of *impotent hatred,* but make us laugh. Two of the most admirable of these comedies are *Les Jurés,* (you will see what the institution of a jury is in France) and the *Plus beau Jour de ma Vie.* I spoke of the agreeable comedies of M. Scribe in my former letter. The Proverbs of M. Leclerc please the best society here more than his comedies, because they

have not suffered from the terrible scissors of the dramatic censorship, (directed by M. Lemontey, one of the cleverest and most covetous men in France). M. Leclerc represents his Proverbs at the house of M. Roger, one of the principal supports of the club of *Bonnes Lettres*, which is as much as to say that these Proverbs are of an ultra complexion. You see, my friend, that in spite of my liberal opinions, I know how to be just to the ultra writers. It is doubted here who is the writer of these delicious Proverbs; is it M. Leclerc, or his intimate friend, M. Fiévée?

M. Fiévée, the son of a postmaster in a village near Paris, was at first a spy of the Bourbons in Paris. Napoleon had him arrested about 1804. M. Fiévée in prison then proposed to become the spy of Buonaparte; he wrote to the latter, saying, "the Bourbons are poor devils, and only give me 1000 francs per month; I charge a great man like you 3000." The bargain was struck; Napoleon has often said that M. Fiévée was his best spy. M. Fiévée is the author of two romances, *Frédéric*, and *La Dot de Suzette*. The ill natured public attributes to him these Proverbs of his friend Theodore Leclerc. M. Fiévée writes in the *Journal des Debats*, and signs his articles with the initials T. L. For the last three years M. Fiévée has received 1500 francs per month *not to write*. He writes notwithstanding, and against M. Villèle. It is said of rats that they instinctively abandon a vessel which is likely to be shipwrecked. The desertion of M. Fiévée is the only sign of the fall of a minister who for four years has said to the Jesuits, "I have no will but yours; I will execute your orders with a prudence and genius which you will in vain look for in any one else."

Mr. Crawford, a wealthy Englishman fixed at Paris, and who used to maintain that Paris was the first city of the world, about 10 years ago printed *Les Memoires de Mad. du Hausset, Femme de Chambre of Mad. de Pompadour*. The impression was limited to 30 copies; the Edinburgh Review of the time spoke of it. These Memoirs are just now reprinted. You will, probably, give an entire article to this admirable book; I will not, therefore, say another word about it except that it has been positively devoured in the best circles, where they ay that the character of Louis XV. was extremely English.

De la Bastonnade chez tous les Peuples Anciens et Moderns by M. C. Lanjuinais, a peer of France, and member of the Institute, has lately appeared. Some years ago M. de Volney published a delicious pamphlet to turn into ridicule the anointing of kings. You are, without doubt, acquainted with this charming little volume, entitled *Samuel, ou le Sacre des Rois*. His ridicule of this ceremony had such an effect upon the public that it is pretended that the pamphlet made Louis XVIII. give up the ceremony. The pretensions of M. le Comte Lanjuinais are not of so elevated a cast; he only wishes to make the Jesuits give up the custom of flagellating children; but the good fathers are obstinate, they pretend that it is their only pleasure. M. Lanjuinais

is an old *Girondist*, very learned, but destitute of talent, and moreover a Jansenist. The pamphlet, though very curious, will have no success; it is a book of the same kind as a History of the Confessors of all the Princes, published some months ago by M. l'Abbé Gregoire. These are books that would have made the reputation of their authors 50 years since. At present it is necessary to be as learned as M. Lanjuinais, or Gregoire, and be capable of serving it up with the wit and talent of M. de Pradt, otherwise the public says to itself, "*qu'est ce que cela me fait?*" I shall say no more about M. de Pradt *sur l'Emigration* than I have about the Memoires of M. de Hausset; for beyond a doubt his book will be translated into English. M. de Pradt said the other day "unless there be a war the Emigrés will regain possession of their estates in nine years." This year they demand a *Milliard*. They will have it, *mais parbleu!* they must pick it out of the kennel.

The history of the Dukes of Burgundy, by M. de Barante, will be read with pleasure by all the aristocracies of Europe. For you and for me it is no more than a translation into modern language of the admirable Chronicles of Froissart. The aristocrats of Europe, much more noble than either you or I, are yet, perhaps, not quite so enlightened. M. Barante, who knows that the Journal des Debats is the oracle of this class of readers on the continent, went to a female friend of M. Chateaubriand, to beseech that she would prevail upon this great writer to make an article upon his Dukes of Burgundy. The article was written and shown to the young peer of France (M. de Barante). This statesman was in a fever for eight days, because the long article of the illustrious Vicomte contained one phrase, mark well, a single phrase, which bordered upon something like censure. That sentence, cried M. de Barante, will spoil the sale of 1000 copies. The illustrious Vicomte, however, resisted the profound grief of his young colleague; and you may have seen the article with the fatal phrase in one of the numbers of the *Debats* about the end of December.

A volume entitled *Manuscrits de l'ancienne Abbaye de Saint Julien a Brioude*, has been published by M. Auguste Trognon. The only writer since the restoration of the Bourbons, who has had a success really *popular*, is Sir Walter Scott. Jeanie Deans, Flora M'Ivor, or the sublime Rebecca, are better known at Toulouse, Dunkirk, Besançon, than the queens of France, Clotilda, or Mary de Medicis, or than the personages of Voltaire's and Pigault Le Brun's romances. The novels of Walter Scott have been translated in an infamous manner, and published by a puffing catchpenny bookseller, named Ladvocat. It will give you an idea of the excellence of these translations if I tell you that, instead of "OLD PLAY," which is placed at the end of some of the mottoes in the original, the translator has printed *traduit de Monsieur Old Play*. You may imagine by this specimen how delicately the translator has handled the nicer points of expression. In spite of this enormous disadvantage Walter Scott has stirred up all hearts. In consequence of his

painting *love* the bugbear of all mammas, in a cold and uninteresting manner, most mothers have permitted their daughters to read his works. The circulation has consequently extended over all the provinces, whilst Lord Byron is only relished at Paris and Dijon. This unexampled success of Sir Walter Scott has been favourable to English literarure, and even to the English as individuals.

An Englishman who has made his tour in Scotland, and can talk of the places described by Walter Scott, is sure of being listened to in a French drawing-room. The popularity of this kind of romance, which paints ancient customs rather than passions, has engaged all the writers connected with the French journals, and who are sure of being well puffed, in making romances. Already MM. Keratry, Felix Bodin Salvandy, the Cte de Pastoret * have had the satisfaction of being hissed *en roman.* Next comes M. Trognon, whose romance is dull enough; but at least, like the Julia Severa of poor M. Sismondi, who writes in the French of Geneva, it possesses in the place of literary talent some learning. The first tale of Mr. Trognon, for there are two in the volume, is entitled *Histoire admirable du Franc Harderad et de la Vierge Romaine Aurelia.* The king Theodebert has just conquered Auvergne, and distributes the territories of the conquered among his generals or *Leudes.* Harderad, the Achilles of the army of Theodebert, young, valiant, and handsome, seized at the head of his soldiers upon a domain which the king had assigned to him; he there finds Papianus, a rich Gaul, who at the approach of the barbarians, had fled into the mountains of Auvergne, with his daughter Aurelia. Harderad is struck with the beauty of his young slave, and makes an attempt to seize her. He finds her a girl full of magnanimity, of courage, and of genius. He learns that, from her earliest youth, Aurelia has made a vow of chastity, and consecrated her life to God. The barbarian is astonished; the resistance which she opposes to him, in the name of heaven, makes a profound impression upon his soul, and, after a fashion, civilizes him. He thinks no more of battles, and the mere exertion of physical force. He reflects upon the sentiments of the heart. The savage, tamed, submissive, and respectful, passes his life in ghostly conversations with Aurelia. In the end, the young lady, protected by the king Theodebert, enters a monastery. Harderad is in despair, and finishes by turning priest. The king, considering that it might be useful to him to have a man of loyalty and courage for a priest, concludes by translating him to a bishopric.

Had M. Trognon had the hundredth part of the genius of Fielding, or of our Abbe Prévot, you perceive that this history might have been made somewhat interesting. The *dénoûment* was common in France of the

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* These are the titles of these unfortunate romances—Keratry, *Le Dernier des Beaumanoirs*—Felix Bodin, *Le Pere et la Fille*—Le Cte Amédée de Pastoret, *Le Duc de Guise, au la Revolution de Naples en* 1642—Salvandy, *Islaor, ou le Barde Chretien, & Alonzo, ou L'Espagne.*

7th century. Unfortunately M. Trognon paints all the passions as Walter Scott does love, by *hearsay*. M. Trognon has had the folly to impose upon himself a very singular restraint. Sir Walter Scott pretends, right, or wrong, to paint the past such as it was, but he sees it from his own times; and whatever love of superannuated institutions this author may have, he always writes like a man of genius living at Edinburgh in 1825. M. Trognon, on the contrary, has adopted the extraordinary idea of writing the history of Harderad and Aurelia in the character of their contemporary Optatus, a monk of St. Julien a Brioude. The coarseness of the monk's language, historical and necessary according to his plan, prevents his book from being read by the women; and it so happens that the women are the only readers of *books* in France. People of the world in France set aside two hours a day for reading, but then they only read the journals and political pamphlets, which take up the whole of the time; at Paris no man can open his mouth in a saloon, if he has not, during the morning, read or looked through eight journals. M. de Pradt and Walter Scott run away with the rest of the time which most can give to reading. The romance of M. Keratry is of so gloomy and atrocious a cast; those of MM. Pastoret, Bodin, and Salvandi, are so affected and dull, that they have confirmed us in our ancient habit of reading no other romances than those which are written by women. At least we find there some delicate observations on the human heart. I profit by this opportunity to recommend to you *Marguerite Aymon*, a romance published about two years ago by Madame de Cubieres, the wife of a young colonel, who has followed her husband to Cadiz. Marguerite Aymon paints the society of Paris such as it was in 1820.

I have no room to speak to you of the second novel of M. Trognon, which this young professor has called *Le Livre des Gestes du Roi Childebert III*. It is an exact, learned, and talentless picture of the state of society on the eve of the usurpation of the Carlovingians. This novel of Trognon's has a singular defect. Have you seen the Diorama of Holyrood House? Many people, on entering the Diorama, think themselves in a Gothic building, and have only the sensations which they would have if they really entered an old ruined edifice. They have not the agreeable feeling of admiration for the artist, and for human power in general which a picture of Raphael gives. M. Trognon wished to make a picture—he has only made a *deception*. Many persons reading his volume have thought they were really perusing a chronicle of the 7th century. When they have been told that it was a novel, they have thrown down the book.

But I repeat with pleasure M. Trognon is learned, while M. Keratry is only horrible. His novel, *The Last of the Beaumanoirs*, opens with the rape executed by a monk upon the dead body of a young female. M. Keratry being a proprietor of the *Courrier*, has made for *himself* a sort of reputation.

Two affairs have exclusively occupied society in Paris during this month. The Adventures of Madamoiselle Mars, and the recognition of the states of America by Mr. Canning. French society has too much vanity and distrust to have discussed for a moment the indemnification of the *Emigres*. The *Emigres* are the strongest, and they take a *milliard* out of the public treasure. Nothing is more simple, nothing would appear more silly than seriously to busy oneself with such a question. At the utmost one asks, whence is the robbery to come from? Yesterday evening the *Emigres* demanded 600 millions more of M. de Villèle.

Will your gravity permit me to acquaint you with the misfortunes of Mademoiselle Mars? Yes, for I have seen your papers full of Miss Foote's love letters. Mademoiselle Mars has been, and often appears to be even yet, one of the prettiest women of Paris. She possesses beyond dispute the very finest talent in France; she is superior not only to Talma, who fails through too much mind, but also to the three poets, De la Martine, De la Vigne, and Béranger, and to the great phrase-maker of the age, M. de Chateaubriand. By comparing merit so different in kind I mean to say that I find a more lively pleasure in seeing Mademoiselle Mars play than in reading the verses of the three French poets, or the swollen prose of the author of the Martyrs. In the fine arts, I mean in all things which are not of direct utility, as bread, cloth, leather, the quantity of pleasure felt seems to me the only reasonable thermometer to judge of the merit of the artist. I do not subscribe to what is said in the New Monthly Magazine of the 1st January. The author of the article is a man of talent, but he has not understood Mademoiselle Mars. Many Englishmen fancy they understand the French language and French manners, who have not the slighest idea of either. Mademoiselle Mars, with her sublime talent, the finest eyes of all Paris, and her 50,000 francs a-year, has also the most *piquant*, the liveliest, and the most cutting wit. She has had as a lover for ten years a colonel, as well as Miss Foote. The Colonel du Terrein had borrowed 400,000 francs of Mademoiselle Mars, but he gained 400,000 francs by lucky speculations, and he at last repaid his mistress with interest. The Colonel having become rich, his family wished him to marry, but the relations of the young person for whom he was designed, required as a condition that he should break with Mademoiselle Mars in so open and decided a manner, that a reconciliation would be impossible. I occupy your time with trifles, but there is not one of these trifling circumstances that has not given rise to most grave discussions at Paris.

It is asserted, that M. du Terrein, to give an appearance of justice to his rupture, introduced to Mademoiselle Mars one of the handsomest young men of Paris, M. de St. Henri, perhaps, the only coxcomb of this country who has any talent. This young man, the story goes, was to pay his addresses to Mademoiselle Mars, and to give information of his success to M. du Terrein, his rival, who was to pretend to be an-

noyed by it. But the event was what the two friends were far from expecting. M. de St. Henri, although Mademoiselle Mars is 46 and he only 24, became really and passionately in love with her. Mademoiselle Mars received the attentions of this handsome young man with *coquetery,* with the view of rousing the jealousy of M. du Terrein, and bringing him again to subjection; but in reality committed no sin against the sentiment which for 10 years had united her to him. On his side, M. de St. Henri, really in love, would have nothing to say to M. du Terrein. M. du Terrein wishing to marry, pretended to believe in the success of his rival, and broke with Mademoiselle Mars in the most violent and irremediable manner. You will ask what there is singular in this? You are right. But what has brought this story into fashion is the despair of Mademoiselle Mars. It is certain that she undertook to starve herself. She shut herself up for two days in her room without tasting any thing, and without being prevailed upon to open the door which she had bolted in the inside. She afterwards was seized by a brain fever. "Oh that I could become mad," she exclaimed in her agony, "perhaps I should forget the monster." In the fear of setting you to sleep by the length of my letters, I omit five or six other charming sayings of Mademoiselle Mars, which all show the most profound despair. But I will give you the *bon-mot* of M. de Villèle, when he saw that this adventure occupied all the attention of the drawing rooms in Paris. "What would I not have given," said he to his friends, "that this adventure had happened during the discussion of my bills, or the reduction of the rentes, or the emigrés. I should have carried them through *incognito.*"

Only think that the most trivial and least ascertained circumstance of the quarrel of Mademoiselle Mars with her lover has been discussed for an hour in every one of the drawing rooms of Paris. As for myself, I cannot believe all that is said of the two heroes of the history. I give them credit for more generous feelings than are attributed to them. Mademoiselle Mars has not been the only unhappy person in the affair. She has closed her doors against the young Saint Henri, who is in despair, and more in love than ever. She determined to quit the stage; and, for the sake of her glory, she ought to persist in this resolution. M. le Brun, who for a number of years has been endeavouring to get his *Cid d'Andalousie* acted, seeing his tragedy in which Mademoiselle de Mars was to play adjourned *sine die,* was in a despair of vanity, not less cruel, perhaps, than young Saint Henri's despair of love.

An ungenerous feeling, *envy,* has made the women uniformly take part against Mademoiselle Mars. For three centuries, perhaps, the interior of family society has never been so dull and insipid at Paris as it is at present. Napoleon thought it necessary to the establishment of his despotism to order, in 1802, that thence forward no wife should appear in society, or in the streets *without her husband.* This one

phrase of the despot has killed French gallantry: who can be gay or jocose before husbands?

On the other hand, the progress of luxury is such, that a man who has 9000 francs a year in Paris, and who marries a woman who brings him 15,000 francs a year, finds himself more straitened than before marriage, and almost poor. It thence results that marriages in France are mere money-making concerns; a man sees his intended wife, for the first time, not till the marriage contract is signed. Thus, thanks to Napoleon, a Frenchman passes 20 hours of the 24 with a woman whose only recommendation to him is her money. You see that the necessary result of this state of things is an abominable dullness and ennui; thence also the immense success of the 14 theatres of Paris which are filled every evening. Judge then of the dreadful envy which poor women, condemned never to quit for a moment their yawning husbands, must feel for Mademoiselle Mars, who, in fortune, education, and *esprit*, yields to none of them, and has, moreover, a sublime talent, whatever the New Monthly Magazine may say.

Mademoiselle Mars would still have been the topic of conversation, if we had not been suddenly surprised by the perfect skill and machiavelian mind of Mr. Canning. The printsellers have sold at high prices all the portraits they had of Mr. Canning. They have even cut off the name from several portraits of Sir Francis Burdett, and have sold them within a day or two as *true Cannings*. Every body admires the skill with which the English minister has taken his revenge for the occupation of Spain by M. de Villèle for the last 15 months. The public, tired of M. de Villèle, and, above all things, tired of peace, wishes for a little war. Yesterday evening, at the Tuileries, Lady Harrowby had a great deal of conversation with the King, whom she persisted in calling *Monseigneur*. "What pleasure I have," she said, "to see Monseigneur, King. What happiness it would have been for poor Puiségur if he had seen you King!" No sooner had Lady Harrowby left Charles X. than every one crowded round her to ask questions concerning Mr. Canning. If Mr. Canning give us war he will literally be adored in France.

The pleasant comedy of M. Scribe, for the present month, is called *La Haine d'une Femme* (*a Woman's Hatred*). It is a very pretty one, but my letter is so long I have no room for the plot.

The *last Letter of Condorcet to his Daughter*, a pamphlet of 36 pages, has had a considerable run. The daughter of this celebrated man is the wife of an Irishman, General O'Connor.* P. N. D. G.

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* Arthur O'Connor.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

The fact of the greatest moment in the musical world that has occurred since our last report is, that the Bath Concerts have actually ceased, because the demands of certain singers were so exorbitant, as to prevent the managers from employing them! The Concerts at that place, it is well known, have long been upon a capital scale. Rauzzini, whilst he lived to manage, by his rank and standing in the profession, and by a degree of hospitality, which few could or would have indulged in, commanded as it were the services of the most eminent performers. Mr. Ashe subsequently undertook the Concerts, and after some years' trial abandoned them, on account of frequent losses, as he himself publicly declared. The ground being thus left open, they were taken up by Sir George Smart and Mr. Loder in conjunction, and a series of nights established by subscription. The terms were such as met the entire approbation of the public, and the management was not less praiseworthy and satisfactory. This season, however, the proprietors announced only single nights, and after the second they put forth an apology for the indefinite postponement of a third, in such terms as leave no doubt in our minds as to the cause of the suspension. That they have done wisely in now making a stand against the enormous encroachments of certain singers, all those who know the real merits of the case will readily we think admit. It became impossible to carry on public music without loss, certainly with any chance of profit to the manager. An evil which cannot, however, be of any long duration. Managers, as soon as they discover the true cause of their failure, resist exorbitant demands; a temporary cessation takes place, and singers soon learn that the market price is in reality lower than their vanity or their mistaken calculations had led them to imagine.

Notwithstanding the advancement of musical science, and the numbers now educated in the art, it is curious to note how very limited the competition is become. This state of things can be attributed to one or two causes only, and if the first is certainly the rarity of that combination of peculiar talents which fits a singer to take the very first rank, the other, perhaps, is the determination on the part of the public to hear only *the very few* who happen to bear the supremacy. Thus the opportunity of that practice which assists so much, and leads so surely to excellence, is denied to the rising aspirant. Mrs. Salmon has now kept her place in orchestral performances for more years than we care to enumerate. Together with Miss Stephens, she has enjoyed all that place and profit can bestow. Miss Goodall, Miss Carew, Miss Travis, and Miss Paton, then come in as seconds. Mr. Braham has enjoyed the most universal reception for about 30 years. Mr. Vaughan has been the idol of the Ancient Concert and its branches since the death of Harrison. Mr. W. Knyvett (who by the way has retired to Italy) has stood almost alone. Mr. Bellamy has succeeded Mr. Bartleman, and here ends the catalogue of English singers of the first class. Mr. Sapio has indeed lately come prominently forward in Mr. Braham's track. Mr. Vaughan has yet no successor, and Mr. Phillips is elevating himself fast over Mr. Bellamy. And how is this to be remedied?

We have not spoken of the Italians, who now find access every where. But these are few in number, being generally the *prime donne* of the King's Theatre, the tenor and the lower bass. Of late, however, from various causes, these have attracted more than their fair proportion of public favour. Wherever Catalani has accepted a salary (of late she has professed a determination never again to accept less than a share, and the lion's share too), the amount has been thrice as large as that bestowed upon the first of our English women. Madame De Begnis is paid about as well as the latter, while the inimitable comic duets, sung by her husband and herself, together with her intrinsic excellence as a singer, have recommended them to more engagements than almost any other professors.

In truth, the Concert audiences of the metropolis are more limited than would be supposed. And yet the sums expended in the encouragement of music are enormous; so enormous, indeed, that we dare not hazard an estimate, without corroborating our calculation by details which would occupy too much space. The Ancient Concert * has its constant unvarying set of auditors; at the Philharmonic the same faces are to be seen season after season. At the benefits we find a greater diversity, according to the connection of the individuals; but the Oratorios were the only musical amusement to which the public came indiscriminately and generally. They were also sufficiently *cheap* and *varied* to be *popular*. If then these have failed from the excess both as to the quantity and quality to which the public appetite has been trained, what hope can there be for any other establishment? Two entire classes, the nobility and the amateurs, are taken off by the Ancient and the Philharmonic Concerts; the nobility (such of them as go to public music at all) by the former, the dilettanti (and all who would be thought such) by the latter. The audiences of the benefits are composed of the connections of the persons giving them, whether friends, patrons, or tradesmen; of casual auditors who rendezvous in London, and of others of the same description, who fly to town for some part or the whole of the month of May. Still all these bear no proportion when compared with the body of the public, as that term applies to the frequenters of theatres.

When we come to examine the causes of this reduction as to numbers, we shall find them to be, first, the rate of admission, and the limitation which a room admitting auditors at one price only necessarily imposes; secondly, the style of dress which shuts out all below a certain rank; and thirdly, the performances, which are commonly too much the same, and which are selected to gratify only the highest order of taste.

These are the circumstances which operate against the access of the multitude, while the caprices of fashion, and indeed most of the reasons which keep the great away from the theatres, so justly urged in the letter of P. Pickle in the last number of this magazine, bear with still greater force against their appearance in the area of a concert room. It is not long since we heard an untitled dame, in her vexation at not being able to

* A professional wit calls the Rehearsals "the last stage of debauchery," because it is here that many of the old noblesse resort in the morning, when they have not sufficient of health or spirits left for the enjoyment of the more stimulant gratifications of an evening party.

obtain a box in the Argyle Rooms, declaring that it was quite impossible for her to think of sitting in the saloon.

Another cause, perhaps the most potent of any, is the enjoyment of private Music: concerts of this kind, are composed of two sets of performers, and two sets of auditors. The one is a mere public concert in a private house, where the owner of the mansion pays as it were for the admission and entertainment of all the audience. The expense of the engagement of the professors on these occasions is commonly from 100*l.* to 150*l.* according to the number of singers and instrumentalists employed. In some cases much larger sums are expended.* These are merely fashionable parties where the music, however excellent, forms the least consideration to the company. They crowd in, compliment the donor, those who affect patronage or virtù, make up to the principal singers, chatter to one another, depart when they are wearied with their own babble, or the noise of the whole mob, and pronounce the evening to be delightful or the reverse as their own particular foibles have been flattered. Such are the Public Private Concerts of the World of Fashion.

Nothing, of course, but the same motive—vogue or perhaps patronage will ever take such folks to a Concert, where music is the chief incentive. As long as boxes are few in number, and the love of enjoying any thing *exclusively* remains, a certain small portion of distinguished people may be expected to attend. The nature of the motive must, however, limit it within very narrow bounds, and drive all pretenders to distinction from the parts of the place of entertainment to which *any body* may go. It will necessarily be a kind of disgrace to be seen in the area of a public room. We remember once to have heard it asserted by a family of ultra pretension "that really good music could only be heard at Carlton Palace, Apsley, or Devonshire House." Alas! for poor Prince Leopold and Sir George Warrender! Alas! for the Marquis of Aylesbury and the Earls of Derby and Fortescue, who once were looked up to as choice in such matters!! And alack! and a-well-a-day! for the Mr. Heaths, and the Mr. Bells, of the City of London!!! We dare be sworn all these noblemen and gentlemen persuade themselves that they give Concerts well worth listening to. Alas! their standard is the excellence of the music, which they have the folly to believe is a matter of some importance in a concert. They are all, however, like the Dukes of Wellington and Devonshire, the centres of circles.

The second division of private Concerts is composed of those who are themselves the performers, or who are assisted by professors of a lower rank than the highest from various motives, independent of actual pecuniary recompense, and whose auditors are more generally and more devotedly attached to the art. These enjoy music abroad not frequently, but intensely, and their personal engagement constitutes too great a charm to be exchanged more than occasionally, for the instructive delight (though such it really is) of a public performance. These persons are both excited and satiated

* Mrs. Coutts gave a Concert on the first night that Catalani appeared after her return to this country, at which all the principal singers in London, many of the Opera band, and the Opera dancers (who danced a ballet), were engaged. The cost of the supper, &c. was estimated at 2,000*l.* Many of the nobility vie with each other in such entertainments, though few are so careless of expense as this *Widow never Vext.*

by the practice to which such parties lead. It is, indeed, difficult to determine whether private music thus enjoyed leads the most to or from the gratification of hearing it in public. Such amateurs, however, are the most diligent and effectual propagandists of a love of the art.

There is yet another species of a hybrid character, which assists in blunting the desire for public music, and in thinning the public rooms. These are concerts given by professional people, of various classes, partly amateur, partly professional, with a view to form connexions. The exhibiters of these *puffs at home*, obtain assistance in various ways, as it should appear from the curious law case tried in one of the courts a few months ago. A French girl, a player on the harp, arrived in this country, and brought a letter of recommendation to a merchant in the City. Her object was to obtain introduction and engagements. The merchant accordingly introduced her to Dr. S. of W. Street, at whose concert Mademoiselle undertook to play, as the merchant understood gratuitously—simply, in short, for the chance of being heard at a fashionable party; Mademoiselle, however, had no such intention, and prosecuted Dr. S. for six guineas, as the charge for her performance. It came out in the course of the trial, that Mrs. S. desired her to sit near the harp, where she remained the whole evening unnoticed—no refreshments were given her, and she was sent to her lodgings with three professors in a hackney coach. It also appeared that some of the singers were not paid—they mixed, they said, with the company, and thus a cheap evening's entertainment was made up. During the season there are parties of this description almost every night, and thus the larger class of persons in London who maintain an appearance are amused at little cost, while the professors of the second, or even a lower rank, accept the advantages which connexion brings to them, and the entertainment of the party as value for their services to those who use them to the same end; namely, as a means of extending their circle of acquaintance.

From these premises, it seems clear that public concerts are endangered, except the terms be rendered such as to make them more attractive to the body of the public. At present, there is no new proposal put forth—neither have we heard of any intention to make any, except the vague rumour to which we referred in our last, of the performance of *Der Freischütz* at the Argyll Rooms, and the splendid programme issued by Mr. Robinson at the close of last season, for the Sunday evenings. There is also a report that Madame Catalani intends to give Concerts, but nothing authentic is before the world. We find our intimation concerning the Opera was rather premature, for difficulties still existed; Mr. Ebers has, however, since come into the proposed arrangement. Mr. Elliston (*on dit*) means to take up the Oratorios.

NEW MUSIC.

Divertimento for the Pianoforte, by G. E. Trinning. This lesson holds a middle rank as to difficulty; though not containing passages of *alarming* execution, it affords very useful practice to the learner, and is, at the same time, an extremely agreeable piece.

Fantasia for the Pianoforte, upon Rossini's favourite Duet of "Amor possente Nome," composed by Richard Sharp. We are not, in general, admirers of Pasticcio Fantasias, and had much rather their composers (particularly when they possess such talent as Mr. Sharp) should trust entirely to their own imaginations, and not borrow assistance from the works of vocal composers, which are rarely suited to instrumental expres-

sion. The lesson has, however, many recommendations. It is composed on one of the most beautiful of Rossini's Airs, and in the passages introduced by Mr. Sharp, he has caught the style of his author; he has also ingeniously availed himself of the best parts of the accompaniment with which he has very agreeably relieved the frequent repetition of the air.

Mr. S. Webbe has a favourite German Waltz, with Variations for the Pianoforte, a very easy lesson, much in the ordinary style.

Mr. Moscheles has published this month two Grand Concertos for the Pianoforte, with full orchestral accompaniments, one of which he performed at the Philharmonic Concerts. Both are splendid productions, displaying, like his former great works, the wonderful powers of the composer as a performer.

Since our last, there is a long list of arrangements. The first book of a Selection of Weber's Der Freischütz (containing the overture), for the Harp and Pianoforte, with Accompaniments for the Flute and Violoncello (ad libitum). Books I. and II. of Airs, from the same, for two performers of the Pianoforte, and Books I. II. and III. of Airs, from the same, for the Pianoforte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad libitum), all by that indefatigable arranger, Mr. Burrowes.

No. V. of Mr. Klose's Operatic Divertimentos, from Der Freischütz.

Mr. Bruguier's Eleventh Dramatic Divertimento, on "D'un bel uso di Turchia;" No. VII. of "Les belles fleurs," by Sola and Bruguier; Bruguier's Grand March and Troop, arranged by the author, for two performers on the Pianoforte, with Accompaniment for the Flute and Violoncello, ad libitum.

Book II. of Airs, from Zelmira, for the Harp, with Accompaniment for the Flute (ad libitum), by Bochsa. No. I. of Rossini's Overtures, arranged for Harp and Pianoforte, with Accompaniments for the Flute and Violoncello, by Bochsa, containing Tancredi. Mr. Cramer has commenced publishing a collected edition of his works. The two first numbers consist of "Les Petits Riens," a Divertimento for the Pianoforte, and another on "Ye Banks and Braes," and "Bonny Jean."

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The Fatal Dowry.

Massinger's tragedy of The Fatal Dowry, from which Rowe, with a modesty which would not allow him to acknowledge it, borrowed his *Fair Penitent*, has been got up at this theatre with great care, and has met with deserved success; we are happy to see that it has become a fashion with the wholesale houses for the sale of the patent drama, to revive the plays of the elder dramatists, and to let Mr. Morton, and the things after his kind, luxuriate in the country, or doze in the suburbs, as may best suit their habits and their means. Massinger's tragedy is full of poetry, downright vigorous dramatic dialogue, and full of character and stern passion; but there is a want of the grace and harmony which mark Rowe's characters and dialogue, and which certainly render the *Fair Penitent* a better acting piece. Lothario is a sort of cork jacket to the tragedy, that buoys up its sombre and heavy body on the current of popular favour; whereas, in the work of Massinger, all is ground work, and grave ground work too!

In several of the characters, Massinger's play met with admirable acting. Macready, for the two or three nights his serious and alarming illness permitted *him* to perform, and the *Fatal Dowry* to be acted, gave infinite

force and effect to Romont. Several of the scenes afforded him opportunities of giving some admirable touches of nature. Mr. Macready is decidedly an actor of great originality and spirit, and we trust that his painful illness will not long detain him from a stage which he is so singularly well qualified to adorn.

Messrs. Wallack and Terry were in earnest, the latter a little too much so. There was a prologue of about five-and-twenty nonsensical lines very well written by a Mr. Bourne. Bourne! Bourne! What Bourne?

The scenery was not revived with the tragedy—but good wine needs no bush.

The Fall of Algiers.

The long promised, Bishop-Opera, under the above title, has at length been produced; and, as is usual where great expectations are excited, great disappointment has followed its production, We know not to whom the dialogue and songs are to be attributed (a Mr. Walker's name has been whispered); but we should advise the author to keep behind the scenes as much as possible, and not to contest even with dancing master Wilson, the character of a dramatist. The language is a kind of tame vulgar imitation of the naval flourishes of worthy Tom Dibdin's muse. The songs,—but ecce *stigma!*

DUET.—*Orasmin and Amanda.—Mr. Sapio and Miss Graddon.*

Oras. My life, my only treasure,
Let heav'n but make thee mine,
And every other pleasure
With transport I resign.

Aman. Cease, oh cease to grieve me,
My heart bewails thy love;
But never can, believe me,
The fatal flame approve.

SONG.—*Orasmin, Mr. Sapio.*

Yes—'tis decreed—thou lovely fair;
Let foemen threat—I scorn the danger!
Should I resign those beauties rare,
To bless some unbelieving stranger?

No—by yon burning stars I vow
No other arms shall press thee;
Sure as their beams behold me now,
I will—I must possess thee!

These songs, however, are thrice better than the dialogue; so our readers, with the aid of Cocker, will be able to calculate the goodness of the latter.

We shall not molest our friends with the detail of a plot which every one that has seen the Siege of Belgrade will be able to imagine. A tyrant lover, a persecuted captive, an enterprising hero in an officer's dress, and up to the eyes in passion and song; a violent father, a rough sailor, a nondescript for Mr. Harley; and three or four female warblers of various tempers, voices, and sentiments, fill up the piece. The audience bore the Opera on the first night; because, in spite of the weight of dialogue upon them, they felt that it would be very irreverent to rebel against Mr. Bishop,

whose music was unceasingly in their ears. The character, certainly not the music, of Mr. Bishop saved the piece.

Mr. Bishop is a popular composer, and most meritedly so; but all those who have paid any attention to his works, must have detected selections from favourite musical writers and endless repetitions of himself. In the present piece, we have the usual allowance of other persons' compositions, and a plentiful sprinkling of Mr. Bishop's variations on himself; and yet with all these, there is a melancholy sweetness throughout the music which is peculiarly impressive. For a comic opera, the character of the airs is perhaps of too serious a cast; but the successful production of Weber's singular opera, has prepared the public for grand and sombre music, and has not been without its effect on our English composers. There is a beautiful air and a duet, in which Miss Stephens sings with exquisite feeling and spirit; and Miss Graddon gives some of the serious airs with much taste and feeling. Mr. Sapio certainly distinguishes himself in the execution of the songs and duets in which he takes part, and Mr. Horn assists him in a masterly manner: indeed, such singing deserved a better Drama to relieve it.

The actors without songs are in miserable plight, and we can only admire the patience with which Mr. Terry goes through three hours of stupid *im*patience, without one solitary sentence of common sense to assist him. Harley bustled about his little nothings very contentedly; but he likes to have little to say, as it throws him upon his resources of leg, arm, under-lip, and eye, more happily. He twists and twirls like a snake in a bottle of spirits! Gattie and dull Mr. Brown make no way with the audience.

The last scene of Algiers after the bombardment is charmingly painted. But one *scene*, and a world of music, will not give long life to a trumpery dialogue hung upon thoroughly ancient incidents. It is impossible this opera can arrive at a respectable old age.

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN THEATRES.

THE PANTOMIMES.

Harlequin and the Talking Bird, the Singing Trees, and Golden Waters.

Harlequin and the Dragon of Wantley; or More of More Hall.

The two Pantomimes having had children for critics, (the fairest and best of critics!) have both been successful, and the treasuries of the two theatres have been blessed with stores of gold and silver, unusual at any other season of the year. Judges in frills are hearty good natured judges, and would let a dull entertainment escape through a slight flaw in the proceedings, rather than put on their little black caps, and pass sentence of death on the offenders! None but tiny Lord Norburys attend the trial of a pantomime,—creatures who love a joke better than a scaffold,—and who are only alive to the fun, and not to the fatality! Pantomimes, like kings, should never die,—and in all our dumb show experience, we remember but one *martyr* of a Pantomime, that perished unnaturally amid the yells of the people.

We have coupled the two pantomimes, that we may not have to go seriously through each; and also that we may be able to set the one off against the other, and strike a balance of merits. The Dragon of Wantley

is a clever pantomime, but, with much of ingenuity and spirit, it is generally deficient in absolute humour. The situations want fun; and yet the genius of the younger Grimaldi, and the *tact* of Barnes as Pantaloon, throw a life into old tricks and stale incidents, which commoner clowns and less judicious pantaloons, would fail in accomplishing. Grimaldi junior is daily growing up into his father; (where is his father?) his voice is thickening into that ancestral and sonorous *batter*, his limbs with more of strength, spread into the same attitudes; his eye lacks none of its parental lustre and wickedness, and his indescribable turn for mischief and humour is genuine *Grimaldi-ism!* Barnes is a sensible pleasant fellow, and takes his ill-usage as a relish, which is the strict duty of a Pantaloon. In the opening of the pantomime Grimaldi acts the dragon, inimitably. He hops with a couple of wing-fins from behind a gloomy well, and perks about him, half a dragon and half a robin redbreast. His appearance terrifies, yet attracts. He looks a dragon, yet a cozey domestic one, such a sort of monster as one would not dislike to see again as a friend. He is a dragon for a fire side, and adds to a delightful personal grace, the accomplishment of a melodious voice. One almost bursts out, as he fidgets around, with Old Suetts, "Oh my Dragon!"—there is something so extremely taking in the scaly merry monster of Wantley.

There is some good clown and pantaloon acting in several scenes, particularly in the *Nursery Gardens*, where Harlequin teazes with his wand first the cheek of Pantaloon, and then the cheek of Clown, winding up each titillation with a flap on the back of the cheek's proprietor, enough to beat in the spinal bone! Barnes gathers himself up "like as he would strike," but the consummate ease of Grimaldi's attitude disarms his anger, and he resumes his seat; but on Grimaldi, however, receiving the portentous flap, he quietly doubles his fist, glides sideways to his man, and with a side-wind blow lays the old gentleman flat in a manner which would make a mute at an undertaker's funeral laugh outright!

The scenery in More of More Hall is throughout very good, but not so good as usual; and at this time when Drury Lane is making such advances, it is not wise in the great scenery house to be deficient, or even "as it was." The Panorama of the river side with the Thames Quay (on the wrong shore,) is beautifully managed; and the arches of the bridges seem to span the very audience part of the house. Epsom too, with the races, is very ingeniously contrived. The *Derby* is well run for by the ponies, who are now becoming used to the course!

The *Talking Bird* is the better invented and executed pantomime of the two; and we imagine that this is the first Christmas that ever Mr. Farley was surpassed in this species of entertainment. When we say better executed, we mean as far as scenery and situation go; for with all the surprising agility of the Drury Lane Clown and Pantaloon, we confess that the oily and even quieter humour of Grimaldi jun. and the wily pleasantry of Barnes are more to our taste. The first scene of a distant view of a river by moonlight, with a dark colossal figure in the fore ground, is as finely contrived as it is possible to be; and indeed all the scenery of the opening romance has a fairy lightness, and enchanting splendour, which cannot possibly be surpassed. The singing trees would frighten Bishop! and the aviary fascinate the most fanciful bird-fancier on earth!—The swan

pluming itself on the marble basin is enough to break the heart of *the Swan with Two Necks* in Lad Lane!

The incidents of the pantomime are in themselves extremely humourous; and if Grimaldi had been furnished with such materials, he would have shaken the town to pieces with laughter! The present clown is a famous tumbler, but he looks before he leaps, and measures his falls before the audience, and every little urchin knows that recklessness is the charm of pantomimic pleasantry. The pantaloon is also certainly a miracle of tumbling! He rushes on, leaps about five yards from the ground, and relies upon that ground, "on whom he places his honour," with a confidence perfectly surprizing. He takes his seat upon the hard boards, after a jump of an amazing height, without any reserve; and we are only surprized that he has any *seat* left. At Covent Garden, Ellar, as harlequin, and a *Miss* Romer as Columbine, are light as air, and flit about in giddy dance, like some tricksy spirits who have really fairies on their side and enchantment at their command; but at Drury Lane, the harlequin is a solid person, and the columbine a woman of thews and limbs capable of compare with the Achilles in Hyde Park. They are a strong active couple, who dance with a nerve and a determination worthy of a better object!

The best scenes are the shops of the rival hair-dressers in Threadneedle-street, with the two bears "just going to be killed," and the extravagant hair-cutting, and the parody on the bullet scene in *Der Freischutz*, which is certainly admirably managed. But a richer clown is requisite to give the parody its full effect.

To finish our "summing up," we should say that the Covent Garden pantomime has the best actors, but that the piece at Drury Lane offers more scope for drollery and whim. If Drury Lane had Grimaldi, Barnes, and Ellar—*More of More Hall*, with the *Talking Bird*—clown, pantaloon, and harlequin, would have gone to everlasting rest on the first night. As it is, each entertainment draws full houses, and the little holiday boys laugh and shout nightly, without wasting a thought on the comparative merits of either pantomime. We have been weighing matters to our own loss, as every *Little Breeches*, we mean, every little boy, we beg not to be misunderstood, could tell us!

There has been no other novelty at the theatres: but managers are too wise to waste new dramas on the town at this season of the year, when it is spelled by harlequin's wand to pay its money at the door. Shall we ever again see a new English comedy? We are playing a long game of patience!

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

That great Emperor of all the *Rushes!* the High Pit-door, R. W. Elliston, has been again at war with his fellow-creatures, and we much lament to see that not a month passes over his illustrious head without his being engaged in some frightful skirmish or other, not very much redounding to the dignity of his crown!—Rebellion ought invariably to be suppressed, wherever it rises; but the Emperor's notions of rebellion are not of a very humble nature. It appears, that at the opening of the new pantomime, Elliston commanded forty glassblowers, all in their pride, pomp, and circumstance of puffed decanters, decorated salt-cellars,—glittering

stars,—dazzling chandeliers,—and sparkling tumblers, to walk the stage at a shilling a-head per night, that is, two pounds for the forty human beings, and all their glass. They were to walk as at the annual gala day! They rehearsed their procession, highly to Mr. Winston's satisfaction; and Mr. Elliston eyed the goblets with peculiar pleasure. Elliston, so saith the illegal Police Report, addressed the blowers in a very inflated style vaunting much of his own liberality. The glass-men walked on the first night of the pantomime,—forty complete men, and the people admired the blown-glass extremely. In the morning they again attended the rehearsal; but Mr. Dunn told them that their future services would be dispensed with. Dispensed with! The great blown-glass turned into *cut*-glass! Forbid it, honour! Forbid it, virtue! Forbid it, Sir Richard Birnie! A deputation waited on Sir Richard, and claimed, through him, a week's salary, which Dunn would not be dunned out of—fourteen pounds instead of two!—Sir Richard referred the deputation of gentlemen glass-blowers to the Court of Requests for redress, and they retired, vowing to take Elliston's number, and summon him! But whether a week's tumblers were paid for, or whether the difference between the forty pair of ornamental decanters was split, we know not; but the troubles of the glass-blowers appear to have blown over!

Mr. Macready has been very ill of a fever—a rheumatic fever, and the bills and street placards have given accounts of rather an alarming nature of the progress and decline of his disorder. He has either rashly exposed himself when very warm, which, in a gentleman of his temperament is not unlikely, or he has been over excited by "matters of some difference;" and we know that in ardent minds trifles will have a serious effect. We sincerely trust he will soon be enabled to renew his professional labours, as his absence is a heavy loss to the drama.

A M. Corri, of Hercules Buildings, Lambeth, on the last day but one of the last year, addressed the following pathetic letter to the John Bull Newspaper:

Mr. Editor,—I am under the necessity of soliciting that you will (to what extent you think proper,) give publicity to the enclosed transaction, through the medium of your paper.

The heads of the grievance are principally these: Mrs. M. Corri was engaged by Mr. Elliston as the Columbine for his present pantomime (her ability being well known among many eminent professional persons), but some *vile incendiaries* contrived to persuade Mr. Elliston not to let her appear before the public in that character, *and after being hunted* from theatre to theatre by Mr. Barrymore *for the last seven years*, she has been so far insulted at Drury-lane theatre as to have a *novice* placed in her situation, and herself prevented from appearing before the public in a character which she has always supported with credit to herself and her employers. There are several persons concerned in this business, against whom I hope to be able to lodge an indictment for conspiracy.—Even a person (not connected with the stage, but nearly allied to the box-keeping department,) *has given his advice*, and as an argument against Mrs. Corrie, he has asserted that she is FORTY YEARS OF AGE, *and past her business*. Time must have rolled on very *quickly* for the last fifteen years, or else this man's knowledge of the numerical table must be very deficient. All this was done *under the rose*, and neither myself nor Mrs. Corri had any idea of the dirty work which was going on until Sunday, Dec. 12, at which time I was 200 miles from London, and it was then impossible I

could arrive in time to interfere, being under a special engagement. Since I have been in town, I find Mr. Barrymore has asserted that Mrs. Corri should never perform the Columbine in any theatre where he was, *if he could help it: this was said before several persons.*—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

MONTAGU CORRI.

27, *Hercules-buildings, Lambeth, Thursday, Dec.* 30.

In this epistle we find Elliston again in trouble, and his pantomime worker, Mr. Barrymore, and Mr. Spring, Sir! the gentle Sambo, Sir—Sambo, accused of accusing a lady of forty as being beyond her business! Shame! shame! Every man of the trio is called on to answer Montagu Corri:—Elliston, for not letting Mrs. C. frisk about in the meridian of life at a weekly allowance for her revelries:—Barrymore, for hunting a middle-aged lady from theatre to theatre *for seven years*—a remarkable chace! and Spring—mild Spring! for uttering one word in disparagement of any term of years with a feminine gender attached to it. The acting Columbine is a stout, active, and spry young woman; but we can see no reason why Mrs. Corri should not be allowed to try her forty-year-old ancles on alternate weeks, if only to pacify Montagu, who can wag a pen, and is a contributor to the *John Bull.* What says Winston?

Poor Old Wewitzer, after lording it for many years as the King-foreigner of the stage, and passing for a brief time before his death from popularity to poverty, expired lately in a humble lodging near Drury Lane, without leaving anything but a few *Joe Millers,* a decayed name, and Mr. Gattie, behind him. He was once excellent as Canton, in the Clandestine Marriage, and in all French characters; but he grew old and feeble, and fell from the Manager's Treasury upon the Actor's Fund. To this charity he was indebted for the few comforts which soothed his poor old age.

Miss Foote is about to return to Covent Garden stage, and, perhaps, *will* have returned before this paragraph meets the eye of the reader. Considering the turn theatrical morals have recently taken, we should have some fears for the comfort of her first appearance. Her salary, on the strength of the interest which now surrounds her name, has been strangely increased; and the bills have been promising her performance for a fortnight past. In one of the numbers of a Sunday paper, the following paragraph appeared, evidently alluding to this young lady's nightly attendance at the Brighton theatre.

We quite agree with our correspondent from Brighton, and think the conduct of the person alluded to, the most likely to destroy the interest and feeling which were, in the first instance, excited. We are not more surprised than vexed to witness it.

These few lines, we suppose, gave pain to the lady and her friends, for in the succeeding number of the same paper, the following odd explanation is given.

Our correspondents, relative to the young lady at Brighton, have misinterpreted or misconceived her conduct—it seems the manager of the theatre offered her the use of his private box, where, without anything like impropriety or indelicate obtrusion, she felt that she might amuse herself after months of agitation and distress—the difficulty which every person exposed to public notice must experience in trying to please all parties is greater than private individuals imagine.

"Amusing herself after months of agitation and distress," why, what delicate nonsense is this! But we do not think the lady would herself so

explain it; nor, indeed, do we think any explanation whatever is required. We sincerely hope she will be well received, and that future success will atone for past misfortune.

The past month has exposed Alderman Cox, Mrs. Cox, Mr. Kean, and some very bad and foolish letters; and the latter person has paid, or has been adjudged to pay 800*l.* for writing badly and basely, and acting worse. The newspapers, with a due regard and anxiety for the morality of the age, have printed every nauseous line the player wrote during the period of his criminal intercourse with Mrs. Cox; and, not satisfied with giving those letters, word for word, which were read at the trial,—they have, by some means or other, obtained copies of those which were on account of their indelicacy then suppressed, and have printed them,—all for the love of morality, and from a tender and earnest regard for the purity of private families! No one will, for one moment, say a word in favour of any of the parties concerned in the late disgraceful transaction; and the private friends of those parties have a right to show their disgust at their criminal conduct in the most absolute manner. But, as far as the public is concerned, we cannot but think that a great deal of overweening interference has been manifested. The question is this,—is the morality of a public performer to be examined strictly in a theatre, before he is permitted to amuse. If the answer is, that such ought to be the case, what moral inquiries are cut out for the English people, and what a fearful inquisition they must resolve themselves into. The band must be pure—the check-takers pure—the box-keepers pure—all—all—scene-shifters—figurantes—chorusses,—all white as the driven snow; or the English character will be sullied. Why what cant is all this? To argue thus, is to say that we are answerable for every smile we have given to Mrs. Jordan and many others, who never were before supposed to have had any influence over the morality of the country. If an actor or actress misbehave himself, or herself, *as* an actor or actress, then the public are warranted in interfering; but, if certain offences and crimes are to be punished as the law directs, we cannot see that more is necessary. According to the present code of public morality, a man is not only to be punished as a private person, by having that taken from him which he has already gained; but he is to be pursued as a public character, and all means of getting his livelihood put an end to. The daily papers,—those papers which have printed all the filthy letters they can scrape together, have bellowed out against Kean for appearing *now;* as if delay would mend the matter,—as if he would be the better for keeping! They uphold Miss Foote, and do not advise *her* to abstain from publicity;—they do not think she would be the better for farther keeping.—But the truth is, there is no harm in either of these performers coming on the stage now,—and if the papers had not *canted* gloriously on the subject, we should not have been pestered one moment about the matter. There is no doubt that both Mr. Kean and Miss Foote will soon be as great favourites with the public, as public performers, as ever. Braham is permitted to act—and he made a stab at the "moral reputation of England" as it has been called. In speaking on this subject, we beg to be understood as not saying one word in defence of the conduct of Mr. Kean as a private man;—we would only say, that the public are not called upon to be judges of that conduct in a Theatre.

Mrs. Searle, the Columbine of the Adelphi Theatre (the Columbines are a very persecuted race in this age) was compelled the other night to address the audience on the subject of an insult which was offered to her by the Harlequin and Pantaloon; and the public, being appealed to, inquired very busily into the matter. Mrs. Searle sprained her ancle:—Well! Mrs. Searle put a black ribbon on it! Well!—The Harlequin and Pantaloon put on black ribbons also:—very well:—No Sir, this was not "*very well*—it was very ill, Sir!"—The two last mentioned black ribbons were *parodies* on Mrs. Searle's!—She assured the audience that Mr. Elliot, the Pantaloon, was always gibing and offending her:—Mr. Elliot protested he meant no insult,—declaring that he thought little liberties were allowable in a Pantomime,—and no one has so much right to assert this, as a Pantaloon. The Clown, S. Paulo, shook hands with Columbine, and stood absolved from the sarsnet crime. Matters were explained—and the peace of of the Adelphi and the country was not utterly ruined!—We trust never again to have to record so alarming a riot!

A very whimsical bill has been decorating the stage door posts of the English Opera House, in Exeter-street, for the past week, in which Napoleon's head drummer is represented in a wood-cut, figuring away on several kinds of drums, and with myriads of drumsticks revolving around his solemn head. This is not the first time we have heard of a *drum* being in itself an entertainment, and we see no reason why the best of drummers should not have the best of houses. For one man to play one double drum is no astounding accomplishment; but for one man to beat seven or eight drums, and keep innumerous drumsticks all going at once, is to beat all other drummers whatever. We have seen the difficulty many men have had of keeping two *drumsticks* properly going; and Napoleon's king of sheepskin therefore deserves to be noticed. He does upon the drum all that man can do; and the whole beating does not take up much more than an hour.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY LANE.

December 26.—Der Freischutz.
My Uncle Gabriel.

December 27.—Pizarro.
Orozemba, Terry.—Rolla, Wallack.—Pizarro, Young.—Cora, Mrs. W. West.—Elvira, Mrs. Bunn.
Harlequin and the Talking Bird, the Singing Trees, and Golden Waters.
Successful.

December 28.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

December 29.—Pizarro.
The Pantomime.

December 30.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

December 31.—The Cabinet.
Orlando, Sapio.—Lorenzo, Horn.—Whimsiculo, Harley.—Constantia, Mrs. Bedford.—Floretta, Miss Stephens.
The Pantomime.

COVENT GARDEN.

December 26.—Native Land.
Charles the Second, or the Merry Monarch.

December 27.—George Barnwell.
George Barnwell, Cooper.—Millwood, Mrs. Gibbs.
Harlequin and the Dragon of Wantley, or More of More Hall. Very successful.

December 28.—John Bull.
The Pantomime.

December 29.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

December 30.—Merchant of Venice.
Mr. Bassanio, Cooper.—Gratiano, Yates.—Shylock, W. J. Russel (his first appearance these four years). Gobbo, Blanchard.—Launcelot, Meadows.—Portia, Mrs. Sloman.—Nerissa, Miss Love.—Jessica, Miss Hammersley.
The Pantomime.

December 31.—Woman never Vext.
The Pantomime.

1825.

DRURY LANE.

January 1.—The Siege of Belgrade.
Seraskier, Sapio. — Cohenburg, Wallack.—Leopold, Harley.—Katharine, Miss Graddon.—Lilla, Miss Stephens
The Pantomime.

January 3.—King Henry VIII.
Wolsey, Macready.—Katherine, Mrs. Bunn.
The Pantomime.

January 4.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 5.—Fatal Dowry (altered from Massenger).
Rockfort, Terry.—Charlerois, Wallack.—Romont, Macready.—Beaumelle, Mrs. W. West.
The Pantomime.

January 6.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 7.—The Fatal Dowry.
The Pantomime.

January 8.—The Cabinet.
The Pantomime.

January 10.—Pizarro.
The Pantomime.

January 11.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 12.—The Siege of Belgrade.
The Pantomime.

January 13.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 14.—The Merry Wives of Windsor.
Falstaff, Terry.—Shallow, Down.—Mrs. Ford, Miss Stephens.
The Pantomime.

January 15.—The Cabinet.
The Pantomime.

January 17.—Pizarro.
The Pantomime.

January 18.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 19.—Fall of Algiers.
Orasmin, Sapio. — Admiral Rockwardine, Terry. — Timothy Tourist, Harley.—Amanda, Miss Graddon.—Lauretta, Miss Stephens. Tolerably successful.
The Pantomime.

January 20.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 21.—Fall of Algiers.
The Pantomime.

January 22.—Fall of Algiers.
The Pantomime.

January 24.—Richard the Third.
Gloster, Kean (who was inaudible on account of the riot and confusion which prevailed).—Richmond, Wallack.—Lady Anne, Miss Smithson. The Pantomime.

January 25.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

1825.

COVENT GARDEN.

January 1.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 3.—Isabella.
Biron, Kemble.—Villeroy, Cooper.—Isabella, Mrs. Sloman.
The Pantomime.

January 4.—As you like it.
Jaques, Bennett. — Orlando, Kemble.—Roselind, Miss M. Tree.
The Pantomime.

January 5.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 6.—Clari.
Animal Magnetism.
The Pantomime.

January 7.—A Woman never Vext.
The Pantomime.

January 8.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 10.—Romeo and Juliet.
Juliet, Miss F. H. Kelly.
The Pantomime.

January 11.—As you like it.
The Pantomime.

January 12.—Inkle and Yarico.
Inkle, Cooper. — Trudge, Fawcett. — Yarico, Miss M. Tree.
The Pantomime.

January 13.—The Inconstant.
Old Mirabel, Farren.—Young Mirabel, Kemble.—Bizarre, Mrs. Chatterley.
The Pantomime.

January 14.—Woman never Vext.
The Pantomime.

January 15.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 17.—Hamlet.
Hamlet, Kemble.—Ophelia, Miss M. Tree.
The Pantomime.

January 18.—As you like it.
The Pantomime.

January 19.—Clari.
The Pantomime.

January 20.—The Inconstant.
The Pantomime.

January 21.—Woman never Vext.
The Pantomime.

January 22.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 24.—Hamlet.
Hamlet, Kemble.—Ophelia, Miss M. Tree.
The Pantomime.

January 25.—As you like it.
The Pantomime.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

We have to record this month an event which may prove of very considerable importance, and for which, perhaps, we were not at this moment prepared, though there was certainly some reason to expect that it would ultimately take place; we allude to the recognition of some of the South American States by the British government. Early in the last month, Mr. Canning communicated to all the Foreign ministers that the Cabinet of his Britannic Majesty had come to the resolution of acknowledging the independence of Mexico and Colombia, and that commissioners would be sent to those states charged with full powers to conclude treaties of commerce between them and this country, founded on that recognition. The recognition of Buenos Ayres is expected immediately to follow: this state has long possessed a settled government, but some further information is required before our final acknowledgment. Mr. Canning's communication is understood to have been prefaced by the observation that this step was taken in consequence of the failure of repeated applications to the Court of Spain upon the subject. Colonel Campbell and Mr. Ward have, we believe, actually sailed for South America as the negociators of the treaty. Of course, as might be expected, this decided measure has caused a great sensation on the Continent. The representatives of the Holy Alliance are said to have addressed a note from Paris to our Cabinet, remonstrating against the measure; and we are declared to have, in consequence, demanded of Portugal what is to be expected from her should Great Britain become opposed to the Alliance. They say also that the Cabinets of Madrid, Paris, and St. Petersburgh, had been long preparing a powerful diversion in favour of legitimacy in South America, which this determination has frustrated. These are some of the reports consequent on this measure.

The accounts from France are somewhat contradictory. In our last we recorded the King's speech. The addresses from the Chamber were received by the King, and answered by him personally, in as handsome a manner as might be expected from one who has every thing he wishes conceded to him. He is congratulated by the Peers that the promised indemnity is about to "close the last loophole of the revolution," which was always the "wish of his august brother;" and he answers them by exclaiming—"what glory for the throne and for you! for I shall complete, I hope, this happy wish in concert with you, Gentlemen, and seconded by the God that protects France!" To the Chamber of Deputies who address him in pretty much the same style, he declares that he shall succeed in this object, "if God grants him life; but rejoices that, if Providence does not grant him time, he leaves a son who will complete what he had begun." Nothing appears to be more auspicious than this commencement. Accordingly M. de Martignac proposed in the Chamber of Deputies the grand system which M. de Villele had projected, in order to close the last loophole of the revolution. A civil list of a million sterling was proposed for the King, and 280,000*l.* for the Royal Princes. A bill was also introduced for the indemnification of the emigrants, without the introduction of new taxes, by reducing the interest on the French rentes, from five to four per cent. A violent outcry has been raised on all sides against the measure. The Constitutional

party consider a gift of 40 millions, the sum proposed, to be much too large a bonus on even aristocratic pusillanimity; and those who ran away with the King, and returned with him, think it a very paltry remuneration for a loyalty which was as swift as it was strong. It seems very hard to say how the affair will end. Its connection with the reduction of the rentes is, however, the point which makes this measure so universally unpalatable. In addition to these laws, others have been proposed, which savour strongly of the priestcraft from which we had hoped France had been emancipated. The first is changing the ceremony of marriage from what Napoleon made it, a civil contract, into a *religious* ordinance: the second is a kind of code against what they call blasphemy and sacrilege! The projet declares—the pyx, the ostensoir, the paten, and the chalice to be sacred utensils—that every overt-act in contempt of them is to be deemed a profanation—that this profanation is to be punished with death, and that the profanation of the *wafer* is to be punished in the same manner as parricide! that is, that previous to death, the unhappy convict is to have his hands cut off!!

The Madrid Gazette contains an article, declaring that the King of France has, "always disposed to do every thing which may ensure the tranquillity of Spain," conceded to that country, independent of the 22,000 men mentioned in the first article of the convention, and of the Swiss brigade mentioned in the third article, additional French troops. This addition will, it is supposed, increase the French army to near 40,000 men. The truth seems to be, that Ferdinand, bereft of all pecuniary means, and relying solely on foreign support for his existence, is beginning to be aroused by fear to the folly of his policy. Our readers are aware that, amongst countless others, he had imprisoned his late minister, Cruz, under an accusation of having intended to place the infant, Don Carlos, on the throne. He has been liberated, and many Constitutionalists along with him. Milder measures have also been adopted with respect to literature. Some persons attribute this to the returning good sense of Ferdinand, and some to the influence of General Digeon. We are not inclined to give him credit either for the possession of good sense or the capability of listening to good advice; the fact is, he is beginning to get terrified at the consequences of following his own natural disposition. Constitutional Guerillas, composed principally of half-pay officers, are crowded around Madrid. A dispatch has also been received from the Spanish Consul at Tangier, stating that numbers of Liberals were assembling about the Algerine coast, and making serious preparations for a descent on the Peninsula, too clearly with the connivance of the Dey. What will become of Ferdinand if even such a brother legitimate as the Dey of Algiers deserts him! Surely, surely amongst kings as well as subjects, "honesty is policy."

We have, this month, to record the last message of Mr. Monroe to Congress, as President of the United States of America. In a very short time, this new Sovereign of one of the most extensive empires in the world will have voluntarily retired amongst the people by whom he was exalted, again a simple and subject citizen; that Mr. Monroe may do so with reflections likely to console and even ennoble his retirement, the message to which we have alluded bears ample testimony. In the few first sentences, the President thus satisfactorily condenses the circumstances of the Union; "The view which I have to present of our affairs, foreign and domestic, realizes

the most sanguine expectations which have been entertained of the public prosperity. If we look to the whole, our growth as a nation continues to be rapid beyond example; if to the states which compose it, the same gratifying spectacle is exhibited. Our expansion over the vast territory within our limits has been great, without indicating any decline in those sections from which the emigration has been most conspicuous. We have daily gained strength, by a native population, in every quarter; a population devoted to our happy system of government, and cherishing the bond of union with fraternal affection." * * * * * "In every other circumstance, a correct view of the actual state of our union must be equally gratifying to our constituents. Our relations with foreign powers are of a friendly character, although certain interesting differences remain unsettled with some. Our revenue, under the mild system of impost and tonnage, continues to be adequate to all the purposes of government. *Our agriculture, commerce, manufactures and navigation,* flourish. Our fortifications are advancing, in the degrees authorised by existing appropriations, to maturity; and due progress is made in the augmentation of the navy to the limit prescribed for it by law. For these blessings, we owe to Almighty God, from whom we derive them, and with profound reverence, our most grateful and unceasing acknowledgments." We may dismiss that part of the message which refers to the relation of the United States to foreign powers in a few words. Commercial treaties have been concluded with most of the powers in the north of Europe, and Ambassadors have been regularly interchanged with the rising republics of South America. The Brazil Empire has also sent an official representative to Washington, and the President declares, that by amicable negociation, the independence of Brazil will, ere long, be recognised even by Portugal herself. This is a communication which would not, no doubt, be lightly made, and yet it is strange enough that the first hint of such an arrangement made by an European power should be given to the people of Europe by the executive of another hemisphere. It is an event, however, not very improbable, considering the present state of Portugal. Indeed, the young Liberals of the American Continent seem to have quite outgrown the tutelage of the parent countries, and it is high time they should receive their birth-right. The national debt of America is declared by this document to amount to 85,000,000 dollars, and the receipts for the last year are calculated at 18,500,000 dollars, about 4,000,000*l.* sterling. This taxation, small as it is, includes the demands of the sinking fund. The President assumes, that if peace continues for 10 years, considering that many items of expenditure will gradually cease, either wholly or in great part, the debt may be entirely liquidated in that time. Various topics of local internal interest are next alluded to, to which it is not necessary for us even to advert. They, whether presenting difficulties or not, are simply and manfully stated; indeed, there is a degree of candour throughout the entire message which cannot fail to inspire a corresponding confidence. The affairs of the Indians are those likely to excite most attention. This people still continue, as might be expected, restless and uncivilized; Mr. Monroe suggests a plan for the congregation of all their people in the immense district between the United States, the Nochy mountain, and Mexico. The United States are doing their utmost to civilize these aborigines; and 32 schools, containing nearly

1000 scholars, have been already instituted, for the purpose of diffusing amongst them the useful arts of life. It seems no less than 11 new States have already been added to the original union of 13. On the subject of their policy against any future foreign event, the President advises that "the maritime frontier may be made impregnable by a well-digested chain of fortifications," and that their commerce should be guaranteed an efficient protection by the augmentation of the navy. There is a very creditable allusion to the visit of La Fayette, and a recommendation added which seems likely to be munificently adopted, and which will set in bright contrast the conduct of America, with the ungrateful policy of the ancient republics. "The meeting," says Mr. Monroe, "with one who had borne so distinguished a part in our great struggle, and from such lofty and disinterested motives, could not fail to affect profoundly, every individual, and of every age. It was natural that we should all take a deep interest in his future welfare, as we do. His high claims on our Union are felt; and the sentiment universal, that they should be met in a generous spirit. Under these impressions, I invite your attention to the subject, with a view that regarding his very important services, losses, and sacrifices, a provision may be made and tendered to him which shall correspond with the sentiments, and be worthy of the character of the American people." It is inconsistent with our plan to analyze at any greater length this interesting and noble national communication; it is, however, a document well worthy the imitation of those who frame the correspondence between sovereigns and subjects. No American can rise from the perusal of this address, without feeling that there has been a fair and full disclosure made to him by the head of the government as to the actual state of his country—there is in it neither reservation nor mystery; and whatever may be his sentiments as to the subject matter, he is, at all events, certain that nothing has been withheld from him. The message terminates with a feeling personal allusion to the circumstances which attend it. "I cannot," says the President, "conclude this communication, the last of the kind which I shall have to make, without recollecting with great sensibility and heartfelt gratitude the many instances of the public confidence, and the generous support which I have received from my fellow citizens, in the various trusts with which I have been honoured. Having commenced my service in early youth, and continued it since with few and short intervals, I have witnessed the great difficulties to which our Union has been exposed, and admired the wisdom and courage with which they were surmounted. From the present prosperous and happy state, I derive a gratification which I cannot express. That these blessings may be preserved and perpetuated, will be the object of my fervent and unceasing prayers to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe." Mr. Monroe may well, indeed, rejoice at the prospects which now open upon his country—his retirement will be cheered by the reflection that he has contributed much to her permanent consolidation, and that posterity will enroll him amongst those great men who have achieved their freedom, and rendered it perpetual. We have received some materials, which may, perhaps, enable us to present our readers shortly with a slight sketch of the life and services of the present ruler of America. The last act of his government, the recommendation of an expression of legislative gratitude to La Fayette, does him high honour—it forms a new feature in the history of

republics, of which hitherto gratitude certainly has not been a characteristic. The proceedings upon this subject, subsequent to the President's message, are so very interesting, that we have made a short abstract of them for the gratification of those whose love of public virtue and political consistency may induce them to rejoice in the reward of one who has ever strenuously acted on those principles. The 10th of December was the day fixed upon for the introduction of La Fayette to the House of Representatives. The magnificent hall of the Congress was crowded at an early hour with all the beauty and fashion of Washington, and the Senate attended by previous invitation. At one o'clock, George Washington La Fayette, the General's son, and Colonel La Vaisseur, his secretary, entered the house, and took their seats on sofas prepared for them by the side of the Secretary of State, and, in a few moments, La Fayette himself appeared, supported by Mr. Mitchell, and Mr. Livingston, and followed by the committee. The Speaker and all the members instantly rose up to receive him, upon which Mr. Mitchell, advancing towards the chair, said: "Mr. Speaker, the select committee appointed for that purpose, have the honour to introduce General La Fayette to the House of Representatives." The General was then conducted to the seat reserved for him, upon his taking which, the Speaker addressed him in a very touching and beautiful oration. Mr. Clay, who at present fills that high office, and who is one of the candidates for the Presidentship, is considered one of the most eloquent men in the United States. The entire speech is too long for transcription, but we cannot refrain from affording our readers an extract or two. After having cordially welcomed him, Mr. Clay continued: "Although but few of the members who compose this body shared with you in the war of the revolution, all have, from impartial history, or from faithful tradition, a knowledge of the perils, the sufferings and the sacrifices which you voluntarily encountered, and the signal services in America, and in Europe, which you performed for an infant, a distant, and an alien people; and all feel and own the very great extent of the obligations under which you have placed our country." A compliment is then paid to the uniform consistency with which their visitor had followed up the principles on which he commenced his public life, and the Speaker continues in a strain which appears to us exceedingly simple and beautiful.

"The vain wish (said he,) has sometimes been indulged, that Providence would allow the patriot, after death, to return to his country, and to contemplate the intermediate changes which had taken place—to view the forests felled, the cities built, the mountains levelled, the canals cut, the highways constructed, the progress of the arts, the advancement of learning, and increase of population. General, your present visit to the United States is a realization of the consoling object of that wish. You are in the midst of posterity. Every where you must have been struck with the great changes, physical and moral, which have occurred since you left us. Even this very city, bearing a venerated name, alike endeared to you and to us, has since emerged from the forest which then covered its site. In one respect, you behold us unaltered; and that is, in the sentiments of continued devotion to liberty, and of ardent affection and profound gratitude to your departed friend, the father of his country; and to you, and to your illustrious associates in the field and in the cabinet, for the multiplied blessings which surround us, and for the very privilege of addressing you, which I now exercise. This sentiment, now fondly

cherished by more than ten millions of people, will be transmitted, with unabated vigour, down the tide of time, through the countless millions who are destined to inhabit this Continent, to the latest posterity."

La Fayette, deeply affected during this address, replied to it as well as his feelings would permit him; and on his resuming his seat, the house adjourned, in order that the speaker and members might be individually introduced to him. It is quite unnecessary to offer any comment upon such a scene as this—we question whether the annals of the world ever recorded one more truly interesting. Forty years ago, La Fayette, then just arrived at manhood, made his first address to the first Congress of America, after having crossed the Atlantic a volunteer in their desperate but glorious cause—he left the country free, but still a desert—he now returns to it an old man, almost all his brave companions in the grave; he finds himself in the midst of their children—in the "midst of posterity"—free, happy, prosperous—hailed everywhere by the shout of the nation he had contributed to emancipate, and actually impeded in his path by the blessings of a unanimous and grateful people. What are all the stars, bonds, and badges, which legitimacy ever devised, to such a reward as this. The Americans have testified their sincerity by something more unequivocal than mere lip-homage. A bill has been twice read in the House of Representatives, conferring on La Fayette and his heirs the sum of 200,000 dollars. The House have also given to La Fayette an entire township of land, which the President is to select for him from some part of the national territory still unappropriated.

We cannot, on the subject of South America, state any thing with confidence. Since that country has become the subject of stockjobbing speculations, every day brings forth some monstrous story, superseded by one equally untrue and infamous.

There is not any domestic news of any very marked interest. Several reports are current as to the intention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to remit various taxes during the ensuing session. A very considerable reduction in the duties on foreign wines is confidently spoken of, which will, it is hoped, lead to some indulgence towards the introduction of our manufactures on the Continent. There is also a rumour that ministers have determined upon a total alteration in the Corn Laws; parliament however will meet so soon, that it is scarcely worth while to speculate upon what degree of credit such representations deserve. The despatch of business will positively be proceeded in on the 3d of February.

An abstract of the net produce of the revenue in Great Britain, for the first quarter of the year 1824, ending on the 5th of January in that year, and of that ending on the same day in the year 1825, by which it appears that there is an increase of the amount received in the latter quarter over the former of 146,000*l.*

Official notice has been given, that in consequence of the intended augmentation of our regiments in India to their full complement, an addition of 3,000 or 4,000 men is required. Several recruiting parties are already in operation in Ireland. The 30th, 47th, 59th, and 67th regiments, which were under orders for home from India, are to remain there. We have not had any news of importance from that quarter since our last. There is a

strange report current that the Burmese have been instructed in European tactics by some Russian officers.

The Admiralty have issued a new pattern for the naval uniform. The officers, who have however a stock of clothes on hand of the old pattern, are allowed, till the 1st of January 1826, to wear out their old wardrobe.

There have been some curious trials in the King's Bench during the last sittings. Miss Foote of Covent-Garden has obtained 3,000*l.* damages against Mr. Haine for a breach of promise of marriage; and Alderman Cox has been awarded 800*l.* against Mr. Kean of Drury-Lane, for crim. con. We are not quite sure, however, whether our theatrical critic may not conceive this intelligence to be within his province. The Court of King's Bench have lately decided that the publication of police reports is illegal; and soon after the decision, an attorney brought an action in London against the Morning Advertiser for a libel contained in a certain report, upon his character. The jury found *for the defendant.* It seems the popular tribunal, and the legal one, seem to take very different views of this important subject. The decision of the King's Bench is to be brought for final argument before the House of Lords.

We are happy to say that in consequence of the meeting held in the City of London, in aid of the Spanish and Italian Refugees, a considerable subscription is in progress.

There is a very confident report, that Lord Amherst is immediately to be recalled from India and to be replaced by Lord William Bentinck. His Lordship's short government has been peculiarly unfortunate, and he certainly has not enlisted the press in extenuation of any errors he may have committed; if errors there are. In addition to Mr. Buckingham and Mr. Arnot, another literary gentleman, Mr. Fair, the editor of the Bombay Gazette, has been deported from that country. This is alleged to have taken place at the instance of the Supreme Court, in consequence of an unfair report of their proceedings having appeared in Mr. Fair's journal.

Sir Francis Burdett has sent a subscription of 1,000*l.* to the Mechanics' Institution. Dr. Birkbeck had, on the evening on which it was received, delivered a very apropos lecture on the way in which the *wind is raised.*

The news from Ireland resolves itself of course into the interminable topic of Catholic politics. Mr. Plunkett has, as we foresaw, utterly failed in his worse than foolish prosecution of Mr. O'Connel. He failed in his first step; the grand jury threw out the bills. By way of equivalent to the Catholics for his attack upon their body, he then preferred bills against an Orange Chieftain, Sir Harcourt Lees, for some of his ravings. The grand jury threw out these bills also. Really we did not think Dublin could produce so sensible a grand jury. As for Mr. Plunkett, it is utterly impossible to divine the motives of his conduct, unless indeed he is going stark mad—'quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.' That there is nothing either in the King or the ministers of this country hostile to any abstract claims of the Catholics as mere citizens, merely on account of their religion, the following ordinance of our Cabinet as relating to Hanover, will clearly demonstrate:—

"PROCLAMATION.

"*Hanover, Dec.* 13.

"GEORGE IV., &c.—It having come to our knowledge that some doubts are entertained respecting the interpretation and application of the first paragraph of the 16th Article of the Act of the German Confederation of the 8th of June, 1815, which is to the following effect:—

"The difference of the Christian Religious Communities cannot lead to any difference in the enjoyment of civil and political rights in the countries composing the German Confederation—we are induced to issue the following Declaration and Ordinance:—

"1. The several professors of the Christian faith enjoy a perfect equality of civil and political rights in the kingdom; and, in conformity with the said Article, the notion of a predominant, and of a *merely tolerated*, Church is entirely abolished.

"2. All Christian religious communities have a right to the unobstructed and free exercise of their religious worship; and every Clergyman can require the surplice fees, &c. only from the parishioners of his own persuasion. Consequently,

"3. Those inhabitants who belong to a different Christian persuasion from that of the parish, are to pay the fees, &c. only to the Clergyman of their persuasion to whose parish they are positively annexed. Fees can be required by a Clergyman of a different persuasion when he has been required to perform an official duty, and has really performed it.

"4. On the other hand, all dues to churches and schools, which proceed from houses, farms, and other landed property in a parish, without regard to the personal qualities of the Professor, in respect to his religious belief, are still to be paid to those entitled to them, by every possessor, even if he belongs to a Christian party different from that of the parish."

THE COLONIES.

The local politics of our North American settlements possess at present no interest, and their commercial concerns offer nothing remarkable.

With respect to the West India Colonies, the case is otherwise. The measures now in operation, or in preparation, for changing the political condition of the labouring class in those islands, still disturb the minds of proprietors there, and influence consequently the local legislatures.

The order in council respecting the amelioration of the slave laws, which has been imposed upon one colony, is viewed by the others, to which it is recommended by the British Government as an example, with disgust and aversion. As this subject seems to engross the whole attention of the colonists, we shall in this article chiefly confine our attention thereto.

In the island of Jamaica, the House of Assembly met November 2d; upon which occasion the Duke of Manchester, the Governor, introduced this important subject discreetly in general terms. The House in reply, though they spoke of the recent commotions as "occasioned by the proceedings of a powerful faction in the mother country, whose malignant influence has disturbed the peace of a once happy and contented people," &c.; yet professed a readiness to promote the objects urged by His Majesty's Government. Accordingly, a bill was introduced, and passed the House, for ameliorating the condition of the slaves; the chief feature in which appears to be the admission of slave-testimony, under jealous limitations. Much opposition was offered to this bill, and several members, amidst loud cheering, proposed its rejection. When it was sent up to the council, some salutary amendments were suggested there, which, upon several pretexts, were objected to by the House, and the bill was in consequence lost. If we may judge by the following passage in the message of the Council to the House on this subject, its fate is not to be regretted:—

"The Council are much grieved to find that the House of Assembly have returned the Consolidated Slave Bill without adopting any of the amendments suggested by the Council; but seeing that certain clauses of the Bill place the slave almost out of the protection of the law, they cannot think of entertaining the bill in its present form: defective as the existing laws are, it appears to the Council that they consult the interest of the slaves in preferring to maintain them in their present state to passing this bill."

Amongst the subjects of deliberation in the House of Assembly, we find one referred to a Committee with directions to inquire into the expence and loss occasioned by the recent negro conspiracies, and to report their opinion of the proper mode of obtaining compensation for the same from the mother country; and also to inquire into the effect of the late measures in England, in depreciating the value of property in the island generally.

That this depreciation is not imaginary, a proof is afforded in one of the Jamaica papers, which states that, on the 18th of November, an estate, consisting of 220 acres of land, abounding in provisions and timber, together with 84 slaves, and a good dwell-house, was sold at public vendue for 5508*l.* which brought, in November 1811, 17,000*l.*

By a bill introduced, December 2d, commissioners are appointed to contract in Great Britain for a loan or loans of money, in support of the credit of the island.

One of the papers furnishes a curious diagram or plan of a town lately discovered in the interior, inhabited by runaway negroes, and called by them, *We no sen', you no come;* which means, we suppose, in negro dialect, "If you cannot find us, you cannot get at us."

We perceive, amongst the resolutions passed in the parish of Elizabeth, October 27th, a severe philippic against Mr. Canning, accusing him of being in league with their *arch enemy*, and the chief cause of the *misery* and *oppression* existing in a neighbouring island.

In Barbadoes, the House of Assembly met September 28th, and upon the Governor, Sir Henry Warde, expressing his disappointment that some bill for the amendment of the slave laws had not already been enacted, the speaker delivered a long and very skilful speech, in which he seems to throw the odium of the rejection of the slave evidence bill (similar in most respects to that of Jamaica) upon the Council.

A message from the Governor of Dominica, with reference to the same subject, recommends the consolidation of the whole of the slave laws into one act, comprising the substance of the Order in Council, and repealing such statutes as are at variance with its spirit. The reply of the House of Assembly declares the inability of the colony to contribute any pecuniary aid towards the instruction of the slaves, and expresses a hope "that the House, without the aid of His Majesty's Order in Council, will be found to have made provision for the comfort and improvement of the slave, without infringing on the right of the owner, or lessening that proper authority with which it is necessary to invest him, for the safety of his property and the community of which he is a member."

In St. Kitts, the despatch of Lord Bathurst seems to have been received with complacency by the legislature; and a bill was ordered to be prepared for accomplishing every practical measure of improvement.

In most of the islands, the publication of agents' letters, or other official correspondence, is pronounced highly improper; and the repetition of such an offence as occurred last year, when a confidential communication was made public in a newspaper, is now punishable by a heavy fine.

Upon the whole, the exasperation among the colonists appears to have greatly abated; and although an attempt is making by writing in the colonies to influence the passions of proprietors, and to prevail upon the local legislatures to reject or evade the "absurd" Order in Council; yet the mass of the population seems to have made some approach, however small, to the temperate and prudent views of the moderate advocates of colonial reform in this country.

COMMERCE.

BRITISH MARKETS. *City*, Jan. 25.

Some activity has been communicated to the markets since our last report, chiefly by the publication of the annual accounts of imports and stock of the principal articles up to the beginning of the year. In the article of cotton, the reduction of stock appeared, especially at Liverpool, so unexpectedly great, that not only has the price of the raw material been considerably enhanced, but accounts from Manchester state that latterly manufactures have risen from 5 to 15 per cent. above the former prices. It appears that the quantity of cotton wool imported into the kingdom, from all parts, during 1824, was less by 128,300 bags (equal to about forty-four millions of pounds weight) than the amount imported in 1823; and that the export of raw cotton last year exceeded considerably that of the preceding. The stock of cotton on the 31st of December last fell short by 150,000 packages of the stock of 1823. The deficiency in the supply arose from a diminution, to the amount of no less than 167,000 packages, in the imports from America; occasioned probably by a reaction in that market, which in a preceding year was the scene of considerable speculation in cotton. Tallow is another commodity, the stock of which is reduced. The following is a statement of deliveries and stock of tallow in the last two years:—Delivered for home consumption in 1823, 63,550 casks; in 1824, 87,500. Stock in 1823, 92,200 casks; on the 1st of January 1824, 54,500; leaving a deficiency in the stock, computed with the former year (if we include 7,500 casks expected), of nearly 30,000 casks.

A few other articles have been objects of speculation: spices, for example, owing to a notion that the surrender of Bencoolen to the Dutch has curtailed our resources for supply; although the spice plantations in that settlement were in their infancy; and the East India Company's stock must still be considerable.

A little reflection upon the modes in which the vast capital of this country is at present employed, will enable us to comprehend the causes of the otherwise unaccountable fluctuations which happen in the commercial market. The numberless loans, projects (foreign and domestic), as well as other speculations, engross a large portion of our floating wealth; the frequent vicissitudes which those schemes experience, cause holders of shares to withdraw their money, which is sometimes invested, according to the advice of commercial brokers and agents, in the purchase of merchandize upon speculation. The articles which are the objects of their purchases, are in consequence (to use a mercantile phrase) *inquired for;* next follows a reluctance on the part of holders to sell, and lastly an artificial enhancement of price is produced. The new holders merely wait till a profit, however small, can be realized; the market is then inundated, and the commodity drops probably below its former value.

We suggested in our former report, that *bonâ fide* purchasers should, before they deal largely, ascertain the state of the stock and deliveries of an article, the value of which is changing in the market. We subjoin to the present report, and shall continue hereafter, a statement of the Foreign Markets, which will furnish another criterion. A knowledge of the stock on hand, the ratio of reduction, by exportation and home demand, and the markets abroad, will fortify a dealer against deception.

We now proceed to comment upon the tone of the markets in respect to specific articles; prefixing to each principal head a comparison between the imports and stock of the last two years in the port of London.

Cotton.—The imports and remaining stock, in the two years, were as follow:

		IMPORTS.			STOCK.	
		1823.	1824.		1823.	1824.
East India	bales	30,495	36,454	—	89,900	85,672
West India....	,,	3,542	2,535	—	671	606
Other sorts....	,,	20,368	25,225	—	18,982	22,228

In consequence of the reduced state of the stock (at Liverpool it was 140,000 packages less than that of last year) which created surprise amongst persons interested, a speculative demand took place at the beginning of the month, and increased the former briskness of the market. In the course of a few days about 30,000 bags were estimated to be sold, and the prices advanced ¾*d.* to ½*d.* per lb. The largest proportion of the sales consisted of Surat cotton (though the stock of East India had rather increased); the remainder were Bengal, Pernambuco and Egyptian. The prices have since become steady: the sales during the last week amount to 3,000 bales, of which 2,500 were East India.

Sugar.—The following is an account of the imports and stock:

		IMPORTS.			STOCK.	
		1823.	1824.		1823.	1824.
British plantation,	casks	162,700	169,900	—	38,068	40,539
East India	chests	1,125	1,144	—	——	——
	bags	116,860	148,000	—	55,500	38,560
Havannah	chests	25,965	18,140	—	7,686	6,517
Brazil	ditto	3,960	4,970	—	700	1,050

The colonial markets may be considered as generally improving. Sugar, since the market opened towards the beginning of the month, has been brisker in sale. The show of samples has been comparatively small, and the prices have advanced 1*s.* to 2*s.* per cwt. This advance may perhaps be assumed as genuine, since the refiners have been the greatest purchasers, in consequence of the increased demand for refined sugars, especially of the ordinary sorts; the finer qualities being less in request. During the first fortnight of the month, it is computed that 5,000 hogsheads of raw sugar were sold at advanced prices; the actual deliveries were, however, rather less than the average of the preceding month. There is little inquiry after foreign sugars: in fact the foreign market is now supplied with both sugar and coffee direct from Havannah and Brazil.

The large stock of West India sugar is fast diminishing by the present extensive weekly deliveries. The quantity taken out last week (3,639 casks) exceeded by about 900 packages the deliveries during the corresponding period of last year. The sales to-day are estimated to exceed 1000 casks.

Coffee.—The stock and imports of this article were as follow:

		IMPORTS.			STOCK.	
		1823.	1824.		1823.	1824
British plantation,	casks	32,284	39,806	—	9,839	10,899
	bags	15,800	10,200	—	4,431	3,506
East India	bags	36,500	40,000	—	44,000	38,797
Foreign	casks	3,175	1,160	—	860	720
	bags	55,040	51,654	—	18,310	22,110

This market began dull, but improved in the course of the month, and the general opinion leads us to expect a further improvement. Upon the whole, an advance in British plantation may be quoted of 1*s.* to 5*s.* per cwt. An increase of 10*s.* is *asked* for Demarara and Berbice coffee. Even foreign coffee shows a *tendency* to advance, which is most probably the effect of speculation; since, at the sale which seemed to give an impulse to the market (14th January), consisting of more than 600 packages (Domingo and Brazil), nearly all the lots were bought by one broker. Although the coffee market attracted some attention to-day, the prices have not varied. It is observable that the demand is chiefly for the sorts suited to the home trade.

Spices.—Pepper is still in demand, and large transactions have taken place in the article, which has advanced ½*d.* per lb. The imports and stock of pepper have considerably increased. Cassia is also in request, at 5*s.* per cwt. higher. Mace is a favourite article with speculators. Nutmegs are greatly sought after; as well as East India ginger.

Spirits.—The quantity of rum imported in 1823 was 28,056 punchcons; in 1824,

26,800. The stock in 1823 was 29,923 puncheons; in 1824, 24,582. This spirit has risen 1*d.* per gallon; brandy, 2*d.* The latter spirit has been extensively purchased.

Dye-Drugs.—The quantity of East India indigo imported in 1823 was 20,180 chests; in 1824, 14,356. The stock in 1823 was 12,700 chests; in 1824, 11,886. The sale of this article finished to-day at a late hour. It began with advanced prices, which continued to increase; the good and fine qualities 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* per pound; the ordinary and middling 1*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* The Madras sort all sold at an advance of 2*s.* 6*d.* on the last sale. The prices of this sort now range from 8s. 6*d.* to 13*s.*; the Oude or Coromandel, from 2*s.* 7*d.* to 11*s.*; the other sorts from 10*s.* 9*d.* to 16*s.* per lb.

Dye-woods are becoming higher, but the buyers are probably speculators. Logwood has advanced 1*l.* per ton during the month. Considerable parcels of Jamaica logwood have been sold. The price is now 8*l.* 5*s.* to 8*l.* 8*s.* per ton. The current price of Cuba rustic is 10*l.* 10*s.* to 11*l.*; but 12*l.* is asked to-day. Madder and roots are higher. Galls are dull. At a late hour to-day considerable purchases of turmeric were made.

Saltpetre.—The imports of this article last year were about 10,000 bags less than in the preceding: the stock is less by 2,500 tons. Saltpetre, being one of the sinews of war, is generally an object of speculation. Holders demand a profit of 2*s.* per cwt. but it is not given.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The first two articles have maintained the advance in their prices; the latter has still further increased during the month, but to-day the sale has become heavy.

The markets of Liverpool and Glasgow have offered, during the last month, nothing worthy of additional remark. Both have been somewhat stagnant, except in the article of cotton, which has been purchased with great avidity.

FOREIGN MARKETS.

The following particulars denote the state of commerce in respect to articles of British colonial merchandize, at the *free-ports* of Trieste, Hamburgh, and Gibraltar.

Trieste.—Very little business is done in refined sugar, owing, perhaps, to the late tariff, which is prejudicial to the transit of British refined sugar. High prices are expected for raw sugar; the holders therefore do not press their goods on the market, though purchasers are backward. The quantity brought here for refining last year was upwards of 4000 tons more than 1823. The sales of coffee are not large, principally Brazil. There is no stock of East India coffee; but the demand does not seem to be increased thereby. In cotton the market is very brisk, and the stock is said to be small. Cassia lignea is dull of sale; Sumatra pepper is readily purchased, at a net price equal to about 5¼*d.* per lb. Pimento is likewise scarce. The stock of indigo is very small, and fine qualities are in request.

Hamburgh.—Commerce here is not very brisk, owing, in some measure, to the season, which impedes the usual channels of intercourse with the continent. Better prices are asked for coffee. Unfavourable reports are made of the refined sugar market in the Hanse towns.

Gibraltar.—The stock of coffee at this place is large, and the prices have accordingly sustained a reduction. Cotton is in demand, and the stock is small. Rum is likewise in good demand; the prices are higher.

AGRICULTURE.

THE operations of the agriculturist at this season are chiefly confined to ploughing carting manure upon land, thrashing, and hedge trimming. The two first have, however, been greatly impeded in most counties, but most particularly in those where the soil is heavy, by the almost unremitting rains with which the lands have been deluged during the last few months. Unfortunately the injuries caused by this abundance of rain has not been confined to the mere stoppage of agricultural labour. The overflow of various rivers have destroyed a large quantity of property, both in cattle and food. The different agricultural reports speak of the lands having been so completely sodden as to rot the seed to an immense extent. In Somersetshire, the farmers have many hundred acres that must be resown if a crop is to be expected. "Since Nov. 30," says the reporter of that county, "no seed has been committed to the ground, except in extremely dry soils, and there are thousands of acres intended for autumn sowing, either under water, or so completely saturated, that they cannot be sown under any prospect of success." Other reports speak in very similar terms of the consequences of the late rains. The young wheats upon the light dry soils look however very healthy, and pea sowing upon dry friable soils have also commenced. The turnips still look well, and grasses are growing fast.

The arrivals during the month have averaged in wheat, 8,635 qrs.; barley, 13,493 qrs.; oats, 13,932 qrs.; and flour, 15,002 sacks.

The average prices for the week ending Jan. 8, were for wheat, 65*s.* 3*d.*; barley, 40*s.* 5*d.*; oats, 23*s.* 1*d.*

The hop trade has been and is still very dull, with scarce any alteration in prices. The beast market is rather brisk, but the mutton trade is rather heavy. Beef fetches from 4*s.* to 5*s.* per stone; mutton, from 4*s.* 4*d.* to 5*s.*; for veal and pork better prices are given.

We have for some time past regarded the transactions in Mark Lane with no little surprise; and while they show how general opinion, backed by abundance of money, can set aside for a time the effects of demand and supply, they demonstrate that such appearances can only be the result of artifice and speculation. The ports closed, it will be remarked, in Feb. 1819, and agreeably to the best calculations of the average importations, all the effects of the imported corn which was free, must have been exhausted before the harvest of 1823. The crop of that year was known to be exceedingly deficient; some say even half, but all agree not less than one-third. The crop of 1824, on the contrary, is admitted to have been a full average. It follows then that the deficient crop of 1823 maintained the country; yet in the face of this fact, and of the knowledge that the succeeding harvest was greatly more abundant, it was industriously circulated that the old wheat in the country was exhausted, and that the warehoused grain would be set free, and finally, that the ports would open before the end of the agricultural year. Upon this opinion (backed as we have said by the superabundance of capital) the markets have risen nearly from the close of the harvest. We have, however, always entertained the belief that this rise is merely the effect of artifice and speculation, and to demonstrate the truth of our conclusions, and to show the peril to the grower, we shall recite a few facts reepecting the arrival and sale of wheat and flour at Mark Lane. It is important that the farmer should not be induced to withhold his grain from market ultimately to his own loss; it is more important that the price of subsistence should not be *doubled* upon the country at large. At this moment the best wheat may be bought at Dantzic, from 28*s.* to 30*s.* per quarter, while the averages in Mark Lane are about 70*s.* We shall first quote the total import (coastwise) into the port of London for two years, and next the arrivals and sales of wheat for the last eleven weeks, and of flour in the corresponding periods of 1823—1824, and 1824—1825.

Quarters of wheat and flour imported into the port of London from Michaelmas to Michaelmas.

1822 to 1823, 393,177 qrs. wheat;.....497,779 sacks, flour.
1823 to 1824, 347,839, do.....438,326, do.

		WHEAT.		FLOUR.	
1824.		*Arrived.*	*Sold.*	1823-24.	1824-25.
Nov.	6.	15,116	11,895	6,687	15,347
	13.	15,671	9,040	8,847	18,288
	20.	10,024	9,204	10,974	9,301
	27.	13,205	10,647	6,548	10,900
Dec.	4.	12,410	10,307	4,082	24,983
	11.	15,429	8,786	18,682	19,276
	18.	15,341	9,271	8,023	18,262
	25.	4,731	7,942	14,188	7,357
1825, Jan.	1.	9,425	10,122	2,065	12,817
	8.	9,564	7,759	20,174	20,212
	15.	10,830	no return	16,225	19,925
		131,798	96,973	116,455	177,668

The average weekly import of wheat during the highest of the two years, it will be seen, is 7,561 qrs. and a fraction. The average of the last eleven weeks is, 11,981 qrs. and a fraction. Here then a great excess is observable. The arrivals of the year 1823—1824, during the same period were only 82,918 qrs. being no less than 48,880 less than during the last 11 weeks. If we next observe the excess of supply over the demand, we shall perceive that the average of the sales of the last 10 weeks exceeds the average of the year in the proportion of 9,697 to 7,561 qrs., while the total of imports over the sales amounts to no less than 23,995 qrs., which with the excess of the sales gives a surplus of 45,000 qrs. of wheat. Thus the London market is at this moment glutted with a superabundant supply equal to the average consumption of six weeks, and yet with a surplus increasing upon the market, week by week, the prices have almost continually risen.

But the facts with respect to flour are still more singular and striking. The average weekly supply of flour in the highest of the two last years was 9,572 sacks. The excess of flour over wheat in 1822—1823, was acounted for by the supposition that wheat which used to reach London was purchased in distant markets by millers, and sent by them in a manufactured instead of in a raw state by the corn merchants to Mark Lane. But during the last 11 weeks, in the face of a superabundant supply of wheat, the supply of flour has been still more so, amounting as we perceive to 16,151 sacks weekly, and as a total over the same period last year to 61,213 sacks, or the average consumption of six weeks. Yet in spite of these facts flour has risen. These appearances some have attempted to explain by the fact, that the crop of the wheat districts near London is deficient, and, therefore, the supplies by internal conveyance are less. But when we observe the augmented sale of wheat in Mark Lane during the last 10 weeks, it is natural to presume that the millers near London have made up their deficit by purchases there, and this reasoning is the more probable when we perceive that, week by week, a surplus has been left on hand.

Under this view of things, we cannot help believing that a fall to an indefinite extent must eventually, if not suddenly, take place; for, allowing no very large stock to the millers, their supply on hand may *now* be considered equal to 10 weeks' consumption. We have reason to think too, that the market has hitherto been supplied by the small farmer, and the larger grower has held back his stock in the hope that things will rise. A capital of at least 250,000*l.* is now accumulated on the wharfs and in the warehouses of the Port of London.

NEWS OF SCIENCE.

INSTITUTIONS OF MECHANICS.

Ths Conservatory of Arts.—The public and gratuitous lectures of this admirable and useful establishment have been resumed this year under the happiest auspices of increased success. M. Dupin has been appointed Professor of Mechanics applied to the Arts; M. Clement Desormes, of Chemistry and Physics applied to the Arts; and M. Say, of Industrial Economy, or of the principles of Political Economy applied to the useful Arts. Two ameliorations have taken place in these courses of lectures, very favourable to the national prosperity. The lectures are delivered at half-past eight o'clock in the evening, when the classes of artizans and working mechanics have completed the labours of the day, and consequently are at leisure to attend to the acquirement of knowledge without injury to their interests, and the Professors distribute, a lecture in advance, a bulletin of the matters to be treated in the next. M. Dupin, following the example of English Professors who prepare before the commencement a brief analysis of the subjects to be treated in each lecture, is writing a treatise of practical geometry and mechanics, adapted to the comprehension of artizans. This instruction is not, however, offered altogether gratuitously to those who wish to avail themselves of it, *two sous* being required for each bulletin. This very small contribution is sufficient to obtain a moral result of great importance; they put more value on a paper which is thus acquired, preserve it with greater care, and are more anxious to impress its contents on their understanding.—*Rev. Enc.*

CHEMISTRY.

Castorine.—The attention which has been paid by chemists to the analysis of vegetable and animal productions, has contributed much to the progress of the healing art. We are indebted to the French chemists in particular for a variety of medicinal preparations, reduced to a very small volume, very easy of administration, and of an uniform composition. M. Bizio has lately extracted from castor that on which the properties of the drug depends, and has called it Castorine. It possesses the same odour as castor; its taste is something like that of a weak solution of copper; it has no acid or alkaline property; it is insoluble in cold water, and dissolves very little in boiling water. It is also insoluble in alcohol, but dissolves in the volatile oils, ammonia, and magnesia. It is prepared by boiling one part of castor, finely powdered, in six parts of alcohol; and having filtered the solution, this substance is deposited in the form of globules, which may be afterwards purified by washing it with cold alcohol.—*Archives Generales.*

Motion of the Electric Fluid.—It has long been received as a fact, that an electrical discharge was capable of being transmitted through a very considerable distance (say three or four miles) instantaneously, and without any sensible diminution of its intensity. Mr. Barlow, however, by employing wires of various lengths up to 840 feet, and measuring the energy of the electric action by the deflection produced in a magnetic needle, has found that the intensity diminishes very rapidly, and very nearly as the inverse square of the distance. Hence the idea of constructing electrical telegraphs is quite chimerical. He found, also, that the effect was greater with a wire of a certain size than with one smaller, yet that nothing was gained by increasing the diameter of the wire beyond a given limit.

Sir Humphry Davy's Copper Sheathing.—At a meeting of the Royal Society, held on the 13th January, when it resumed its sittings after the Christmas holidays, the learned President informed the Fellows, that the accounts which had appeared in the papers, of the failure of his method of protecting ships' bottoms in the case of the Samarang,

were wholly without foundation; and that the results were on the contrary of a most satisfactory description.

The copper of this ship has been on between three and four years, and she was chosen for the particular purpose of ascertaining the effects of the principle of protection in *old* copper, and the result has more than answered the expectations of the inventor. Both as to cleanness, and as to the effects of rapid corrosion, the experiment was perfectly successful. Other instances we could adduce to show that the method of protecting copper, as proposed by Sir H. Davy, promises to answer the intended purpose; but even if in some instances foulness has been, or shall be produced by excess of protection, it will only demonstrate the power of the principle of protection, which may be so graduated as to save all the copper, or 1-10th, or 1-5th, or 1-3d, or any other proportion.

The Influence of Temperature on Stone Bridges.—M. Vicat has had occasion to observe a striking instance of the effect of the change of temperature on a bridge constructed over the Dordogne, at Souillac. The bridge was of stone, and had seven arches, each of above 24 feet span. It was expected that as the masonry settled the parapet stones would separate slightly from each other. This, in fact, took place, but it occurred suddenly and precisely during the very cold weather of February, 1824. Continuing the observation of what took place at the separation thus formed, it was found that the cement with which the portions of the cracks had been filled remained undisturbed during the cold weather; but that as the warm weather came on, it was pressed out and the joints were closed; and it was ultimately ascertained that much of the expansion and contraction of the bridge was entirely thermometrical, depending on the changes of temperature communicated to it by the atmosphere.

One of the most important and evident consequences of this action is, that large arches exposed to the variations of natural temperature, are never in a state of equilibrium. M. Vicat remarks farther, that these effects are equally produced, and have been observed, as well in arches constructed more than a year previous, as in those which have not been built more than two months. So that this thermometrical expansion and contraction of the stones does not appear to be changed by time.

MINERALOGY.

Light produced by Crystallization.—M. Buchner having mixed some impure benzoic acid, perfectly dry, with the sixth part of its weight of vegetable charcoal, placed it on a soap plate, which was covered with a cylinder luted to it by almond paste, in such a manner that what took place in the interior could be distinctly seen through an aperture disposed for this purpose. After the whole had been exposed several days to a moderate heat, and some beautiful crystals formed, it was removed to a hotter furnace, and half an hour afterwards M. Buchner observed a brilliant flash of light in the interior of the cylinder. A succession of flashes ensued, which completely filled the cylinder, and continued half an hour, when it was taken off the furnace and examined. A great quantity of crystals of benzoic acid were deposited. They resembled crystals of the same substance obtained in the usual way by a more moderate heat and without light, except that they were less regular. M. Buchner attributed this phenomenon to a neutralization of electricity, as it took place at a moment when the crystal was deposited on the inner surface of the cylinder. The same effect has been noticed on crystallizing acetate of potassa, and in preparing oxygen by means of chlorate of potassa and manganese.—*Neues Jour. für Chemie.*

METEOROLOGY.

Rain.—The fall of rain during the last three years has been much beyond the average quantity. From tables kept by Mr. John Dalton, it appears that the fall at

Manchester, during the last four months of the year 1824, was greater than the average fall of an entire year in London.

In September, the fall was..	5·440 inches.
October.....	6·896
November.....	5·510
December.....	7·835

Making a total of 25·682 inches: whereas the average amount fell at Manchester is only 34, and in London only 22 inches.

Changes in the Direction of the Wind.—Having frequently amused myself on fine Sunday evenings in summer with a very large paper kite, in order to discover the different currents of wind, I had occasion to notice the following curious fact:—On mounting very high, the kite sometimes got into a different current of air, and the wind usually blew from the same quarter on the earth's surface in the course of twenty-four hours. These changes in the wind seem to take place first in the higher regions of the air, and are propagated downwards. I have confirmed this experiment, and established the fact by the use of small air balloons, but the kite answers the purpose quite as well.—*Phil. Mag.*

PHYSIOLOGY.

The following is abstracted from a paper by Mr. Majendie, in the last Number of the *Journal de Physiologie.*

The Fifth Pair of Nerves.—Since I published my last experiments in the April Number of this Journal, I have made a great many others to confirm or invalidate the results then obtained. Fortunately I have but little to reject from the facts already made public, and it remains therefore certain that the fifth pair does exert a very great influence on the smell, on the sight, and on the hearing; and that it is itself the organ of taste, of the general sensibility of the face, and of the cavities there situated. It is also certain, that the fifth pair has a considerable influence on the nutrition of the parts to which it is distributed.

I have tried experiments on the other nerves distributed to the orbid, and I have found that the *fourth* and *sixth* pairs of nerves, when pinched, cut, or lacerated, do not present any trace of *sensibility.* These attempts simply gave rise to some convulsive motions of the muscles moving the globe.

The portio mollis of the seventh pair, or the *auditory nerve*, now remained to be examined, and this nerve is usually considered to be very sensible. This, in the opinion of physiologists, is on the same scale of sensibility as the *retina;* and the severe pains produced in the ear when inflamed, the nature of the functions of the ear destined to receive and compare the least vibrations of air, the acute sensibility of the tympanum, &c. all appeared legitimately to support the opinion which had been formed of the sensibility of this nerve. Besides, the acoustic nerve touches at its origin the fifth pair, and in many animals they say it is only a branch of it. All these reasons are without doubt very plausible: but adhering to our mode of study, which has often upset the greatest probabilities, we attempted to touch the acoustic nerve on the cranium, but failed. We afterwards removed a portion of the cranium, and lifted up about a third part of the cerebellum, and even the lobule lodged in the cavity of the temporal bone. We could then see the fifth pair coming out from the pores to pass over the petrous portion, and the acoustic nerve entering the internal auditory foramen. We touched successively the two nerves; and each time that the fifth pair was touched, even in the most gentle way, signs of the most acute sensibility were shown, whilst the animal remained immoveable when the trunk of the auditory was touched, pressed, and even torn. I have as yet only performed this experiment on a young dog and on rabbits: if future attempts confirm the truth of it, we see again another structure deprived of the properties usually assigned to it by physiologists. If it be so, then the extreme *sensibility* of the *ear*, as well as that of the *eye*, must be attributed to the *branches* of the *fifth pair* which are distributed to that part.—*Arch. Gen.*

OXFORD.

Lent Term.

Jan. 6.—Congregations will be holden, for the purpose of granting Graces and conferring Degrees, on the following days in this Term:—

February.—Thursday the 3d; Saturday the 12th; Tuesday the 15th.

March.—Thursday the 3d; Thursday the 10th; Thursday the 17th; Saturday the 26th.

All Candidates for the Degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, or Bachelor of Civil Law, to enter their names at the Vice-Chancellor's, before nine o'clock in the evening of the day preceding the Congregation in which the Degrees are to be conferred.

Jan. 6.—The Registrar has issued a notice, that all applications for Chancellor's Letters for Degrees or Academical Dispensations, must be made to him at least *three days* previously to the Convocation at which such Letters are to be proposed.

Jan. 8.—The Rev. John Mitchell Chapman, MA. of Exeter College, elected Fellow of Baliol.

The Rev. Benjamin John Perkins, BA., of Lincoln College, appointed Chaplain of Christ Church.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

Masters of Arts.—Jan. 14.

Robert Holberton, Exeter.
William Kaye Hett, Lincoln.
John William Goodday, Queen's.
James Edwards, Demy of Magdalen.
John Alington, Demy of Magdalen.
James Linton, Demy of Magdalen.
Charles John Meredith, Chaplain of Magdalen.
William Harrison, Student of Christ Church.
Thomas Horne, Student of Ch. Ch.
Nicholas Germon, Oriel.

Bachelors of Arts.—Jan. 14.

Arthur Farrell, Exeter.
Henry Browne, Exhibitioner of Lincoln.
George Windus Woodhouse, St. Mary Hall.
Robert Hussey, Student of Christ Ch.
Richard Latham, Scholar of Brasennose.
Henry Barrow Chinn, Brasennose.
John Smalman Masters, Jesus.

CAMBRIDGE.

Sir W. Browne's Gold Medals.—The subjects for the present year are:—

For the Greek Ode.

Ἀνδρῶν ἐπιφάνων πᾶσα γῆ τάφος.

Latin Ode.

Academia Cantabrigiensis tot novis ædeficiis ornata.

Greek Epigram.

Περισσοὶ πάντες οἱ 'ν μέσῳ λόγοι.

Latin Epigram.

Summum jus summa injuria.

Porson Prize.—The passage fixed upon for the present year is—Shakspeare, King John, Act IV. Scene 2; beginning with

King John.—How oft the sight of means.——

And ending with

Hubert.— ———————— an innocent child.

The metre to be Tragicum Iambicum Trimetrum Acatalecticum.

In conformity with the regulations passed by the Senate, March 13, 1822, notice has been given, that the following will be the Subjects of Examination in the last week of the Lent Term, 1826:—

1.—The Gospel of St. Matthew.
2.—Paley's Evidences of Christianity.
3.—The first Book of Herodotus.
4.—The fourth Book of Virgil's Georgics.

Edward Judge, Esq., BA., Scholar of Trinity College, was on Tuesday last created MA., by Royal mandate.

Jan. 21.—The Master and Fellows of Peterhouse have recently augmented the patronage of their College, by founding two Fellowships and Four Scholarships, the stipends of which are to be paid from the proceeds of the very liberal donation of the Rev. Francis Gisborne, MA., formerly Fellow of that Society. The Fellows and Scholars on this new foundation are to bear the name of the donor.

The Rev. L. P. Baker, BD., Vicar of Impington, and Fellow of St. John's College, has been presented, by the Master and Fellows of that Society, to the Rectory of Medbourn *cum* Holt, in the county of Leicester, vacated by the death of the Rev. H. Williams.

The Rev. John W. Hubbersty, MA., and the Rev. John Sandys, BA., of Queen's College, were on Jan. 14 elected Fellows of that Society; and at the same time a petition was ordered to be presented to the King, for a dispensation to qualify the Rev. Thomas Clowes, BA., to hold a Fellowship of the same Society.

LIST OF HONOURS FOR 1825.

Moderators.

John Warren, MA., Jesus College.
Temple Chevallier, MA., Catherine Hall.

Wranglers.

Ds. Challis, Trinity.	Ds. Beatson, Pembroke.
Williamson, Clare.	Wilson, St. John's.
Newton, St. John's.	Harrison, St. John's.
Ranken, C. C. C.	Fernie, Caius.
Waud, Magdalen.	Barrick, Queen's.
P. Morton, Trinity.	Graham, Queen's.
Parker, Trinity.	Knowles, Trinity.
Wigram, Trinity.	Smith, Peter House.
Williamson, Trinity.	Heathfield, Jesus.
Burrows, Caius.	Maude, Caius.
Darby, St. John's.	Martin, Caius.
Frampton, St. John's.	Riddell, Trinity.
Blakelock, Cath. Hall.	Barlow, Peter H.
Dade, Caius.	Dunningham, Peter H.
Cape, Caius.	Richardson, Caius.

Senior Optimes.

Ds. Lubbock, Trinity.	Ds. Farish, } *æq.* { Trinity.
Pooley, St. John's.	Gilpin, } { Queen's.
Isaacson, St. John's.	Smith, Pembroke.
Warner, St. John's.	Malkin, Trinity.
Berkeley, C. C. C.	Hill, Trinity.
Langham, St. John's.	Crocker, Trinity.
Phillips, C. C. C.	Warner, Trinity.
Gaye, St. John's.	Young, Trinity.
Wolfe, Clare.	Holme, Caius.

Ds. C. Morton, Trinity.
Prater, Trinity.
Hawkins, Trinity.
Bell, } æq. { Queen's.
Ward, } { C. C. C.
Ayerst, St. John's.
Pratt, Trinity.
Earle, St. John's.
Hayes, St. John's.
Custance, Trinity.

Ds. Smith, Trinity.
Turner, St. John's.
Gaitskell, Trinity.
Youldon, St. John's.
Barry, Trinity.
Lowe, C. C. C.
Kempthorne, St. John's.
Reade, Caius.
Wayne, Peter's.
Skinner, Sid.

Junior Optimes.

Ds. Lewis, St. John's.
Bollaerts, Trinity.
Hildyard, Trinity.
Willmore, Trinity.
Evans, Pembroke.
Outram, St. John's.
Brook, Caius.
Wakefield, St. John's.

Ds. Fletcher, Magdalen.
Falcon, St. John's.
Marshall, St. John's.
Sanderson, St. John's.
Praed, Trinity.
Dallin, C. C. C.
Wimberley, Emmanuel.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. A. Hopkins, BA., to the Vicarage of Clent, with the Chapel of Rowley Regis, Staffordshire. The Rev. J. Amphlett, MA., has been appointed Surrogate for the granting Marriage Licences within the Diocese of Worcester. The Rev. William Clark, MA., to the Vicarage of Wymeswould, Leicestershire. The Rev. H. R. Somers Smith, BA., to the Rectory of Little Bentley, Essex. The Rev. James Anderson, to the Rectory and Vicarage of Moore, and the Vicarage of Drum, Roscommon.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR FEBRUARY.

MERCURY will be at his greatest elongation on the 10th day, to the westward of the Sun, and consequently will rise about one hour before him, SE. by E. But as their situation in the ecliptic is then nearly parallel with the horizon, no very advantageous opportunity will be afforded for observation. Should the atmosphere, however, prove clear near the horizon, this planet may be seen at half past six o'clock in the morning, a day or two before and after the 10th, SE. ½ E., between Sagittarius and Capricornus.—Venus passes through the constellation Pisces to the western boundary of Aries, setting at the commencement of the month about three quarters past eight in the evening, due west, and at the close of the month about an hour later, WNW. Venus will be a most beautiful and conspicuous object during the evenings; and by watching the conjunction with the fifth of Pisces, on the 18th day, her motion may readily be traced. On the 21st day the Moon and Venus will set nearly at the same time, and previous to setting will form a pleasing spectacle. Mars passes from the constellation Aquarius into Pisces, setting at the commencement of the month W. by S., soon after seven o'clock, and at the close due west, about 20 minutes past seven. On the 2d day, his appearance near a class of small stars in Aquarius will be found interesting. Jupiter is still in the constellation Cancer, with a regressive motion passing the meridian at the commencement of the month, 40 minutes past 11 o'clock in the evening, and at the close about two hours earlier. On the 2d day, at three quarters of an hour after midnight, the moon, nearly at the full, will pass four degrees to the southward of the planet, and Jupiter will also be in conjunction with the fourth of Cancer on the 17th day, at 11 o'clock in the evening. His appearance at the close of the month, a little to the southward of a remarkable cluster of

minute stars (most of them imperceptible to the naked eye), will form a beautiful telescopic object. The eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, from their frequent recurrence, afford the readiest method of determining the longitudes of places on land; for as the sun apparently moves from east to west, over 15 degrees of the Equator in one hour of time, all places to the eastward will see these eclipses at a certain time greater, and to the westward less, than that of the first meridian for which they were calculated; and this difference of time, turned into degrees, immediately gives the longitude. Several attempts have been made to observe these phenomena at sea, but the quick motion of the ship has hitherto baffled all endeavours to accomplish it. The progressive motion of light has likewise been accurately ascertained through these eclipses; for as the earth is 195 millions of miles nigher to Jupiter, when between him and the Sun, than when the Sun is between us and the planet, so we find that the eclipses are seen nearly a quarter of an hour sooner in the former case than in the latter. The following are the eclipses visible to our latitude this month:—

1st Satellite. Emersions.			2d Satellite. Emersions.			3d Satellite.				4th Satellite.			
Days.	Hrs.	Min.	Days.	Hrs.	Min.	Days.	Hrs.	Min.		Days.	Hrs.	Min.	
2	7	3¾	7	15	26¼	2	8	2	Em.	20	14	10¼	Im.
7	14	29⅓	18	7	21½	9	8	27¾	Im.				
9	8	58	25	9	58¾	9	12	0¾	Em.				
14	16	23½				16	12	27¼	Im.				
16	10	52				16	16	0¼	Em.				
23	12	46½				23	16	26¼	Im.				
25	7	15											

Saturn still retains his station in the neck of the Bull, between the Hyades and Pleiades, with a small progressive motion passing the meridian at the commencement of the month five minutes before seven in the evening, and at the close about a quarter of an hour after five o'clock. The Moon will pass four degrees to the northward of this planet on the 25th day, at three quarters of an hour past two in the afternoon, and they will appear at dark about five degrees apart nearly on the meridian. The Georgian is in Sagittarius. At the close of the month this planet will rise at five o'clock in the morning, SE. ½ E. On the 7th day, at eight o'clock in the evening, the constellations will be thus situated:—On the meridian, and just above the horizon, is Columba, above which is the brilliant constellation of Orion, and between them the small Lepus. Above Orion, and nearly in the zenith, Auriga is seen; to the northward of which is Cameleopardalis; at their lowest depression north, the head and part of the body of Draco, with one foot of Hercules. To the eastward of Orion, Monoceros appears, below which, S. by E. ½ E., is the bright star Sirius, the first of Canis Major; and above it, to the SE., is Canis Minor. Over Orion, at equal distances on each side of the meridian, are Taurus to the west, and Gemini to the east. Leo is a conspicuous object due east, and to the northward of it is Ursa Major; between these latter is Leo Minor. E. by N., rising, is the head of Virgo; and NE. by E. + E. Coma Berenices appears. This latter is well worth inspection, from the immense number of small stars it contains. To the NE. and NE. by N., Bootes is rising; and from north to NNE. is part of Hercules.—N. by W. Lyra appears just above the horizon; to the westward of which is Cygnus, and above Cygnus is Cepheus: the first and second of this constellation, as well as the first and second of Ursa Major, point nearly to the Pole Star. W. by N. is Andromeda, and below it Pegasus. Above Andromeda is Perseus, with Medusa's Head. Between Perseus and Cepheus is Cassiopeia. The body of Cetus SW. by W.; Aries, W. by S. On the 21st, at the same hour, there are no particular stars on the meridian; Arcturus in Bootes is on the verge of the horizon, rising NE. by E., and Lyra at the lowest depression north. The beautiful nebula in Orion's Sword will be well worth examining, as well as that in Andromeda. During the evenings of this month, all the most brilliant constellations of our hemisphere will appear at the same time above the horizon.

LIST OF PROJECTED WORKS.

Barclay's Apology for the Quakers. A new Edition, with Notes, Marginal References, &c. 8vo.

Belsham's (Miss E.) Introductory Catechism to Murray's Grammar. 18mo.

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BIRTHS.

July 21.—At Patna, Calcutta, the Hon. Mrs. Elphinstone, a son.
Aug. 3.—At Madras, the lady of Capt. Moberly, a son.
15. At Matoonga, Bombay, the lady of Dr. Smythan, a son.
Dec. 22.—The lady of John Birtwhistle, Esq. Barharrow, a daughter.
25. At Hart-street, Bloomsbury, the lady of Richard Lambert, Esq. a daughter.
26. The lady of Charles Mingay Syder, Esq. a son.
28. Mrs. Stone, Lamb's-Conduit-street, only daughter of R. S. Cooke, Esq. claimant to the Barony of Stafford, a daughter.
29. In Euston-place, the lady of Jackson Walton, Esq. a son.
31. In Lower Berkley-street, Portman-square, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsey, Grenadier Guards, a daughter.
Jan. 1.—The lady of Thomas Burch Western, Esq. of Tattingstone-place, Suffolk, a son.
2. At Cheltenham, the lady of Capt. James Scott, of His Majesty's Ship Harlequin, a daughter.
4. At Thurston, the lady of the Rev. Edgar Rust, a son.
— At Chatham, the lady of Lieutenant Burgoyne, R. E. a daughter.
5. At Montagu-street, Montagu-square, the lady of Frederick Solly Flood, Esq. a daughter.
6. At Spetchley, the lady of Robert Berkley, Jun. Esq. a son.
7. In Gate-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, the lady of John Mitchell, MD. a son.
— At Stackpole-court, Lady Cawdor, a daughter.
8. At Hackney, the lady of Lieutenant John Lamb, R. N. a son.
9. In Lawrence Pountney-lane, the lady of Horatio Ripley, Esq. a daughter.
10. At Cambridge, the lady of David Charles Guthrie, Esq. a son.
11. The lady of Andrew Spottiswoode, Esq. of Bedford-square, a son.
— At Castle Hill, Devon, Lady Catharine Fellowes, a son.
12. At Woburn-place, Russel-square, the lady of Wm. J. Sclater, Esq. a son.
14. In Bryanstone-square, the lady of George Bankes, Esq. a daughter.
16. In Pall Mall, the lady of Hugh Hammersley, Esq. a son.
17. The lady of T. R. Thelluson, Esq. a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

July 28.—At Calcutta, by the Rev. Thomas Thomason, Lieutenant Edward Rushworth, H. C. 2d E. R. to Miss Elizabeth Chatier Conyers.
Dec. 20.—At Gosford, the Right Hon. George Harry Grey, eldest son of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, to Lady Katharine Charteris, third daughter of the Earl of Wemyss and March.
— In St. George's Church, Dublin, James, only son of Robert Martin, of Ross-house, county of Galway, Esq. to Ann, eldest daughter of Thomas Higginbotham, of Mountjoy, Esq.
21. At Gibside Chapel, by Special Licence, John Davidson, Esq. of West Otterburn, in the county of Northumberland, to Miss Susan H. E. Jessup, youngest daughter of the Lady Anna Maria Jessup, of Bird-hill House, Durham.
22. At Gibraltar, Mr. H. H. Murdoch, to Miss M. Tapp.
24. Charles F. Engstrom, of Billiter-street, London, to Louisa R. youngest daughter of A. F. Meissner, of Cloak-lane, Esq.
27. Charles Heard Beague, Esq. Royal Engineers, to Mary, eldest daugter of the late Major-General James Pringle, Company's Service.
— At Hartlebury, N. Basevi, Esq. Barrister, of Gower-street, Bedford-square, to Louisa Eliza, only daughter of the late Major Orange, of Waresby-house, Worcestershire.
— At Cheadle, Richard Hole, Esq. of Longsight, to Frances, eldest danghter of Thomas Marsland, Esq. of Holly-vale.
28. At Knaresborough, the Rev. Edward Carus Wilson, AB. third son of William Wilson Carus Wilson, MP. of Casterton-hall, Westmoreland, to Jane, only daughter of Thomas Maude, Esq. of Woodlands, near Harrogate.
— William Hall, Jun. Esq. to Charlotte, daughter of the late Sir R. J. Sullivan, Bart.
— At Marlborough, near Knightsbridge, Devon, F. J. Delafosse, Esq. youngest son of the late Rev. R. M. Delafosse, of Richmond, Surrey, to Dorothy, eldest daughter of the late Edward T. Collins, Esq. of the same place.
29. At Basford, Notts, John George Shaw Lefevre, Esq. Fellow of Trin. Coll. Cambridge, to Rachel Emily, fifth daughter of Ichabod Wright, Esq.
— At Bath, the Rev. Dr. Timbril, of Beckford, to Miss E. Edwards, of Bath.
30. At Worksop, the Hon. and Rev. Leland Noel, Vicar of Camden, Gloucestershire, seventh son of Sir Gerard Noel, Bart. and the late Baroness Barham, to Mary Arabella, eldest daughter of the late John Saville Foljambe, Esq. of Aldwark-hall, Yorkshire.
Jan. 3.—At St. Lawrence's Church, York, Robert Mausel, Esq. of the Inniskellen Dragoons, to Maria, eldest daughter of William Armstrong, Esq. of the same Regiment.
4. At Edgbaston, near Birmingham, Charles Barber, MA. of Trinity College, Oxford, to Caroline, daughter of Theophilus Richards, Esq. of Edgbaston.
6. At West Ham, Charles Frederick Bigge, Esq. of Blackheath, to Frances, second daughter of John Gray, Esq. of the Grove, Stratford, Essex.

8. At Wooton Church, Lieutenant-Colonel Ogilvie, 46th Regiment, to Janet Rebecca, eldest daughter of John Alexander Ogilvie, Esq. of Tanhurst, Surrey.
10. At St. Mary-la-Bonne Church, Matthew Stritch, Sen. Esq. of Charlotte-street, Portland-place, to Mary, Relict of the late John Arnold, Esq. of Walworth, Surrey.
11. At the College Chapel, the Rev. Thomas W. Champneys, Rector of Fulmer, Bucks, and Cottisford, Oxon, to Miss Langford, of Eton College.
— Thomas Barton Bowen, Esq. of Portman-street, to Charlotte, daughter of the late W. Chaloner, Esq. of Guisborough, Yorkshire.
13. At Hornsey Church, the Rev. Dr. Manuel of the Scot's Church, London Wall, to Miss Perram, Stoke Newington Road.
— At Clapham Church, Charles Turner, Esq. Lieutenant of the 35th Reg. Madras Native Infantry, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Sketchley, Esq. of Clapham Rise.
15. At St. Mary, Lambeth, J. Ruffy, Esq. late of Madeira, to Caroline, relict of the late Robert Symonds, Esq. of Brixton-hill.
17. At Chester, John Lane, Esq. of the Grange, Leyton, Essex, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late William Carter, Esq. of the former place.
18. At St. Mary, Lambeth, the Rev. Robert Hodgson Fowler, of Southwell, Nottinghamshire, to Frances Elizabeth, only child of Thomas Bish, Esq. of South Lambeth.
— At Enfield, Captain John Pasley of the 47th Reg. to Margaret, only daughter of John Durham, Esq. M. D. of Enfield, Middlesex.
19. At Kelvedon, the Rev. John Bridges Storry, A. M. Vicar of Great Tey, Essex, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Romaine, Castle Hill Lodge, Reading, Berks.
— At Mary-la-bonne Church, George Lee, Jun. Esq. of Lombard-street, to Hannah, second daughter of John Coope, Esq. of Leyspring, Essex.
20. At Greenwich, L. Leake, Esq. of Stoke Newington, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of George Walpole, Esq. of Croom's Hill.
— At Bride-street, Manchester-square, by special licence, Colonel Sir John Sinclair, Bart. of Dunheath, to Miss Sarah Charlotte Carter.

DEATHS.

June 22 —At Ghazeepore, Calcutta, George, the infant son of Lieutenant Richard Irving, 87th Reg. and on the 15th July, on the river near Barn, Mary Ann, wife of the above officer.
July 21.—At Belgaum, Madras, Ensign William Duncan, 49th Reg. son of the late John Duncan, Esq. of the Medical Board.
Dec. 8.—At Carclew, Sir William Lemon, the father of the House of Commons.
10. At Bamff, aged 100 and upwards, Mrs. Pirie.
11. At Clanchan, of Tongland, Scotland, John Wood, a native of the parish of Kirkgungeon. At the time of his death he could not be less than 100.
18. At Southampton, Harriet, the wife of Captain Edward Fitzgerald of the 30th Reg. of Royal Native Infantry.
19. At Leith, at the advanced age of 75, Charles Smith, Esq. portrait painter in London. This distinguished Artist, who was a native of the Orkney Islands, was for some time portrait-painter to the Imperial family of the Great Mogul, Shah Allum.
21. In Bloomsbury-square, aged 15, Charlotte Caroline, youngest daughter of the late John Henry Beaumont, Esq.
25. At his house in Upper Seymour-street, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Dallas, Knight.
— B. P. V. Selyveld, Esq. of No. 19, Cadagon-place.
— At Brighton, in his 80th year, Lord Eardly.
27. Richard Holden, porter of Piece Hall, Halifax. His death was in consequence of being slightly bitten in his hand by a cat a few days previous, which caused a rapid mortification.
28. At Clapham, Miss Catharine Constable, daughter of Archibald Constable, Esq. of Edinburgh.
29. Aged 28, Mary, only sister of Fasham Nairn, Esq. of Barnet's-place, Sussex.
31. At Blackheath, Mary, the eldest daughter of John Lee, Esq. of Lewisham, Kent.
— Barbara, the wife of Hugh R. Hughes, Esq. of Bache Hall, in the county of Chester.
Jan. 1.—At Stratton, Captain Robert Smith, in the 89th year of his age. He was at the battles of Minden and Warburgh, and afterwards at Gibraltar, during the memorable siege of that place.
3. At Islington Green, George Sturdy, Esq. one of the sworn clerks of the Court of Chancery.
4. At Richmond, Surrey, aged 73, Adam Bell, Esq. late of the Victualling Department, Deptford.
5. John Sivewright, Esq. of Tavistock-square.
— At Stirling, the Rev. Dr. Small.
— At Richmond-green, Thomas Walmesley, Esq. aged 56.
— At Smyllan Park, Scotland, Sir William Honeyman of Graemsay, Bart.
6. At Stepney Green, Edward Powell, Esq. aged 67.
7. Of Apoplexy, Robert Ross, Esq. of the Stock Exchange.
8. Elizabeth, wife of Charles Raymond Barker, Esq. of Blandford-street, Portman-square.
9. At his house in Leicester, Caleb Lowdham, Esq.
— At Stanmore, Middlesex, Richard Oswald Mason, Esq. in the 55th year of his age.
10. Mrs. Sarah Robinson, wife of John Robinson, Esq. of Park-street, Westminster.
— Richard Harrison, Esq. M. D. aged 40, at his house in Argyle-street.

— At Twickenham, aged 65, Mary, wife of Thomas Dickson, Esq. of Fulwell Lodge, Twickenham.
— At Papworth Hall. Cambridge, Charles Madryll Cheere, Esq. M. P. for the Borough of Cambridge.
— At Worle, Mr. Joel Bishop, of Banwell, Somersetshire, aged 103 years. He was the father, grandfather, and great grandfather, of 180 children of whom 115 are living at this period.
— At Chelsea, aged 64, Thomas Smith, Esq.
11. Mr. William Stevenson, steward of the Earl of Darnley.
12. At Clifton, Caroline Mary, youngest daughter of the late Samuel Peat, Esq. of Calcutta.
— At his house in Bentinck-street, George Rankin, Esq.
14. John Stone, Esq. many years of His Majesty's Customs.
— In Finsbury-square, John Henry Hecker, Esq. in his 77th year.
— At his house in Upper Gower-street, George Dance, Esq. R. A. and F. A. S. aged 84.
15. At Clapham, Joseph Stevens, Esq. in the 87th year of his age.
— At Southampton, at a very advanced age, Mr. John Girdler, shoemaker. He has left upwards of 1,000*l.* in various securities, which he had earned by his own hands in cobbling shoes.
16. At Burward Park, Surrey, Sir John Frederick, Bart.
17. At Maize Hill, Greenwich, Elizabeth, the wife of Henry Francis, Esq.
18. At Putney, Thomas Chapman, Esq. in the 76th year of his age.
— George Gordon, Esq. of Creuckley, N. B. and of Great Milton Oxon.
— At Kennington, Henry Frederick Horneman, Esq. in his 47th year.

PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

(*From Dec.* 24 *to Jan.* 24.)

	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LAST.
3 per Cent. Consols	94½	93⅜	94⅛
3 per Cent. Reduced	95⅛	94⅜	95
3½ per Cent. Reduced	101⅜	100¾	101¼
New 4 per Cents	106½	105½	106⅛
Long Annuities expire 1860	23⅛	22⅞	23⅛
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.	232½	229¼	232½
India Stock, 10½ per Cent.	284¾	281¾	284¾
India Bonds, 3½ per Cent.	104*s.* pr.	97*s.* pr.	100*s.* pr.
Exchequer Bills, 2¼ per Cent.	68 prem.	54 prem.	62 prem.
Consols for Opening, 25th Feb.	94⅞	94⅛	94⅛
FOREIGN FUNDS.			
Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent.	97	95¾	97
Brazil ditto, ditto	89	76	88½
Buenos Ayres ditto, 6 per Cent.	97¼	88½	92½ ex.d.
Chilian ditto, ditto	90½	80¼	88½
Colombian ditto 1822, ditto	95¼	86	91½
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto	96	87¼	90¾ ex.d.
Danish ditto, 5 per Cent.	104½	104	102 ex.d.
French Rentes, ditto	103 50	101 50	103 50
Greek ditto, ditto	60	58	57½ ex.d.
Mexican ditto, ditto	85	71⅛	81¾
Neapolitan ditto, ditto	92	89½ ex.d.	89½ ex.d.
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent.	85¾	76	84¾
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent.	90½	88	90
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto	101	100¼	101
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto	102	101½	99½ ex.d.
Russian ditto, ditto	96¾	95½	96½
Spanish ditto, ditto	22½	19½	21¼

NEW SERIES. No. III.

CONTENTS OF THE

LONDON MAGAZINE AND REVIEW

FOR MARCH 1, 1825.

THE

LONDON MAGAZINE

AND

REVIEW.

MARCH 1, 1825.

ON THE PROFESSION OF THE BAR.

There is no pursuit in life which appears more captivating at a distance than the profession of the bar, as it is followed and rewarded in English Courts of Justice. It is the great avenue to political influence and reputation; its honours are among the most splendid which can be attained in a free state; and its emoluments and privileges are exhibited as prizes, to be contested freely by all its members. Its annals celebrate many individuals who have risen from the lowest ranks of the people, by fortunate coincidence, or by patient labour, to wealth and station, and have become the founders of honourable families. If the young aspirant perceives, even in his hasty and sanguine glance, that something depends on fortuitous circumstances, the conviction only renders the pursuit more inviting, by adding the fascinations of a game of chance to those of a trial of skill. If he is forced to confess that a sacrifice of principle is occasionally required of the candidate for its most lucrative situations, he glories in the pride of untempted virtue, and pictures himself generously resisting the bribe which would give him riches and authority, in exchange for conscious rectitude and the approbation of the good and wise. While he sees nothing in the distance, but glorious success or more glorious self-denial, he feels braced for the severest exertion, nerved for the fiercest struggle; and regards every throb of an impatient spirit as a presage of victory.

Not only do the high offices of the profession wear an inviting aspect, but its level course has much to charm the inexperienced observer. It affords perpetual excitement; keeps the faculties in unceasing play; and constantly applies research, ingenuity, and eloquence, to the actual business of life. A Court of Nisi Prius is a sort of epitome of human concerns, in which advocates are the representatives of the hopes and fears, the prejudices, the affections, and the hatreds of others, which

stir their blood, yet do not endanger their fortune or their peace. The most important interests are committed to their discretion, and the most susceptible feelings to their forbearance. They enjoy a fearful latitude of sarcasm and invective, with an audience ready to admire their sallies, and reporters eager to circulate them throughout the land. Their professional dress, ludicrous in itself, becomes formidable as the symbol of power; for, with it, they assume the privilege of denouncing their adversaries, confounding witnesses, and withstanding the judge. If the matter on which they expatiate is not often of dignified nature or productive of large consequences, it is always of real importance; not a mere theme for display, or a parliamentary shadow. The men whom they address are usually open to receive impressions, either from declamation or reasoning, unlike other audiences who are guarded by system, by party, or by interest, against the access of conviction. They are not confined to rigid logic, or to scholastic sophistry, but may appeal to every prejudice, habit, and feeling, which can aid their cause or adorn their harangue; and possess a large store of popular topics always ready for their use. They do not contend for distant objects, nor vainly seek to awaken an interest for futurity, but struggle for palpable results which immediately follow their exertions. They play an animating game for verdicts with the resources of others, in which success is full of pleasure, and defeat is rarely attended with personal disgrace or injury. This is their ordinary vocation; but they have, or seem to have, a chance of putting forth all the energies of their mind on some high issue; and of vindicating their moral courage, perchance by rescuing an innocent man from dishonour and the grave, or by standing, in a tumultuous season, between the frenzy of the people and the encroachments of their enemies, and protecting the constitutional rights of their fellows with the sacred weapons of the laws. What fancy is more inspiring to a youth of sanguine temperament than that of conducting the defence of a man prosecuted by the whole force of the state? He runs over in thought the hurried and feverish labour of preparation; the agitations of the heart quelled by the very magnitude of the endeavour and the peril; and imagines himself settled and bent up to his own part in the day of trial—the low tremulous beginning, the gradually strengthening assurance; the dawning recognition of sympathy excited in the men on whose lips the issue hangs, till the whole world of thought and feeling seems to open full of irresistible arguments and happy illustrations; till his reasonings become steeped in passion, and he feels his cause and his triumph secure. To every enthusiastic boy, flattered by the prophecies of friends, such an event appears possible; and, in the contemplation, wealth, honour, and long life, seem as of little value.

But the state of anticipation cannot last for ever. The day arrives, when the candidate for forensic opportunities and honours must assume the gown amidst the congratulations of his friends, and attempt to realize their wishes. The hour is, no doubt, happy, in spite of some

intruding thoughts; its festivities are not less joyous, because they wear a colouring of solemnity; it is one more season of hope snatched from fate, inviting the mind to bright remembrance, and rich in the honest assurances of affection and sympathy. It passes, however, as rapidly as its predecessors, and the morrow sees the youth at Westminster, pressing a wig upon aching temples, and taking a fearful survey of the awful bench where the judges sit, and the more awful benches crowded with competitors who have set out with as good hopes, who have been encouraged by as enthusiastic friends, and who have as valid claims to success as he. Now then, having allowed him to enjoy the foretastes of prosperity, let us investigate what are the probabilities that he will realize them. Are they, in any degree, proportioned to his intellectual powers and accomplishments? Is the possession of some share of the highest faculties of the mind, which has given him confidence, really in his favour? These questions we will try to solve. We may, perhaps, explain to the misjudging friends of some promising aspirant, who has not attained the eminence they expected, why their prophecies have been unfulfilled. They think that, with such powers as they know him to possess, there must be some fault which they did not perceive; some want of industry, or perseverance; but there was probably none; and they may rather seek for the cause of failure in the delicacy of feeling which won their sympathy, or in the genius which they were accustomed to admire.

Men who take a cursory view of the profession are liable to forget how peculiarly it is situated in relation to those who distribute its business. These are not the people at large; not even the factitious assemblage called the public; not scholars, nor readers, nor thinkers, nor admiring audiences, nor sages of the law, but simply *attornies*. In this class of men are, of course, comprised infinite varieties of knowledge and of worth; many men of sound learning and honourable character; many who are tolerably honest and decorously dull; some who are acute and knavish; and more who are knavish without being acute. Respectable as is the station of attornies, they are, as a body, greatly inferior to the bar in education and endowments; and yet on their opinion, without appeal, the fate of the members of the profession depends. It can scarcely be matter of surprise that they do not always perceive, as by intuition, the accurate thinking, the delicate satire, the playful fancy, or the lucid eloquence, which have charmed a domestic circle, and obtained the applause of a college, even if these were exactly the qualities adapted to their purposes. They will never, indeed, continue to retain men who are obviously unequal to their duty; but they have a large portion of business to scatter, which numbers, greatly differing in real power, can do equally well; and some junior business, which hardly requires any talent at all. In some cases, therefore, they are virtually not only judges but patrons, who, by employing young men early, give them not merely fees, but courage, practice, and the means of becoming known to

others. From this extraordinary position arises the necessity of the strictest etiquette in form, and the nicest honour in conduct, which strangers are apt to ridicule, but which alone can prevent the bar from being prostrated at the feet of an inferior class. But for that barrier of rule and personal behaviour, solicitors would be enabled to assume the language and manner of dictators; and no barrister could retain at once prosperity and self-respect, except the few, whose reputations for peculiar skill are so well established, as to render it indispensable to obtain their services. It is no small proof of the spirit and intelligence of the profession as a body, that these qualities are able to preserve them in a station of visible superiority to those on whom they virtually depend. They frequent the places of business; they follow the judges from town to town, and appear ready to undertake any side of any cause; they sit to be looked at, and chosen, day after day, and year after year; and yet, by force of professional honour and gentlemanly accomplishments, and by these alone, they continue to be respected by the men who are to decide their destiny. But no rule of etiquette, however strict, and no feelings of delicacy, however nice and generous, can prevent a man, who has connexions among attornies, from possessing a great advantage over his equals who have none. It is natural that his friends should think highly of him, and desire to assist him, and it would be absurd to expect that he should disappoint them by refusing their briefs, when conscious of ability to do them justice. Hence a youth, born and educated in the middle ranks of life, who is able to struggle to the bar, has often a far better chance of speedy success than a gentleman of rank and family. This consideration may lessen the wonder, so often expressed, at the number of men who have risen to eminence in the law from comparatively humble stations. Without industry and talent, they could have done little; but, perhaps, with both these they might have done less, if their early fame had not been nurtured by those to whom their success was a favourite object, and whose zeal afforded them at once opportunity and stimulus which to more elevated adventurers are wanting.

Let us now examine a little the *kind of talent* by which success at the bar will most probably be obtained; as, from want of attention to this point, much disappointment frequently springs. We will first refer to the lower order of business—that by which a young man usually becomes known—and then take a glance at the Court of Nisi Prius, as it affords scope to the powers of leaders. We pass over at present that class of men who begin to practise as special pleaders, and after acquiring reputation, are called late in life with a number of clients who have learned to value them as they deserve. These have chosen a safe and honourable course; but the general reader would find little to excite his interest in a view of their silent and laborious progress. We speak rather of the business of criminal courts and of sessions, in which young men generally make first trial of their powers, and of the more trivial and showy order of causes which it may sometimes be their good or ill fortune to lead.

In this description of business, it must be obvious to every one that there is no scope for the higher powers and more elegant accomplishments of the mind. But it is not so obvious, though not less true, that these are often incumbrances in the way of the advocate. This will appear, if we glance at the kind of work he has to perform, the jury whom he is to influence, or the audience by whom he is surrounded. Even if the successful performance of his duty, without regard to appearances, be his only aim, he will often find it necessary to do something more painful than merely to lay aside his most refined tastes. To succeed with the jury, he must rectify his understanding to the level of theirs: to succeed with the audience, he must necessarily go still lower; because, although there are great common themes on which an advocate may raise almost any assembly to his own level, and there are occasions in which he may touch on universal sympathies, these rarely, if ever, arise in the beginning of his professional life. On those whom he has to impress, the fine allusion, the happy conceit, the graceful sophistry, which will naturally occur to his mind, would be worse than lost. But though he may abstain from these, how is he to find, on the inspiration of the instant, the matter which ought to supply their place? Can he, accustomed to enjoy the most felicitous turns of expression, the airiest wit, the keenest satire, think in a moment of a joke sufficiently broad and stale to set the jury box and the galleries in a roar? Has he an instinctive sense of what they will admire? If not, he is wrong to wonder that he makes less impression than others, who may be better able to sacrifice the refinements which he prizes, and ought not to grudge them the success which fairly and naturally follows their exertions.

The chief duties of a junior are to examine witnesses; to raise legal objections; and, in smaller cases, to address juries. We will show in each of these instances how much a man of accurate perceptions and fastidious tastes must overcome before he can hope for prosperity.

The examination of witnesses, *in chief*, generally requires little more than a clear voice, a tolerable degree of self possession, a superficial knowledge of the law of evidence, and an acquaintance with the matter to which the witnesses are expected to speak. There are critical cases, it is true, in which it is one of the most important duties which an advocate can perform, and requires all the dexterity and address of which he is master. But the more popular work, and that which most dazzles by-standers, is *cross-examination*, to which some men attribute the talismanic property of bringing falsehood out of truth. In most cases, before an intelligent jury, it is mere show. When it is not founded on materials of contradiction, or directed to obtain some information which the witness will probably give, it proceeds on the assumption that the party interrogated has sworn an untruth, which he may be induced to vary. But, in the great majority of cases, the contrary is the fact, and therefore the usual consequence of speculative cross-examining is the production of a more minute and distinct story than was originally told. Still a jury may be

puzzled; an effect may be produced; and as, in cases of felony, an advocate is not permitted to make a speech, he must either cross-examine or do nothing. Here then, taste, feeling, and judgment, are sometimes no trifling hindrances. A man who has a vivid perception of the true relations of things cannot, without difficulty, force himself to occupy the attention of the court for an hour with questions which he feels have no bearing on the matter substantially in issue. Even when he might confound the transaction, the clearness of his own head will scarcely permit him to do the business well. He finds it hard to apply his mind to the elaborate scrutiny of a labourer's dinner or dress, the soundness of his sleep, or the slowness of his cottage time-piece; and he hesitates to place himself exactly on a level with the witness who comes to detail them. His discretion may sometimes restrain him from imitating the popular cross-examiners of the day, but his incapacity will prevent him still oftener, until, like them, he has become thoroughly habituated to the intellectual atmosphere of the court in which he practises.

In starting and arguing points of law, a deep knowledge of law, and a faculty of clear and cogent reasoning, might seem qualities of the highest value. At Nisi Prius, before a Judge, they are so, or rather would be if the modern course of transacting business left a junior any opportunity to use them. But they are very far from producing unmingled advantage before inferior tribunals. As the bench is not often filled with magistrates profoundly learned, futile objections are almost as likely to succeed as good ones, and sometimes more so, because those to whom they are addressed have a vague notion of law as something full of mere arbitrary quiddities, and therefore likely to be found in direct opposition to common sense. Now, a man who is himself ignorant of a science is obviously better fitted to hit the fancies of the respectable gentlemen who entertain such a notion, than one who thoroughly understands its rules. The first will raise objections where the last would be silent; or will defend them with the warmth of honest conviction, where the lawyer would introduce them with hesitation and abandon them without a struggle. When a man has nothing really to say he is assisted greatly by confusion of language, and a total want of arrangement and grammar. Mere stupidity, accompanied by a certain degree of fluency, is no inconsiderable power. It enables its possessor to protract the contest long after he is beaten, because he neither understands his own case, nor the arguments by which he has been answered. It is a weapon of defence, behind which he obtains protection, not only from his adversaries, but from the judge. If the learned person who presides, wearied out with endless irrelevancies, should attempt to stop him, he will insist on his privilege to be dull, and obtain the admiration of the audience by his firmness in supporting the rights of the bar. In these points, a sensitive and acute advocate has no chance of rivalling him in the estimation of the by-standers. A young man may, indeed, display correctness of thought, depth of research, and elegant perspicuity

in an argument on a special case, in the Court of King's Bench; but few will hear and fewer listen to him; and he will see the proceedings of the day shortly characterised in the newspapers of the morrow "as totally destitute of public interest," while the opposite column will be filled with an elaborate report of a case of assault at Clerkenwell, or a picturesque account of a squabble between a pawnbroker and an alderman!

To address a jury, even in cases of minor importance, seems at first to require talents and acquirements of a superior kind. It really requires a certain degree of nerve, a readiness of utterance, and a sufficient acquaintance with the ordinary line of illustration used and approved on similar occasions. A power of stating facts, indeed, distinctly and concisely is often important to the real issue of the cause; but it is not one which the audience are likely to appreciate. The man who would please them best should omit all the facts of his case, and luxuriate in the common places which he can connect with it, unless he is able to embellish his statement, and invest the circumstances he relates with adventitious importance and dignity. An advocate of accurate perceptions, accustomed to rate things according to their true value, will find great difficulty in doing either. Most of the subject matter of flourish, which is quite as real to the superficial orator as any thing in the world, is thrown far back from his habitual thoughts, and hardly retains a place among the lumber of his memory. Grant him time for preparation, and a disposition to do violence to his own tastes, in order to acquire popularity, and he may approach a genuine artist in the factitious; but, after all, he will run great risk of being detected as a pretender. A single touch of real feeling, a single piece of concise logical reasoning, will ruin the effect of the whole, and disturb the well-attuned minds of an enlightened jury. Even the *topics* which must be dilated on are often such as would not weigh a feather with an intelligent man, *out of court,* and still oftener give occasion to watery amplifications of ideas, which may be fairly and fully expressed in a few words. It is obvious, therefore, that the more an advocate's mind is furnished with topics rather than with opinions or thoughts, the more easy will he find the task of addressing a jury. A sense of truth is ever in his way. It breaks the fine, flimsy, gossamer tissue of his eloquence, which, but for this sturdy obstacle, might hang suspended on slender props to glitter in the view of fascinated juries. If he has been accustomed to recognise a proportion between words and things, he will, with difficulty, screw himself up to describe a petty affray in the style of Gibbon, though to his client the battle of Holywell-lane may seem more important than the fall of the Roman Empire. If he would enrapture the audience when entrusted to open a criminal case of importance, he should begin with the first murder; pass a well-rounded eulogy on the social system; quote Blackstone, and the Precepts of Noah; and dilate on crime, conscience, and the trial by jury; before he begins to state the particular facts which he expects to prove. He

disdains to do this—or the favourite topics never occur to his mind even to be rejected; and, instead of winning the admiration of a county, he only obtains a conviction! In addition to an inward repugnance to solemn fooling, men of sterling sense have also to overcome the dread of the criticism of others whose opinion they value, before they can descend to the blandishments of popular eloquence. It is seldom, therefore, that a young barrister can employ the most efficacious mode of delighting his audience, unless he is nearly on a par with them, and thinks, in honest stupidity, that he is pouring forth pathos and wisdom. There is, indeed, an excessive proneness to adopt the tone of the moment, an easiness of temperament, which sometimes may enable him to make a display in a trifling matter without conscious degradation; but he is ashamed of his own success when he grows cool, and was reduced by excessive sympathy to the level of his hearers only for the hour. Let no one, therefore, hastily conclude that the failure of a youth, to whom early opportunities are given, is a proof of essential inferiority to successful rivals. It may be, indeed, that he is below his business; for want of words does not necessarily imply plenitude of ideas, nor is abstinence from lofty prosings and stale jests conclusive evidence of wit and knowledge; but he is more probably superior to his vocation—too clear in his own perceptions to perplex others; too much accustomed to think to make a show without thought; and too deeply impressed with admiration of the venerable and the affecting readily to apply their attributes to the miserable facts he is retained to embellish.

Let us now take a glance at that higher sphere in which a barrister moves when he has overcome the difficulties of his profession, and has obtained a share of leading business in the superior courts. Here it must at once be conceded that considerable powers are necessary, and that the deficiencies which aided the aspiring junior will no longer prevail. The learning and authority of the judge, and the acuteness of established rivals, not only prevent the success of those experiments, which ignorance only can hazard, but generally stifle them in the birth. The number and variety of causes, and the business-like manner in which they are conducted, restrain the use of fine spun rhetoric to a few special occasions. A man who would keep any large portion of general practice must have industry and retentive memory; clearness of mind enough to state facts with distinctness, and to arrange them in lucid order; a knowledge of law sufficient for the discovery of any point in his own favour, and for the supply of a ready evasion of any suggested by his opponent; quickness and comprehension of intellect to see the whole case on both sides at one view; and complete self-possession and coolness, without which all other capacities will be useless. These are essentials for Nisi Prius practice; but does it give scope to no higher faculties? Is there nothing in human intellect which may be allowed to adorn, to lighten, and to inspire the dull mass of facts and reasonings? Was Erskine no more than a distinct narrator, a tolerable lawyer, and a power-

ful reasoner on opposing facts? Can no higher praise be given to Scarlett, who sways the Court of King's Bench like a monarch, and to Brougham whose eloquence sheds terror into the enemies of freedom throughout the world? We will answer these questions as well as we are able.

For the highest powers of the mind which can be developed in eloquence even a superior court rarely affords room. Some have ascribed their absence to a chilling spirit of criticism in the legal auditors; but it is really attributable to the want of fitness in the subjects, and in the occasions. The noble faculty of imagination may, indeed, sometimes be excited to produce sublime creations, in the fervour of a speech, as justly as in the rage or sorrow of a tragedy; but in both the passion must enkindle the imagination, not the imagination create the passion. The distinction of eloquence from other modes of prose composition is that it is primarily inspired by passion, and that it is either solely addressed to the feelings, or sways the understanding through the medium of the affections. It is only true when it is proportioned to the subject out of which it arises, because otherwise the passion is but fantastical and belongs to the mock heroic. In its course, it may edge the most subtle reasonings, point the keenest satire, and excite the imagination to embody truth in living images of grandeur and beauty; but its spring and instinct must be passion. Nor is this all; it must not only be proportioned to the feeling in its author's mind, but to the feeling and intellect of those to whom it is addressed. A man of ardent temperament may work himself into a state of excitation by contemplating things which are remote and visionary; he may learn to take an enthusiastic interest in the objects of his own solitary musings; but if he brings into court the passionate dreams of his study, he will invite scorn and make failure certain. Not only is there rarely a subject which can worthily enkindle such passion as may excite imagination, but still more rarely an audience who can justify it by receiving it into their hearts. On some few occasions, as of great political trials, a burning indignation can be felt and reflected; the thoughts which the jury themselves swell with may be imaged in shapes of fire; and the orator may, while clothing mighty principles in noble yet familiar shapes, by a felicitous compromise, bring grandeur and beauty half way to the audience, and raise the audience to a station where they can feel their influence. But he must take care that he does not deceive himself by his own emotions; and mistake the inspiration of the study for that of the court. He is safe only while he is impelled by the feeling of those whom he addresses, and while he keeps fully within their view. In ordinary causes, imagination would not only be out of place, but it cannot enter; because its own essence is truth, and because it never has part in genuine eloquence unless inspired by adequate emotion. The flowers of oratory which are withheld by fear of contempt, or regarded as mere ornaments if produced, are not those which grow out of the subject, and are streaked and coloured by the feeling of the time; but gaudy exotics, leisurely gathered and stuck in

out of season, and destitute of root. These fantastical decorations do not prove the existence of fervour or of imagination, but the want of both; and it is well if they are kept back by the good sense of the speaker, or his reasonable fears. But while a man, endowed with high faculties, cautiously abstains from displaying them on inadequate occasions, he will find them too often an impediment and a burthen. He is in danger of timidity from a consciousness of power yet unascertained even by himself, and from an apprehension lest he should profane his long-cherished thoughts by a needless exposure. He is liable to be posed by the recurrence of some delicate association which he feels will not be understood, and modestly hesitates on the verge of the profound. He is, therefore, less fitted for ordinary business than another who can survey his own mental resources at a glance, as a well-ordered armoury, and select, without hesitation, the weapon best adapted for the struggle.

Pathos, much oftener than imagination, falls within the province of the advocate. But the art of exciting pity holds no elevated rank in the scale of intellectual power. As employed at the bar in actions for adultery, seduction, and breach of promise of marriage, ostensibly as a means of effecting a transfer of money from the purse of the culprit to that of the sufferer, it sinks yet lower than its natural place, and robs the sorrows on which it expatiates of all their dignity. The first of these actions is a disgrace to the English character; for the plaintiff, who asks for money, has sustained no pecuniary loss; and what money does *he* deserve who seeks it as a compensation for domestic comfort, at the price of exposing to the greedy public all the shameful particulars of his wife's crime and of his own disgrace? In the other cases, where the party has been injured, not only in feeling, but in property or property's value, it is right that redress should be given; and that redress, even when sought in the form of damages, may be demanded in a tone of eloquent reprobation of villany; but the moment the advocate recounts the miseries of his client, in order to show how much money ought to be awarded, his task is degrading and irksome. He speaks of modesty destroyed, of love turned to bitterness, of youth blasted in its prime, and of age brought down by sorrow to the grave; and he asks for *money!* He hawks the wrongs of the inmost spirit, "as beggars do their sores," and unveils the sacred agonies of the heart, that the jury may estimate the value of their palpitations! It is in vain that he urges the specious plea, that no money can compensate the sufferer, to sustain the inference that the jury must give the whole sum laid in the declaration; for the inference does not follow. Money will not compensate, not because it is insufficient in degree but in kind; and, therefore, the consequence is—not that great damages should be given, but that none should be claimed. When once money is connected with the idea of mental grief, by the advocate who represents the sufferer, all respect for both is gone. Subjects, therefore, of this kind are never susceptible in a court of law of the truest pathetic; and the topics to which they give occasion are somewhat musty.

If, however, the highest powers of the mind are rarely brought into action in a Court of Nisi Prius, its more ordinary faculties are required in full perfection, and readiness for use. To an uninitiated spectator, the course of a leader in considerable business seems little less than a miracle. He opens his brief with apparent unconcern; states complicated facts and dates with marvellous accuracy; conducts his cause with zeal and caution through all its dangers; replies on the instant, dexterously placing the adverse features of each side in the most favourable position for his client; and, having won or lost the verdict for which he has struggled, as if his fortune depended on the issue, dismisses it from his mind like one of the spectators. The next cause is called on; the jury are sworn; he unfolds another brief and another tale, and is instantly inspired with a new zeal, and possessed by a new set of feelings; and so he goes on till the court rises, finding time in the intervals of actual exertion to read the newspaper, and talk over all the scandal of the day! This is curious work; it obviously requires all the powers to which we have referred as essential; and the complete absorption of the mind in each successive case. Besides these, there are two qualities essential to splendid success—a pliable temperament, and that compound quality, or result of several qualities, called *tact* in the management of a cause.

To the first of these we have already alluded, in its excessive degree, as supplying a young barrister with the capability of making a display on trivial occasions; but, when chastened by time, it is a most important means of success in the higher departments of the profession. An advocate should not only throw his mind into the cause, but his heart also. It is not enough that the ingenuity is engaged to elicit strength, or conceal weakness, unless the sympathies are fairly enlisted on the same side. To men of lofty habits of thinking, or of cold constitution, this is impossible, unless the case is of intrinsic magnitude, or the client has been wise enough to supply an artificial stimulus in the endorsement on the brief. Such men, therefore, are only excellent in peculiar cases, where their sluggish natures are quickened, and their pride gratified or disarmed by a high issue, or a splendid fee. Persons, on the other hand, who are prevented from saying "no," not by cowardice, but by sympathy; whose hearts open to all who happen to be their companions; whose prejudices vanish with a cordial grasp of the hand, or melt before a word of judicious flattery; who have a spare fund of warmth and kindness to bestow on whoever seeks it; and who, energetic in action, are wavering in opinion, and infirm of purpose—will be delightful advocates, if they happen also to possess industry and nerve. The statement in their brief is enough to convert them into partisans, ready to triumph in the cause if it is good, and to cling to it if it is hopeless as to a friend in misfortune. By this instinct of sociality, they are enabled not only to throw life into its details, and energy into its struggles, but to create for themselves a personal interest with the jury, which they turn to the

advantage of their clients. It has often been alleged that the practice of the law prepares men to abandon their principles in the hour of temptation; but it will often appear, on an attentive survey of their character, that the extent of their practice was the effect rather than the cause of their inconstancy. They are not unstable because they were successful barristers, but became successful barristers by virtue of the very qualities which render them unstable. They do not yield on a base calculation of honour or gain, but because they cannot resist a decisive compliment paid to their talents by the advisers of the crown. They are undone by the very trick of sympathy which has often moulded them to the purposes of their clients and swayed juries to their own.

But the great power of a Nisi Prius Advocate consists of *tact* in the management of a cause. Of this a by-stander sees but little; if the art be consummate, nothing; and he is, with difficulty, made to comprehend its full value. He hears the cause tried fairly out; observes perhaps witnesses on both sides examined; and thinking the whole merits have been necessarily disclosed, he sees no room for peculiar skill, except in the choice of topics to address to the jury. But a trial is not a hearing of all the matters capable of discovery which are relevant to the issue, or which would assist an impartial mind in forming a just decision. It is an artificial mode of determination, bounded by narrow limits, governed by artificial rules, and allowing each party to present to the court as much or as little of his own case as he pleases. A leader, then, has often, on the instant, to select out of a variety of matters, precisely those which will make the best show, and be least exposed to observation and answer; to estimate the probable case which lies hid in his adversary's brief, and prepare his own to elude its force; to decide between the advantage of producing a witness and the danger of exposing him; or, if he represents the defendant, to apply evidence to a case new in many of its aspects, or take the grave responsibility of offering none. Besides the opportunity which the forms and mode of trial give to the exercise of skill, the laws of evidence afford still greater play for ingenuity, and ground for caution. Some of these are founded on principle; some on mere precedent; some on caprice; some on a desire to swell the revenue; and all serve to perplex the game of Nisi Prius, and give advantages to its masters. The power which they exhibit among its intricacies is really admirable, and may almost be considered as a lower order of genius. Its efforts must be immediate; for the exigency presses, and the lawyer, like the woman, "who deliberates is lost." He cannot stop to recollect a precedent, or to estimate all the consequences of a single step; yet he decides boldly and justly. His *tact* is, in truth, the result of a great number of impressions, of which he is now unconscious, which gives him a kind of intuitive power to arrive at once at the right conclusion. Its effects do not make a show in the newspapers; but they are very eloquent in the Sheriff's Office, and in the Rolls of the Court.

Besides exerting these qualities, a leader may render his statements not only perspicuous but elegant; relieve the dulness of a cause by wit not too subtle; and sometimes enliven the court by a momentary play of fancy. To describe Mr. Erskine, when at the bar, is to ascertain the highest intellectual eminence to which a barrister, under the most favourable circumstances, may safely aspire. He had no imaginative power, no originality of thought, no great comprehension of intellect, to encumber his progress. Inimitable as pleadings, his corrected speeches supply nothing which, taken apart from its context and the occasion, is worthy of a place in the memory. Their most brilliant passages are but common places exquisitely wrought, and curiously adapted to his design. Had his mind been pregnant with greater things, teeming with beautiful images, or, indued with deep wisdom, he would have been less fitted to shed lustre on the ordinary feelings and transactions of life. If he had been able to answer Pitt without fainting, or to support Fox without sinking into insignificance, he would not have been the delight of special juries, and the glory of the Court of King's Bench. For that sphere, his powers, his acquisitions, and his temperament, were exactly framed. He brought into it, indeed, accomplishments never displayed there before in equal perfection—glancing wit, rich humour, infinite grace of action, singular felicity of language, and a memory elegantly stored, yet not crowded with subjects of classical and fanciful illustration. Above his audience, he was not beyond their sight, and he possessed rare facilities of raising them to his own level. In this purpose, he was aided by his connexion with a noble family, by a musical voice, and by an eloquent eye, which enticed men to forgive, and even to admire his natural polish and refined allusions. But his moral qualities tended even more to win them. Who could resist a disposition overflowing with kindness, animal spirits as elastic as those of a school boy, and a love of gaiety and pleasure which shone out amidst the most anxious labours? His very weaknesses became instruments of fascination. His egotism, his vanity, his personal frailties, were all genial, and gave him an irresistible claim to sympathy. His warmest colours were drawn not from the fancy but the affections. If he touched on the romantic, it was on the little chapter of romance which belongs to the most hurried and feverish life. The unlettered clown, and the assiduous tradesman, understood him when he revived some bright recollection of childhood, or brought back on the heart the enjoyments of old friendship, or touched the chord of domestic love and sorrow. He wielded with skill and power the weapons which precedent supplied, but he rarely sought for others. When he defended the rights of the subject, it was not by abstract disquisition, but by freshening up anew the venerable customs and immunities which he found sanctioned by courts and parliaments, and infusing into them new energy. He entrenched himself within the forms of pleading, even when he ventured to glance into literature and history. These forms he rendered dignified as a fence against oppression, and cast on them sometimes the playful hues of his fancy. His powers were not only adapted to his

sphere, but directed by admirable discretion and taste. In small causes he was never betrayed into exaggeration, but contrived to give an interest to their details, and to conduct them at once with dexterity and grace. His jests told for arguments; his digressions only threw the jury off their guard that he might strike a decisive blow; his audacity was always wise. His firmness was no less under right direction than his weaknesses. He withstood the bench, and rendered the bar immortal service; not so much by the courage of the resistance, as by the happy selection of its time, and the exact propriety of its manner. He was, in short, the most consummate advocate of whom we have any trace; he left his profession higher than he found it; and yet, beyond its pale, he was only an incomparable companion, a lively pamphleteer, and a weak and superficial debater!

Mr. Scarlett, the present leader of the Court of King's Bench, has less brilliancy than his predecessor, but is not perhaps essentially inferior to him in the management of causes. He studiously disclaims imagination; he rarely addresses the passions; but he now and then gives indications which prove that he has disciplined a mind of considerable elegance and strength to Nisi Prius uses. In the fine *tact* of which we have already spoken, the intuitive power of common sense sharpened within a peculiar circle; he has no superior, and perhaps no equal. He never betrays anxiety in the crisis of a cause, but instantly decides among complicated difficulties, and is almost always right. He can bridge over a nonsuit with insignificant facts, and tread upon the gulf steadily but warily to its end. What Johnson said of Burke's manner of treating a subject is true of his management of a cause, "he winds himself into it like a great serpent." He does not take a single view of it, or desert it when it begins to fail, but throws himself into all its windings, and struggles in it while it has life. There is a lucid arrangement, and sometimes a light vein of pleasantry and feeling in his opening speeches; but his greatest *visible* triumph is in his replies. These do not consist of a mere series of ingenious remarks on conflicting evidence; still less of a tiresome examination of the testimony of each witness singly; but are as finely arranged on the instant, and thrown into as noble and decisive masses, as if they had been prepared in the study. By a vigorous grasp of thought, he forms a plan and an outline, which he first distinctly marks, and then proceeds to fill up with masterly touches. When a case has been spread over half a day, and apparently shattered by the speech and witnesses of his adversary, he will gather it up, condense, concentrate, and render it conclusive. He imparts a weight and solidity to all that he touches. Vague suspicions become certainties, as he exhibits them; and circumstances light, valueless, and unconnected till then, are united together, and come down in wedges which drive conviction into the mind. Of this extraordinary power, his reply on the first trial of "The King v. Collins," where he gained the verdict against evidence and justice, was a wonderful specimen. If such a speech is not an effort of genius, it is so much more complete than many works which have a

portion of that higher faculty, that we almost hesitate to place it below them. Mr. Scarlett, in the debate on the motion relative to the Chancellor's attack on Mr. Abercrombie, showed that he has felt it necessary to bend his mind considerably to the routine of his practice. He was then surprised into his own original nature; and forgetting the measured compass of his long adopted voice and manner, spoke out in a broad northern dialect, and told daring truths which astonished the house. It is not thus, however, that he wins verdicts and compels the court to grant 'rules to show cause!'

Mr. Brougham may, at first, appear to form an exception to the doctrines we have endeavoured to establish; but, on attentive consideration, will be found their most striking example. True it is, that this extraordinary man, who, without high birth, splendid fortune, or aristocratic connexion, has, by mere intellectual power, become the parliamentary leader of the whigs of England, is at last beginning to succeed in the profession he has condescended to follow. But, stupendous as his abilities, and various as his acquisitions are, he does not possess that one presiding faculty—imagination, which, as it concentrates all others, chiefly renders them unavailing for inferior uses. Mr. Brougham's powers are not thus united and rendered unwieldy and prodigious, but remain apart, and neither assist nor impede each other. The same speech, indeed, may give scope to several talents; to lucid narration, to brilliant wit, to irresistible reasoning, and even to heart-touching pathos; but these will be found in parcels, not blended and interfused in one superhuman burst of passionate eloquence. The single power in which he excels all others is sarcasm, and his deepest inspiration—Scorn. Hence he can awaken terror and shame far better than he can melt, agitate, and raise. Animated by this blasting spirit, he can "bare the mean hearts" which "lurk beneath" a hundred "stars," and smite a majority of lordly persecutors into the dust! His power is all directed to the practical and earthy. It is rather that of a giant than a magician; of Briareus than of Prospero. He can do a hundred things well, and almost at once; but he cannot do the one highest thing; he cannot, by a single touch, reveal the hidden treasures of the soul, and astonish the world with truth and beauty unknown till disclosed at his bidding. Over his vast domain he ranges with amazing activity, and is a different man in each province which he occupies. He is not one, but Legion. At three in the morning he will make a reply in parliament, which shall blanch the cheeks and appal the hearts of his enemies; and at half past nine he will be found in his place in court, working out a case in which a bill of five pounds is disputed with all the plodding care of the most laborious junior. This multiplicity of avocation, and division of talent, suit the temper of his constitution and mind. Not only does he accomplish a greater variety of purposes than any other man—not only does he give anxious attention to every petty cause, while he is fighting a great political battle and weighing the relative interests of nations—not only does

he write an article for the Edinburgh Review while contesting a county, and prepare complicated arguments on Scotch appeals by way of rest from his generous endeavours to educate a people—but he does all this as if it were perfectly natural to him, in a manner so unpretending and quiet, that a stranger would think him a merry gentleman who had nothing to do but enjoy himself and fascinate others. The fire which burns in the tough fibres of his intellect does not quicken his pulse, or kindle his blood to more than a genial warmth. He, therefore, is one man in the senate, another in the study, another in a committee room, and another in a petty cause; and consequently is never above the work which he has to perform. His powers are all as distinct and as ready for use as those of the most accomplished of Old Bailey practitioners. His most remarkable faculty, taken singly, the power of sarcasm, can be understood even by a Lancaster jury. And yet, though worthy to rank with statesmen before whom Erskine sunk into insignificance, and though following his profession with zeal and perseverance almost unequalled, he has hardly been able to conquer the impediment of that splendid reputation, which to any other man must have been fatal!

These great examples are sufficient for our purpose, and it would be invidious to add more. Without particularizing any, we may safely affirm that if the majority of successful advocates are not men of genius, they are men of very active and penetrating intellect, disciplined by the peculiar necessity of their profession to the strictest honour, and taught by their intimate and near acquaintance with all the casualties of human life, and the varieties of human nature, indulgence to frailty and generosity to misfortune. It is impossible to estimate too highly the value of such a body of men, aspiring, charitable, and acute; who, sprung from the people, naturally sympathize with their interests; who, being permitted to grasp at the honours of the state, are supplied with high motives to preserve its constitution; and who, if not very eager for improving the laws, at least keep unceasing watch over every attempt to infringe on the rights they sustain, or to pervert them to purposes of oppression. If they are too prone to change their party as they rise, they seldom do so from base or sordid motives, and often infuse a better spirit into those whose favours they consent to receive.

Let no one of those who, with a consciousness of fine talents, has failed in his profession, abate his self-esteem, or repine at his fortune. A life of success, though a life of excitement, is also a life of constant toil, in which the pleasures of contemplation and of society are sparingly felt, and which sometimes tend to a melancholy close. Besides, the best part of our days is past before the struggle begins. Success itself has nothing here so sweet as the anticipations of boyish ambition and the partial love by which they were fostered. A barrister can scarcely hope to begin a career of anxious prosperity till after thirty; and surely he who has attained that age, after a youth of robust study and manly pleasure, with firm friends, and an unspotted character, has no right to complain of the world!

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

BY GRIMM'S GRANDSON.

No. III.

Paris, Feb. 18, 1825.

I AM very much afraid, my dear friend, that you grave Englishmen may have thought my last letter too light and frivolous.

To expiate my offence I am going to give you *the history of the progress of good sense* in France. Instead of aiming at originality and invention, I shall stick to the convenient character of a sober historian. In my first letter I described to you the two sects into which all those of our young literati, who wish to *get on* in the world, and who think it a better thing to be in fashion now than to be illustrious hereafter, are divided.

The party of the Globe who profess the Kantian philosophy mitigated by M. Cousin, have just struck a great blow at the Constitutionnel, whose *rédacteurs*, Messrs. Etienne, Jay, Dumoulin, Thiers, &c. are disciples of the philosophy of Voltaire. They have passed sentence upon them. This is a vast triumph among a nation of Dandins,* whose strongest passion is that of sitting in judgment on each other.

Messrs. Etienne, Jay, Dumoulin, and the other oracles of the Constitutionnel, are utterly incapable of understanding any of the philosophical works which, since Voltaire's time, have advanced the science of good sense in France. To confess the whole truth, the frivolity and shallowness of these gentlemen is almost equal to the pedantry and conceit of their adversaries, the young Cousinists.

You tell me that I ascribe too much importance to this latter sect. I must acknowledge that their paper, the Globe, has but few subscribers, and is too dull to be very successful at Paris; but it is, for all that, the representative of the most estimable part of the young men of France; I mean those who are not obliged to work for a subsistence, and whose fathers have from eight thousand to twenty thousand francs a year.

The sons of wealthier families are in general trained to hypocrisy; their principal aim is to please the Jesuits, and through the instrumentality of the *good fathers*, to obtain a place under government.

There is a stubborn and discourteous pride, an ill-suppressed conceit, worthy of the *Pedans* of Moliere, in the manner in which the Globe has assumed and exercised the right of judging its opponents. I shall take the great liberty of judging both; my sentence will be pronounced in an historical form; and will be included in the *history of good sense* in France.

It appears to me that nature has denied the spirit of investigation (i. e. the art of coolly examining a thing, and of seeing it as it really is) both to the French and to the English. She has reserved it for the Germans,

* The Dandin in Racine's *Plaideurs*, who had a great rage for judging.

and it is by means of this spirit of investigation that they have achieved the only great action they have to boast. This is, however, the greatest action of modern times—I mean of course Luther's Reformation.

In France the first necessity of life has always been to be in the fashion. It is the sole passion of the nation. I can adduce historical proofs extracted from the Memoires of d'Aubigné, Montluc, l'Etoisle, that this passion was despotic even so long ago as the year 1600. Before the eighteenth century the intellectual world of Paris—(the provinces, not being able to set a fashion, never reckoned for any thing in intellectual affairs) was divided into perfectly distinct kingdoms. Each of these kingdoms had its inhabitants, its language, its revenues. Each had its representatives at the Sorbonne, and at the university of Paris, which might be regarded as the *permanent congress* of the federation of the sciences. Each science, law, theology, medicine, was governed by laws independent of all the others and of public opinion. The Grands Seigneurs, as we see in the extremely instructive Memoirs of Bassompierre and Gourville, rode on horseback and made love. To write five lines, or to read a page, would have been an insupportable toil to these illustrious nobles.

The provincial, or lesser nobility, went gaily to the wars, and literally could not read. Would you believe that the letters of Montesquieu,* written about the year 1740, are full of the grossest orthographical blunders?

The only occupations of the *bourgeois* of old France were to get money in the day, and to get drunk at night. About the year 1600, these three classes, the great lords, the provincial *noblesse,* or gentry, as you would call them, and the *bourgeois,* or merchants, and shopkeepers, according to all the information I can find concerning their state, had the most profound admiration for the Sorbonne and for the University of Paris, and received as absolute decrees whatever these learned bodies deigned to communicate to the public. The law students of Paris, who were called *le corps de la Basoche,* were in those days very much what the *Burschen,* or students of the German universities, so formidable to the Emperor Alexander, are now. They got drunk every night; every day fought duels, in which nobody was ever killed; their principal business at Paris in 1600 was, as it is at Jena in 1825, to frighten the citizens.

At the end of the seventeenth century a total change took place in the intellectual world. The daring speculations of Bayle, unquestionably in order of time, and perhaps in that of merit, the first philosopher of France; the innovations remarkable alike for discretion and for genius, which Pascal introduced into the regions of theology; the jokes of Moliere upon the state of medicine; all combined to set the dangerous example of giving the public a voice in learned matters.

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* Private letters to his friends by Montesquieu. I have lately seen thirteen.

The prudent administration of Colbert had diffused general prosperity throughout the kingdom, which gave the *bourgeois* leisure for thought. This may be regarded as the date of the commencement of that political revolution which broke out in 1789.

Fontenelle flattered the vanity of women and of lords, by accommodating the science of astronomy to their capacities. This, from the relation it has the honour to bear to astrology, was at that time the most respectable of the sciences in the eyes of people of rank. I am sorry to confess the fact, that there are even now more people in Paris who believe in Mademoiselle le Normand than in the Pope.

La Bruyère, by bringing before the eyes of the *bourgeois* the absurdities of the nobles, shook the respect the people had always entertained for those about the Court. Montesquieu published his immortal *Lettres Persanes,* as bold as they are amusing. Lastly, Voltaire from being a mere *bel-esprit,* about the year 1740 turned philosopher, and all was lost.

The delicious memoirs of Madame du Hausset, which at this moment divide the attention of Paris, with Count de Segur's Retreat of Moscow, inform us, that the Dauphin, the father of Louis XVIII. would have thrown Voltaire into prison for life, if he had been able.

Such a step would certainly have been for the interest of *power* in the form in which it existed in 1760. If Voltaire had been hanged or burnt in 1765, as the Chevalier de la Barre was at Abbeville, the progress of good sense in France would have been retarded forty or fifty years. Voltaire, Fontenelle, and Montesquieu, successfully exposed the Sorbonne and the University, which were the van-guard of the despotic throne of Louis XV. That monarch, who had considerable sense, saw the turn that affairs were taking, and frequently said for his own consolation: "The present state of things will last longer than I shall." He was right; he died in 1775, and the monarchy in 1789.

Voltaire and Fontenelle, by incessantly reminding the public of the decisions of the Sorbonne against the circulation of the blood, inoculation, &c. brought that body into utter contempt. When the Sorbonne condemned Marmontel's Belisarius, the scavengers of the Louvre covered the decree, which was stuck on the walls of that palace, with the mud from their brooms.

Towards the year 1730, arose a spirit of doubt and of inquiry. The opinion of Paris, that is to say of France, after having been so long prostrate before learning, saw learning prostrate before it, in its turn. Every thing changed its aspect in the republic of letters, and a new queen, society, gave the law. But it was no longer the society of *cabarets,* like that of 1700.

About the year 1730, the higher and more powerful nobility began to think it meritorious to have talents and acquirements; and what is worse, a philosophic spirit, by which was meant a spirit of inquiry and of severe criticism. Witness the President de Maisons, Vauvenargues, and many others.

Ever since the year 1750, it has been thought pedantic in France to speak Latin, to use scholastic terms, in short, not to be *intelligible to every body*. This explains the universality of the French language on the Continent. Whatever diplomatists or poets may say, the principle merit of a language is to be *clear*. It soon came to be ridiculous for a man specially addicted to one science or pursuit, and ignorant of every thing out of it. Thus d'Alembert, though a great geometrician, talked about poetry. It was *du bon ton* for Cardinals to write songs after the fashion of Cardinal de Polignac; and for poets, like Marmontel, to write dissertations on theology—(vide ch. xv. of Belisarius). Women of rank, as for instance Voltaire's mistress, the Marquise du Chatelet, wrote treatises on physics. Writers of all classes tried to disguise learning under the garb of *good sense*, and to conceal the *savant* under the air of the man of the world. We soon arrived at the extreme point of this system.

We had men of the world, but no men of learning or science. The Abbé Barthelemi, for instance, the friend of the Duchess de Choiseul, published Le Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis en Grèce, which, in spite of its immense success throughout Europe, is only the voyage of the Marquis Anacharsis, and gives the most false and erroneous ideas of ancient Greece. Such examples are superfluous at Paris, but I do not expect that you in London should believe me on my word.

When a man speaks obscurely, the inference here is not, as it would be at Dresden, or at Königsberg, that he is sublime, and that it is proper to admire him; but, on the contrary, that he is a charlatan or a blockhead. We admire him only when, alike the Abbé de la Mennais, he succeeds in getting a Cardinal's hat. Hence comes the proverb that "ce qui est obscur n'est pas Français."

About the year 1750, public opinion having become intellectual queen of France, nothing was wanting to complete the form of government but tribunes of the people, who, as in old Rome, might be regarded as their leaders, and a journal for the publication of their decrees.

The philosophers of France were formed by this general want: they compiled their Encyclopédie, the most useful book that ever was published. Diderot, familiarized the people not only of France but of Europe to see the truth on questions which determined the happiness of nations. This great work was in fact nothing but a journal, a *Review of antiquated opinions*, which it overthrows and replaces by others. Happily it was persecuted, because *the fashion*, and consequently gave a serious shock to the "*gouvernement despotique tempere par les chansons et les prêtres*,"—the true character of the government of France before the year 1789.

About the year 1775, as soon as a man became irreligious, and criticized governments and priests, he acquired the right of criticizing *savans*. *Savans* of all sorts thus saw themselves degraded to the second rank. Freret, for instance, had not a hundredth part of the reputation of d'Alembert.

Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, which, by the bye, has only just now been translated into English, was, in 1775, the catechism of every body in France who could read and recite (for proofs of this, see the Memoirs of Madame d'Epinay, of Bezenval, of Lauzun, and of that fiery Jesuit, the Abbé Georgel.

To obtain any literary success, it was necessary to be of the *parti Encyclopedique.* An epigram, or a complimentary letter of Voltaire, gave the fashion, and of course decided the success or the fall of a work.

Gilbert, the best satirical poet of France, took the side of the clergy. The *parti Encyclopedique* killed him, just as your Quarterly Review is said to have killed Keats. He died at the age of twenty-eight in a mad-house, after swallowing the key of his room.

The result of this long historical treatise is, that France is indebted for her two Chambers to Voltaire, but the degrees of good sense created in France by the serious discussions of those Chambers is vastly beyond Voltaire. He appeared profound in 1775, when Delille, Dorat, and the *gentil* Bernard, gave the law in poetry, and when the body of the Chevalier de la Barre was burnt at Abbeville; but he is too light for the present time. Since our taste for poetry was guided by such men as Beranger, de la Martine, and de la Vigne, he sometimes appears almost puerile. Voltaire overthrew the monarchy, but the Revolution has overthrown him.

The philosophy of M. Cousin looks down with contempt on the irony of the eighteenth century, and endeavours to get beyond the reach of Voltaire. The *litterateurs* of the set of Jouy, Etienne, &c. who are not particularly remarkable for strength of head, do not choose, at their age, to go back to school. They declare that they will stick to the philosophy of Voltaire. They put themselves on the defensive. This is sufficient to decide their fate in France. Fashion will take part against them, and in five years they will be ridiculous. Although the Constitutionnel is conducted with great talent, and has twenty thousand subscribers; although the Globe, on the other hand, has not perhaps two hundred, and is written with the most repulsive awkwardness, a better written paper will succeed it, and the Cousinists will triumph over the party of Jouy, Etienne, &c. But this is not all. The history of the present state of philosophy among us, is more amusing than you Londoners imagine. The Jesuits, who were barely tolerated by the despot Napoleon, under the name of *pères de la foi,* have regained their power since the restoration of the Bourbons; and we now have the unspeakable diversion of seeing the Abbé de la Mennais, and his Journal *Le Memorial Catholique,* engaged in a war with MM. Jouy, Benjamin Constant, Cauchois, Lemaire, and all the *rump* of Voltairism.

If Voltaire is too puerile, and too frivolous for our grave young men, M. de la Mennais, on the other hand, is too absurd for the degree of good sense which the discussions of the two Chambers have diffused through the nation. The progress made by good sense between the

years 1815 and 1825 is immense; for which reason I bless the loss of the battle of Waterloo, and the restoration of the Bourbons. That nothing may be wanting to our amusement, MM. Lanjuinais, Gregorie, and de Sacy, furious Jansenists, have attacked the Jesuits, and from time to time fulminate against them such learned works, as *l'Histoire de la Bastonnade, l'Histoire des Confesseurs des Rois,* &c.

The true French philosophy; that which is *clear;* that which is founded on experience; that which was taught by Condillac, Cabanis, de Tracy; that which the poor Germans complain wounds them to *the soul,* because it ridicules them; that which before the expiration of thirty years will be *physiologically* proved by the anatomical labours of Messrs. Majendie, Gall, and Fleurens, will triumph over the obscure bombast of Kant, of Steding, of Proclus, and even over the *niaiseries,* which the illustrious *poet* Plato, and his translator, M. Victor Cousin, have clothed in such beautiful language.

The pretensions of the Jesuits are curious enough. They are enemies equally of the Globe and of the Constitutionnel; they wish to annihilate all philosophy, and to prevail upon public opinion to commit suicide, and to declare itself non-existing. This extremity of absurdity (which is supported by the Abbé de la Mennais, a man of infinite talent, who has gained a cardinal's hat by this sort of trade) renders the *Memorial Catholique* very amusing to Parisians.

The Globe has succeeded admirably in exposing the absurdity of M. de la Mennais, who, instead of acting the Pope, and saying to the people, "Tremble, I speak to you in the voice of the Lord," benignly says to them, "Approach, my dear friends, and let me prove to you by reason that it is your duty to give up your reason. And you, my brethren of the *Tiers Etat,* let me convince you that it is for your good quietly to suffer yourselves to be beaten, as the Chevalier de Rohan beat Voltaire in 1725."

The publication which has made the greatest noise in Paris for the last month is the Abbé de la Mennai's furious pamphlet against M. de Freyssinous, Bishop of Hermopolis, and Grand Master of the University of Paris. He tells the bishop that he is an Atheist, because the law against sacrilege which he presented to the peers (that atrocious law which ordains the cutting off the hand and the head) *is not severe enough.* This proves that the Jesuits have found out that without the assistance of the hangman (that good friend of the Count le Maistre), it is impossible to *kill* public opinion. How, in fact, are they to persuade a vain people to be silent, vain too of nothing so much as of talking well?

Hitherto my province has been merely that of the historian of the philosophy of Paris, from 1600 to 1825. I shall now play the prophet. In a few years the Jesuits will despair of prevailing on the most garrulous people of Europe to hold their tongues, and will see that this inquisitive nation must absolutely have a philosophy. They will then declare openly in favour of the philosophy of Steding and of Kant,

This has, at least, the merit of obscurity, and may serve to cover some useful little frauds.

But nothing can be hoped from that abominable philosophy which cries out to you, "Distrust every body—me to begin with—think that all men lie—believe nothing but experience. The moment that I become obscure, I must have become absurd without knowing it." There are good reasons, you see, why the philosophy of Locke, of Condillac, of Cabanis, cannot be an instrument suited to the purposes of the Jesuits.

What course will the partisans of M. Cousin, Kant, Steding, Proclus, and Plato, adopt when the Jesuits, despairing of their own cause, offer them their protection. This is the grand question among the curious. As a political man, formed by long experience of Parisian hypocrisy, I answer, the most ambitious among the Cousinists will find some decent pretext for accepting places under government, after the fashion of your Southey, and Wordsworth. The more honest will be converts to the philosophy which says, "As soon as I became obscure, I became absurd without knowing it." I have not the slightest doubt that twenty years since, by means of physiological proofs of the truths expounded by Condillac and his school, France will give to the world the system of philosophy the least encumbered with errors that has yet appeared.

The aristocracy, and the priests of all countries, and of all religions, will do their utmost to discredit this philosophy, which rests upon the discoveries of Fleurens, Majendie, Gall, &c. But their opposition will signify little. It will gain ground among the valuable middle class, formed by that equal division of inheritance which is so absurdly attacked in the last number but one of the Edinburgh Review. This class, which is composed of men possessing about 250*l.* a year, increases every day, reads all the good new books, and gives the tone to public opinion. It has deposed the class of men of 2000*l.* a year, who, in the time of Voltaire, and Madame du Duffand, the Marquisses de Chatelux, de Condorcet, and de Beauvau, directed public opinion in France.

No very remarkable book has appeared this month. I saw, for two hours only, the two first volumes of the Memoirs of Madame de Genlis, which are not yet published. Madame de Genlis was a poor country girl. She lived a very loose life, and her offspring are scattered all over Europe; but, thanks to her consummate hypocrisy, she always preserved the respect necessary for keeping her place in society. She had the most violent ungoverned passions. She was a woman of astonishing talents, even greater, perhaps, than those of Madame de Staël. Recollect that Madame de Genlis was always under a mask; while Madame de Staël, so far from concealing her private feelings, turned them to the account of her eloquence.

I was terribly afraid that Madame de Genlis would have spoiled her Memoirs by her hypocrisy. There is rather too much of it, in my opinion, but still they are very amusing. Madame de Genlis is eighty-

one, and if she had printed nothing for the last ten years she would be in higher estimation than any woman in France. In this country, people may get out of any scrape by dint of hypocrisy. It is often *mauvais ton* to unmask it. These memoirs, which contain nothing hostile to aristocratic sentiments, will doubtless have great success in England.

A work of a much deeper interest is about to be published. This is, the Memoirs of the famous d'Argenson, the Minister of Louis XV. He was not only a Minister, but a man of genius. I am afraid the family of M. d'Argenson will not dare to print all. He furnishes capital materials for the history of the eighteenth century. This history has been admirably treated by M. Lemontey, but he dares not publish it.

It is confidently rumoured that in about a year M. de Latil will be made Prime Minister and Cardinal. In this case the booksellers of Paris will not be able to publish any thing for two or three years; that is the ordinary duration of a ministry in France. One of our booksellers has just given a most honourable example of probity and disinterestedness. M. Bossange, being convinced that Mademoiselle Bertin's Memoirs of Marie Antoinette are apocryphal, immediately apprized the public of the fact, and thus lost the sale of the book.

A very interesting translation of the papers relating to the trial of the famous Cenci has just appeared. The family of the Cenci was one of the most opulent in Rome in the seventeenth century. Cenci, the head of the family, a man of the most violent character, detested his sons, and while they were living built tombs for them, to which he constantly expressed the hope of seeing them consigned. For his daughter he conceived far other sentiments. He loved her with the most violent passion. She resisted his importunities for a long time; at last, fearing the violence of her terrible father, she hired assassins to destroy him. Her trial was long protracted; but as she was very rich, the courtiers of the reigning Pope persuaded him to send her to the scaffold. Guido, the immortal painter, who was then at Rome, contrived to paint a portrait of this lovely girl at the moment she was going to execution. This most touching perhaps of all paintings, is in the collection of Prince Barberini, at Rome. The trial of la Cenci exhibits a striking picture of the ferocious manners of the Romans of the seventeenth century. It is a fine supplement to the Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini.

You are acquainted with the *Biographie Universelle*, a work distinguished for *cant*, published by Michaud. The 59th volume of this book, extremely puffed by the Jesuits, and by all the Journals whom M. Michaud has had the talent and address to propitiate, contains an infamous article on J. J. Rousseau. This great man, who was insane for the last ten years of his life (from 1768 to 1778), and who closed it (as I firmly believe) by an act of suicide, is represented as a monster. This is the work of the ultra party, whose official journal, the Quotidienne, is published by M. Michaud. The atrocity of such an article ought to hinder impartial people from buying Messrs. Michaud's *Biographie Universelle*.

The high reputation of the *Proverbes* of M. Théodore le Clerc, has excited in the Duchess of Berri, who is an enlightened patroness of the arts, a desire to have one represented at her theatre, formerly the Gymnase. We are to have *le plus beau jour de ma vie.* It is a picture no less vigorous and true, than comical, of the distresses which await a young man on his wedding-day. We are never permitted in France, particularly in whatever regards marriage, to do what one likes, or what the feelings of the moment dictate. There is always a certain model of *bon ton,* a certain ideal pattern, which must be kept in view, and upon which all must fashion themselves. This is the most striking absurdity of the French character. In the time of Molière, the French were too *individual*—they conformed too little to the demands of society. Now it is quite the reverse. The admirable *petit proverbe* of M. Théodore le Clerc is directed against this great evil.

I have just seen the proofs of a new volume of songs of M. de Beranger's, which will be published in a week. They appear to me in too lofty a vein of poetry. They are rather odes than songs. I shall not be surprised if this volume is thought inferior to the others. M. de Beranger's best songs are those which he does not print, as he has no mind to pay a visit to St. Pelagie for this volume, as he did for the former ones. The song entitled *le Mariage du Pape* is to me delicious. The French Academy is rather ashamed of having elected M. Droz, and is going, it is said, to nominate M. de la Vigne to the place vacant by the death of M. Ferrand.—Farewell, my dear friend.

ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE.*

This is one of the wittiest and pleasantest little books that has been published since the "Rejected Addresses." It is written with great carelessness; many parts of it will scarcely be understood by the public; and in some instances the author himself would be to seek, we imagine, in explaining his meaning. In spite of these faults, the profusion of the wit, the gaiety which sparkles everywhere, and the good-nature and the truth which animate every page, must insure it a very extensive popularity. The merit of the Odes and Addresses is by no means inferior in degree to that of the celebrated volume before alluded to—and it is moreover of a superior order. The chief value of the Rejected Addresses consisted in the felicity of the imitations—they were a sort of *literary* satire. The Odes and Addresses are neither a literary, nor a personal, nor a political, but a *moral* satire—not dwelling even upon the higher moralities, but touching with infinite ease and humour upon the

* Odes and Addresses to Great People. 12mo. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, 1825.

foibles and follies of the day. The extracts will speak for themselves —the first is from an Ode to Graham, the Aeronaut.

Dear Graham, whilst the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
Their meaner flights pursue,
Let us cast off the foolish ties
That bind us to the earth, and rise
And take a bird's-eye view!—

A few more whiffs of my segar
And then, in Fancy's airy car,
Have with thee for the skies:—
How oft this fragrant smoke upcurl'd
Hath borne me from this little world,
And all that in it lies!

Away!—away!—the bubble fills—
Farewell to earth and all its hills!
We seem to cut the wind!—
So high we mount, so swift we go,
The chimney tops are far below,
The Eagle's left behind!—

Ah me! my brain begins to swim!—
The world is growing rather dim;
The steeples and the trees—
My wife is getting very small!
I cannot see my babe at all!
The Dollond, if you please!—

Do, Graham, let me have a quiz,
Lord! what a Lilliput it is,
That little world of Mogg's!—
Are those the London Docks?—that channel,
The mighty Thames?—a proper kennel
For that small Isle of Dogs!—

What is that seeming tea-urn there?
That fairy dome, St. Paul's—I swear,
Wren must have been a Wren!—
And that small stripe?—it cannot be
The City Road!—Good lack! to see
The little ways of men!

* * * * *

Look at the horses!—less than flies!—
Oh, what a waste it was of sighs
To wish to be a Mayor!
What is the honour?—none at all,
One's honour must be very small
For such a civic chair!—

* * * * *

Oh! Graham, how the upper air
Alters the standards of compare;
One of our silken flags
Would cover London all about—
Nay then—let's even empty out
Another brace of bags!

Now for a glass of bright champagne
Above the clouds !—Come, let us drain
  A bumper as we go !—
But hold !—for God's sake do not cant
The cork away—unless you want
  To brain your friends below.

Think ! what a mob of little men
Are crawling just within our ken,
  Like mites upon a cheese !—
Pshaw !—how the foolish sight rebukes
Ambitious thoughts! can there be *Dukes*
  Of *Gloster* such as these !—

Oh ! what is glory ?—what is fame ?
Hark to the little mob's acclaim,
  'Tis nothing but a hum !—
A few near gnats would trump as loud
As all the shouting of a crowd
  That has so far to come !—

Well—they are wise that choose the near,
A few small buzzards in the ear,
  To organs ages hence !—
Ah me, how distant touches all ;
It makes the true look rather small,
  But murders poor pretence.

" The world recedes !—it disappears !
Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
  With buzzing noises ring ! "—
A fig for Southey's Laureat lore !
What's Rogers here ?—Who cares for Moore
  That hears the Angels sing !—

A fig for earth, and all its minions !—
We are above the world's opinions,
  Graham ! we'll have our own !—
Look what a vantage height we've got !—
Now—*do* you think Sir Walter Scott
  Is such a Great Unknown.

* * * * *

Speak up, my lad !—when men run small
We'll show what's little in them all,
  Receive it how they will !—

Think now of Irving !—shall he preach
The princes down,—shall he impeach
  The potent and the rich,
Merely on ethic stilts,—and I
Not moralize at two miles high
  The true didactic pitch !—

Come :—what d'ye think of Jeffrey, sir ?
Is Gifford such a Gulliver
  In Lilliput's Review,

That like Colossus he should stride
Certain small brazen inches wide
For poets to pass through ?

* * * * *

On clouds the Byron did not sit,
Yet dar'd on Shakspeare's head to spit,
And say the world was wrong !

And shall not we ? Let's think aloud !
Thus being couch'd upon a cloud,
Graham, we'll have our eyes !
We felt the great when we were less,
But we'll retort on littleness
Now we are in the skies.

O Graham, Graham, how I blame
The bastard blush,—the petty shame,
That used to fret me quite,—
The little sores I cover'd then,
No sores on earth, nor sorrows when
The world is out of sight !

* * * * *

Campbell—(you cannot see him here)—
Hath scorn'd my *lays* :—do his appear
Such great eggs from the sky ?—
And Longman, and his lengthy Co.
Long, only, in a little Row,
Have thrust my poems by !

What else ?—I'm poor, and much beset
With damn'd small duns—that is—in debt
Some grains of golden dust !
But only worth, above, is worth.—
What's all the credit of the earth ?
An inch of cloth on trust !

They continue at this height some time and then descend. But we must pursue another flight.

The next extract is part of an Address to the Steam Washing Company. It is exceedingly clever, and is followed by a laughable letter from a Washerwoman to the Committee.

Mr. Scrub—Mr. Slop—or whoever you be !
The Cock of Steam Laundries,—the head Patentee
Of Associate Cleansers,—Chief founder and prime
Of the firm for the wholesale distilling of grime—
Co-partners and dealers, in linen's propriety—
That make washing public—and wash in society—
O lend me your ear ! if that ear can forego,
For a moment, the music that bubbles below,—

* * * * *

If your hands may stand still, or your steam without danger—
If your suds will not cool, and a mere simple stranger,
Both to you and to washing, may put in a rub,—
O wipe out your Amazon arms from the tub,—
And lend me your ear,—Let me modestly plead

For a race that your labours may soon supersede—
For a race that, now washing no living affords—
Like Grimaldi must leave their aquatic old boards,
Not with pence in their pockets to keep them at ease,
Not with bread in the funds—or investments of cheese,—
But to droop like sad willows that liv'd by a stream,
Which the sun has suck'd up into vapour and steam.
Ah, look at the laundress, before you begrudge
Her hard daily bread to that laudable drudge—
When chanticleer singeth his earliest matins,
She slips her amphibious feet in her pattens,
And beginneth her toil while the morn is still grey,
As if she was washing the night into day—

* * * * *

Her head is involv'd in an aërial mist,
And a bright-beaded bracelet encircles her wrist;
Her visage glows warm with the ardour of duty;
She's Industry's moral—she's all moral beauty!
Growing brighter and brighter at every rub—
Would any man ruin her?—No, Mr. Scrub!
No man that is manly would work her mishap—
No man that is manly would covet her cap—
Nor her apron—her hose—nor her gown made of stuff—
Nor her gin—nor her tea—nor her wet pinch of snuff!
Alas! so *she* thought—but that slippery hope
Has betray'd her—as tho' she had trod on her soap!
And she,—whose support,—like the fishes that fly,
Was to have her fins wet, must now drop from her sky—
She whose living it was, and a part of her fare,
To be damp'd once a day, like the great white sea bear,
With her hands like a sponge, and her head like a mop—
Quite a living absorbent that revell'd in slop—
She that paddled in water must walk upon sand,
And sigh for her deeps like a turtle on land!

Lo, then, the poor laundress, all wretched she stands,
Instead of a counterpane wringing her hands!
All haggard and pinch'd, going down in life's vale,
With no faggot for burning, like Allan-a-dale!
No smoke from her flue—and no steam from her pane,
Where once she watch'd heaven, fearing God and the rain—
Or gaz'd o'er her bleach-field so fairly engross'd,
Till the lines wander'd idle from pillar to post!
Ah, where are the playful young pinners, ah, where
The harlequin quilts that cut capers in air—
The brisk waltzing stockings—the white and the black,
That danc'd on the tight rope, or swung on the slack—
The light sylph-like garments, so tenderly pinn'd,
That blew into shape, and embodied the wind!
There was white on the grass—there was white on the spray—
Her garden—it look'd like a garden of May!
But now all is dark—not a shirt's on a shrub,
You've ruin'd her prospects in life, Mr. Scrub!
You've ruin'd her custom—now families drop her—
From her silver reduc'd—nay, reduc'd from her *copper!*

The last of her washing is done at her eye,
One poor little kerchief that never gets dry!
From mere lack of linen she can't lay a cloth,
And boils neither barley nor alkaline broth,—
But her children come round her as victuals grow scant,
And recal, with foul faces, the source of their want—
When she thinks of their poor little mouths to be fed,
And then thinks of her trade that is utterly dead,
And even its pearlashes laid in the grave—
Whilst her tub is a dry rotting, stave after stave,
And the greatest of Coopers, ev'n he that they dub
Sir Astley, can't bind up her heart or her tub,—
Need you wonder she curses your bones, Mr. Scrub!
Need you wonder, when steam has depriv'd her of bread,
If she prays that the evil may visit *your* head—
Nay, scald all the heads of your Washing Committee,—
If she wishes you all the soot blacks of the city—
In short, not to mention all plagues without number,
If she wishes you all in the *Wash* at the Humber!

Ah, perhaps, in some moment of drowth and despair,
When her linen got scarce, and her washing grew rare—
When the sum of her suds might be summ'd in a bowl,
And the rusty cold iron quite enter'd her soul:
When, perhaps, the last glance of her wandering eye
Had caught "the Cock Laundresses' Coach" going by,
Or her lines that hung idle, to waste the fine weather,
And she thought of her wrongs and her rights both together,
In a lather of passion that froth'd as it rose,
Too angry for grammar, too lofty for prose,
On her sheet—if a sheet were still left her—to write,
Some remonstrance like this then, perchance, saw the light—

Our contemporary, or rather ancestor, Sylvanus Urban, is addressed in a strain of very amusing satire upon his antiquated gossip.

Old tottering years have nodded to their falls,
Like pensioners that creep about and die;—
But thou, Old Parr of periodicals,
Livest in monthly immortality!

* * * * *

How dear through thy Obituary to roam,
And not a name of any name to catch!
To meet thy Criticism walking home
Averse from rows, and never calling "Watch!"

Rich is thy page in soporific things,—
Composing compositions,—lulling men,—
Faded old posies of unburied rings,—
Confessions dozing from an opiate pen:—

Lives of Right Reverends that have never liv'd,—
Deaths of good people that have really died,—
Parishioners,—hatch'd,—husbanded,—and wiv'd,—
Bankrupts and Abbots breaking side by side!

The sacred query,—the remote response,—
  The march of serious mind, extremely slow,—
The graver's cut at some right aged sconce,
  Famous for nothing many years ago!

B. asks of C. if Milton e'er did write
  "Comus," obscured beneath some Ludlow lid;—
And C., next month, an answer doth indite,
  Informing B. that Mr. Milton did!

X. sends the portrait of a genuine flea,
  Caught upon Martin Luther years agone;—
And Mr. Parkes, of Shrewsbury, draws a bee,
  Long dead, that gather'd honey for King John.

* * * * *

Go on—and close the eyes of distant ages!
  Nourish the names of the undoubted dead!
So Epicures shall pick thy lobster-pages,
  Heavy and lively, though but seldom *red*.

Go on! and thrive! Demurest of odd fellows!
  Bottling up dulness in an ancient binn!
Still live! still prose!—continue still to tell us
  Old truths! no strangers, though we take them in!

There is an Address to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, upon their disgraceful practice of demanding money for permission to enter and view the interior of the Abbey, which is written with a happy mixture of caustic wit and hearty indignation. We quote a few of the stanzas—

Here many a pensive pilgrim, brought
  By reverence for those learned bones,
Shall often come and walk your short
  Two-shilling fare upon the stones.—
Ye have that talisman of Wealth,
  Which puddling chemists sought of old
Till ruin'd out of hope and health—
  The Tomb's the stone that turns to gold!

Oh, licens'd cannibals, ye eat
  Your dinners from your own dead race,
Think Gray, preserv'd,—a "funeral meat,"
  And Dryden, devil'd,—after grace,
A relish;—and you take your meal
  From rare Ben Jonson underdone,
Or, whet your holy knives on Steele,
  To cut away at Addison!

Oh say, of all this famous age,
  Whose learned bones your hopes expect,
Oh have ye number'd Rydal's sage,
  Or Moore among your Ghosts elect?
Lord Byron was not doom'd to make
  You richer by his final sleep—
Why don't ye warn the Great to take
  Their ashes to no other heap!

Southey's reversion have ye got?
  With Coleridge, for his body, made
A bargain?—has Sir Walter Scott,
  Like Peter Schlemihl, sold his shade?

* * * * *

Rare is your show, ye righteous men!
  Priestly Politos,—rare, I ween;
But should ye not outside the Den
  Paint up what in it may be seen?

* * * * *

Put up in Poets' Corner, near
  The little door, a platform small;
Get there a monkey—never fear,
  You'll catch the gapers, one and all!
Stand each of ye a Body Guard,
  A Trumpet under either fin,
And yell away in Palace Yard
  "All dead! All dead! Walk in! Walk in!"

"Walk in! two shillings only! come!
  Be not by country grumblers funk'd!—
Walk in, and see th' illustrious dumb,
  The Cheapest House for the defunct!"
Write up, 'twill breed some just reflection,
  And every rude surmise 'twill stop—
Write up, that you have no connexion
  (In large)—with any other shop!

&c. &c.

We cannot afford to transfer any more of this clever little volume to our pages. We have done enough to make our readers desire to possess it. There are nine or ten Odes or Addresses besides those we have mentioned. We may point out as truly excellent the one to old Grimaldi, and also that to Captain Parry. The Ode to Maria Darlington, with the exception of a joke or two, is, we think, a failure. There are indeed occasional failures occurring in some of the best of the pieces, and some obscurities in meaning and irregularities in metre, which make us wish that the author had gone through his work in a more careful and fastidious temper, after the ardour of composition had abated. The Address to the Great Unknown may be instanced as containing some of the very best and the worst attempts at wit we ever met with. The vice, and a great part of the virtue of the book, both lie in its *puns*. We are very much mistaken, however, if the author will not have frequent opportunities of correcting his errors in reaping the fruit of his successes.

LETTER FROM ABRAHAM TWADDLER,

ON THE LAST NUMBER OF BLACKWOOD.

My Dear Sir,—Have you seen the last number of Blackwood? If you have not, read it, and learn what a Magazine ought to be, for it is indeed a model worthy of your imitation. Some few years ago this periodical abounded with low stuff that was vastly ungenteel, and which I for my part could not abide; but of late it has turned from these follies, sown its wild oats as it were, and has become a very grave, staid, serious, orderly, and respectable journal, full of edification for the youth of both sexes. In the days of its youth it was as wicked as Chartres, in its age it is as decorous as Wilberforce. Formerly, no decent people could turn over its pages without going into hystericks; now it is a class book at the Sunday schools, and Mrs. Fry herself declares there is no offence in it, and that, but for a foul name here and there, it might be mistaken for the Evangelical. In a word, Blackwood has now not a bit of the blackguard about him, he is as innocent as the New Monthly, and as serious as the puppet-show comedy in Tom Jones. All the young Twaddlers learn their lessons in Blackwood, and well they may, for the number before me is full of meat for babes. I shall begin at the beginning, and go regularly after my accustomed manner through the Magazine.

"*Life of Burke.*" You gave in your last number "A Memoir of Mr. Liston," done certainly in an original style, but, lord love you, compare it with the *Life of Burke* in Blackwood!!!!!!!!! The article is a review of Prior's Life of Burke, but the Reviewer snatches the biographical pen from the hand of the author, and records the birth, parentage, and education, of Mr. Burke in the following novel and delightful manner, so unlike any thing we have ever seen before in obituaries or last dying speeches.

Edmund Burke was born at Dublin, January 1st, O. S. 1730. His father was a respectable attorney. After being some time at the Dublin University, he removed to London in 1750, with the intention of becoming a member of the bar.

It does not appear that he gave any very striking indications of superior talent during the period of his education. He was, after all, a poet, and the following extracts from a translation of the conclusion of the second Georgic of Virgil, made when he was only sixteen, will be regarded as a curiosity:—

"Oh! happy swains! did they know how to prize
The many blessings rural life supplies,
Where in safe huts from clattering arms afar,
The pomp of cities, and the din of war,
Indulgent earth, to pay his labouring hand,
Pours in his arms the blessings of the land;
Calm through the valleys flows along his life,
He knows no danger, as he knows no strife.

What! though no marble portals, rooms of state,
Vomit the cringing torrent from his gate,
Though no proud purple hang his stately halls,
Nor lives the breathing brass along his walls;
Though the sheep clothe him without colours' aid,
Nor seeks he foreign luxury from trade;
Yet peace and honesty adorn his days
With rural riches and a life of ease."

* * * * * *

There's *a curiosity!* And he did it when he was only sixteen! *

Yet peace and honesty adorn his *days*
With rural riches and a life of *ease*.

In the rhyme *days* with *ease*, you see the country of the great prophet. The Irish pronounce ease, *ase*.

Before I conclude my notice of this *leading* article, I must communicate to you a remarkable circumstance connected with it. You, and all well-informed persons, are aware of the fact that I have, of late, been a frequent contributor to Blackwood's Magazine; last month, at the particular request of Mr. Blackwood, I wrote an article on Pryer's Life of Francis Moore, the Almanack-maker, and sent it as usual by the waggon to Edinburgh; it did not, however, appear in the Magazine for January; but, strange to say, in the review of the Life of Burke, in that number, I find a most unaccountable likeness to some of the choicest passages in my article on the Life of Moore. I place the passages in juxta-position, and leave you to draw your own inferences.

Life of Burke, Blackwood.

We wish, not more for the sake of Burke than for the sake of the country, that his memory was held in due estimation. If a nation expect to possess great men, it must consecrate their ashes and preserve from stain their glory—if it expect to have wise rulers, it must teach its children to revere its departed sages. We think the writings of this great and wonderful man have lately lost no inconsiderable portion of their influence. Although they were so strikingly applicable to some of the leading topics of the last two sessions of Parliament, we could find but few traces of them in the discussions. Amidst the gigantic events which concluded the war, and the subsequent revolutionary convulsions of Europe, the late Marquis of Londonderry—we name it to his eternal honour—seemed to take Burke for his guide, but with his death the influence of Burke appeared to terminate. We regret this deeply. Setting aside other matters, we are convinced that Burke's theory for constructing and governing society—for

Life of Moore, Twaddler.

"We wish, not more for the sake of Moore than for the sake of the country, that his memory was held in due estimation. If a nation expect to possess great men, it must consecrate their ashes and preserve from stain their glory—if it expect to have wise rulers, it must teach its children to revere its departed sages. We think the writings of this great and wonderful man have lately lost no inconsiderable portion of their influence. Although they were so strikingly applicable to some of the leading topics of the last two sessions of Parliament, we could find but few traces of them in the discussions. Amidst the gigantic events which concluded the war, and the subsequent revolutionary convulsions of Europe, the late Marquis of Londonderry—we name it to his eternal honour—seemed to take the Black Art for his guide, but with his death the influence of Moore appeared to terminate. We regret this deeply. Setting aside other matters, we are convinced that Moore's theory for constructing horoscopes

* As my Uncle Toby says, they should have wiped it up and said nothing about it.—*Ed.*

Life of Burke, Blackwood.

creating and preserving general liberty and happiness—can never be shaken; and therefore we are convinced that every departure from it is a departure into error.

Allowing as liberally as we please for the infirmities of mankind, there is something in this not a little extraordinary. The compositions of Burke are inimitable in literary beauty, and this, if they had possessed no other recommendation, ought to have obtained for them constant perusal and powerful influence. But, in addition, they treat of the highest interests of individuals and nations; they give the most profound and magnificent views of those things on which the tongue of the Englishman dwells for ever; the splendours of the diction only serve to pourtray the most astonishing triumphs of genius, knowledge, wisdom, and philosophy. Moreover, that portion of them which, when they were written, appeared to be but opinion and speculation, has been proved by time to have been sublime truth and unerring prophecy. Burke died the greatest of sages—a man gifted with even superhuman wisdom—and the grave has made him a wonderful prophet. One of the most striking peculiarities of his late works is—they form a chain of predictions, respecting some of the most momentous, novel, and complicated of human events, which have been accomplished to the letter. Finally, the history of Europe for he last seven years has been of a description to compel the nation to study the topics on which he wrote, and to drive it to the stores of instruction which he provided.

When those who boast so eternally of the increased knowledge and wisdom of the world, shall explain to our satisfaction why the writings of Burke, which treat of the form and regulations of society, are not in every man's hands—why they are not quoted and acted upon by our statesmen —why they are not incorporated with public opinion—why the nation does not make them its test in judging of revolutionists, revolutionary creeds, and revolutions—and why Fox is still worshipped, while the ashes of Burke slumber almost without notice, we will then cease to treat their boasts with derision.

Life of Moore, Twaddler.

and casting nativities—for foretelling general tyranny and occasional disasters—can never be shaken; and therefore we are convinced that every departure from it is a departure into error.

"Allowing as liberally as we please for the infirmities of mankind, there is something in this not a little extraordinary. The vaticinations of Moore are inimitable in poetic beauty, and this, if they had possessed no other recommendation, ought to have obtained for them constant perusal and powerful influence. But, in addition, they treat of the highest interests of individuals and nations; they give the most profound and magnificent views of the weather, on which the tongue of the Englishman dwells for ever; the splendours of the diction only serve to pourtray the most astonishing triumphs of divination, foreknowledge, and occult philosophy. Moreover that portion of them which, when they were written, appeared to be but guess and speculation, has been proved by time to have been sublime truth and unerring prophecy. Moore died the greatest of sages—a man gifted with even superhuman wisdom, and the vox stellarum has made him a wonderful prophet. One of the most striking peculiarities of his late works is—they form a chain of predictions, respecting some of the most momentous, novel, and complicated of human events, which have been accomplished to the letter. Finally, the weather of Europe for the last seven years has been of a description to compel the farmers to study the topics on which he wrote, and to drive them to the stores of rain and sun-shine which he provided.

"When those who boast so eternally of the increased knowledge and wisdom of the world, shall explain to our satisfaction why the writings of Moore, which treat of the planting of spring cabbages, as well as of the convulsions of society, are not in every man's hands—why they are not quoted and acted upon by our statesmen and old women—why they are not incorporated with public opinion—why the nation does not make them its telescope in espying revolutionists, revolutionary creeds, and revolutions—and why Burke is still worshipped, while the vox stellarum of Moore circulates almost without notice, we will then cease to treat their boasts with derision."

Francis Moore was born in Dyot-street, January 1st, O. S. 1730. His father was a respectable bell-man. After being some time at the St. Giles's Charity School, he removed to Whitechapel in 1750, with the intention of becoming a bird-catcher.

It does not appear that he gave any very striking indications of superior talent during

the period of his education. He was, after all, a poet, and the following extracts from a lyrical composition made when he was only sixteen will be regarded as a curiosity—

Oh! Father had a jolly knack,
Of cooking up an almanack;
Father had a jolly knack,
Of cooking up an almanack:
He could tell very well,
Very well he could tell,
Of aches and of pains,
In the loins and the reins,
In the hips and the toes,
In the back and the nose,
When hail storms would clatter,
When earthquakes would shatter,
When the comet would run,
And the world be undone,
Yet still to keep it up
And to avoid laughter,
He always would have the day
Before the day or after.

* * * *

Well! what say you now, my good Sir, have I reason to complain of plagiarism or not? I could produce more evidence to prove the robbery; but as I have not leisure at this moment, I must request you to examine with attention the Life of Burke, in Blackwood, when you will perceive that there is not a thing predicated of the political prophet which is not equally applicable to the illustrious maker of almanacks. I allow that the reviewer has made a prodigiously fine article, but, of a truth, it is at my expense; he shines in borrowed feathers—you know my style, and cannot fail in every line of this brilliant *leader* to recognise the pen of A. Twaddler.

"*Momus—or an Hour at Bath.*" "*Momus,*" that's good, it tells us we are going to laugh. Momus you know..... The idea is new, and observe the commencement—with what spirit it goes off—how full of point and meaning—every line is a riddle.

Thrice the abbey clock doth chime,
Momus cries, "'Tis time, 'tis time."
To Upham's or to Barret's go;
Mark the crowds that thither flow.
Clod, that in this land of fun,
Days and nights hast twenty-one,
Fashion's dawning notions got,
Shine thou first i' th' hopeful lot.
Double, double, toil and trouble,
Gossips meet, and numbers double.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! O! the droll dogs, they'll be the death of me! What a couplet was there!—

Fashion's dawning notions got,
Shine thou first i' th' hopeful lot.

What do you think of our fun, Mr. Editor? Can any of your lads come up to that? Why I doubt whether the dull dogs can even understand it. At the end of this poem there's another capital joke invented exclusively for Blackwood; it's a play on "*long bills*," an original pun, and a pungent one it is, I assure you (entre nous, I made it).

> Game's abundant in this place;
> Still the wandering woodcock race,
> Whom in swarms each winter brings,
> Known by *folly* and *long bills*, &c.

What mortal ever saw the like of that before—woodcock race and *long bills*, oh! the comical rogue, the merry Momus! Well, well, we must not laugh ourselves to death like the poor bishop in Rabelais; too much of a good thing, as the divine poet remarks, is good for nothing, so the next article is no laughing matter.

"*Letters from the Vicarage.*" A very edifying discourse. From the vicarage by an easy transition, just straddling over the stile, we step into the churchyard.

"*Chapter on Churchyards.*" "Not far from the town of ——— in ———shire, where I passed some weeks in the early part of the present summer, is the pleasant village of Halliburn, much resorted to by persons visiting the county;"—but hold, where is the elegant wood-cut—since the days of Mr. Urban no article ever began with, "not far from the town of ——— in ———shire," &c. without an elegant wood-cut—nota magis nulli domus est sua, quàm mihi the manner of article commencing in this ancient and approved fashion. I only read the tops and bottoms of them, look at the picture, and know the rest. See how this chip of the old block ends. "So taking our outward survey of the venerable church and a slight pencil sketch, almost as rapidly executed, we turned our faces homeward, reserving for another evening the further prosecution of our antiquarian researches." There you see, this is all according to established order. The gentleman took a likeness of the venerable church, but Mr. Blackwood has not had it handsomely engraved on wood, and has ill used the public by publishing "a-not-far-from-the-town-of ——— in ———shire," article without the prescriptive cut—restore us our wood-cuts, O Blackwood! Bating the fraud on us in the particular of the cut, however, this is a lovely article, so romantic, so rural, so picturesque, so fanciful, so pathetic, and yet so very..... so ..... so.....*

"*State Counsel by the Statesmen of Cockaigne.*" A mare's nest! The misgovernment of Ireland is discovered in this article, which is a singularly lively performance—light reading for travellers, as Dominie Sampson has it.

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* We have no space for Mr. Twaddler's raptures, and wherever these..... occur, the reader's imagination will easily supply the deficiency.—*Editor.*

"*The Night Hawk.*" By Δ.

Nocturnal haunter of the homeless sky
Most immaterial of terrestrial things!
On the grey cloud in slumber canst thou lie;
Or 'mid the flooding moonlight fold thy wings?
'Mid shooting star-beams lovest thou to roam?
This gross earth, sure for *thee* is scarce a fitting home.

Charming, charming—this is poetry indeed.

On the grey clouds in slumber canst thou lie;
Or 'mid the flooding moonlight fold thy wings?

Is it possible? Can a night hawk slumber on a grey cloud, or fold its wings by moonlight—and, if not, why not? as the equity draftsmen say. Sleeping on grey clouds, or on clouds indeed of any colour, I allow is difficult; but, mirabile dictu, I know of day-hawks which on the perch have compassed folding their wings "'mid the flooding moonlight." Then how reasonable the inquiry,

'Mid shooting star-beams lovest thou to roam?

And how considerate, yet how poetical, the concluding reflection:

This gross earth, sure for thee is scarce a fitting home.

"*Notice respecting Mr. Broster.*" Surely this should have been an advertisement, for it is remarkable for that order of eloquence which is peculiar to advertisements.

Among the numerous calamities to which our nature is incident, there are few so generally distressing as that of defective utterance, whether it appears in the mild form of a hesitation in speech, in the more confirmed stage of continual stammering, or in its crisis of muscular contortions.

When we come to the attestation of cases, the advertisement style becomes even more striking—the article is very fine I grant you, but it ought to pay the tax—I don't admire any evasion of our excellent laws—no frauds on the revenue, friend Blackwood.

A personage of rank and fashion, whose defective utterance had been generally known from constant intercourse with society, was so completely cured, as to excite the astonishment of every person. The celebrity which Mr. Broster acquired by this cure, brought him a number of pupils, some of whom came even from London, to receive the benefit of his instructions; and the success with which these cases were treated, far surpassed even the most sanguine expectations of the individuals themselves. Persons who had almost lost the power of giving utterance to particular words, were completely emancipated from all embarrassment of speech. Others, who could not articulate without contortions of countenance, and other nervous indications, were enabled to speak with ease and fluency; and one gentleman, who had scarcely ever ventured to breathe a sound before company, was enabled to make a formal speech before a large party, who had been assembled by his father to commemorate the almost miraculous cure of his son.

"*American Writers, No. IV.*" In this article I find some particularly curious and valuable information, touching Dr. Benjamin Franklin. It is notorious that the history of this celebrated man is very little known to people in general; his life is an extremely scarce book, and is only to be found in great libraries or in the hands of collectors of curiosities; such being the case, any anecdotes respecting Franklin's birth, parent-

age, education, settlement in life, and so forth, cannot fail to be acceptable to a public wholly uninformed as to these particulars, which Mr. Blackwood has been so obliging as to publish in his ingenious miscellany.

He (Dr. Benjamin Franklin) was born of English parents in Boston, Massachusetts, New England, about 1706, we believe. When a lad, he ran away to Philadelphia. After a long course of self denial, hardship, and wearying disappointment, which nothing but his frugal, temperate, courageous good sense carried him through, he came to be—successively—a journeyman printer (or pressman rather, on account of his great bodily strength), in a London printing office; editor and publisher, at home in Philadelphia, of many papers which had a prodigious influence on the temper of his countrymen; agent for certain of the colonies, to this government; an author of celebrity; a philosopher whose reputation has gone over the whole of the learned world, &c.

There is news for you! Confess that you never heard that before! I would quote more largely to the same effect, but that I do not think it fair to publish Blackwood's original matter, or discoveries I may call them, in another periodical.

Speaking of Washington Irvine, this writer says that he was no Cromwell or Cæsar (p. 59), which, I think, a remarkable fact. He also has this very striking passage on Irvine.

In the day of his popularity, we showed him no favour: in this, the day of his tribulation, we shall show him none. He does not require any. We saw his faults, when there was nobody else to see them. We put our finger upon the sore places about him: *drove our weapon home—up to the hilt, wherever we found a hole in his beautiful armour;* a joint, visible, in his golden harness—*treated him, in short, as he deserves to be treated, like a man.* But,—*we have never done,—we never will do him wrong.* We never have been—we never will be—gladiators, or assassins, for the amusement of any body.

How nicely argued, what refinements, what delicate distinctions! "We put our finger on the sore places about him: drove our weapon home—up to the hilt, wherever we found a hole in his beautiful armour—treated him, in short, as he deserves to be treated, like a man. But we have never done him wrong." What amiability, what a sweet picture does this present of a critic as he should be, "a man of humanity," like Jonathan W. Doubikins, exploring the sore places only, espying holes in the armour, and then—O sublime moderation!—only driving the weapon home up to the hilt—no further, thus treating the patient as he deserves to be treated, like a man. It is after this way of thinking and acting that I eat an oyster. I put him in a napkin, and drive my oyster knife home up to the hilt wherever I find an opening in his testaceous tenement—treat him, in short, as he deserves to be treated, like an oyster. But I never do him wrong, I swallow him for love of him. Then comes the birth, &c. of Irvine. "He was born, we believe, in the City of New York."..... *

"*Wadd on Corpulency.*" Wadd is a good name, and, on corpulency, it is a name provocative to wit—it is not lost on the writer, who makes a capital joke of "*waddling back to Wad.*".....

* Our Correspondent will not remember that we have limits.—*Ed.*

"*Remarks connected with the Criticism of Poetry.*"

Perhaps it has not been conceived, nor ever may be, what power is possible to be exerted over the spirit of a people by WORDS.

We understand imperfectly the effects of knowledge:—those less, which follow from the impressions made, by the positive and explicit meanings declared in language, upon imagination and sensibility. But if there be also, as doubtless there is, a not immomentous influence, which must be allowed as distinctly proper to the words themselves of discourse, this, especially, we find it difficult to measure, or conceive.

There's for you! When will your people write like that. Lord! any fool may understand what they say, but this puts the reader to his wits' end, this makes him think and cudgel his brains, puzzling himself what the deuce it can all mean!

"*Dibdin's Criticism.*" This article has rather disturbed me. The writer laughs at Gilbert Wakefield for having seriously criticised the "Song, by a Person of Quality." The ill-natured people do say that Blackwood and I have mistaken the drift of the Memoir of Mr. Liston in your Magazine. But the thing is impossible.

"*Minuta Cantabrigiensa.*" More novelties, more hidden treasures brought to light.

ON A VERY TINY ANGLE, ENCLOSED AND PLANTED WITH SHRUBS.

This little garden little Jowett made,
And fenced it with a little palisade.
A little taste hath little Dr. Jowett:
This little garden doth a little show it.

If you were to look for this in the "Court of Momus," or any other jest book, price 6*d.* I much question whether you would find it.

"*Letters from Timothy Tickler, Esq. to Eminent Literary Characters.*" It is an abominable thing for a man to praise himself, and yet, I must confess that great wits do jump! Is there not a remarkable agreement and concurrence of sentiment between Twaddler and Tickler—come, in candour allow it. Like Castor and Pollux we seem to have but one soul between us. Did not Twaddler find fault with the colouring of the plan of the Thames Quay? does not Tickler ask what barn-door fowl scratched it? Did not Twaddler take exception to the assertion that Soane, Nash, &c. were stoning the streets to death, as though they were so many St. Stephens? does not Tickler also let himself loose on it, and rage vehemently against it. Did not Twaddler affirm that the writer of such a sentence could know nothing about architecture? does not Tickler assert that he is a *paviour?* Did not Twaddler cry *fidon* to "the Vision of Horns?" does not Tickler exclaim fye on it, and call it "downright skulduddery?" Of a truth, these are wonderful coincidences. But pray do me the favour to ask your publisher whether Sir William Curtis got a sight of my letter, because, if he did, the circumstance is explained at once, for you are doubtless aware that Timothy Tickler, Esq. of Blackwood, is no other than Sir William Curtis, Bart. of the City of London. Who but he could in this age of education have penned the following morsel: "Yes, Mullion, it is thus the bantams of Cockaigne go crowing

over each little addled article as if it were absolutely the egg of a Phœnix, if such a thing might be supposed, till you, or North, or, God forgive me—perhaps my own thoughtless self—*takes* it up into *his* hand, and &c." That is to say, you "*takes* it up into his hand," or my own thoughtless self "*takes* it up into *his* hand." Why Curtis here outdoes himself, he grafts his pure English on the Irish idiom, "my own self takes it up," &c. In the next article, on the Literary Souvenir, I also trace the worthy Baronet by his favourite expletive "*howsomever*" (p. 101.)

"*The Literary Souvenir.*" See in this article how Mr. Blackwood encourages men of genius. "An accidental or designed dozen of" (Cape) "Madeira—an occasional five-gallon cask of Jamaica—an East Indian hump, once a-week a goose or turkey, and now and then a few hares, are all that we now accept from either North or Ebony; these, indeed, we accept willingly, and thus our larder and our cellar are as superbly furnished as any in Edinburgh."*

Besides this curious information, touching the economy of the periodical, there is in this article much beautiful, spirited, and affecting writing. Indeed, I never remember to have seen Sir William Curtis to more

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* Who writes for Grub-street should be paid in grub!

It is astonishing how cheap literary talent is in the modern Athens; you may have it for bread and cheese and onions. Blackwood, however, is eternally boasting that he pays his first-rates (besides the aforesaid hebdomadal geese and turkeys) thirty pounds (*Scotch*) a sheet, which is not a bawbee too much when you consider the disgrace. (The other day Mr. Croker turned away his footman because he wrote in Blackwood.)

Such a Magazine as Blackwood's might be sold in the modern Athens for twenty-two bawbees, three bodles, and a plack a number, but in London the thing could not be done in such easy terms, because the Londoners are not so well educated as the Athenians. In the streets of London, you will observe many men who talk *Blackwood*—listen to them as they stand around their carts, scraping away and shovelling up the filth, and you will say here are all the materials for a Blackwood; here are Ticklers, Mullions, Odoherties, to be had dirt cheap—here is the torrens dicendi copia—the fine satire—the rich vein of vituperation that would befit them for Blackwood—here are the men who will turn their tongues to any thing, and never weary of bawling liar, rogue, knave, scoundrel, driveller, booby, ass, blockhead.....but then the misfortune is, that with all these talents, they can't write their own names, much less the foul names with which they enrich their colloquy, and which would recommend them as contributors to Blackwood; they have the genius, the turn of mind, the vocabulary, all the requisites, in short, for the Northern Maga, but for lack of skill in letters, they are scavengers, not scribes. In the modern Athens, on the other hand, every body can read and write, and those classes that clean the streets of London are qualified to dirty paper for Blackwood in Edinburgh. Hence the vast superiority of that respectable periodical in a certain unenviable style of composition. The people here who know how to write are above the ebony work, and the folks pares negotiis can fortunately only make their marks.—P. P.

My friend, Mr. Pickle, to whom I showed this letter, has taken the liberty of appendiug this particularly unhandsome commentary, which, I think, most unjust, for, as I have before observed, Blackwood is any thing but blackguard.—*Twaddler.*

advantage—observe the following passage, how animated, how racy—familiar, but still elegant—jocular, but never approaching to vulgarity.

What difficulty is there in writing a beautiful poem of 50 lines, long or short metre, any summer morning before breakfast? Consider how early the sun rises all the summer through, from about the beginning of May, well on to the end of September. Suppose you breakfast at nine, or half past nine. Well, then, up with you at five—and before the bell rings there is your poem. Lay it aside for a week—correct it over your egg any sunshining morning—into the form of a letter with it—and off she goes to the tune of Alaric A. Watts, Esq. Leeds.

What spirit! what life! what animation! what humour!..... But it were treacherous to offer such writing as this as a model for your imitation, because if you ventured to write in this vein they would call you Cockney.

"*Campbell's Theodric.*" Here is language, here is diction, here is a power of fine words indeed! Look and die. "A beautiful array of words came processionally onwards, 'the long resounding march and energy divine;'" &c. "A visionary loveliness bedewed the whole world of the young poet's genius." But I have no space for quotations, read the review, and see what it is to be grand.

"*Scotch Poets, Hogg and Campbell.*" "We are proud of Scotland—proud of our native country."..... "Modern Athenians" ..... "proud of its MIND."..... "Look round every department of literature and science"—"of arts and arms—of wisdom and of wit" ..... "full of Scotchmen"..... "intellects the most refined, tastes the most cultivated, and genius the most powerful."..... "Scotland *v.* the World."*

And now, my dear Sir, I think you must confess that Blackwood is indeed a pattern for all Magazines; its principles so excellent, such loyalty to the King, such devotion to his Ministers, such profound respect for the venerable Constitution, such honour for those in authority over us, such nice regard for decorum, such zeal in the cause of morality and virtue,—but I never know where to stop when I get on this my hobby—the praise of my favourite periodical, which I love because it is innocent, AND DOES NO HARM, so I will rein up while I can, and subscribe myself, my dear Sir, yours, &c. &c. &c.

ABRAHAM TWADDLER.

P. S.—If you should publish this Letter, (and you cannot do better,) I shall feel particularly obliged to you if you will not score out the very best passages, as you did in my last. You Editors seem to me, my good Sir, to act upon that plan which Doctor Samuel Johnson recommended to a young writer,—and when you come to any thing *particularly fine,* you strike it out.

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* Mr. Twaddler made a long extract from this article, but being compelled to shorten it, we struck out, after the fashion of criticism adopted by Blackwood, the immaterial connecting passages; what remains is a sample à-la-Blackwood of the critique.—*Ed.*

HYMN TO DIANA.

Come!—Let us sing unto the silent queen,
Who walketh o'er the heaven's blue floor, serene
As Meditation, or that modest maid
Chastity, of her white self nigh afraid!
Come! let us sing unto the silent queen,
Perfect Diana; for the laurels green
Are ripe for plucking, and the rose is red,
And know'st thou not, fair girl, that poets fed
Once on its odorous leaves, now laid aside
For gross food since the last pale Pagan died?—
Listen! and as I sing gaze upward, where
The lone queen doth bewitch the azure air,
Inchanting silence from her noon-day cave,
And arming with bright light the bounding wave!

Hymn.

Smile, Diana! bid thy light
Fall upon young hearts to night!
If thou frownest, I will flee
Where the sunny summers be,—
Where the flush'd and amorous Hours
Fill their white necks all with flowers,
Which they fling on shepherds' heads
Laughing, when Aurora treads
On the cloud-incumbered air,
Followed by the day-light fair.

Lady Dian! thou hast not
Yet the Latmian's eyes forgot?
Nor his marble smile so cold?
Nor his forehead hid in gold?
I have heard that thou didst sail,
Paler than the evening pale,
Till the mournful shadows wept
O'er the charmed boy who slept
Heeding not, although thy light
Fell upon his eyelids white,
And waken'd were the languid brooks
By the music of thy looks!

So, Divine Diana—smile,
Once again in beauty white!
Dearer far than Venus' wile
Is thy silver look of light
Falling on young hearts to night!

A LUNATIC.

EXCERPTIONS

FROM AN IDLER'S SCRAP-BOOK.

Times have consumed his works, saving some few *excerptions.*
Raleigh.

GRAY'S LATIN ODE

ON THE MONASTERY OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

In a new Translation.

O TU severi *religio* loci. Some people have sadly puzzled themselves about this term *religio.* "It must be the vow of the order," say these good folks: "aye, and there we have the *severity* of their rules." So that Gray, whose Christianity does not seem to have sat particularly *tight* about him, (unless we suppose that in his letters to Walpole, he thought it gave him more of the air of a *bel esprit* and an *esprit fort* to affect scepticism,) is smitten, according to these "word-catchers who live on syllables," with the love of a monastic life; and intends in good hearty earnest to shave his head, sew up his mouth, or only open it for the purpose of braying canticles and masticating parsneps, which, like Diocletian's cabbages, were to have been planted with his own fingers. Of this right apostolical resolution, I believe Gray never dreamed: no—not even in a make-believe trance of Parnassian inspiration. What would Dr. Keate say to a lad who should render this first line, "*O thou! the religion of this place of austerities?*" But, "is not the monastery there?" Beyond the possibility of contradiction. "Like Scotland," it "stands where it did." But as regards Gray's poem, its standing where it did was a mere accidental circumstance: he has not a thought—no, not even a glancing association—connected with its grey walls, or the Latin graces before and after *pulse,* droned out by the cowled faquirs within them. It is the aspect of nature, in the surrounding vastness of her most rugged and most gloomy solitudes, that awakens the enthusiasm of Gray. Take the sketch of the scenery from the first pocket volume which chance may throw in your way. "On one hand is the rock with woods of pine-trees hanging over-head, and on the other a prodigious precipice, almost perpendicular, at the bottom of which rolls a deep torrent." Here we have the *religio* and here the *severi,* I suspect, notwithstanding that Gray is unauthorized in his use of the term *religio.* He certainly means a sort of *genius loci:* a power invisible and inaccessible, like Lucan's unknown demon of the Druidical forest of Marseilles: or rather its spirit; the influence by which it makes its presence felt. But *religio* is employed to describe the impression of awe and reverence produced in the mind by some object of its solemn contemplation. Gray, therefore, substitutes an active for

the passive significance of the word, and transfers the religious awe from the mind to the object: making the effect to be the cause. But though it is easy to perceive his meaning, it is not so easy to convey it with the requisite fulness, and conciseness, and precision. Some translators have rendered *religio* by *genius*. They agree with me, therefore, in their general notion: but their expression of it is too definite in one sense, and too undefined in another. It is too definite, because it clothes an obscure abstraction with a gross and palpable form: we use, indeed, the words *genius* and *spirit* for the essence or energy of things; but where they are apostrophized they become personifications. It is too undefined, because it fails to communicate the impression of sacred horror excited by the original. There is no absolute prosopopœia: it is a *nescio quid* which the poet invocates: but it is a something which compels the instantaneous and involuntary sympathy and homage of the religious instincts. That there is a great difficulty in embodying this idea, must be evident from the fact, that Gray could only effect it by violating the philosophy of grammar. All the versions which have met my eye are too much in the nature of paraphrases. They slur the diction of Gray, and sophisticate his sentiment. I think the Latin Ode of Gray should be done in the same number of lines, and in the metre which he himself loved when he versified in English. *Tentanda via.*

Dread somewhat! hallowing to thyself this spot
  Of wildness, how to name thee? (for I deem
Less than a godhead presence haunteth not
  This antique forest and this native stream:

And we behold more near the visible God
  Midst these shagg'd cliffs, these rude hill-solitudes,
These rocks, which foot of man hath never trod,
  This dash of waters and this night of woods,

Than if beneath a citron arch he shone
  Fashion'd in molten gold by Phidias' hand—)
Hail!—if invoked aright, look gracious on!
  Here let my wearied youth glide calm to land.

Or should hard Fate's rebuff, e'en while I yearn
  For these endear'd retreats, this holy reign
Of silence, with the reflux swell return
  Me to the tossing midmost waves again;

Sire! (shall I call thee?) be the boon allow'd
  To share thy freedom in my drooping age;
Then steal me from the cares that vex the crowd,
  And safe receive me from their restless rage.

[About the year 18—, one R——d, a respectable London merchant (since dead), stood in the pillory for some alledged fraud upon the Revenue. Among his papers were found the following "Reflections," which we have obtained by favour of our friend Elia, who knew him well, and had heard him describe the train of his feelings upon that trying occasion almost in the words of the MS. Elia speaks of him as a man (with the exception of the peccadillo aforesaid) of singular integrity in all his private dealings, possessing great suavity of manner, with a certain turn for humour. As our object is to present human nature under every possible circumstance, we do not think that we shall sully our pages by inserting it.—*Editor.*]

REFLECTIONS IN THE PILLORY.

Scene, opposite the Royal Exchange.
Time, Twelve to One, Noon.

Ketch, my good fellow, you have a neat hand. Prithee, adjust this new collar to my neck gingerly. I am not used to these wooden cravats. There, softly, softly. That seems the exact point between ornament and strangulation. A thought looser on this side. Now it will do. And have a care in turning me, that I present my aspect due vertically. I now face the orient. In a quarter of an hour I shift southward—do you mind?—and so on till I face the east again, travelling with the sun. No half points, I beseech you; N. N. by W. or any such elaborate niceties. They become the shipman's card, but not this mystery. Now leave me a little to my own reflections.

Bless us, what a company is assembled in honour of me! How grand I stand here! I never felt so sensibly before the effect of solitude in a crowd. I muse in solemn silence upon that vast miscellaneous rabble in the pit there. From my private box I contemplate with mingled pity and wonder the gaping curiosity of those underlings. There are my Whitechapel supporters. Rosemary Lane has emptied herself of the very flower of her citizens to grace my show. Duke's place sits desolate. What is there in my face, that strangers should come so far from the east to gaze upon it? [*Here an egg narrowly misses him*]. That

offering was well meant, but not so cleanly executed. By the tricklings, it should not be either myrrh or frankincence. Spare your presents, my friends; I am no-ways mercenary. I desire no missive tokens of your approbation. I am past those valentines. Bestow these coffins of untimely chickens upon mouths that water for them. Comfort your addle spouses with them at home, and stop the mouths of your brawling brats with such Olla Podridas; they have need of them. [*A brick is let fly*]. Discase not, I pray you, nor dismantle your rent and ragged tenements, to furnish me with architectural decorations, which I can excuse. This fragment might have stopped a flaw against snow comes. [*A coal flies.*] Cinders are dear, gentlemen. This nubbling might have helped the pot boil, when your dirty cuttings from the shambles at three ha'-pence a pound shall stand at a cold simmer. Now, south about, Ketch. I would enjoy australian popularity.

What my friends from over the water! Old benchers—flies of a day—cphemeral Romans—welcome! Doth the sight of me draw souls from limbo? can it dispeople purgatory—ha!

What am I, or what was my father's house, that I should thus be set up a spectacle to gentlemen and others? Why are all faces, like Persians at the sun-rise, bent singly on mine alone? It was wont to be esteemed an ordinary visnomy, a quotidian merely. Doubtless, these assembled myriads discern some traits of nobleness, gentility, breeding, which hitherto have escaped the common observation—some intimations, as it were, of wisdom, valour, piety, and so forth. My sight dazzles; and, if I am not deceived by the too familiar pressure of this strange neckcloth that envelopes it, my countenance gives out lambent glories. For some painter now to take me in the lucky point of expression!—the posture so convenient—the head never shifting, but standing quiescent in a sort of natural frame. But these artizans require a westerly aspect. Ketch, turn me.

Something of St. James's air in these my new friends. How my prospects shift, and brighten! Now if Sir Thomas Lawrence be any where in that group, his fortune is made for ever. I think I see some one taking out a crayon. I will compose my whole face to a smile, which yet shall not so predominate, but that gravity and gaiety shall contend as it were—you understand me? I will work up my thoughts to some mild rapture—a gentle enthusiasm us—which the artist may transfer in a manner warm to the canvass. I will inwardly apostrophize my tabernacle.

Delectable mansion, hail! House, not made of every wood! Lodging, that pays no rent; airy and commodious; which, owing no window tax, art yet all casement, out of which men have such pleasure in peering and overlooking, that they will sometimes stand an hour together to enjoy thy prospects! Cell, recluse from the vulgar! Quiet retirement from the great Babel, yet affording sufficient glimpses into it! Pulpit, that instructs

without note or sermon-book, into which the preacher is inducted without tenth or first fruit! Throne, unshared and single, that disdainest a Brentford competitor! Honour without co-rival! Or hearest thou rather, magnificent theatre in which the spectator comes to see and to be seen? From thy giddy heights I look down upon the common herd, who stand with eyes upturned as if a winged messenger hovered over them; and mouths open, as if they expected manna. I feel, I feel, the true Episcopal yearnings. Behold in me, my flock, your true overseer! What though I cannot lay hands, because my own are laid, yet I can mutter benedictions. True *otium cum dignitate!* Proud Pisgah eminence! Pinnacle sublime! O Pillory, 'tis thee I sing! Thou younger brother to the gallows, without his rough and Esau palms; that with ineffable contempt surveyest beneath thee the grovelling stocks, which claims presumptuously to be of thy great race. Let that low wood know, that thou art far higher born! Let that domicile for groundling rogues and base earth-kissing varlets envy thy preferment, not seldom fated to be the wanton baiting-house, the temporary retreat, of poet and of patriot. Shades of Bastwick and of Prynne hover over thee—Defoe is there, and more greatly daring Shebbeare—from their (little more elevated) stations they look down with recognitions. Ketch, turn me.

I now veer to the north. Open your widest gates, thou proud Exchange of London, that I may look in as proudly! Gresham's wonder, hail! I stand upon a level with all your kings. They, and I, from equal heights, with equal superciliousness, o'er-look the plodding, money-hunting tribe below; who, busied in their sordid speculations, scarce elevate their eyes to notice your ancient, or my recent, grandeur. The second Charles smiles on me from three pedestals? * He closed the Exchequer; I cheated the Excise. Equal our darings, equal be our lot.

Are those the quarters? 'tis their fatal chime. That the ever-winged hours would but stand still! but I must descend, descend from this dream of greatness. Stay, stay, a little while, importunate hour hand. A moment or two, and I shall walk on foot with the undistinguished many. The clock speaks one. I return to common life. Ketch, let me out.

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* A statue of Charles II. by the elder Cibber, adorns the front of the Exchange. He stands also on high, in the train of his crowned ancestors, in his proper order, *within* that building. But the merchants of London, in a superfœtation of loyalty, have, within a few years, caused to be erected another effigy of him on the ground in the centre of the interior. We do not hear that a fourth is in contemplation.—*Editor.*

THE LONDON TITHE QUESTION.

In the Magazine for January I stated my conviction that the Decree which granted 2*s.* 9d. in the pound for Tithes in the City of London, was merely intended to compensate the Rectors for the loss they would otherwise sustain by the recent alteration in the value of the currency; and that it was never contemplated by those who framed the Decree that a *seventh* of every man's actual rental should, by this means, be given to the clergy as a *tenth.* In corroboration of this opinion the important fact was adduced, that the coin which at that time passed for a shilling, was intrinsically worth only four-pence, compared with that which had been current but three years before; and that in the interim a piece of money of the value of sixpence had been the substitute for the shilling: whence I contended that, possibly, eleven-pence, and certainly not more than one shilling and fourpence-halfpenny, was the actual sum which the Decree recognized under the denomination of two shillings and nine-pence.

But prejudices are hard to be overcome; and some persons may even yet be disposed to contend, that what was once a shilling is always a shilling, whatever may be its change of value intrinsically. The absurdity, however, of thus assimilating the money-terms in the Decree with those of the present day, must surely be self-evident, when I state that not only was this pretended shilling of very inferior value, but that it had a different name: it was a peculiar money. *There was not a shilling current in those days: none were coined;* and therefore when a shilling is mentioned, it is *ex consuetudine* merely, another piece of money being intended to be understood, which was for the time its unworthy *locum tenens.* This was the TESTON. That name was used at this period in France to designate the largest silver coin of that country; on which account, as well as because the coin it indicated was less pure than the English standard, it was adopted here for our new base money. Testons had their origin in France under Louis XII. in 1513, superseding the old silver groat; and they were so called on account of the king's head which was represented on the one side, the arms of France being on the other. Under Francis I. in 1540, the Teston was reduced in value and increased in price, and the gold coin underwent a corresponding alteration: voilà (says Le Blanc) de quelle maniere les monnoyes d'or et d'argent furent affoiblies sous ce regne."—(Traité Hist. p. 329.) It was the Teston of this period which formed the worthy prototype of our own. In 1575, Testons were discontinued as French money, after having been depreciated nearly 50 per cent.; and the franc, a heavier and much baser coin, supplied their place.

The following Minute records the first coinage of the Teston in March, 1825.

England. It took place two or three years before the date of the Decree which gives two *shillings* and nine-pence to the clergy.

"1543. A pound weight of silver of 10 oz. fine, and of 2 oz. alloy, was coined into 48 Shillings by tale, namely, into TESTOONS, Groats, Half-groats, Pence, Half-pence, and Farthings."—(Lowndes, p. 43.) Here then is the name applied in lieu of that of Shilling, and for what reason, but that it was not a shilling? It was to pass current for 12 pence, but they were pence also reduced in weight and purity in an equal degree with the Teston, the relation of which to the last coined shilling was as 100 to 118, that being the number of grains of fine silver in each. It was unworthy, therefore, of being called a Shilling; but as the exigency seemed to require it, and as there was no proper Shilling coined, it was considered its equivalent: the distinct name being preserved to prevent the two from being considered identical.

The following year brought out a coin still more opposed to the English shilling in all its characteristics. It contained only 60 grains of fine silver. But this again was not denominated a Shilling, it was still a "Testoon," a separate and peculiar coin. "1544. The silver was reduced to 6 ounces fine and 6 ounces alloy, and the pound was coined into 48 shillings by tale, in *Testoons*, groats, half-groats, pence, halfpence, and farthings."—(Lowndes, 44. Annals, ii. 88.) This *Testoon* was ordered to be current "at a shilling," by a Proclamation dated the 1st of May, 1544.

Then came the Teston alluded to in the Decree. "1545. By an Indenture of this year the coins were reduced to the lowest degree of fineness which ever disgraced the English mint, excepting a small quantity of silver in the 5th year of Edward VI. The gold was now brought down to 20 carats fine, and 4 carats alloy; and the silver to 4 ounces fine, and 8 ounces alloy. The coins were continued at the same weight as they were in the Indenture of the preceding year, but the debasement raised the pound weight of fine gold to 36 pounds, and that of fine silver to 7 pounds 4 shillings."—(Lowndes, 44. Annals, ii. 89.)

The Teston coined according to this Indenture contained only 40 grains fine. That it was the Teston contemplated by the commissioners, the date of their Decree proves, for it was issued from the mint in the year preceding, and the baser coin would immediately banish from circulation all the rest. Now is it reasonable that for this the clergy should receive a genuine English shilling *in any age*, merely because the name was used by the commissioners at a period when there was no such piece of money as a shilling current in the kingdom, and when there cannot be the least doubt that they alluded to this two-thirds copper coin, which was properly denominated by the King's Proclamation at that time a Teston, that it might *not* be confounded with the shilling?

But it may be thought, perhaps, that this Decree gave no dissatisfaction at the time, and that there is no need to soften its terms down;

for, excessive as they may appear now, they were not thought so then. Let us hear what a contemporary writer says, of whose little book, called the Supplication of the poor Commons, addressed to the King, Strype observes, "It gives such a light into the affairs of those days, that a better history can scarce be given thereof, being writ in those very times."—(Strype's Memorials, book i. chap. 53.) From the extracts which he gives, I will only select the following:—

The last year they (the clergy) obtained by their importunity a grant, which if it be not revoked, will in continuance of time be the greatest impoverishment of us, your poor commons, and chiefly in the city of London, that ever chaunced since the first beginning thereof. They have obtained, and it is enacted, that every man within the said city shall yearly pay unto them XVI *d. ob* of every X *s.* (rent). So that if the lord of the grounds please to double and trible the rents, as they do indeed, then must the poor tenant pay also double and trible tenths, as due encrease of their riches, &c. Have compassion upon us, most gracious Sovereign, suffer not these unsatiable dogs to eat us out of all that we have. Consider that it is against all reason and conscience, that we, your poor commons, should be thus opprest; that where the landlord demandeth of us double and triple rent, that then we shall also pay to the *parson* double and triple tenths. But, most dear Sovereign, how craftily have they wrought this feat! They require not the tenths of the landlords, that have the encrease, but of the tenants, which of necessity are constrained to pay to the lords their asking, either else to be without dwelling places. They know right well, that if they should have matched themselves with the landlords, they happily would have been too weak for them at the length: but they were in good hopes, that we, your poor commons, should never be able to stand in their hands. * * * * *

Judge then, most victorious Prince, what an unreasonable sum the whole and gross sum of these enhaunced tenths, with other their *petty briberies*, draweth to. They receive of every one hundred pounds, 13*l.* 15*s.*; and of the thousand, 137*l.* 10*s.*: then may your Highness soon be certified what they receive of the whole rents of the city. No doubt, generous Prince, they receive of us yearly more than your Highness did at any time, when you were beset on every side with mortal enemies; and yet their consciences will serve them well enough to take *three times as much as they do*, if your Highness would suffer them.

Never was prophecy more true: by claiming these Tithes in the restored currency, they actually take *three times* as much as was then granted them.

Camden gives "an affecting description of the state of England during the latter years of the reign of this profuse and bloody monarch," (Annals, ii. 39). "Ipsa Anglia opibus exhaustis, *pecunia ære intermixto depravata,* monasteriis priscæ pietatis monumentis dirutis, nobilium, præsulum, pontificorum, et protestantium cruore promiscuè effuso, et Scotico bello implicata, luctuosa suspiraret."—(Camdeni Annales, i. 11.)

This was not a good age to select a precedent from, one would have thought, especially a money precedent.

To others the coinage only afforded matter for a jest. Sir John Rainsford meeting Parson Brooke, the principal devisor of the copper coin [the silver being debased with copper] threatened him to break his head, for that he had made his Sovereign Lord (the most beautiful Prince Henry) with a red and copper nose. (Camden's Remains, 246.)

Heywood has several epigrams on the subject. "They are curious," says the author of the Annals, "because they express the general opinion which was entertained of those coins, and the ridicule in which they were held;" and on this account he quotes them. For the same reason, and because they show the evident baseness of the coin then current for a shilling, I will subjoin one or two.

Of Red Testons.

These testons look red: how like you the same?
Tis a token of guilt: they blush for shame.

Of Brass.

I perceive well now that brass is waxen proud,
Because brass so much with silver is allowed,
And being both joined, since they more by brass do stand
That maketh brass bold to stand on the upper hand.

How completely the genuine silver had disappeared is pretty well expressed in the following:—

Of Silver to be borrowed.

Hast thou any bowed silver to lend me, Joan?
Nay. Hast thou any broken silver for me? None.
Hast thou any clipt silver? I had, but 'tis gone.
Hast thou any crackt groat? Crackt groat? nay, not one.
No silver bowed, broken, clipt, crackt, nor cut:
Here's a friend for friendship not worth a crackt nut!

The natural consequence of the issue of this copper money was the total disappearance from circulation of all the silver coin. However bent or broken, cracked or clipped, it all vanished: yet the Clergy would have us believe that they received in these times for Tithes two shillings and ninepence of fine silver! The important question is, what did they receive? I have stated my opinion that this Teston was only worth fourpence. Let us hear what cotemporary writers say:—

"These base monies, for the time, caused the old sterling monies to be hoarded, so that I have seen (says Stow, Survey of London, b. 1. p. 84), twenty-one shillings current given for one old angel to gild withal." These 21 shillings were of course the veritable shillings of the Decree, the Testons of 1545; we find then from this that their true value was only *a groat*, since a piece of gold of the value of 6 shillings and 8 pence was worth 21 of them.

Becon, in his Jewel of Joy, quoted by Strype in his account of the latter end of Henry's reign, breaks out into the following exclamation, "O! what a diversity is this in the sale of wools? A stone of wool to be sold at 8 groats, and now for 8 shillings; and so likewise of the sheep! God have mercy upon us!" Here the Teston is called a Shilling, and its value is stated to be a Groat.

The Clergy knew of this debasement perfectly well; nay, they are more than suspected of having been the advisers and authors of it:

can we then doubt their motive for having the Decree promulgated? We have seen the name of Parson Brooke already mentioned, as the "principal deviser" of the new copper-coin. Bishop Latimer charges all the prelates with too much interference with affairs of state; "they are occupied," he says, "some in the King's matters, some are Ambassadors, some of the Privy Council, some to furnish the Court, some are Lords of the Parliament, some are Presidents, and some *Comptrollers of Mints*. Well, well. Is this their duty? Is this their office? Is this their calling? Should we have Ministers of the Church to be Comptrollers of the Mints? Is this a meet office for a Priest that hath the cure of souls? Is this his charge? I would ask here one question: I would fain know who comptrolleth the Devil at home at his parish, while he *comptrolleth the Mint?* If the Apostles might not leave the office of Preaching to be Deacons, shall we leave it for Minting? I cannot tell you; but the saying is, that since *Priests* have been *Minters, money hath been worse than it was before.* And they say, that the evilness of money *hath made all things dearer.*"

The alarm and disgust which the adoption of this base money caused throughout the kingdom, appear to have excited a momentary desire in the Government to put a stop to it.—On the 10th of April, 1548, the second year of Edward VI. a Proclamation was issued for calling in the Testons, which "on account of their bigness, and facility of counterfeiting, had been stamped and cast in great multitudes:" and the last day of December was named as the period beyond which they should not be allowed to be current: but this term was extended by another Proclamation to the 1st of May, 1549, "on account of the great number of the Testons, and of the advantage which had been taken of the poor for the exchange of them." After this time they were to be received as bullion only. To supply their place, the King, by Proclamation of the 24th of January, 1550, stated that he had caused new coins to be made, among which we find "the Shilling at 12*d.*"—But the only difference between this and the old Testons was that, being smaller, though it contained only the same quantity as before of fine silver, it was, of course, less debased. These Shillings, thus reduced in weight, but in some degree improved in fineness, and in their outward appearance, are those to which Bishop Latimer alluded in his Sermons preached before the King, in 1549:—"We have now," said he, "a pretty little shilling indeed, a very pretty one: I have but one I think in my purse, and the last day I had put it away almost for an old *groat*, and so I trust some will take them. The fineness of the silver I cannot see, but therein is printed a fine sentence, that is, *Timor Domini fons vitæ vel sapientia.* I would God this sentence were always printed in the heart of the King in choosing his wife, and in all his officers." I.-89.

The value which the good Bishop put upon this little Shilling, agrees with that of William Thomas, a Clerk of the Council, in his Letters

to the King in 1549, concerning a Reformation of the Coin:—"He that shall live 12 months, shall see that an old Angel shall in value and estimation want little of 20 Shillings of our current money, if provision for redress of your Majesty's coin be not had the rather;" and he adds, not long after, these words, "Conclude then, that of extreme necessity, this coin must be reformed and that without delay."

Before, however, any reformation was attempted, two further issues of coin took place, in which the Teston was reduced to even half its preceding value, being in comparison with that worth only *two-pence*. The Rector's claim, therefore, of Two Shillings and Nine-pence was here discharged for the value of *five-pence halfpenny*.

I need not appeal to the historians of the time for proof of this being the actual worth of the Rector's shilling: it is unanswerably affirmed by more authentic documents, the Proclamations of subsequent years. The evil of this wretched currency had now grown to so enormous a pitch that it could no longer be tolerated, and Edward VI. by the advice of his counsellors set about a reformation. On the 30th of April 1551, in the 5th year of his reign, he issued a Proclamation stating, that "King Henry VIII. had, on account of his wars, debased the coins, and had set forth to be current among his subjects *testons* at 12 pence, and groats *equally base* at 4 pence;" and that it was his Majesty's determination to reform the same. "But as it was necessary first to rate the said coins, made both by his Majesty and his father, at a value *more near* to the goodness and fineness of the same; it was therefore ordained, that from and after the last day of August next ensuing, the *shillings and groats* coined by his Majesty should be current, within the realm of England, the town of Calais and marches of the same, at no more than NINEPENCE and THREE-PENCE respectively, on pain of forfeiture and imprisonment, with a further fine at his Majesty's pleasure." (Annals ii. 107).

Here then was the commencement of their fall, 25 per cent. "at one fell swoop" being cut off from their current value. On the 11th of May, another Proclamation declared his Majesty's determination "to *proceed* in the restoration of the fineness of his coins, for which all his good subjects had of late, *as it were, with groanings longed.*"

In June another Proclamation commanded the Shilling and Groat to be immediately current at 9d. and 3d. instead of waiting till the first of August: this was to prevent if possible the great advance of prices which ensued. To obviate these excesses the King, in another Proclamation on the 18th of July, threatened with the pillory and loss of an ear "all those who should invent, speak, mutter, or devise any manner of tale touching the further abasing of the said coin:" yet in less than one month from the date of it, the current value of the said base coins was still further diminished; "the *testourn* being cried down from ninepence to SIXPENCE, the *groat* from three-pence to TWO-PENCE, the *two-pence*

to ONE PENNY, the *penny* to a HALF-PENNY, and the *half-penny* to a FARTHING." (Annals, ii. 111.)

This second reduction took place in August, the month for which the first was intended; but the extreme urgency of the case, when it was once thought practicable, allowed no time to be lost. By the first fall one-fourth was taken away from every man's current wealth, by the next a third, and between both a *half:* a greater loss was occasioned by the inferior coins, the two-pences, &c. which pressed with unfair severity on the poorer sort.

In 1556 the Testons still continued to pass for 6d. as we find by a Proclamation of Queen Mary's of the 22d December in that year, commanding them to be received at the rate heretofore proclaimed.

Queen Elizabeth had the honour to give them their death blow. In September 1560, the 2d. year of her reign, she issued a Proclamation bringing down "the said base coins *as near to their value* as might be: viz. the base penny to three farthings; the twopence to one penny and halfpenny; *the Testons* of sixpence *to fourpence halfpenny;*" and certain testons described by particular marks, being the privy marks of the then masters of the mint (viz. those of 1550 and 1551), to *twopence farthing*.

The Rector's Teston, after a run of 17 years, was now reduced to its proper value; 24 of them being exchangeable for 9 standard shillings, each containing 89 grains of fine silver: but they were not yet entirely taken out of circulation. They were current however but a short time longer. On the 19th of February 1561, a Proclamation was issued, calling them in before the 9th of April; and on the 12th of June they were by another Proclamation formally abolished as currency, being ordered not to be taken, except as bullion, from and after the 20th of July. Other coins of the value of sixpence, threepence, three halfpence, and three farthings, were immediately issued to supply their place; and the Queen, in a Proclamation of the 13th of November in the same year, assured her subjects that the "coin of the realm which she had found to be for the most part copper, she had now recovered to be as fine, or rather finer, sterling silver, than ever it was in the realm by the space of two hundred years or more; a matter worth marking and memory." (Annals, ii. 152.)

"'Tis the last keystone that makes the arch." The Testons were swept away with all their base concomitants, and the ancient standard was restored; but the *Shilling* of 89 grains fine, as will be seen by our *Table*, wanted still a considerable increase to be equal in intrinsic value to that which existed before the depreciation. Compared with the Shilling of the 33d Henry VIII. it was deficient one third, and with that of his 17th year nearly half. The Queen however was nothing daunted at this disparity, which after all her labours left so much to be achieved. Passing over the coinage of the 18th of Henry VIII, which was stand-

ard, but not so heavy as it ought to have been, she resolved to render her coin not only equal in purity but equal in weight to that of 100 years before. To recoin it into pieces of greater weight by *one half* was one means whereby this could have been effected; but the cost, and trouble, and distress, which such a measure would bring upon the country in the interim, forbade her to think of taking that course. The only other way in which the same thing could be accomplished, would be to reduce the present value of every coin *one third* in account: this would bring it to the same point, for the reduction of the present coin in estimation one third would make it require one half as much more to pay the same sum it had formerly passed current for, and thus in either case it would be raised in precisely the same ratio. Stupendous as it must have seemed to undertake so mighty a change after so much had already been done, and apprehensive as the Queen might well be of the discontent of the bulk of the nation in this further experiment on their purses, she did not hesitate to crown all with this last great sacrifice. Accordingly "Her Majesty was induced to make a final end (to use the words of the Annalist), and to fix the value of the coins current in the realm at the following rates by Proclamation:"—and to prevent any unfair advantage being taken of the ignorant or poorer classes by those who had better information, the change was ordered to commence from the 4th of March 1562, the very day on which the Proclamation appeared. It enumerates all the coins in the kingdom, stating their former value, and declares that they were in future to be current for *one third* less: for instance:—

"Fine gold:—The sovereign was current for 30*s.*; current in future at 20*s.*"

"Silver fine sterling:—The shilling was current for 12*d.*; current in future at 8*d.*"

And so on of the rest. By these extraordinary means the shilling of 89 grains fine was made of the value of half as much more, viz. 133 grains fine, which is exactly the weight of that which it professes to equal: for these rates were then declared by the Proclamation to be those at which the several sorts of money were current from the 6th of Edward IV. until the 16th of Henry VIII.

Thus by one bold and sudden Proclamation the long desired accomplishment of a complete restoration of the coin, both in weight and purity, was effected. What distress it occasioned to some, and benefit to others, may be easily conceived, and history has not been backward to record the former; but it is probable that the distress would have been much greater had it been anticipated; in these cases prompt measures are the most humane.

Lord Treasurer Burleigh and Sir Thomas Smith were, according to Sir Robert Cotton, the chief advisers of this measure. They told the Queen that it was for the honour of her crown and the true wealth of

herself and people, to reduce the standard to the ancient parity and purity of her great grandfather King Edward IV., and that it was not the short ends of wit, nor starting-holes of devices that could sustain the expence of a monarchy, but sound and solid courses. (Vide Annals, ii. 147, and Cotton. Posthum. 237.)

We have now seen the origin and end of the TESTON, and upon the old principle of *cessante causâ cessat effectus*, we may say with equal certainty, we have seen the termination of the authority of the Decree, and the consequent annulment of the Rector's claim to a Tithe of 2*s.* 9*d.* in the pound.

PHILARCHÆUS.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS:—SECOND SERIES.*

THERE is no surer sign of vulgarity than jactation of gentility. An anxiety to appear particularly knowing in such rules of good breeding, as Mr. Dilworth expounded and gouvernantes inculcate, betrays the miserable ambition of a vulgar mind. Under-bred pretenders to fashion are perpetually talking of what is and what is not *the thing;* they have always a part to learn, and are consequently, like the Bourgeois Gentilhomme, ever running over on the subject of their studies; they are wonderfully shrewd observers of glaring solecisms, and are bitterly severe on any departure from those established canons laid down in the Primer of Politeness. What little they do know of etiquette, they ostentatiously parade, and most vehemently do they insist on its laws. Ridiculous as this sort of folly appears when one meets with it in a steam-boat, in a stage-coach, or at a watering-place (its proper element), it is rather odd that it has been adopted, and introduced into print, by some geniuses of the present day, who lay claim to extraordinary knowledge of the world. John Bull, the author of Sayings and Doings, and some writers in Blackwood, are never weary of displaying their elegance, and informing the world that they know better than to eat fish with a knife, peas with pitchforks, or to drink malt after cheese; they exalt themselves day after day, and month after month, by insisting that they like olives, do not know the taste of port, and religiously observe the canon of drinking white wine with white meats, and red with brown meats; that they invariably take a patty after soup, and know how to despise the man who is helped twice to turtle; that they are not *gênés* by a silver fork, understand the use of a napkin, with many other small vaunts of the same stamp, that tend to the unspeakable advancement of the writers in the good opinion of all the would-be fine people, and consequently secure to them a considerable share of popularity: for the would-be fine is a large tribe. But un-

* Sayings and Doings, or Sketches from Life. Second Series. In three Volumes. London, Colburn, 1825.

fortunately, the very stress which they lay on these things is in fact fatal to their pretensions, for it proves that these common usages have made the lively impression of novelty. No one lectures very learnedly on the habits and modes with which he is familiar; but we are all disposed to dwell on the manners and customs of a strange land.

The author of Sayings and Doings is particularly offensive in the way we have described, and lays down trite Dilworth-like rules of good-breeding with a species of pedantry truly puerile. Occasionally, however, he soars to the refinement of exquisitism, but then he does but strut about in the worn fopperies of Brummel, dizened out in that beau's cast off, and now somewhat antique, coxcombries. In the volumes before us, we cannot discover a single original impertinence! A catalogue of Brummel's Facetiæ would indeed bring the whole tribe of pretenders into contempt, as it would shew what a *servum pecus* it is; and after all, they imitate the exiled dandy with no better effect than the ass in the fable imitated the lap-dog.

Bearing in mind the over-weening pretension of the author of Sayings and Doings, it is whimsical enough to observe the want of keeping which appears in his stories; he affects to describe the world as it is, men and women of fashion as they are, their manners and customs, but he slides occasionally into the grossest improbabilities of the broadest farces. We will, in support of our charge, give an example in this place. In one of the tales (Doubts and Fears), a high spirited man of fashion is described as giving his most unprovoked confidence to an obtrusive vulgar innkeeper, and as unbosoming himself to his landlord after this manner.—It must be premised that the publican and guest are almost strangers to each other.

"But, dear me," said Grojan,.... ..." dear me, Sir Harry, where is my Lady?"

"There, Mr. Grojan," said Dartford, "you puzzle me: that she is alive I know, as my yearly accounts can certify. I have lived much abroad; I fancied she neglected me; she never wrote to me; *that* perhaps might be accounted for, by the fact that she did not know exactly where I was. I never wrote to *her*—I never knew exactly where *she* was: we were married mere boy and girl, without a will of our own, merely because *her* father's property joined *my* father's. I got tired of my chain, and, like an ungracious ape, broke it: the affair has now rested so long upon these terms, that as I imagine it considerably beneath my dignity to cry *peccavi*, the chances are, we shall never meet again. I feel that I *should* be happy if I could once condescend to an explanation, but I feel, above all, that this is not the time to discuss the subject, and therefore, away with it; cast sorrow behind us, and tell me, have you any fresh visitors to-day?"

Such unaccountable familiarity and uncalled-for confidence between persons of conditions so different we are accustomed to see in farces, and outrages of this nature against probability are tolerated in them, because we could never get at the plot if a licence of the kind were not permitted to clumsy authors; but in a tale where the writer may be as communicative as he pleases in his own person, there is no excuse for such a gratuitous shock to *vraisemblance;* and, as for the example we have just quoted, ridiculous as it now appears when separated from the context, no

one unacquainted with the preceding part of the story can perceive the full extent of its absurdity. How exceedingly witty would the author of Sayings and Doings have been at the expense of a brother penman who had described a man of the world, a man of fashion, as giving a true and particular account of his private life, his conduct, domestic errors, troubles, regrets, and sorrows to an impertinent innkeeper at a gossipping watering place, and all this confidence, as we have before intimated, entirely unprovoked? In an author of less pretension we might pass over a blunder of this kind, but in one professing extraordinary knowledge of the ways of the world it is inexcusable. We could point out many other absurdities of the same class; but having no desire to prejudice the author by presenting his scattered faults *en masse*, we proceed to give a short sketch of the tales composing the second series of Sayings and Doings.

"*The Sutherlands.*" "*Look before you Leap,*" and "*Marry in haste and repent at Leisure,*" are the sayings illustrated in this story. Mr. George Sutherland, a country gentleman of large fortune and small discretion, falls desperately in love with a smart girl whom he meets at a watering-place, and marries her incontinently, without indulging in any impertinent curiosity touching her family and connexions. He soon, however, discovers that he has allied himself to the daughter of a worthy who kept a public house, till he was exalted to the station of Surveyor General of Poyais, and learns, moreover, that his honoured father-in-law labours under the temporary embarrassment of being in durance for a felony in Lancaster gaol, where he is compelled to take the exercise of the treadmill. This false position of his *beau-pére* is, of course, extremely disagreeable to the feelings of Mr. George Sutherland, who thus communicates his delicate distress to his younger brother;

> Emily's father has written to me, recounting all the circumstances of that abominable affair at Liverpool, informing me that he is at Lancaster tread-mill, living upon oatmeal porridge, and a quarter of a pound of cheese weekly; that his Sunday's dinner is half a pound of boiled beef; and that he has to mount thirty-eight times the height of the Monument daily. The favour he asks is, that I will make interest to get him speedily transported, according to his sentence. Only consider, my dear James, the head of the Sutherlands of Ringsworth making interest with Mr. Peel to get his father-in-law transported by way of a personal favour! What am I to do?—It is a question I cannot myself answer; but these foreign difficulties, as I consider them, are inferior, in point of personal inconvenience, to the disarrangements of my domestic affairs.
>
> (Vol. i. p. 94, 95.)

The lady proves herself a legitimate scion of the worthy stock from which she is descended; or, to speak it more profanely, "a chip of the old block." Without loss of time she contrives to turn her husband's mother and sister out of doors, gets a gang of her own people about her as bad wives always do, breaks the butler's heart by taking her ale too freely at dinner, and, to crown all, ultimately falls in love with her helpmate's groom and goes off with him. The workings of her attachment for the groom are described in this romantic strain, which is intended for a burlesque, we are inclined to think, of the lack-a-daisical school. It certainly reminds us strongly of High-ways and By-ways.

Emily was no longer the lively thoughtless creature, who, but a few months before, seemed formed but for pleasure and gaiety ; her eye was sunken, and fixed abstractedly upon some object that others saw not ; sighs heaved that snowy bosom which but a little time before had palpitated with rapture and with joy ; momentary blushes "ever and anon" suffused her else pale cheek, and proclaimed some thought inhabiting her mind which should have found no harbour there ; she was restless, and silent, full of doubts and fears ; and her heart beat and her hand burned. She trembled when she heard her husband's step ; she sought to avoid him ; she saw her misery ; she felt it. Every thing around her was tasteless to her senses—colourless to her eye : one sole, one single object possessed—enthralled—overwhelmed her,—*she loved another*.—(Vol. i. p. 130, 131.)

Good lack a-day that other was the groom. So much for the Doings of Mr. George Sutherland, and the Saying, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." The younger brother, who is one of those grovelling grubs who call all their meannesses by the respectable name of prudence, goes differently to work, but the result is not much more happy. He pays his court to a piece of still life, the inanimate daughter of a nabob, under the impression that she is a fortune; but when things are carried too far to allow of his receding—just as he is rejoicing in his success, and congratulating himself on the reward of prudence, an explanation takes place, and he learns to his unspeakable dismay that his betrothed is a natural child, who will only bring him a life-interest of 300*l.* a year. In the disappointment of this circumspect youth is illustrated the proverb, "*Look before you leap.*"

From this sketch it will appear that the plot of *The Sutherlands* is not very artificial, but the author has made the most of his slender materials, and worked them up into a lively, pleasant tale.

"*The Man of many Friends*" is an extravagant story, founded, we might suppose, on some rejected Haymarket farce. *George* Arden (the author has a fancy for calling his heroes George, he projects bringing his Majesty's name into fashion), a young man of fortune, having taken the beaten road to ruin, and plunged into every species of dissipation, his uncle endeavours to open his eyes to his follies by a farcical stratagem. He comes to town, imitates his nephew's way of life, indulges in every extravagance, associates with gamesters and reprobates, and appears to allow himself to be fleeced, surrendering himself a willing victim to the rapacity of George's chosen companions and honourable friends. By these means, George discovers that his cronies are rogues, and is made to see, tanquam in speculum, his own follies in his uncle's vagaries. The proverb at the bottom of all this is, that "Practice is really better than precept."

"*Doubts and Fears.*" This is the worst tale in the book, it is, indeed, decidedly bad, always tedious, sometimes disgusting, and uniformly unnatural. A profligate baronet, a Waterloo hero, whom the author resembles to a lion and a lamb in respect of his gentleness and bravery, calumniates and makes love to a young lady who proves to be his own daughter. The scene in which these parties meet by assignation, the daughter being aware of her relationship to the man who is gloating on her, is

disgusting in the extreme. The hero and honourable lover of the lady, Mr. Milford, is made a most extraordinary sort of swain; he suffers an insult to be offered to his charmer by the aforesaid lion and lamb just by way of trial, as a test of her modesty! In exceedingly stupid farces it is common to attempt to raise a laugh by means of making an actor repeat any one word or phrase, no matter what, incessantly; an innkeeper in this story has a part of this kind, and says "quite correct," till it becomes humourous, we suppose to say "quite correct."

"*Passion and Principle.*" There is nothing very original in the opening of this story. Francis Welsted, usher at a private school, and Fanny Rodney the schoolmaster's daughter, are mutually attached; but the course of true love is interrupted, as it usually is in works of fiction, by a wealthy, tyrannical old East Indian, who being about to return to India in the capacity of Governor General of Bombay, and wanting a wife as a necessary part of his equipage, lays his title and fortune, as the newspapers say, at the feet of Miss Rodney. Under these circumstances, the poor usher makes a sacrifice of his passion to what he conceives to be the welfare of the object of his affections; he communicates the little history of their attachment to the father of his mistress (a worldly pedagogue) together with the resolution he has taken, then withdraws privately from the house, and repairs to London in quest of a livelihood. The field is thus left open to Sir Frederick Brashleigh, an account of whose advancement in the world by virtue of his first wife's beauty is given in a rapid sketch, full of spirit and cleverness, every stroke tells in it, and the result is a very masterly portrait of the slave and overbearing tyrant, a character more odious than rare. We are strongly inclined to think that this is a copy from the life.

The miserable condition of a friendless and poor man seeking a livelihood in this great city is painfully well described in the anxieties and little annoyances suffered by Welsted during his sojourn at the Bell in Holborn. After a time he is, however, fortunately discovered by a warm-hearted young nobleman, Lord Feversham, whom when a boy he had saved from drowning, and suddenly, from being the neglected solitary usher moping at an inn in Holborn, Welsted finds himself the welcome guest at an earl's table, and the object of the attentions of a noble family grateful for the services he had rendered them—an elevation which the author seems to regard as the very summit of human ambition. When describing the modest tutor's disinclination to associate with lords and ladies of whom he had not conceived the most favourable opinion, the writer takes occasion to pay the following handsome tribute to the virtues of those injured innocents, the English nobility.

The morning passed feverishly with Frank, for he was unused to society, and had moreover, since truth must be told, a kind of contempt for nobility. Whence this feeling originated I know not, unless in the perusal of works and public papers, whose writers have the worst of objects in endeavouring to ridicule and vilify *the best of people*, and who, without ever having had an opportunity of judging personally of good society,

consider it part of their daily duty, as tending to the great end they have in view, to make it appear that every individual, superior to themselves, is either a fool or a knave; that it is only necessary to place a coronet on a man's head to weaken his intellects; and that vice and dissipation (which in truth flourish more in the middling and lower classes, than any where else,) are the exclusive characteristics of the best-born, and best-bred part of the British population. (Vol. iii. p. 74, 75.)

All Welsted's prejudices against nobility were at once dissipated when he saw Lord Feversham's family, as well they might be, seeing that the author has taken care to dizen out his great folks in all the graces and virtues. The usher is, indeed, soon reconciled to the great; but going to the opera with his patrician friends he is somewhat scandalized by the manners and customs of the place—the impression of this scene on the mind of a novice, who had never before been in a metropolitan theatre, is, we think, very cleverly described.

A relief of dandies fortunately arrived to flirt with the young ladies, but their easy familiarity of manner startled the novice, and kept him in a perpetual stare of amazement; yet even his astonishment at their observations and anecdotes sank into insignificance before the wonder he experienced when the Ballet commenced, and he saw the unblushing indecency with which the half-dressed women on the stage exposed their figures to the wanton gaze of the multitude. He looked, first at the scene, and then at his companions;—their glasses were at their eyes, but he watched the expression of their countenances, and turned with an inquiring and unnoticed gaze towards the men; but as the exhibition went on, he remarked that the more indelicate the display on the stage, the greater was the applause on the part of the audience. The sensation he felt was one of constant apprehension, and his breath actually failed him as he beheld the tenfold pirouette of a lovely girl, which presented to the public eye the whole of her form and figure; but his feelings were changed from alarm, and apprehension lest the sensibility of his female companions should be shocked by what he considered such a flagrant violation of decorum, when he heard the exemplary Countess herself exclaim with greater energy than she had hitherto evinced, "Brava, Brava," and beheld the lovely Lady Maria turn round to one of her male associates, to praise the dexterity and ease with which the unfortunate and degraded creature had performed the ungraceful evolution, the only merit of which is the gross exposition of person, at which modesty shudders, and from which common decency revolts.

This was the first symptom of aristocratic depravity which struck Welsted, and he began to fear that he had somewhat too hastily formed a favourable opinion of his new associates; but he had not reached the *acmé* of suspicion;—he heard, to his infinite amazement, a conversation amongst the party relative to the kept mistresses of married men who shared with their "protectors" the fronts of the best boxes in the theatre, while the wives and daughters of the hoary rakes sat opposite, and witnessed the debasing exhibition; he saw too with wonder, men conversing with females in the pit, whose character and profession, even to the unpractised eye of Welsted, were unequivocal, and then without the semblance of concealment, or a change of place, turning to their wives or sisters, (or at all events, the wives and sisters of their friends,) and addressing them in precisely the same manner (perhaps on the same subject) as that which they had adopted towards their unfortunate associates of the preceding minute.

(Vol. iii. p. 95—97.)

The author, doubtless, felt it necessary to soften down the effect of this sketch "lest the courtiers offended should be," and accordingly we find in the next paragraph a bon-bon for "*the best of people,*" a lump of sugar after the bitterness of the former passage.

Our young friend however was wrong—that there are in all classes exceptions to general rules, unfavourable as well as favourable, every body knows; but when the number of the aristocracy of this country is calculated, and the constant watch kept upon all its actions duly considered, I am apt to believe that the vices of the higher grades, however much more exposed to view, will be found infinitely fewer in proportion to their numbers, than those of middling society; in the classes below mediocrity it will not be thought too severe (since the statement is founded upon observation) to say, that those virtues, for the absence of which the great are most satirized, are beyond all measure rare. Police reports, the daily press, common remark itself, will prove the truth of this assertion. At all events, taking a view of society in other countries relatively to that of our own, whatever may be the equivocal merits of the community at large, we believe it will not be denied, that the British nobility, taken as a body, is the most moral nobility in Europe. (Vol. iii. p. 97.)

At the very moment that Welsted's prospects are brightening under the auspices of his powerful patrician friends, Fanny Rodney is married to Sir Frederick Brashleigh, who without loss of time makes his unhappy wife feel the full weight of the most capricious tyranny. The character of this man is extremely well preserved throughout, and the scenes in which he plays the bashaw are given with dramatic effect, and are executed with great spirit. We are persuaded that the author must have had the advantage of living in an unhappy family, he could not otherwise have described these troubles with such an air of truth.

Our space does not permit of our following the principal characters though all their adventures; suffice it to say, that Lady Brashleigh accompanies her amiable spouse to India, that Welsted takes orders, after a time procures through his patrons an appointment at Ceylon, and on his voyage outwards, by some chances which we have not room to explain, finds Lady Brashleigh with her husband at the Cape. This happy pair take their passage in the merchantman in which the hero is a passenger; shortly after their departure from the Cape the wind freshens to a gale, the ship makes bad weather, and ultimately founders. Welstead clings to the wreck of the companion, and saves Lady Brashleigh; they are the only survivors, a sloop of war heaves in sight, makes for them, ropes are thrown out, and Lady Brashleigh is saved, but the vessel taking a heel while Welsted is still along side, he receives a mortal blow and sinks. This catastrophe is rather wantonly tragic, we have a regard for the poor usher, and are sorry to see him knocked on the head, but authors have an indisputable right to murder their own offspring.

The above rude outline will give but an imperfect idea of this tale, which is really a very clever and interesting performance, so much so, that we regret extremely that the author has committed in it some of his wonted offences against good taste. The political bitterness conveyed in these pages is as much out of place as season. In a work of invention it is extremely easy to draw a frightful picture of an adversary, and when we see Whig and Radical blackened in a tale of fancy, we are only reminded of the retort of the Lion in the fable on the painter

who conquered him on the canvas.* The story would doubtless be better without these blemishes, but still it is good, and we have not for some time derived so much entertainment from a work of fiction as "Passion and Principle" has afforded us.

In our sketches of these stories we have passed over the innumerable instances of *pretension* that occur in them. A constant effort to appear familiar with the usages and pleasures of good society (that is to say, the society of lords and ladies), allusions to the commonest customs of the world as to things unknown, an ostentatious parade of some small knowledge of insignificant coxcombries, and merciless satire on offenders against Dilworth's rules, cannot fail to strike the most unobservant reader. But having already commented generally on this very bad taste, we would spare ourselves the exposure of it in the particular instances. As the author, however, is resolved to be so extremely fine, and to shine as an ultra-pink, we would just hint to him that he should not make his superlatively elegant women say "*umph*" quite so often as they do—"*umph*" really forms the chief part of their dialogue. Though his style is, for the most part, easy and idiomatic, we occasionally detect certain uncouth words and slip-slop expressions which are extremely ill-suited to the diction of so prodigiously fine a gentleman. "*Hebdominally,*" startles us in the very first page, whence in the name of Mrs. Malaprop does it come? "*Dullard*" (p. 259, vol. ii.) is also a word that sounds strange to our ears; and "help-meet" (p. 325, vol. iii.) is an odd compound; the best possible fish, "the best possible" this, and "the best possible" that, occur frequently, and remind the reader rather too strongly of the manner of Mrs. Honour. Trifles of this kind, however, no one would ever think of adverting to, except in the composition of a literary *petit-maitre*—pretension is an irresistible conductor of cavil. While we are upon little matters, we may be permitted to observe that the author makes rather too much of Polly Peachum's "safest and best," we have it in every shape, "wisest and best" "right and proper," and half a hundred variations of the same redundancy of expression; we merely remark on this as a somewhat unmerciful use of a beauty—"give these fellows a good thing and they never know when to have done with it," as Mr. Puff says.

At this moment we have not the slightest recollection of the contents of the former series of "Sayings and Doings," we retain only a general impression by no means favourable to the book, and some faint remembrance that it was not remarkable for the "best possible" French—but further it is all buz. This series, we should imagine, therefore, must be infinitely superior to the preceding; for though there are bad things,

* The revival of a very gross and wholly groundless imputation on a respectable Journal, which we observe in this story, merits the severest reprehension. The repetition of so idle a calumny savours strongly of deliberate malice.

there are also good things in it, and good things which we shall not forget in a twelvemonth. The author's humour has a tendency to caricature, we might add, too frequently to buffoonery, and the first three tales are founded on the plots of broad farces. The Sutherland family is however amusing, and The Man of many Friends may help the reader to pass an idle hour; but Doubts and Fears is decidedly bad, it is the sort of stuff that, converted into a Burletta, would be acted with unbounded applause at the Cobourg or Surrey Theatre—readable it is not. The last story, Passion and Principle, is as superior to the others in fable as in execution. The perpetual satire on vulgarity is, however, the defect of this, as of all the author's writings; and yet the very contempt which he heaps on the vulgar gains him the admiration of the vulgar; for mean souls have always an unbounded respect for those who despise them—they do full justice to the scoffer's penetration, and confess that he is discerning when he loads them with contumely.

STERNE AT PARIS AND VERSAILLES.

STERNE makes a leap in his journey from Amiens to Paris, leaving the intermediate road a blank. Had he lived and travelled in these times such would not, I think, have been the case: *Chantilly*, the celebrated hunting seat of the Prince de Condé, which lies in the way, might have furnished matter for a chapter worthy of taking its place side by side with "the Sword."

PARIS. *The Hotel de Modene.*

"So taking down the name of the Hotel de Modene where I lodged—" It would be worth while to discover this, the scene of "The Case of Conscience," "the Starling," "the Dimanche," &c. but, considering the extraordinary changes the city has undergone within even these few months, it is more than probable, that the sixty years which have passed away since the period of Sterne's visit have carried his Hotel de Modene along with them. The transformation of Swallow-street into Regent-street, by the magic touch of Harlequin NASH, will serve to convey some idea of the hocus-pocus daily operating upon every quarter of Paris. *Hic, hoc, presto,* and a dirty narrow lane becomes a noble street, a timber-shed is transformed into a stone mansion, and for a blind alley we have a spacious Piazza! Yesterday *there* flourished a garden, its lofty trees struggling with the surrounding chimneys for pre-eminence: to-day a theatre occupies the spot!—'Twas *there* you last night witnessed the graceful dalliance of *Flore et Zephyr* in an almost real Arcadia; this morning the Temple of Enchantment has disappeared,

and a fountain bubbles in the void! But this is not all: the very *ends of the town* (applying to them the English distinction of fashionable and unfashionable) have been for nearly a century, and still are, playing at cross-purposes. The *Marais,* once the French "West-end,"* and where you still read the remarkable names of De Sevigné, Turenne, De Joyeuse, over the gates of their respective hotels, is now the French Hackney—the retreat of warm traders and prudent shop-keepers who have quitted business. From the *Marais* fashion took its flight across the bridges to the Fauxbourg St. Germain, and the abandoned *Marais* of course became in the most emphatic sense of that most emphatic word —a *bore.* But Fashion is a whimsical, capricious, restless jade, and presently we find her perched in the *Quartier St. Honoré.* Who now could breathe in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain?* For a *Fashionable* to have remained there, would have been much the same as *the* Duchess of Devonshire taking up her residence in Tooley-street in the Borough. Then again over the bridges—then to the *Chaussée d'Antin*—over the bridges again—and now, such is the rage and the impatience for an apartment in the dear, dear, doubly dear, the beautiful, the delightful, that only possible habitable point on the face of the globe, the *Chaussée d'Antin,* that I have seen a family lodged in the first floor of an unfinished house whilst the second was building over their heads! How then, amidst all these changes, can I hope to identify Sterne's Hotel de Modene? But *nil desperandum,*—which, freely translated, means *I'll try.*

The first result of my inquiry for the Hotel de Modene was somewhat perplexing: it was nothing less than the discovery that there were ten or a dozen, in different parts of the city. This was a most distressing abundance, and I heartily wished eleven of them—no matter where. It is a fact honourable to the heart and the understanding of man that intemperate or unreasonable wishes are seldom long persisted in: one reason for this may be, that such wishes are mostly unavailable. The massive stone tenements of Paris, unlike "*These houses to let*" that grow up so plentifully in and about London, are not to be blown down by a breath, nor shaken to their foundations even by a country-dance: whatever else may be objected to French houses, they are, at least, quadrille-proof. There was nothing potent, then, in my mere *wish* to rid me of eleven unwelcome Hotels de Modene: no sooner, therefore, was it uttered than retracted; and I resolved to try some other method of clearing my list of its superfluities, which, however less speedy might be its operation, should offer the advantage of being practicable. This sensible resolution was not long without its reward, for it at once occurred

* A Frenchman, to whom I was describing some of the improvements of London, which he had not visited since the Peace of Amiens, said, in reply to my observation, that the fashion was pushing towards the *north:* "Ah! Sare; it is of no use: *that* never shall be the West-end of your town till your king make his palace there."

to me that from certain indications, given by Sterne himself, his lodging *must have been* in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain.* Thus was I enabled to relieve myself of the incumbrance of one half the town by a dash of the pen. This was much, but it was far from being all, for there were still, as I was told, three Hotels de Modene in that very quarter. On a careful examination of these, I was satisfied that none of them was the house I sought; one having but lately assumed the name, another being an establishment of recent date, and the third an unfinished building. Pursuing my inquiries, I found there was a fourth, but could not learn exactly where. "We stood still at the corner of the *Rue de Nevers* whilst this passed," says Sterne, alluding to his conversation with Madame R * * *'s *femme de chambre,* on the Quai de Conti. "But is this the way, my dear, said I, to the Hotel de Modene? She told me it was —or that I might go by the *Rue Guenegaud,* which was the next turn." I traversed those streets and their immediate neighbourhood, but without success. I was now reduced to my last hope—the direction given by the *grisette.* I own I did not anticipate a favourable result from my concluding attempt, and I made it rather with a view to ascertain that further search would be fruitless, than in the expectation of finding the object of my search. Failing to discover a north-west passage, the next best thing would be to prove to demonstration that there is none.

"Pray, madam, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the Opéra Comique.—You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take—you must turn first to your left hand—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns; and be so good as to take the second; then go down a little way and you'll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *Pont Neuf,*" &c.—*The Pulse, Sent. Jour.*

It was impossible to determine Yorick's starting-point; so placing myself at the foot of the *Pont Neuf,* with the *grisette* for my guide, I followed the exact inverse of her minute directions, and presently found myself in the *Rue Jacob,* down which, at a few paces to the right, I perceived, to my extreme satisfaction, a sign-board exhibiting the welcome words, HOTEL DE MODENE!

The *Rue Jacob* is as little indebted to modern improvement as Exeter Change; such as it was a century ago, nearly such is it now. Napoleon said of the emigrants, *Après vingt-cinq ans ils n'ont rien appris; ils n'ont rien oubliés;* so may it be asserted of the *Rue Jacob,* it has gained nothing—it has lost nothing. The situation, the age and appearance of the house, and, above all, the way in which I was led to it, might have satisfied me that it was the identical object of my search: the authenticity of many a celebrated spot has been acknowledged upon evidence less conclusive: but I look at all antiquities, all curiosities, with an eye

of suspicion; and whenever any thing bearing either of those titles is presented to me, the first operation of my mind is *to doubt.* I am not altogether unwarranted in the indulgence of this unamiable propensity, for I have already seen *nine of the three* Queen Anne's farthings, nearly as much of Shakspeare's mulberry tree as would suffice to build a seventy-four, three undoubted originals of Titian's mistress, two hearts of Charles XII., and three of Oliver Cromwell's skulls! to say nothing of dozens of *uniques* of the *same* saintly relics. But it was the recollection of "Sterne's Chamber" at Calais (an imposture, or, to speak gently of it, a *mistake,* more to the point) which, happening to come across me at the moment, warned me to be cautious, else it is not unlikely I might have remained satisfied with *this* Hotel de Modene: so strong were appearances in its favour. It is by no means pleasant to see one's latest theory or discovery overturned at each successive stage of inquiry; still in matters of this nature, there is never any harm in doubting; and though I am aware that we often tempt the destruction of the most agreeable illusions to be derived from the supposed connexion of a certain spot with some remarkable person or event when we try it by the severe test of truth, yet, for my own part, I should seldom feel inclined to allow it the honours of the association upon mere conjectural evidence. The Chevalier Crédule of Paris, Professor Von Gulp of Berlin, and Professor Von Gudgeon of Leyden, are at issue respecting the precise six square feet of ground where Leonidas fell: the Chevalier plants his wand, and dogmatically asserts "'Twas here;" Von Gulp is prepared to prove, beyond the possibility of contradiction, that it was exactly one rood and an inch further in a right line to the S. S. E.; whilst Von Gudgeon is ready to demonstrate, to the confusion of both, and the edification of the whole world, that it was distant from the Chevalier's point one rood *less* an inch, in a right line bearing N. W. by W. Could the "precise six square feet of ground" be ascertained, the fact would be interesting; but, since they cannot, for Heaven's sake rid me of these quacks, who, by their endeavours to impose upon my belief a doubtful *particular,* diminish the integrity of my general associations, and, by so doing, disturb me in the enjoyment of them.

At the hazard, then, of upsetting all the probabilities, I resolved to make an inquiry or two of Madame Guilliarme, the mistress of the hotel. Alas! She had never heard of Sterne, and knew no more of *Le Voyage Sentimental* than of the Koran: she was sorry and *altogether desolated* that it was so—could she have furnished me with any information it would have *made* the greatest possible pleasure for her, and she would have been *charmed.* But Mademoiselle, who was making a *colerette* in an inner room, hearing something about *Sentimental,* fancied herself privileged to come forth and join in the conversation: for, ever since the days of the Corsair, the Giaour, and *Le Solitaire,* it has been considered by young French ladies—and by some tolerably old ones too

—as *tout-à-fait gentil* to be rather *sentimental;* and it requires but a few more Corsairs to set them all as sentimental, in the nonsensical sense of the word, as Germans. I explained the object of my visit to Mademoiselle; and, having a French translation of the Journey in my pocket,* pointed out to her the passage in which the Hotel de Modene was mentioned. Her expression of astonishment and delight was inconceivably ludicrous. "*O Dieu! is it possible!* Our house is spoken of *in a book!* in a romance too! but, Sir, I *supplicate* you to tell me, is it really a *roman,* or is it nothing but a book of travels?" Mademoiselle being satisfied that it was not a *mere* book of travels, became anxious to settle the point in favour of their own hotel, and her answer to all my objections was—"*C'est egal, Monsieur; soyez persuadé que c'est nôtre maison.*" A long cross-examination ensued; of which (having loitered much longer about the Hotel de Modene than I intended) I shall give the result as briefly as possible.

The present Hotel de Modene then (No. 12, Rue Jacob,) is *not* the house where Sterne lodged. The undoubted scene of the "Case of Conscience," the "Starling," &c. is the very next house to it, No. 14.† The latter is now a private house, and its business as an Hotel, together with its name, were transferred to its neighbour about five-and-twenty years ago. Prior to that period, No. 14 was, and had been time out of mind, the Hotel de Modene; and it was not till within these few years that there was even a second bearing a similar denomination on the whole of that side of the river. This information, which I collected from several of the old inhabitants of the quarter, and from the proprietor of the house

* How much the French translation is away from the spirit of the original, an example or two will show. The careless, characteristic phrase, "The coat I have on, said I, looking at the sleeve, will do;" is thus flatly rendered: "Je jette un coup d'œil sur les manches de mon habit, et je vois qu'il peut passer."

About translating the Fragment, Sterne says, "So I went on leisurely, *as a trifling man does*, sometimes writing a sentence—then taking a turn or two—and then looking how the world went, out of the window." *Monsieur le traducteur* gives us this: "Je m'en occupai à loisir *comme un homme qui écrit des maximes;* tantot en me mettant à ma fenêtre," &c.

"I should not have minded, Monsieur, said he, if you had had twenty girls——'Tis a score more, replied I, interrupting him, than I ever reckoned upon." For this playful reply we have a common-place exclamation: "Et je n'ai jamais songé, moi, à en avoir une seule!"

The exquisite description of Maria, commencing with "Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless *of the first order of fine forms,*" is thus vulgarised, and a mere "devilish fine girl" is the consequence: "Marie n'étoit pas grande, *mais elle étoit bien faite*.... Elle avoit les traits delicats, *et tout ce que le cœur peut désirer dans une femme.* Ah si elle pouvoit *recouvrir son bons sens*, et si les traits d'Elisa ———" and so on. A portrait of Sterne in a stiff court dress, looking like a dapper marquis in a French comedy, ornaments the volume: his work has undergone a similar metamorphosis.

† Lest those who have not visited Paris, and are not aware of the circumstance, should consider this a blunder, it is proper to state, that the even numbers are all on one side of a street, and the odd ones on the other.

himself, was confirmed by an inquiry at the *Prefecture de Police,* where a register of all lodging-houses is kept. All this, together with its situation, which tallies so perfectly with Sterne's topographical account of his walk to the Pont Neuf, is surely sufficient to establish the *fact* of this being his Hotel de Modene; and since it is certain the house has undergone no material alteration since his time, such as choose to indulge their *fancies* may hang their Starling in the "very passage" along which Yorick passed on his way to the Court-yard, or may even buckle a *femme de chambre's* shoe in Yorick's own room, provided, since buckles are no longer in fashion, they will also *fancy* the buckle.*

L'Opéra Comique.

The Opéra Comique holds an important place in the "Journey." Yorick pays a visit to it immediately on his arrival; it occasions the chapters of the "Pulse," the "Husband," and the "Gloves;" and is the actual scene of the "Dwarf," the "Act of Charity," and, partly, of the "Rose." The descriptions he has given of two different parts of the building are both of them perfectly correct, and one of them, indeed, is remarkably minute.

"There is a long dark passage issuing out from the Opéra Comique into a narrow street; 'tis trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre,* or wish to get off quietly on foot when the opera is done," &c. This is the scene of the Act of Charity. Again: "At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small esplanade left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the parterre, you pay the same price as in the orchestra." It was in this "luckless place" that the poor dwarf encountered the tall German. But, reader, beware of seeking these classic spots at the *Théâtre Feydeau,* the actual Comic Opera, where there is, indeed, an insidious "long dark passage," answering the description sufficiently to mislead you, as it once misled me. Sterne's *Opéra Comique* was situated in that part of the town where no one in these days could imagine a theatre ever had existed: it is a spot which may be assimilated to our Seven Dials; like it, it stands pre-eminent in degradation, and is the lowest of the low. The *Comédie Italienne,* for such was properly its appellation, stood in the *Rue Mauconseil,* which is near the *Rue de la Vieille Friperie,* where *La Fleur* bought his gay scarlet livery; and not very far from it is the *Halle* (the great fish-market): a place which has derived considerable celebrity from the circumstance of its being occupied by that very interesting class of females, vulgarly denominated *poissardes,* but who, in polite French, in language befitting the elegance and delicacy of its objects, are termed *les dames de la Halle.* Of the theatre, which was destroyed not many years after the period of Sterne's visit,

* I was desirous of discovering the name of the landlord who plays so conspicuous a part in the "Passport" and the "Case of Conscience;" but all the registers down to within a few years of the revolution are destroyed.

nothing now remains but part of its walls: in one of these is an old grated door, opening to a *long narrow passage,* which, from its situation, it having been an outlet into a bye-street, is probably the passage alluded to. The site is now occupied by the *Halle aux Cuirs* (the leather-market), erected in 1784. In the King's Library, at Paris, a plan of the old theatre is preserved. It serves as a confirmation of Sterne's exactness and fidelity in the description even of trifling objects, and, consequently, as some proof of what has already been asserted, that every incident he relates, however highly he may have embellished it, is founded on fact. The plan of the orchestra, the esplanade, &c. corresponds precisely with his description of them; and there you have the "luckless place" palpably before you. So much for the theatre itself. With respect to the performances in Yorick's time they were principally French and Italian farces, which, with the exception of some of Goldoni's, were of no very elevated character. The most celebrated composers of that day were Philidor and Duni, of whose music not a bar is now heard, notwithstanding the immortality which the critics of the time predicted for it,* and the actors who, most likely, contributed to Sterne's amusement, were *Cailleau, Clairval,* and *Mlle. Ruelle.* Clairval is within the recollection of many, and was one of the finest actors the Comic Opera ever produced. Among the many changes which habits and manners have undergone, it may be relevant to the subject to notice, that the performances at the theatres usually commenced between three and four o'clock, and concluded about eight. It was *after* the performance that Sterne called at the bookseller's, in the Quai de Conti, in his "return home," and that the adventure with the *femme de chambre* occurred; a circumstance which seems to require the explanation given.

Of the other places in Paris rendered celebrated by being mentioned in the "Journey," a short notice will suffice. The *Rue St. Pierre,* where dwelt Mad. R***, (only known to us as the mistress of a more important person, her *femme de chambre*) was described in a former paper. The *Bastile,* it is needless to say, no longer stands to terrify the careless traveller, who may have penetrated into the great city unprotected by a passport: the *Chatelêt* too has disappeared, and nothing remains to attest its former existence, except its name, which it has bequeathed to the square now occupying its site. The last place we shall notice is the "lane leading from the Carousel to the Palais-Royal," where Yorick helped the dwarf over the gutter. This was the *Rue St. Nicaise,* the only opening then existing in that direction. It was in this very street a plot was laid, which, had it succeeded, would have prevented the battle of Moscow, deprived the English of an opportunity

* Gretry had not yet appeared, but it was at this theatre he produced his earliest and some of his best works. It is a curious fact, not generally known, that *L'Amant Jaloux, Les Evénements Imprévus* (two of the best operas on the French stage,) and *Midas,* were written by an Irishman, named Hales—gallicised *D'Hêle.* From one of these the Gay Deceivers is translated.

of gathering laurels in Spain, rendered them incapable of making Napoleon their prisoner, and, consequently, have secured that wonderful man against the possibility of terminating his life, as he did, at St. Helena. It was nothing less than the obstruction of his carriage on his way to the Opera, by placing athwart the doubly celebrated gutter the Infernal Machine; a contrivance which, had it operated in time, would, in addition to the consequences above enumerated, have blown Buonaparte —it is difficult to say where; and reduced Mr. Rennie to the necessity of devising some other appellation for his noble bridge than the one by which it is now distinguished. Buonaparte, however, escaped unhurt; but, shortly after the event, the guilty *Rue St. Nicaise* was condemned to demolition, and, accordingly, the whole of it, together with its interesting gutter, was swept from off the face of Paris.

VERSAILLES.

From Paris, Yorick makes an excursion to Versailles, where the court was then held, where all the ministers and great public functionaries resided, and all state business was transacted. He is not without adventures here: the "Passport," the "Address," "Character," the "*Patissier*," are among the most interesting chapters of his book. The only places particularly alluded to, are, the spot where the poor Knight of St. Louis usually took his stand—near the iron gates which led up to the palace; and the *Duc de Choiseiul's* apartments; during the approach to which, Sterne debates in his own mind the mode of "Address." There stands the melancholy palace as if in mockery of human vanity! Its splendid halls, its far-stretching galleries and countless chambers, are void and desolate: the sounds of gaiety have ceased to vibrate in its theatre, the voice of prayer no more is heard within its gilded chapel. Yet there it stands, the tomb of kingly grandeur—a marble moral, an epigram, a bitter mockery! You pace its lengthened floors, and its tenantless walls return the echo of your footsteps sickeningly upon the heart. Looking at what Versailles is, it is scarcely possible to believe what it has been. The iron gates, near which the *Patissier* usually took his stand, enclose the court-yard—not filled with carriages, pressing towards a minister's levee, as when Yorick "wheeled round it"—but still, silent, motionless, lifeless! The town, too, is sad and gloomy. With its broad, unfrequented streets, verdant with tufts of grass which leisurely spring up between its untrodden stones, and with its huge, but thinly tenanted houses, it appears as if starving and hungering for a population.

This and a former paper have been devoted almost entirely to the tracing out of the several spots visited by Sterne in the course of his Journey; to the record of the destruction of some, and of the transformation of others amongst them; and to the proving of the identity of such as still exist. A more interesting task remains, that of applying a similar process in illustration of the wonderful truth and fidelity of his sketches of French character and manners. It may, perhaps, furnish matter for some future number.

P.*

SONNET.

WHILST the moon decks herself in Neptune's glass,
  And ponders o'er her image in the sea,
Her cloudy locks smoothing from off her face
  That she may all as bright as beauty be;
It is my wont to sit upon the shore,
  And mark with what an even grace she glides
Her two concurrent paths of azure o'er,
  One in the heav'ns, the other in the tides:
  Now with a transient veil her face she hides,
And ocean blackens with a human frown;
  Now her fine screen of vapour she divides,
And looks with all her light of beauty down;
  Her splendid smile o'er-silvering the main
  Spreads her the glass she looks into again.

OLD LONDON.

I was passing, said Khidr, a populous city, and I asked one of the inhabitants, "How long has this city been built?" but he said, "This is an ancient city, we know not at what time it was built, neither we nor our fathers." Then I passed by, after five hundred years, and not a trace of the city was to be seen; but I found a man gathering herbs, and I asked, 'How long has this city been destroyed?" but he said, "The country has always been thus." And I said, "But there *was* a city here." Then he said, "We have seen no city here, nor have we heard of such from our fathers." After five hundred years, I again passed that way, and found a lake, and met there a company of fishermen, and asked them, "When did this land become a lake?" and they said, "How can a man like you ask such a question—the place was never other than it is." "But heretofore," said I, "it was dry land;" and they said, "We never saw it so, nor heard it from our fathers." Then again, after five hundred years, I returned, and behold! the lake was dried up; and I met a solitary man, and said to him, "When did this spot become dry land?" and he said, "It was always thus." "But formerly," I said, "it was a lake;" and he said, "We never saw it nor heard of it before." And five hundred years afterwards I again passed by, and again found a populous and beautiful city, and finer then I had at first seen it; and I asked of one of the inhabitants, "When was this city built?" and he said, "Truly, it is an ancient place, we know not the date of its building—neither we nor our fathers."—*Translation of an Extract from Kazwini the Arabian Naturalist, in De Sacy's Chrestomathie Arabe*, vol. iii. p. 417.

If some Saint Leon or Wandering Jew, doomed a few thousand years ago to perpetual life, were to record the mutations of the site on which London now stands, we should doubtless perceive changes little less complete, although less imposing, than those described by the oriental

naturalist. But without the assistance of such an awfully long-liver as the veracious Khidr, we will endeavour to exhibit a few of the changes which have happened to the city from which we derive our name. We shall not, however, have occasion to go beyond one five hundred years to discover that hardly a vestige of its ancient lineaments remains. The wall and broad ditch which belted it about, and the gardens and pleasure grounds which ornamented its suburbs, have disappeared—the rivers which flowed through its streets have been all drunk up—the citizen can no longer enjoy a rural walk to Clerkenwell or the Miles End—the precincts of the city are deserted by the nobility, whose trains once thronged its streets; and the merchants and traders, who grow warm in its bosom, are glad to escape from its smoke. But we are not going to cant over "the good old times;" for we had, spite of the asseverations of our ancient sires and grandsires, rather view them through the perspective of five hundred years, and describe their peculiarities, than have lived within the sphere of their blessed influence. Let it not be supposed, however, that it is our intention to treat our readers with a wearisome "Walk round London;" we have no wish to employ any Jacob's ladder to mount, or any Jacob's staff to measure, its churches and monasteries, its battlements and towers of strength.

If we look, then, some five centuries back, we shall find that the covering of the ground has been almost entirely changed—that nearly all the old buildings have been succeeded by new, except the Tower, which seems indeed like the fortress in which Time has ensconced himself against that innovation whereto he has subjected all its vicinage: we seek in vain for the palaces and mansions of Old London; Tower Royal, called the Queen's Wardrobe, where Richard II. and his mother lodged in the time of their trouble, retains no trace of regality but its name; Petty Wales, in Thames-street, the inn or lodging of the Princes of that portion of the Island, bears at present a more apt correspondence with its name; the Treasures of the 'Eastern Ind' now load the site of Northumberland House, which formerly lorded it over the southern side of Fenchurch-street; Drapers' Hall has arisen from the ashes of the spacious mansion of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex *; Stationers'

* A curious anecdote is related by Stow, of this personage's regardlessness of the law of *meum* and *tuum*. "This house being finished," says he, "and having some reasonable plot of ground left for a garden, he caused the pales of the gardens adjoining to the north part thereof on a sudden to be taken down, 22 feet to be measured forthright into the north of every man's ground, a line there to be drawn, a trench to be cast, a foundation laid, and a high brick wall to be builded. My father had a house there, and there was a house standing close to his south-pale: this house they loosed from the ground and bare upon rowlers into my father's garden 22 foot ere my father heard thereof; no warning was given him, nor other answer (when he spake to the surveyors of that work) but that their master, Sir Thomas, commanded them so to do: no man durst go to argue the matter, but each man lost his land. Thus much," adds the antiquary, "of mine own knowledge have I thought good to note, that the sudden rising of some men causeth them to forget themselves."

Hall on the site of Pembroke Inn, afterwards called Abergavenny House, and Little Britain has become less since the Earls of Britain lived there. Warwick-lane, in which stood the Earl of Warwick's house, is now a continuous *butchery*, an appropriation possibly suggested by the custom in that noble family's household of frequently devouring six oxen to breakfast, or it may be from the famous Guy, who so skilfully performed the function of a butcher in flaying the terrible Dun Cow. The City Mansion House has succeeded the Stocks Market,* the great emporium for fish and flesh; and the little cottage in which the public business of the City was transacted previously to 1400, has grown into the Guildhall.

But if trade has seized on the situations which fashion deserted, trade itself has had its migrations. The grass or herb market is no longer confined to Gracechurch or Grass-street; the chief, if not the only corn merchant on the Cornhill is the very erudite chiropedist, † he who makes the lame to walk and the pained foot to dance for joy, the small shoe physician, the *sole* surgeon and king of corns; Birchin-lane is denuded of drapery and drapers—the Poultry is no longer kept warm by its condimental neighbours, the pepperers ‡ of Bucklersbury; the noble army of quadrupedal martyrs no longer smokes daily along the whole line of East Cheap, once the seat of good cheer and the scene of immortal revelling; in Bread-street, formerly the only market for the staff of life, we do not know that there is a single baker; the bullion of Lombard-street is by a facile sort of alchymy turned into paper; and the merchants, instead of meeting twice a day at that ancient bourse, now hardly congregate once on the Royal Exchange. § Where do we find that *too* civil out-door solicitation to spend our money, which was formerly practised by all tradesmen who sought to thrive, but in Moorfields, where to be sure a NO is still a negative pregnant of a fresh invitation?

Ships were not always confined below London Bridge, but rode gallantly through the drawbridge at the end of it to Queenhythe, formerly the chief mart for landing goods, a privilege which it first divided with Billingsgate, and afterwards, on the destruction of the drawbridge in 1553, lost altogether. It is a singular fact, that in 1114 the water was so dried up between the Tower and London Bridge, that not only men on horseback, but women and children, waded over the river on foot.

Nor is the alteration in the general aspect and size of the City less remarkable than in these minor particulars. The City itself, that is, so much as was enclosed by the wall, was of no great compass; this wall was in the form of a bow, the Thames forming the string, and was,

* So called from there having been stocks there.

† This wight dwells in Leadenhall-street, formerly part of Cornhill.

‡ Grocers, so called.

§ The Old Change was merely for the reception and coining of the King's bullion.

exclusive of the part adjoining the river, only about two miles and two hundred yards in length. It appears to have been built at a very early period. Fitz Stephen, who wrote in the reign of Henry II., remarks that "the wall was high and great, well towered on the north side with due distance between the towers;" and that "on the south side also the city was walled and towered, but the fishful river of Thames had long since subverted them." At this period, the City wall commenced from the White Tower in the East; but towards the close of the twelfth century it was broken down at that point for the purpose of the Tower being surrounded by a wall and ditch, a measure which was occasioned by the dissensions excited by Prince, afterwards King John. At a place still called the Iron Gate, stood a wall belonging to the Hospital of Saint Katherine; and a little to the north, was a garden belonging to the same hospital, rented by the King at six marks or 2*l.* a year; both of which were required for the purposes of the Tower Ditch. Our pious informant is greatly scandalized that no compensation was made to the poor brethren of St. Katherine's for this appropriation of their property; but the poor brethren, like most objects of superstitious or charitable bounty, had the faculty of long memories, and after one hundred and forty years' perseverance, obtained an indemnification for the loss of their ground. Tower Hill, to which the garden adjoined, was without the walls, and was occupied by noblemen's houses and gardens, and the northern part by a nunnery of the order of St. Clare, who had a farm there, and from whom the street was subsequently called the Minories. After the construction of the Tower Ditch, the city wall commenced at the postern adjoining it on the north-west part, and proceeded thence along the east side of Trinity-square up to Aldgate. From this gate, without the walls, commenced Portsoken Ward or Knighten Guild, so named from its having been granted to thirteen knights, on condition of certain knightly achievements which they very manfully performed; and just within the gate stood the church of the Holy Trinity, founded in the time of Henry I., who made a grant to that foundation of the Knighten Guild, in right of which, the prior of the church was admitted an alderman of the City, sat in the court, and accompanied the civic processions robed like the rest of the aldermen. On the dissolution of this priory, it was granted to Thomas Lord Audley, who converted it into a mansion, and dwelt there during his life: after his death it became the property of Thomas Duke of Norfolk, by marriage with the Lord Audley's daughter, and thence received the name of Duke's Place—that name it still retains, but it has undergone a singular change in the use to which it is applied, and in the character of its inhabitants; from being the tripod of the Holy Trinity, it has become the sanctum of the High Priest of the Hebrews, and the retreat of Judaism.

From Aldgate, the wall ran on the west side of Houndsditch to Bishopsgate church. Houndsditch, the derivation of which is obvious

enough, was originally applied to the whole of the City ditch; the part which still retains the name had then only a few detached cottages on its banks inhabited by bed-rid people, who were placed on beds in low windows that they might catch the eye of ambulatory charity, for it was then the custom of charitable persons of both sexes to lay up a store in heaven by repairing to Houndsditch every Friday for the purpose of bestowing alms. On the east side of it was a fair field much frequented by the citizens for exercise and recreation. This street afterwards became the rookery of what were called usurers, and is now nearly all one large clothes warehouse. From Bishopsgate Church the wall extended on the inside of Moorfields, a marsh which when frozen was the scene of many brumal feats, to Cripplegate, so named from the many beggars who there solicited charity; thence to Aldersgate-street, to Newgate, which, like most of the entrance gates of towns, was used as a prison; to Ludgate; and from this ancient monument of King Lud, to Fleet-bridge; and then turning down Bridge-street to the Thames. Such were the narrow boundaries of the City; its liberties and wards, however, occupied a considerable space without the walls.

There is not perhaps a more striking alteration in the aspect of the City than in the disappearance of the streams which flowed through different parts of it; for it *was* watered by other streams besides the Thames. In the east was the brook or bourne called Lang Bourne, from its length, it is said; but it was probably christened by some long headed person who had no very clear conception of distance; for although John Stow, our great authority on this occasion, describes it as "a great stream," it seems to have had its source in the fenny ground of Fenchurch-street; it took its course down that street along Lombard-street, and then turning south broke into small rills down Sherborne or Sharebourne-Lane, and thence flowed into the Thames. Lang-bourne Ward derives its name from this stream. Another very considerable stream was that of Wall-brook (so called from its flowing through the City wall), which had several bridges over it, and divided the City north and south. Wall-brook entered the City wall (before there was any ditch), on the north side near Moorfields, and wound its serpentine way through Lothbury and Bucclersbury on the back of Wall-brook, and down Elbow-lane into the Thames. This must have been a considerable body of water, since it is related that barges were rowed up at the back of Wall-brook to Barge House, now called Barge Yard in Bucclersbury: some idea of its force may be formed from an accident which is recorded to have happened in it; it was on one occasion, after a heavy rain, so rapid that a youth of 18 years of age in attempting to leap across it was washed away and drowned before any assistance could be rendered him. It was afterwards arched over and made level with the street, and being thus put *au secret* we must terminate our history of it.

A little more westerly, but without the walls, flowed the River of Wells, so called from several wells or springs falling into it. Another

stream in the west suburbs, called Old-bourne (Holborn), was also tributary to it. The River of Wells appears to have taken its rise at a considerable distance from the City; it ran under Oldbourne-bridge down Fleet-market, and under Fleet-bridge into the Thames, and from the following record was, one may suppose, a much larger stream than either of the others. In the year 1305, Henry Earl of Lincoln complained to Parliament "that in times past the course of water running at London, under Oldbourne-bridge and Fleet-bridge into the Thames, had been of such breadth and depth that ten or twelve ships, navies, at once with merchandizes were wont to come to the aforesaid bridge of Fleet, and some of them unto Oldbourne-bridge;" but that the same was then decayed by filth, wharfs, mills, &c. In consequence of this representation, the river was cleaned for three miles. The encroachments upon it afterwards became greater and more numerous; it lost the name of river, and became a brook, under the denomination of Turn-mill or Tre-mill brook, from the mills erected upon it; from a brook it dwindled into a ditch, and from a ditch to nothing.

Besides these waters there was, in almost every lane or street, a well for supplying the inhabitants with water. But the supply being considerably diminished by buildings erected upon the banks of and over the streams, and by heightening the ground, it became necessary to seek for supplies elsewhere; in 1236 therefore Henry III. granted to the citizens the liberty of conveying water in leaden pipes from Tyburn. The first cistern "castellated with stone" was the Great Conduit in West Cheap (Cheapside), which was commenced in 1285; then followed the Tun in Cornhill, and conduits in different parts of the City. At length (in 1582) Thames water was conveyed into the City from London-bridge by means of a forcer, and a few years afterwards another forcer was constructed an Broken-wharf for the purpose of supplying the *west* end, that is about St. Paul's Church-yard. Then followed in 1608 the New-river, by which Sir Hugh Middleton distinguished himself.

Nor has the change in the manners and habits of our citizens been less remarkable: we have nothing so primitive as the practice of the citizens issuing from the gate to recreate themselves besides the fair well of sweet water hight Clerkenwell; or as the "brave prentices" exercising themselves in the evening at their masters' doors with their "wasters and bucklers;" or as the maidens dancing for garlands hung across the street, or capering round the great may-pole in Cornhill, which was higher than the church near which it stood. One of the exercises of the citizens which they performed in the streets was "running the quintin," which continued to be practised until the reign of James I. The quintin was a mark in shape resembling the head of a battle axe fixed upon a pole and turning on a pivot; the narrow end had a sand bag appended to it; and the game consisted in the young men running a tilt on horseback at the broad end; he that did not hit it, or, hitting it, did not escape with sufficient celerity to prevent a sound bang on the back of

the neck from the sand bag, was well laughed at for his pains; but he that hit and got away without this sportful salutation was entitled to the prize. Sometimes, however, the citizens made distant migrations to such places as the Mile's-end for the exercises of leaping, dancing, shooting, and wrestling, and on May-day they probably performed a journey to Stepney-wood; "On May-day morning," says the imaginative Stow, "every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds;" a practice in which they were sanctioned by that mild promoter of hilarity Henry VIII; his attachment to May games and Maying is recorded by Hall, who particularly mentions, that in the seventh year of his reign he with his Queen rode a Maying to Shooter's hill, where 200 tall yeomen clothed in green, with a Robin Hood for their leader, shot with bows and arrows before them. But "evil May-day" came, and Maying and May games ceased, the May garlands withered, and the May-poles never rose again. This evil May-day derived its name from a riot on that day in the year 1517, occasioned by the apprentices and others who were jealous of the commercial prosperity of the alien merchants, and endeavoured to drive them from the City. The history of the May-pole of Cornhill is quite eventful: after partly giving name to the church of St. Andrew *Undershaft* (the tower being lower than the shaft), it was in consequence of the riot suspended on hooks in front of a row of neighbouring houses, where it remained for 32 years, until its peaceful retirement was invaded by one Sir Stephen, a hot-headed zealot, who denounced it at Paul's Cross as an idol, probably conceiving it to be one of Satan's walking sticks, though by no means so awful a one as that which Milton gives him. Such was the potency of Sir Stephen's eloquence that on that very day (a Sunday too), the good people in front of whose houses this horrible instrument of the evil one was hung up, attacked and with great labour forced it off the hooks, sawed it in pieces, and notwithstanding it savoured of Satan, each of them took so much as had been on his premises, and thus made a compromise between heaven and hell. The citizens, however, still retained the pageantry of the night watches, which continued until 1539. The following curious account of them is extracted from Stow:—

On the vigil of Saint John Baptist, and on Saint Peter and Paul the Apostles, every mans door being shaddowed with green Birch, long Fennel, Saint Johns wort, orpin, white Lilies and such like, garnished upon with garlands of beautifull flowers, and also Lamps of glass, with oile burning in them all night; some hung out branches of Iron curiously wrought containing hundreds of Lamps lighted at once, which made a goodly shew, namely in new Fish Street, Thames-street, &c. Then had ye besides the standing watches, all in bright harness, in every ward and street of this city and suburbs, a marching watch, that passed through the principall streets thereof, to wit, from the little Conduit by Pauls gate, through West Cheap, by the Stocks, through Cornhill, by Leadenhall to Aldgate, then back down Fenchurch street by Grasse Church, about Grasse Church conduit and up Grass Church street into Cornhill, and through it into

West Cheap again, and so broke up, the whole way ordered for this marching watch, extended to 3200 Taylors yards of assize, for the furniture whereof with lights, there were appointed 700 Cressets, 500 of them being found by the Companies, the other 200 by the Chamber of London. Besides the which lights, every Constable in London, in number more than 240, had his cresset; the charge of every Cresset was in light two shillings four pence, and every Cresset had 9 men, one to bear or hold it, and another to beare a bag with light, and to serve it; so that the poor men pertaining to the Cressets, taking wages, besides that every one had a strawen hat, with a badge painted, and his breakfast in the morning, amounted in number to almost 2000. The marching watch contained in number 2000 men, part of them being old soldiers, of skill to be Captaines, Lieutenants, Sergeants, Corporals, &c. Wifflers, Drummers, and Fifes, Standard and Ensigne-bearers, Sword-players, Trumpeters on horseback, Demi-launcers on great horses, Gunners with hand-guns or half hakes, Archers in cotes of white fustian, signed on the brest and back with the arms of the City, their bows bent in their hands, with sheafs of arrows by their sides, Pike-men in bright Corslets, Burganets &c. Holbards, the like Billmen in Almaine Rivets, and Aperns of Mayle in great number.

There were also divers Pageants, Morris dancers, Constables, the one half which was 120 on St. Johns Eve, the other half on St. Peters Eve in bright harness, some over gilt, and every one a jornet of scarlet thereupon and a chain of gold; his Hench-man following him, his minstrels before him and his Cresset light passing by him; the Waits of the City, the Mayors Officers, for his guard before him, all in a livery of Worsted or Say Jackets, party coloured, the Mayor himself well mounted on horsebacke, the Sword bearer before him in faire armour, well mounted, also the Maior's footmen, and the like Torch-bearers about him; Hench-men twain, upon great stirring horses following him. The Sheriffs watches came one after the other in like order, but not so large in number as the Maiors, for where the Maior had besides his giant three Pageants; each of the Sheriffs had besides their giants, but two Pageants; each their Morris dance, and one Hench-man, their officers in Jackets of Worsted, or Say, party coloured, differing from the Maiors and each from other, but having harnessed men a great many, &c.

Modern processions are mere puppet plays to those of ancient days, in which the citizens found frequent occasions of indulging themselves; as for example—On the coronation of the Queen of Henry III. they rode to meet her and the King clothed in long garments, embroidered with gold, and in silks of various colours, their horses gallantly trapped to the number of three hundred, every man bearing a cup of gold or silver in his hand. But in 1593 the citizens assembled at Mile-end "all in bright harness with coats of white silk, of cloth and chains of gold in three great battles to the number of 15,000 which passed through London to Westminster, and so through the sanctuary and round about the park of St. James, and returned home through Holborn."

Other instances of civic, and also of individual magnificence, might be added; but these, as well as many curious things relative to the City, we must at present pretermit, having fulfilled our intention, which was merely to bring together a few remarkable facts for the purpose of conveying some, though a slight, notion of Old London.

THE STRANGER: A ROMANCE.

BY THE VISCOUNT D'ARLINCOURT.

M. D'ARLINCOURT is a young man remarkable for a handsome person, considerable wealth, and boundless absurdity. His character is singular, and affords nearly as much diversion to the Parisians, as that of the noble rival of Louis XVIII. Sosthenes de la Rochefoucault. M. d'Arlincourt began his career by taking to himself the title of Viscount. He had one day occasion to write to M. de Cazes, then Minister, and his name being Victor, he signed his letter, V. d'Arlincourt. The Secretary, who wrote the Minister's answer, mistook this V. for the initial of Vicomte, and addressed his letter, "To M. le Vicomte d'Arlincourt." The author of Ipsiboé lost no time in giving permanence and publicity to his newly acquired title, by causing it to be instantly engraved on his visiting cards. From this act his celebrity arose. It has been confirmed, not by the incredible impudence with which he himself writes articles in the journals, in which he speaks of his own works, as other people are wont to speak of those of Voltaire—this is the commonest of all things among the *litterateurs* of France, and has already been adopted with eminent success by Messieurs Chateaubriand, Jouy, Etienne, Keratry, and Arnaut; all masters in the art of getting up a reputation. The peculiar distinction of the *inversive Viscount* (if we may be allowed to translate the prefix with which the Parisians have been kind enough still farther to illustrate his name, and of which we shall say more hereafter) is, that having written an article of seven columns for the *Journal des Débats,* when he saw it in print he actually believed in the justice of all the praises he had bestowed upon himself. It is this very remarkable instance of naïve absurdity which renders him worthy to be compared to Sosthenes de la Rochefoucault.

We premise that our readers must have a good opinion of our veracity to believe some of the incidents in the literary life of the Viscount, with which we shall present them. We honestly confess that they pass all fair and recognized limits of absurdity too far not to have a startling air of improbability. Our readers may, however, rely on the perfect *truth* of all we relate. Our only difficulty is that of selecting among the *mots* which have brought M. d'Arlincourt so much into fashion with our gay neighbours.

There is at Paris a bookseller named Dalibon, who publishes a series of portraits of the great men of France. Three months ago, he had already published engravings of Racine, Corneille, Molière, La Fontaine, and Boileau. One day, at about two o'clock, the hour at which a good many literary loungers are commonly to be found in Dalibon's shop, the Viscount d'Arlincourt's carriage stopped at the door.

* L'Etrangère par le Vicomte d'Arlincourt. 2 Vols. Paris, 1825.

"You know me, Sir, without doubt?" said the Viscount, entering, to the bookseller. "No, Sir, I have not that honour." "Incredible!—Well, you see before you the author of the Caroleïde, of Ipsiboé, and the Renegade. You have already published portraits of Corneille, Racine, Molière, &c. do you not intend to give mine to the world?" The bookseller, who is not deficient in shrewdness, threw a significant glance on the *literati* assembled in his shop, and answered, "M. le Vicomte, I was indeed thinking of doing so." "Very well, I have brought you my portrait ready engraved." At these words, the Viscount motioned to one of his superbly liveried footmen to deliver an enormous parcel of engravings to M. Dalibon. "You will, doubtless, advertise my portrait. Two words will suffice. I have just scrawled this in pencil as I rode hither. It should be simple and modest. You may just say, 'Having offered to the public portraits of Corneille, Racine, Molière, La Fontaine, and Boileau, it appears to me that I cannot more appropriately complete the collection than by enriching it with that of M. d'Arlincourt, so long eagerly demanded by all Europe.'" Every body has been to buy this engraving at Dalibon's, where the purchasers have, into the bargain, the pleasure of seeing this little advertisement in the hand-writing of the noble author.

A lady, who had no personal knowledge of the illustrious Viscount, lately went to pay a visit to his wife. He came in at eleven o'clock, approached the lady, and exclaimed, "Ah, Madam, what a delicate attention! How sensible I am to this ingenious mark of your admiration!" The lady thought him mad, made the best reply she could, and understood nothing of his compliment. "I should, undoubtedly, Sir, be most happy to do any thing to give you pleasure, but I am not conscious—" "How, Madam," replied the Viscount, with great animation, "you do not perceive that your waist ribbon is *bleu Elodie?*" We must just stop to remark that Elodie is the name of one of his heroines; and that the shopkeepers of Paris always seize upon the present object of public attention, whether heroic or ridiculous, to give a name to the newest fashion. Some curious, and not very translateable instances of this might be quoted; but we shall content ourselves with saying, that the Viscount seriously believed the lady in question had chosen her waist ribbon of *Elodia blue* in order to do him honour.

The lady did not care to undeceive him; and being for the first time in the company of a person so celebrated, she endeavoured to draw him into conversation. "You have, doubtless, just been enjoying a new triumph of your genius?" "Yes, Madam," replied the Viscount, to her no small astonishment. "Those poor theatres on the Boulevards are only kept in existence by my romances. I must encourage them by my presence. I am now come from the first representation of the 'Mont-Sauvage' at the Ambigu-Comique. I took Chateaubriand there."

The Viscount began his literary career by an epic poem, entitled the Caroleïde, the *niaiserie* of which surpasses all belief. Since the decline

and fall of the reputation of the Abbé Delille, nobody in France reads verses. As soon as the Viscount had printed his poem, he sedulously applied himself to the cultivation of a reputation by the most efficient of all means. He gave two dinners per week; to these feasts none but editors of journals were invited. In spite, however, of the exquisite cheer, the journalists would soon have begun to refuse his invitations; but the public, to its infinite satisfaction, discovered that Madame d'Arlincourt had claims upon its attention scarcely less remarkable than those of her husband. This lady, who is young, pretty, and of good family, blushes at hearing Lord Byron compared to M. d'Arlincourt. She is fully persuaded of the superiority of the latter. She seldom takes an airing in the Bois de Boulogne without stopping her carriage at the door of some bookseller, where she buys one of her husband's works. On her return home, she says to him in the tenderest manner, "My love, I could not resist my intense desire of reading such a passage in your Ipsiboé, or your Renegade."

The Viscount sat for his portrait to the celebrated Robert Lefevre. The artist, at the urgent and repeated request of the Viscount, painted the eyes of an enormous size, and extremely like those of an ox. When the picture was finished, he took his wife to see it. The Viscountess was shocked at the smallness of the eyes. "Your portrait Sir, (said she to Robert Lefevre), is not without some merit, but you have unfortunately entirely missed the character of M. d'Arlincourt's countenance. You shall see. *Mon ami, fais tes yeux,*"* said she, turning to the author of Ipsiboé. This expression of Madame d'Arlincourt is now safely lodged in the treasury of the French language. It has passed into a proverb. When any one desires to have a flattering likeness of himself, he is pretty sure to be told "*Mon ami, fais tes yeux.*"

Whenever the Viscount is preparing to publish some new *chef d'œuvre*, he bespeaks support and applause for it (*appuyer d'avance* is the Parisian expression, we have none so good), by eight or ten dinners given to the *litterateurs* of the lowest class, who gain a subsistence by writing for the inferior journals. At one of the dinners given to bolster up l'Etrangère, which was published about a month ago, the Viscount said, speaking of his brother, General d'Arlincourt, "I pity my brother, the General; he has a beautiful family, he has just acquired an income of 1,400,000 francs, but he has not genius. I can assure you, gentlemen, that literary genius is beyond all other gifts of nature or fortune." Whenever, which rarely happens, he is silent at these dinners, there is an unfailing receipt for making him talk. One of the guests has only to mention Sir Walter Scott, or M. Marchangy; either of these names puts him in a passion. "There are some men," he exclaims, "stupid

* After the most mature deliberation on the capabilities of the English language, we are obliged to confess that this expression does not lie within its compass, and that to those who are so unhappy as not to understand the original, the eloquence of the Viscountess must remain unknown.

enough to prefer Sir Walter Scott to me. I must confess, however, that *he* has some merit; but what words can be found to characterize people who can read Marchangy?" In this, it must be allowed, the Viscount is right enough. M. de Marchangy is a Procureur-General of the Court of Justice at Paris, who, with a probity equal to his genius, is continually inventing the most atrocious calumnies against all those who are obnoxious to Ministers, and who are the objects of government prosecutions. In a country like France, where the dead are always in the wrong, M. Marchangy is not odious, he is only ridiculous. He has published a work in eight volumes, in imitation of Chateaubriand, called La Gaule Poétique.* M. de Marchangy, in virtue of his place, compelled the journals to admit thirty or forty articles, written by himself (which his exquisite style makes sufficiently evident), on his Gaule Poétique. This trash has thus been pushed to a third edition. This third edition it is which stirs the bile of the Viscount when he sees it in the bookseller's advertisements.

In order to prepare a successful appearance for *l'Etrangère,* the Viscount wrote a pretty little letter to every one of the two hundred men of letters, great and small, who work for the journals. Of these letters, which are all different, it has fallen to our lot to see but one. In that were the following words: "It must be confessed, that it is admirable," speaking of his Etrangère. Not contented with these letters, he actually visited every individual of these two hundred unhappy men who labour in the journals. He addressed them thus: "Well, my dear friend, do you give me your word of honour to write a good article on my new work? I must have it done within forty-eight hours of its publication. It is not for myself I speak; my reputation is established throughout Europe. I am translated into eleven languages, (this is the precise fact. So true is it, "qu'un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire").

We ought to observe that M. d'Arlincourt prints editions of two hundred copies each. In this he has been imitated by the Corypheus of the society "*Des Bonnes Lettres,*" M. Hugo. This personage having composed a frightful romance, called Han d'Islande, had the extraordinary folly to agree with his bookseller Persan, *in writing,* for three simultaneous editions of Han. M. Hugo having quarrelled with Persan, Persan prints this curious treaty in a literary journal called the Pandora.

If we have hitherto spoken only of the personal character of M. d'Arlincourt, it is because the extreme assurance with which that writer puffs himself will give our readers some notion of what is commonly passing in the literary world of Paris—the reflecting men of that capital feel deeply the want of an *impartial review.* It is a lamentable fact that

* It is a catalogue or sketch of all the subjects for poems or tragedies which might be taken from the history of France.

out of twenty articles in the Paris journals, it is impossible to find more than one, and scarcely that, written with impartiality.

We shall now proceed with our criticism of l'Etrangère. At the beginning of the thirteenth century, Arthur, Count of Ravenstel, the hero of the romance (for M. d'Arlincourt, however he may affect to admire Shakspeare and Walter Scott, gives in to the old absurdity of French romance writers, and *has a hero*)—this Count of Ravenstel, this hero of the romance, comes to the castle of Montholin in Britanny, to marry the young and beautiful Isolette. The heroine unites, as she is bound to do, all the graces to all the virtues; she falls in love with Arthur at first sight; but this hero of the thirteenth century (we must be careful not to forget the epoch) thinks that the expression of her countenance and figure is not sufficiently melancholy or *ideal;* and the young Arthur, who has been educated by a *systematic philosopher,* named Olburge, in all the *vagueness of hyperbolical theories,* finds in his heart no enthusiasm for the simple Isolette. She produces precisely the same effect on him as the daughter of the Baron of Bradwardin does upon Waverley. There is another reason for the indifference of the handsome Arthur. In passing near the castle of Karency, he saw the *windows* of the prison where dwelt the celebrated Agnes de Méranie, the repudiated Queen of Philip Augustus. The prisons in the reign of that monarch were guarded with a liberality and an humanity which do infinite honour to the heart of the Viscount d'Arlincourt. Arthur goes to Karency, and is introduced into the castle in order that he may obtain a sight of the Princess; but, oh admirable sagacity! oh delicate and mysterious sympathy of a lofty, noble, and truly aristocratic heart! a heart, in short, worthy of the creative pencil of a noble Viscount! Arthur experiences no emotion at the sight of Agnes. Can our readers doubt the cause of his insensibility? The Agnes he saw was but une fausse Agnès, a *sham Agnes.*

There had been for a considerable time a sort of female "Black Dwarf," in the neighbourhood of Karency. This was a mysterious solitary woman, dressed in white garments, and inhabiting a white house. She was (to use the expression of the author) neither maid nor wife, and yet she was innocent. The instant the handsome Arthur catches a glimpse of this woman, his noble heart prefers the outcast of the valley to the heiress of the castle; the reasons which determine his choice are, that the stranger is paler than Isolette, that she had a more *vague* smile, and, moreover, that her white house and her white gown present an appearance of moral sublimity.

The stranger loves Arthur, but repels his homage; Isolette, neglected, weeps and sighs. Arthur, by way of agreeable excitement, commits the most horrible crimes, and, after he has enjoyed all the satisfaction these can produce, he kills himself. Philip Augustus recalls to his court the Queen, Agnes de Méranie, who, not being able to survive the beautiful Arthur, dies also. Isolette shuts herself up in a convent.

All these workings of the passions are described in the style in which the *passions* are represented in the melodramas of the Boulevards; that is to say, in no one instance does it happen to the author to catch a glimpse of what really passes in the human heart. A man of good sense, were he compelled to translate *into French* the romance of the Stranger, would find it impossible to adopt a single line of M. d'Arlincourt. Nor do we here refer to the style. The Viscount has long been known at Paris by the name of *le Vicomte inversif*; his claims to this title rest upon such sentences as the following:

"De l'Aurore materiale Arthur appercevait les premiers rayons."

"Des langueurs de l'Aurore, faut-il donc peindre la noble mélancholie?"

M. d'Arlincourt has borrowed from M. de Chateaubriand the peculiar appropriateness of his images.

The stranger, accused of a murder, is conveyed before the tribunal of an Abbey, she enters, and "*elle semble une des lunes de la nuit.*" Philip Augustus receives the apposite and descriptive surname of *l'Apollon de Lutèce.*

Like all men of genius, and like a great many fools, the Viscount d'Arlincourt has a style which it is impossible to mistake. The preface to the Stranger, which consists of forty-eight pages, is rendered very curious by this circumstance: Instead of paying some French or English journal to insert this as an article; the author, it appears, found it more convenient to print it in the form of a preface.

The pretended editor of the Stranger, who, as the Journal des Débats says of M. de Chateaubriand, *signs his name to every page of his writings,* this editor, who, as every body perceives, is no other than *le Vicomte inversif* himself, sets out with *moderate* praises of M. d'Arlincourt, and of his first romance, entitled, Le Solitaire:

"Le Solitaire eut une destinée étonnante; les journaux retentissent d'éloges, ils admirent la pureté du style, l'elegance des phrases, la force des caractères, la grace des images, et la vigueur des pensées. Ce fut un cri général d'admiration non seulement en France mais en Europe."

This beginning is said to have been extremely painful and difficult to the author. The noble Viscount, to whom exaggeration is so habitual, was obliged, in the foregoing lines, to attenuate and enfeeble his conceptions. And on such a theme too! a theme which obviously fills his whole heart and mind.

But it has been remarked, that affectation soon betrays itself in ardent and noble souls. The noble Viscount soon bursts the fetters of this assumed moderation, and exclaims, "que son auteur (i. e. himself) possesse tout ce qui fait vivre les ouvrages, *c'est à dire, l'imagination, la hardiesse, la chaleur, l'invention sur tout,*" he adds, that "tous les arts, la peinture, la sculpture, la poésie, la musique, sur les méchaniques, la gravure, la lithographie, &c. &c. ont reproduit les differentes scènes dramatiques dont abondent ses productions. La mode y a pris ses couleurs, et la marine, a donné à ses bâtimens les noms des héros de M. d'Arlincourt."

"Venez chez M. Becher, le libraire de M. d'Arlincourt," cries M. d'Arlincourt himself, "vous y verrez les ouvrages du noble Vicomte traduits en Anglais, en Allemand, en Italien, en Espagnol, en Hollandois, en Danois, en Portugais, en Polonais, en Suédois, en Russe, et enfin en *Grec*."

The Viscount forgets that his romance of Ipsiboé was published entire in certain English papers. About eight months ago we remember that a weekly literary paper inserted, week after week, and to the infinite astonishment of its readers, the whole of that romance; whether with any considerable pecuniary advantages resulting therefrom to itself we are unable to say. M. d'Arlincourt is very intimately acquainted with several of the London journals. He informs his readers that one of them says, "The Renegade has no model—perhaps no equal. It is truly the work of a man of genius." Another, whose taste is apparently not so good, goes no further than to say that "the Renegade is one of the best books France has produced." As we wish not to expose too many of our countrymen to the formidable laugh of Paris, we will not quote three other English reviews, which have regaled their readers with similar remarks on this same illustrious Renegade, which is to be put on the same shelf with the Siécle de Louis XIV., the Lettres Persanes, the Caractères de la Bruyère, the Lettres Provinciales of Pascal, and some other *good books* which France has produced.

As for Ipsiboé, some English reviews have actually affirmed that it is equal to the chefs d'œuvres of Walter Scott; but the Caroleïde, which is "*an extraordinary production*," has drawn from the most profound and enlightened critics the confession that M. d'Arlincourt has given to France an epic poem. The editor closes this string of encomiums by the most amusing sentence in the whole book,—"*Je m'arrête*," cries he, with great gravity. Good God! how much farther did he propose to go? He has already applied to himself expressions which would be hyperbolical if applied to Voltaire, to Racine, to Montesquieu, to Molière, to any of the greatest men France has produced.

It has been said of M. d'Arlincourt, "He who is not rich enough to be simple with impunity, loads himself with finery, and fancies himself magnificent." This may be applied with no less justice to M. de Marchangy, to M. de Chateaubriand, to M. de Freyssinous. And among other astonishing productions which have appeared in the journals of the last month, we refer our readers to the speech addressed by M. de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris, to his Majesty Charles X. on receiving him in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, on the 21st of December.

But to sum up M. d'Arlincourt's merits. He is a young man of great imagination, a little, very little talent, and an immense fortune. When we speak of his fortune as immense, we confine ourselves to the effect of his wealth on his literary fame: four thousand a year is indeed a very considerable income in France, but not an *immense* one. But as M. d'Arlincourt sees fit to expend at least eight hundred a year of it on articles in the journals, its influence on his celebrity is indeed *immense*.

We should be unwilling to swear that there is a single one of the *eleven* translators of the Viscount's works who has not received some proof of the author's grateful sense of the importance of his labours. M. d'Arlincourt has had the address even to obtain the suffrage of M. Hoffman, editor of the Journal des Débats, a veteran critic of seventy-four, remarkable for his severity, and, formerly, for his talents. M. Hoffman has not received money; but, like the illustrious and patriotic deputies of France, he could not resist a dozen *Dindes truffées.* The effect of their allurements is sufficiently obvious in the articles in his paper, in which he has the courage to puff *l'Etrangère.*

GIPSEY SONG.

(FOR MUSIC.)

1.

We are come—we are come,
From a rich and warm countrée:
We have neither trump nor drum,
Yet we'll sing to thee.

2.

We've no harp—we've no lute,
Stringed bass, nor evening bell,
Nor the soft and pining flute
Which thou lov'st so well.

3.

But our voice—and our pipe,
These will sleeping passions move;
One is rich, the other ripe,
And our song is—Love!

4.

What is Love?—an odorous life,
Sweeter than the sweetest sins:
'Tis a warm and wanton strife,
Where the vanquish'd wins.

5.

Love is hope—Love is wealth,
Rich possession, rare employ,
Honest though't be got by stealth,
Earth's divinest joy!

AMANTE.

A WORD WITH BLACKWOOD IN HIS OWN WAY:

ON THE POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF CHARLES EDWARDS, ESQ. NO. IV. IN BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.

WHAT a surfeit of Cockney prejudice and gross flim-flams has Blackwood given us in this posthumous letter of Charles Edwards, Esq.—Posthumous letter too—not a bit of it! Charles Edwards is no more dead than I am,—such an animal as he does not die so soon, "Heaven sends its favourites early doom," but that manner of man will live a century, merely because he is an eye-sore, a most foul and nasty blot on the face of the world. The perpetrator of the farrago before me shams dead in order to take the benefit of the maxim, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," but the stratagem shall not serve his turn, I will wake him from his trance, or my name is not Pickle; or, if he be indeed dead, I will kill him again, for as the tender-hearted little angel says in *The Children in the Wood,* "such a villain can't be too dead."

This Charles Edwards I take to be some miserable Cockney who has never seen the light of day, except on leave on an odd Sunday; he has, all his life, been screwed to a tall stool in some dark recess of the city, or has served in some shop where candles are perpetually burning, till his powers of vision have been utterly destroyed; he has unceasingly masticated the slices of cow's hides, by courtesy called beef steaks, till the faint sense which niggard nature bestowed on his dull palate has become utterly paralysed; and he has flirted with scullions and kitchen wenches till he has acquired a taste in female beauty akin to that which Russians have in feeding—a decided preference for the blubber. And this manner of man, so qualified for observation, gets "a oliday." as he would call it, betakes himself to Paris, and disgraces us there for three weeks; then with the matchless impertinence which distinguishes his tribe, he utters opinions on a thousand things totally above his narrow comprehension, such as cookery, manners, dress, gallantry, the graces of the women, &c.; and, to sum up all, he has the effrontery to canvass the relative merits of the two great capitals, as if he could know any thing of either beyond the *estaminets* of the one and the pot-houses of the other, chucking London and Paris into the scales *quam familiariter,* and pronouncing their respective weights to a fraction, just as though they were the figs and raisins of his native shop. Like all Cockneys, great is his talk about St. Paul's, and Somerset House, and Westminster Abbey, and the Adelphi; and frequent his allusions to Seven Dials, and Spitalfields, and Wapping, and such unknown lands; and wonderful his triumph over the French, because the Thames is wider than the Seine, and the London coal heavers bigger and blacker than their brethren of Paris; but when the cit presumes to pass judgment on the French women, their dress, style, &c. I could find it in my heart to strike him dead with my wife's fan. Before I proceed to examples, however, I must crave a

licence which the subject demands. In the course of this article, it is possible that I may address myself to Mr. Edwards, in which case I trust the reader will excuse the style which I may think it necessary to adopt on such occasions. Blackwood's writers will not understand me unless I speak to them in their own language; and any freedoms of the tongue which I may therefore take in this controversy will, I hope, be placed to the true account—my anxiety to be clearly understood by the object of my strictures; one must talk to these people in their own manner. Having doubtless secured a plenary indulgence by this explanation, I shall now go on to show up the flim-flams of Charles Edwards, *Esq.* In page 662, this most critical of Cocknies makes the following discovery (he writes from Paris).

"Certain it is, that both as to personal attraction and as to the dressing," "figure," &c. upon which the French affect to plume themselves, they "stand, take them in equal numbers, incomparably below the English. Aukward as the people who come here are, many of them, in that which appertains to rank or fashion, *you never meet a well dressed man or woman in the streets, but you find that they are English.*" As much English as your language, Mr. Charles Edwards, is English. The assertion is false, notoriously false, and John Bull, his wife and family, if they retain one particle of honesty, would toss the booby in a blanket for paying them so fulsome a compliment. The English women can boast more beauty than any women in the world, but they are not equal to the French in air or manner, their material is very fine, but they do not make the most of it, they put on their clothes ill and do not understand the concords of dress; you may constantly observe a want of *agreement* in their attire, some ambitious piece of finery which does not accord with the whole, which is, in a word, out of keeping; they are apt to be given to particular points of show, instead of studying general effect. Of course there are many exceptions; you will find English women who dress as well as any French women, but you will never see a French woman dressed so ill as some English women. The English are very servile imitators of the French fashions, as every one knows, except Charles Edwards, of Blackwood; and the French fashions are generally very fantastic, and, to my fancy, very frightful; but the French women are *at home* in them, and the English are not, consequently the latter look embarrassed and awkward; they think more too of the fashion and quality of their clothes than of the nice art of putting them on, which is a great fault—I will take a very simple article by way of example. Observe the skill with which a French woman arranges the folds of a shawl, and adjusts the fall of it from her shoulders; nothing can be more neat and compact than the appearance of it, and you are in no pain lest it should fall off. But how slovenly does the same article look on nine hundred and ninety-nine English women out of a thousand; it flies away from the shoulders like the tail of a comet, or it clings exactly where it is most unseemly for garments to cling to the female person, or else it

threatens to tumble off, or does every thing, in short, but what it ought to do, like the traveller's cloak in the fable of the "Sun, the Wind, and the Way-faring Man," it is always in some painful extreme of too much on, or altogether off. Look to the lower orders of women in France who wear an appointed costume, and observe how much more graceful they appear than the same class in England, merely because from always wearing the same style of dress they are at their ease in it. The housemaid here puts on an egregiously fine bonnet on a Sunday, she is conscious of her unaccustomed finery, and consequently looks awkward under it, and feels embarrassed by the greatness of her glory. People who are thinking of their clothes never look easy or graceful. A labourer in his fustian jacket may be a subject for a picture, but see the same man in his shining blue Sunday coat and brimstone-coloured waistcoat—what a hog in armour! But to return to the point from which I have digressed;—for the reasons which I have above given the English women do not appear to such advantage as the French women, and the English women in Paris are indeed distinguishable by this very inferiority, and none but a Cockney like Charles Edwards, whose standard of perfection is a Cheapside housemaid in her Sunday "*things*," would have stated the contrary.

Every body knows that the French women, from the highest to the lowest, are remarkable for the beauty of their feet and ancles, and for the exemplary neatness which they show in their shoes and stockings—no matter how coarse the stocking, it is always well drawn up, and the shoe, provided only it be not of wood, invariably fits. See how the Goth disposes of this virtue in the *Grisettes* who are especially distinguished for it, and excel in this particular all women of the same class of other countries.

"Your Grisettes," with their "neat ancles," and "*bien chausses!*" (the man can't write *two* words of French without making *one* blunder, and, in the very same paragraph, in which the Grisettes are "bien chaus*ses*." I also find, "there is your *genti*") "those themselves must have been pug-nosed who have written these things. For the 'ancles' and so forth, I think in the mass they are decidedly bad."

This is certainly a matter of taste. Mr. Edwards may look at these points with an eye to the end of feet, and may hold that a foot is the pedestal of the person, the stand of the body, and that that is the best foot which presents the broadest basis, covers the largest surface, and consequently most completely secures the stability of the superstructure; thus to one of his way of thinking the foot of a clothes-horse will be the model of perfection, and it is therefore by no means wonderful that he should be dissatisfied with feet, which are not constructed on that splay plan, which are not, according to his ideas, fashioned on the broad basis of utility. Notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. Charles Edwards, however, all persons who have an atom of taste, or a sense of proportions, will agree that the French women shine in their feet and ancles,

and truth compels me to confess that my own dear countrywomen (whose upper works are superb) are defective in these essential points. One sees, indeed, occasionally legs, ancles, and feet in this country which are perfect, and cannot be matched by the whole world, such as Miss M. Tree's, for example, which are splendid exceptions, and models of what ought to be; but, generally speaking, the foot is not an admirable feature of the British female person. If the whole truth must be spoken, the English, Scotch, and Irish women are too much given to the aggrandizement of their feet—they run to foot terribly, I think, by reason of the huge brogues in which they are wont to expatiate. Those unyielding, inflexible machines, miscalled shoes, which are constructed here by enemies of man and woman kind, are indeed adapted to destroy the finest work that ever nature fashioned. Even in London there are not more than two or three artists to be found who can make a lady's shoe. Observe the clumsy brogues about the streets coming up over the instep, and with a sole—Oh such a sole! such a piece of resistance as the French would call it! Give the feet fair play, and they will be as remarkable for symmetry as the rest of the person. But as things are ordered, nothing can persuade our neighbours that the shoes of the English ladies are not a cruel contrivance devised by jealous English husbands, to prevent the women from going far from home, like the log fixed to the heels of cattle to hinder them from straying.

Still harping on dress, this blunderer says, "Then, to return to the taste in dress; the prevailing fashion just now, certainly, here may be unlucky; but as for a well dressed woman, where you see one, *she almost invariably has copied the English style;* and as for a well dressed man, you never see such a thing at all." Now who does not know that ever since the peace the women here have taken their fashions and style from the French, even to the absurd imitation of the smock-frock which the French ladies took it into their heads to wear, called the *blouse,* which is only just going out. But the assertion that the well dressed French women have invariably copied the English, reminds me of the placard of a certain evening newspaper which invited the public to a perusal of its columns, saying, "Read the ——— of this evening, and you will perceive that the morning papers of this day are all copied from it!!!" As candour is my foible I must admit, however, that the French *men* do copy the English style, and perhaps on that very account (as imitations are generally failures) you seldom see a well dressed man among them. Taking our male population altogether it is the best coated and breeched in the world; all foreigners are struck by the number of well dressed men to be seen in the streets of London, and I am inclined to think that our real superiority over other nations lies in our coats. But then no people make so much of their coats as we do—we encourage good ones in every possible way. Good coats are asked out to dinner, and are always respected wherever they go; while a bad one is regarded as a plague spot, and an Englishman will look shy on his best friend or

cut him outright if he meet him in a shabby coat—this is a fact that makes a lively impression on foreigners, and I have been asked by many of them how it happens that so thinking a people lay such stress on externals. The wary tradesmen, though cheated a thousand and one times by well dressed swindlers, are yet the dupes of appearances—they cannot help believing in good coats.

The English delight, above all things, in imputing want of cleanliness to the French. The French have some nasty habits, so have the English;* there is dirt enough between the two nations, and it is unwise to provoke a partition of it. Speaking in the gross, I should say that the French sin most in their linen, and the English in their skins; a Frenchman of middle life will, like a Turk, use the bath and put on a dirty shirt after it, an Englishman of the same class never uses the bath, and puts on a clean shirt over an unwashed skin. The cardinal ablutions here are washing the hands and washing the face; the French have extended the range of their purifications; but see what this Edwards says about the matter on the strength of a three weeks residence in the country: "The people here too, except those of entirely the higher order, are most wickedly negligent of the nicer economy of their persons; and of all criminals in the world, if any such offender be in existence, a woman who is not over fastidious in all her personal arrangements and dispositions is to me the most justifiably smotherable. Blessed be the code of Mahomet, which makes a familiarity with soap and water a condition for people going to Heaven."

Every creature who knows any thing of the habits of the French, knows perfectly well that they are more exact and frequent in their purifications than the English, and make their ablutions not a matter of duty but of pleasure, they do not seize every pretext to relax in these points, like Addison's citizen, who noted down in his diary, "*hands but not face,*" but they enjoy their lustrations as luxuries.

With regard to the respect in which the sex is held in France, this Edwards has the following remarks:

"They talk in France never-ceasingly—it is advertised even to sickening—the devotion—the adoration—the blind submission, paid nationally here to women. I will put it to yourself—were you ever in any country where women were so little really prized, or regarded? Twenty Frenchmen have asked me with horror—Was it possible such a thing ever happened, as that a clown should sell his wife, even with her own consent, in a public market in England? Those same men would stop the next moment, to see a wretched woman stand upon her head, and tumble, on the Boulevards; *such a display of female degradation, as our coarsest clown would scarcely witness without abhorrence.*" Let a woman stand upon her head and tumble at any given spot in London, and I will engage that the three estates shall throng to witness the exhi-

* This proposition will doubtless seem a paradox to a people who confess to every merit under the sun, and then despise their neighbours for being vain-glorious.

bition; nay, I will pledge myself that some scores of the mobility, two or three peers, and a sprinkling of commoners, members of parliament, and such trash, shall be trampled under foot, and killed in the rush to give *éclat to* the spectacle. A woman standing on her head! why Edward Irving would be nothing to it.

But, touching the respect in which women are held in France—there was a time when I would have scourged that Edwards for the paragraph he has penned; but from the day that the gallant youths of Paris shyed penny pieces at English actresses, I resolved to hold my peace on the subject—those vile coppers have stuck in my throat, and what a thing it is to have one's mouth stopped by such base coin!

Setting aside a thousand circumstances which prove Charles Edwards to be a Cockney, there is one fact which is sufficient to fix him with that character, and that is, his large talk about coats, and men's dress. All your Sunday bucks lay great stress on these matters. He declares that "there is not a Frenchman in all Paris who can cut a coat fit even for a sloven like *him* to wear." Now can I figure to my mind's eye the manner of man who penned this sentence; I see him in his Sunday clothes, in a shining blue coat loaded with buttons, a brilliant yellow waistcoat, a pink stock, an aspiring shirt collar, duck trowsers in December, shoes made to counterfeit boots, with spurs in heel that never troubled the flanks of a horse; and then such an air of conscious smartness!—and all Paris can't make a coat for this sort of thing. Why Staube would scorn to measure his disproportions! Then he presumes to talk about cookery, and the monster praises exactly those things which are least worthy of praise in the French cuisine—the potages, "Julienne," "Purée," "Printamere," (Printanier, *I guess*). The French soups, in truth, are infinitely inferior to ours, they cannot match our white soups, or giblet soup, or carrot soup, or turtle soup; their soups are as our broths. Much against the grain, I must agree with him in what he says about the fish. It is true, the French do not understand fish sauces, but, consistently with his character, he goes on to abuse the other points of French cookery which are worthy of unmixed admiration, and the cannibal peeps out in the following confession of his own plebeian taste for the raw produce of the shambles. "What say you to the simple slice (the centre slice) of beef, or mutton; cut with a sharp knife (which can only be in England) from a haunch or sirloin, of twenty pounds!—morsels which may take rank, I say, and '*bonnetted*,' notwithstanding their Spartan plainness, with the very proudest services, and most disguised of foreign manufacture?" I knew that this man's soul could never soar above the things of a *buttock and flank shop*—he talk of French cookery! Why this sort of cannibal, this man of joints and raw sanguinary cuts, will hunger when he sees a flock of sheep, and his mouth will water at the sight of an ox, or the smell of a market, as an epicure's does at the sight of a turbot, with a lobster reposing on its snowy bosom, or the perfume of a smelt. But enough of the filthy fellow.

Blackwood, I love you, because you're a gentleman, therefore mind what I say, have nothing more to do with this man, he will bring the whole kingdom of France about your ears, believe me; Scotland will lose her ancient ally; and, mark my words, there will be a war if you put forth another such article as that abomination before me. And then, man, to publish this vile libel on French females and fricandeau in the same number with that noble article on America!—a paper, the reading of which cheers one like a generous wine, and makes the blood tingle at one's fingers' ends. But perhaps you have a fancy for sending forth the giant and dwarf together, for grouping the man of might with the man of spite. This is possibly rather too much in the style of the showman.

Well, I care not, let every man buckle his belt his own gait, all my anxiety is for your reputation, Blackwood; and if you must give us more of Charles Edwards, deceased, who ought in decency to be buried and in mercy to be forgotten, let me beseech you to draw your pen through those scraps of French with which he interlards his writing after the manner of Lady Morgan; mere good taste would require this correction, but it is the more necessary when you consider the very bad French the man commits. You must also score out such a passage as this whenever you meet with it.

"The sterling romance of the place (Paris) has departed with its bigotry and pride of Catholic *regime;* but these are the abodes *in which picturesque doings dwelt, although the spirit of their beauty lives no more.*" Like the mask in the fable, this looks mighty fine, what a pity that it has no brains!—it sounds pretty, but alas! it is sheer nonsense, guiltless of meaning. "You weep," (nobody weeps now-a-days, except Mr. Grattan, W. G.) "for the suppression of the nunneries; but the garrets of Pigault le Brun still remain—and *I can put my eye* at this moment *upon the identical three cornered window* through which my uncle Thomas, &c. &c." The devil you can! He can put his eye upon the three cornered window! Grant me patience!—Now, Blackwood, is he not a Cockney? Come, confess it, man, with a good grace, the thing cannot be denied. But it's a shame to laugh at the poor man, for what can he know of the economy, properties, qualities of eyes, who has never been accustomed to see further than across a blind alley? At Paris the exercise of sight was new to him, and he doubtless imagined that he actually could, and did, put his eyes upon all the objects which he saw.

Nothing (except such stuff as that above quoted) can be more disgusting than the stupid admiration which the mass of English travellers feel or affect to feel for every thing French, merely because it is French, but dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt, and Charles Edwards in shunning this folly has contrived to run into one even more offensive, for incessant detraction is more intolerable than perpetual and indiscriminate praise.

P. P.

THE LAST DAYS OF NAPOLEON.

BY DR. ANTOMMARCHI.*

THESE are, we suppose, the last volumes likely to be published, relative to Napoleon's captivity under the British government at St. Helena; and, for the sake of the British name, we rejoice at it. From its preface to its conclusion this is a piteous and man-degrading narrative. Whether the details, upon the dissemination of which no less than three different individuals have now ventured, be true or not, we have no means of judging, and of course are quite incapable of pronouncing—it is remarkable enough, to be sure, that they all agree in the main imputations and in such of the particulars as they narrate, and that they are published by persons not of the same country, and not having, at least apparently, any common interest in so gross a deception; this may, however, be nevertheless the result of a conspiracy, but taking it in such point of view, another enigma arises not less difficult of solution, namely, the kind of notice taken of the slanders by those who, by taking any notice at all, have at least proved that their anxieties have been excited. Yet most true certainly it is, that those works, containing as they do, the gravest, the most deliberate, and, if false, the vilest accusations against those in power on the island, have been met only by one abortive criminal proceeding in which the truth could not be given in evidence, and that no action has been brought by which, and by which alone, a sufficient or satisfactory test could be applied to them. There has been no lack of defiance amounting even to rashness on the part of the accusers. Mr. O'Meara, with all the bluntness of a seaman, and some of the indiscretion of an Irishman, led the van—his work was at all events bold, manly, and uncompromising—full of interest and of fervour, it was read by every one—fraught with invective and indignation, its criminatory intention could be mistaken by no one. The Ex-Governor met it (in its fifth edition) in the Court of King's Bench, by a proceeding exhibiting so much of patient anger that the Judges dismissed it, avowedly on account of the tardiness of its adoption. Had it succeeded, however, to its fullest extent, it must have been limited to the mere gratification of vengeance without advancing a single step towards exculpation, because it was a measure of that criminal nature, which, by our law, stamps upon truth a greater stigma even than upon falsehood. Next came the Count Las Cases, not less piercing, though perhaps more polished than his predecessor—affixing to his narrative a name of rank, and revealing it under the very eye of the Bourbon government. Like Mr. O'Meara he shrunk from no personal responsibility—the testimony which he gave he gave openly and voluntarily, and at a risk involving all that was dear to him; there was in his work as in his

* The Last Days of the Emperor Napoleon. By Doctor F. Antommarchi, his Physician. 2 Vols. Colburn. 1825.

exile, a self-devotion which stamped the semblance of truth upon all he wrote, and gave undoubted dignity to all he suffered. We are not aware that any step was taken against either Count Las Cases or his publisher. The third and last work which brings up the rear of these imputations is the one now before us; the publication of Doctor Antommarchi, who went out to St. Helena, armed with all that art could arm him with to contest with the climate the life of Napoleon. It is the natural sequel to the two preceding works, and it goes as far to establish their veracity as an iteration, by a third witness of the previous accusations, can. We beg not to be misconceived or misrepresented—we mean religiously to abstain from intimating any impression of our own upon the subject; they may be true, or they may be false—if false (we allude especially to the work immediately before us), they are the vilest and the cruellest libels that ever issued from the press; the vilest, as affecting our national name, the cruellest, as assassinating the reputation of Sir Hudson Lowe, an officer of the highest rank in the army, and, in the capacity in which he is assailed, the representative of our sovereign. If Sir Hudson Lowe be aspersed, there never yet breathed mortal man, we say it conscientiously, so vitally injured, or one who ought to be more liberally redressed; there is an attempt made not merely to isolate him amid the living generation, but literally to gibbet him to all posterity. The work is published both in French and English, that it may visit all the nations, and through every nation in which Napoleon's name was ever uttered it assuredly will go; the record of his dying moments must force its way upon all (and that *all* is the world) who have been interested by his life. Our readers will presently judge by a few extracts from the work, whether or not we have unjustly characterised the allusions made to the Ex-Governor of St. Helena; we give them, as we find them, unaccompanied by any personal opinion as to their veracity; at the same time, we venture to hope, that should Sir Hudson make them the subject of discussion in a court of law, he will carefully refrain from a *criminal* proceeding; such a course may gratify vengeance, but cannot tend to exculpation, and exculpation is what he as an individual should seek, and that with which alone his country can be contented.

We willingly omit all the petty and somewhat tedious cabals which impeded the departure of the author from Rome, and subsequently, as he states, from England. On the 19th of September, 1819, he and his companions, consisting of an old Abbè of the name of Buonavita, and a kind of half priest, half physician, called Vignali, landed at St. Helena. Sir Hudson Lowe is represented as having received them politely. He invited them to dinner, at which he praised Corsica and abused Napoleon, and then handed them over to two British officers of the names of Reade and Gorrequer, who, after having searched them with a suspicion which seemed to imply that their very skins might have been contraband, cased them up at last in a carriage for Longwood. Their journey was

an ominous one. Whenever they looked out on the landscape, their view was bounded "by sentries and precipices," and their path chequered by the "precautions of war and the convulsions of nature." Before introducing the party at Longwood, we cannot avoid pausing to narrate an anecdote of the Captain of the merchant ship in which they made the voyage. This man, it seems, treated them very roughly, kept them on short commons, gave them bad births, sneered at their country, and literally seconded the effect of the sea upon their stomachs by proposing to make them pies of the half-formed offspring of some dying sows which he had brought from England! The Captain, according to their account, crowned his other various virtues by an outrageous idolatry of the powers that be, and "had brought from Deptford seventeen volumes of a religious work addressed to different inhabitants of St. Helena." Having received for them a handsome freight, he gave them with true ultra pomp to the officer on duty to be distributed on shore. In some few days after this transaction, Antommarchi repaired on board for his luggage, and found, alas, the loyal and religious Captain of the Snipe surrounded by soldiers in little better than durance! He was in an agony of grief—not a pig—a plank—a bottle of claret, or a single venture which he had brought from Europe would Sir Hudson suffer him to land upon the island. A dialogue ensues, the commencement of which consists in lamentations and interrogatories. "Once again Captain (said Antommarchi) what fault have you committed?" "Oh those books—those books—those most accursed books!" "What! the religious tracts?" "Religious! oh, it was a treacherous piece of villainy, it was worse than murder—look at the pigs—look at the planks." "But the works, Captain, were they not works of piety?" "Oh, I thought so, and you thought so, but it turns out they are the works *that villain O'Meara has written against the Governor!*" As a hoax, there is nothing wanting to render this complete. The whole scene is perfectly dramatic.

There seems to have been at first, though the reason is not very apparent, considerable distrust of Antommarchi on the part of Napoleon. This however soon subsided, and the circumstance of the Doctor's being a Corsican by birth formed a bond between them of peculiar interest. Indeed it is curious enough to observe with what manifest delight Napoleon, after all his vicissitudes, reverts to the scenes of his infancy. The recollections of transactions the most distant—the names of the very humblest of his earliest companions, were minutely treasured in his memory; his schoolboy thefts—the punishment that followed—the tricks he played his nurse—events the most childish, provided they spoke of Corsica, were his daily theme, and the slightest allusion to them was sufficient to animate him even in his deepest depression. It would seem as if he wanted to retrace life and steal away from the dreary grave of his imprisonment to the freshness and freedom of his childhood. In his first abdication he declared that his choice was long divided between

Corsica and Elba. There is something also extremely touching in the minute inquiries which the Emperor made after each individual of his family, and the eagerness with which he dwelt upon whatever was peculiarly favourable to each of them. Indeed these and many other representations in this book would leave us to believe Buonaparte (against many of our preconceived impressions) to have been a man of much kind-heartedness; that this author rather leans to him there can be no doubt, but still he makes no effort to disguise his failings, and his favourable representations are fully borne out by others under circumstances the least encouraging to any partial misrepresentation. Mr. Warden, an Englishman,—Mr. O'Meara, an Irishman—Count Las Cases, a Frenchman, with many of the prejudices of the old regime rusty still about him—and now the present writer, all concur in this,—concur in it too at a time when there can be no interested motive to panegyrise a dying exile, and when there is every powerful motive to revile him. Doctor Stokoe, who succeeded Mr. O'Meara, was the only medical man on the establishment at Longwood, who did not publish—that he has *spoken* honourably of Napoleon we know—that he was subsequently rather harshly treated we also know, and the many publications we have since had rather lead us for the sake of a worthy man to rejoice that he has seen the imprudence of his speech, and government the error of their severity at the same time. Doctor Stokoe, we believe, has but lately returned from America, whither he had attended one of Joseph's family by their own appointment—this at least must prove that the survivors of that house consider him in the light of one who deserves to be treated confidentially from their previous experience that he has acted honourably.

Before we introduce the reader to any details of the life Napoleon spent at St. Helena, perhaps he will not he displeased at a glimpse of the bed-room in which, latterly, he spent all his time. We quote from the English translation, which however is execrably bad.

"Very well, Doctor," said he, looking at the picture of the King of Rome, which he still held in his hands: "Here, place this admirable child by the side of his mother! .... There .... to the right, nearer to the mantel-piece. You know her by her blooming looks—that is Maria Louisa: she holds her son in her arms! And that other picture, you know it also? It is the Imperial Prince. You do not guess what graceful hand held the needle that sketched this representation of his features?—It was that of his mother. That picture before which you now stand, is Maria Louisa again; the two others are portraits of Josephine.—I loved her tenderly. You are examining that large clock?—It served to wake the Great Frederick early in the morning. I took it at Potsdam: it was all Prussia was worth. Move the bust of the Imperial Prince to the left, it is too much to the right. The ornaments of my mantel-piece are, as you see, not very sumptuous.—The bust of my son, two candlesticks, two gilt cups, two phials of *Eau de Cologne*, a pair of scissars to cut nails with, and a small glass, are all it contains.—This is no longer the splendour of the Tuileries. But no matter; if I am decayed in my power, I am not in my glory: I preserve all my recollections. Few sovereigns have immolated themselves for their people: a sacrifice so immense is not without its charms." In a few minutes I withdrew.

I shall here take up and continue the description which the Emperor was giving of his furniture, in the conversation just related. At one end of the room, to the right,

was a small camp-bed of iron, quite plain, with four silver eagles and silk curtains. Two small windows, both without any ornament, gave light to the apartment. Between them stood a scrutoire, upon which was a large dressing-case, and before it was an arm-chair, in which Napoleon sat when he was studiously engaged, and when he came out of the bath. A second chair was placed to the left of it; and on the right was the sword which the Emperor wore at Austerlitz. The door leading into the bath-room was concealed by an old screen, next to which was an equally old sofa, covered with calico. Upon that sofa it was that Napoleon usually reclined, and sought shelter from dampness and the gnats; his legs thrust into a sack of flannel, and a shabby table by the side of him, on which were his books or his breakfast. The second room was quite as good as the first. Like it, it was built of mud; its size was seven feet in height, fifteen in length, and twelve in breadth; it had one window, and opened into the garden, and into the dining-room. Its furniture consisted of a camp-bed, several guns, two Chinese screens, a chest of drawers, two small tables, on one of which were books and on the other, bottles; a chair and a magnificent wash hand stand, brought from the Elysée. Such was the miserable habitation in which the Emperor was pent up; a noble specimen of British magnificence and sumptuousness.

Such was the habitation in which the great Napoleon closed his eventful career; the place, we have since learned, has been converted into a kind of barn, and the very room in which a mighty Emperor breathed his last, is now occupied by a threshing machine! Had the great moral satirist of our country lived in these days he need not have resorted to the death-bed of Villiers as affording a contrast to the splendours of his life; there are few, we believe, who would not willingly prefer the "worst inn's worst room" in England, to a "chair lumbered closet" tainted by the mists and shared with the rats of St. Helena. These volumes, which are in the modern book-making style spread out into two, though, without much compression, all that they contain of interest might easily be comprised in one, do certainly inform us of some singular particulars not noticed in any former memoir. Napoleon, it appears, had a great antipathy to medicine; temperance and exercise were the only prescriptions in his pharmacopeïa, and the work is full of his very ingenious, but inconclusive, reasonings upon the subject. Whenever he felt indisposed, his constant remedy was a change in his method of living—but accident revealed to his surgeon that there were other reasons for his general good health, and that it would be unfair to argue from his case to that of any other man. The following is the singular occurrence to which we allude.

The Emperor was uneasy and agitated: I advised him to take some calming medicine which I pointed out to him. "Thanks, Doctor," said he; "I have something better than your pharmacy. The moment approaches, I feel, when Nature will relieve herself." In saying this he threw himself upon a chair, and seizing his left thigh, tore it open with a kind of eager delight. His scars opened anew, and the blood gushed out. "I told you so, Doctor; I am now better. I have my periods of crisis, and when they occur I am saved." A kind of lymph issued at first abundantly, but soon ceased to flow, and the wound closed of itself. "You see," said Napoleon, "that Nature in this case wants no assistance; when there is a superabundance, an over-fulness, she expels the excess, and the equilibrium is restored."

This singular phenomenon excited my curiosity; I enquired into every circumstance connected with it, and ascertained that it was of regular occurrence, and dated from the

siege of Toulon. The Emperor, who was then only a colonel, commanded the fire of a battery, when a gunner fell dead by his side: he took up the rammer, loaded and fired the cannon, and being in a state of perspiration, imbibed the infection of the itch, with which the soldier was covered. He commenced a treatment, but the impatience of youth, the activity of the service, and a wound received from a bayonet above the knee, soon obliged him to discontinue it. The eruption disappeared, and the humour was absorbed through the wound into the system. This neglect was nearly attended with fatal consequences; the virus developed itself during the campaigns of Egypt and Italy, and produced pains in the chest, incessant coughing, and difficulty of breathing.

The circumstances of Napoleon's birth are also new to us; we do not recollect to have met with them in any other publication, and, as they are here related on his own authority, we present them without comment to our readers; the anecdotes of his family, which follow, show with what pleasure he related, and how carefully he had hoarded up, the most trifling incidents of his earlier days.

I followed him, and we went into the garden, where the conversation turned exclusively upon Corsica, the years of his childhood, and his relations. His entrance into this world had been as sudden and unexpected, as his elevation and his subsequent misfortunes. His mother, though near her term, had shared the fatigues of the war for liberty; the celebration of the festival of the Assumption occurred, and she thought her strength still sufficient to allow her to be present at the solemnization of the day: she was, however, mistaken; for before she could reach the church the pains of labour came on. "She then hastily turned back, got as far as her drawing-room, where she deposited me on an old carpet. I was called Napoleon—the name which for centuries past was given to the second sons of our family, in order to perpetuate the remembrance of our connection with a certain *Napoleon des Ursins*, celebrated in the records of Italy." In recapitulating the events that had preceded his birth, he admired the courage and strength of mind his mother had then displayed, and with which she had borne losses and privations of every kind, and braved fatigue and danger. "She had the head of a man upon the body of a woman. Such was not the case with the Archdeacon; he regretted his goats, the Genoese, and every thing that was gone. He was, however, a most worthy man; good, generous, and enlightened: he acted the part of a father towards us, and retrieved the affairs of our house. Sound in mind, though bed-ridden by infirmities, he suffered no abuse to escape his vigilance. He knew the strength and the number of our cattle, ordered such animal to be killed, such other to be sold or kept, assigned to each herdsman his lot, and gave each his particular instructions. Our mills, our cellars, our vineyards, were kept under the same strict regulations; order and abundance reigned every where, and our situation had never been more prosperous. The old gentleman was rich, but did not like to part with his cash, and was particularly bent upon persuading us that he did not economize. When I asked him for money, he would answer, 'You know very well that I have none, and that the expeditions of your father have not left me any thing.' At the same time he authorized me to sell a head of cattle, or a pipe of wine, and that answered the same purpose. We had, however, seen a certain bag, and we were vexed to hear him plead poverty with gold pieces in his bed; we therefore resolved to play him a trick. Pauline was then quite a child: we gave her our instructions. She pulled out the bag, and the doubloons rolled about and covered the floor. We laughed heartily, whilst the old gentleman was half choked with rage and confusion. Mamma came, scolded us, and picked up the money, which the Archdeacon assured us did not belong to him. We had our own opinions upon that subject, but took care not to contradict him. Shortly after this he was taken ill, and was soon at the point of death. We were all standing round his bed, and deploring the loss we were about to sustain, when Fesch, suddenly fired with a holy zeal, offered to read him the usual homilies. The dying man interrupted him, but Fesch took no notice of it,

and continued his pious occupation. At last the Archdeacon lost all patience; 'Leave me alone!' said he; 'I have only a few minutes to live, which I wish to devote to my family.' He then bade us approach his bed, and gave us some advice and instructions. 'You are the eldest of the family,' said he to Joseph, 'but the head of it is Napoleon; recollect that!' and he expired, amidst the tears and lamentations which this melancholy spectacle drew from us.

"Left without a guide or protector, my mother was obliged to take upon herself the direction of affairs; and the burthen was not too much for her strength. She conducted and administered every thing with a degree of wisdom and sagacity not to be expected from her sex and age. Ah, Doctor! what a woman! where shall we find her equal?"

Amongst the most interesting passages of this work, and indeed of all which have been published on the subject, are the descriptions given by Napoleon of the various great men by whom in the course of his career he was surrounded. With many of these the public are already acquainted; we do not recollect, however, to have seen anywhere the sketch which Dr. Antommarchi presents to us of Paoli. Our readers are aware of this general's attempt to place Corsica under the dominion of England—of his first successes—his subsequent failure, and his final flight to this country, which has honoured him with a monument in her great national cemetery. He had been the early friend and in some degree the patron of Napoleon's family—but they took adverse sides in the contests of their country, and were thus separated. The book contains many proofs of the high opinion which Napoleon to the last entertained of him;—"he was," said he, "a very great man.—I loved him, and he was attached to me and all my family."

"The harm done to us by Paoli had not sufficed to estrange me from him; I loved him, and never ceased to regret him. He was tall, his attitude was noble, he spoke well, knew the Corsicans and exercised unlimited influence over them. Equally skilful in discovering the importance of a military position or of a measure of administration, he fought and governed with a degree of tact and sagacity which I have never seen but in him. During the war for liberty I accompanied him in his excursions, and he explained to me, as we proceeded, the advantages of the ground we passed over, the best way to render it available and to remedy its defects. I recollect that one day as we were going to Port-Neuf, at the head of a large detachment, I submitted to him some observations upon the ideas he had expressed. He listened to me very attentively, and looking steadfastly at me when I had done:—'Ah! Napoleon,' said he, 'you are not of this age—your sentiments are those of the men described by Plutarch. Courage! you will rise in the world.'—And so I did; but he was obliged to yield to fate, and took refuge in England, where he resided at the period of the expeditions of Italy and Egypt. Every one of my victories transported him with joy; to hear him celebrate and exalt my success, it might have been supposed that we were on the same footing of intimacy as we had been. When I was raised to the Consulate, and afterwards to the Empire, it was worse still; party followed party, and dinner succeeded dinner, and nothing was heard but shouts of joy and satisfaction. The head of the state was displeased at these manifestations of enthusiasm, and Paoli was sent for.—'Your reproaches are just,' said the latter, 'but Napoleon is one of mine: I have seen him grow up—I foretold his fortune. Can you expect me to detest his glory, to disinherit my country of the honour he does her?'—I felt for that great man all the sentiments he had for me: I wished to recall him and give him a share of power, but I was overwhelmed with the multiplicity of affairs; time passed,—he died, and I had not the satisfaction of making him a witness of the splendour that surrounded me."

There is also in the anecdotes of his eminent physician Corvisart much, at least to us, of novelty. Though, as we have before remarked, Napoleon seems to have had a kind of medicine-phobia, Corvisart ranked amongst his especial favourites—there seems to be about him a kind of *surly sagacity*, which seizes upon a disease as it would upon an assailant, and tries to bully it out of the system at once, by remedies and rudeness. We are the more disposed to believe that the portrait of Corvisart is not unnaturally coloured, because we think we could select even in our own city a perfect fac-simile—one whose mind has been too much occupied for the health of mankind, to allow him an opportunity of studying their manners, and who is content with being a benefactor to his species, careless alike of their nerves or their gratitude. It was upon his return from Egypt, that Corvisart was introduced to him; he was "pale and wan," and seemed to be near "the term of his existence." "At last," says Napoleon, "the solicitations of my friends became so pressing, that I consented to take the advice of a physician. Desgesnettes was proposed to me, and being indifferent as to the choice of one, I consented. But he entered into a long dissertation, and prescribed so many medicines, that I remained convinced he was a mere talker and the profession an imposture, and I did nothing. The importunities commenced again: I yielded once more, and Corvisart was brought to me. He was blunt, rough, and impatient; and scarcely leaving me time to give him an account of my state of health, he said, 'Your complaint is nothing; it is an eruption which has passed into the system, and which we must bring back to the skin; a few days blistering will do it.' He accordingly applied two blisters on the chest, and the cough disappeared. I became stout, my energy returned, and I was able to bear the greatest fatigue. The sagacity of Corvisart delighted me. I saw that he had found out my constitution, and that he was the proper physician for me, and I therefore attached him to my person, and loaded him with marks of my favour. At a later period he opened an issue in my left arm; but the war in Spain having broken out, I suffered it to close, and did not find myself the worse for it. The irritation and itching continued as usual: I opened new wounds, and new scars were formed; the humour found a vent, and I enjoyed perfect health." On another occasion, during one of the campaigns in Germany, he became so indisposed that his suite compelled him to send for the celebrated resident physician, Frank. Frank declared the complaint serious, and wanted to dose Napoleon—this was quite enough, no medicine whatever could be taken, and an express was sent for Corvisart to Paris—the whole empire was in agitation at this news, and a report that the emperor was mad was the consequence. Corvisart set off post haste, and never stopped until he got to Schoenbrunn.

"He expected to find me dying, and his surprise was extreme when he was told that I was passing a review. I came in, and his arrival was announced to me. I laughed at his astonishment. 'Well, Corvisart, what news? what is said at Paris? Do you know that they maintain here that I am very ill? I have a slight eruption, and a slight pain

in my head, and Doctor Frank pretends that I am labouring under a scurfy affection, which requires a long and serious treatment; what do you think about it?' I had taken off my cravat: Corvisart examined my neck. 'Ah, Sire! to make me come from such a distance to prescribe a blister, which the last of physicians might have done as well as myself. Frank is dreaming; you are perfectly well: this eruption is merely the remains of a former one that was not well cured, and will not resist four days' blistering.' Corvisart was right; it disappeared as he had said, and never returned. 'You see, Sire,' said he, as he was dressing the wound for the last time, 'all the dreadful diseases which this German had threatened you with, are reduced to this.' He went to pay a visit to Frank, thanked him, not very graciously, for the rapid journey he had occasioned him, and set off again for Paris. His return calmed the agitation that had prevailed; it shewed that I was not yet near my end. There is a time for every thing."

Corvisart was no friend to the apothecaries—Maria Louisa at one time became hypochondriac, the doctor made some pills of *bread,* which she took, declared the effect to be excellent, and combated henceforth all her husband's prejudices against the pharmacopeïa.

There are also some brief but emphatic traits of some of his principal officers—"Augereau was skilful and courageous; he was beloved by the soldiers and fortunate in his operations. Joubert had the genius of war. Massena was endowed with a degree of daring confidence and a quickness of conception which I have never seen equalled; he was covetous of glory, and would not suffer himself to be deprived of the praises he thought he had deserved. Laharpe was a man of the same cast; severe, independent, prodigal of his life in the field of battle, but jealous of his share in the victory. He perished by one of those accidents so common during war. He was returning from reconnoitring; the night was dark and tempestuous, he did not answer the challenge of the sentry, and fell a victim to his zeal." Of Paoli's penetration he related the following anecdote:—Napoleon had dispatched some commissions to friends of the French early in the Corsican war, and sent them by a poor ragged countryman, who begged his way, the better to elude the guards of Paoli. He was stopped and searched at every post, and on such occasions laying down a little gourd which he carried in his hand, did all he could to facilitate the scrutiny.

"He proceeded in this manner as far as Corte, where the gendarmerie, less confiding, cut up his cloathes from head to foot, even to the soles of his shoes; but nothing was found, and he was about to be released, when some one thought it would be better to inform Paoli. 'A man who goes about the country to beg in the circumstances in which we are placed! he must be an emissary; go and search him, he has some message.' 'Impossible, we have taken his dress to pieces thread by thread—every part of it has been undone.' 'His mission is then verbal, for he has one; question him again.' 'We have tried every thing.' 'What has he about him?' 'A little gourd.' 'Break it.' They did so, and the Commissions were found in it. Paoli was not to be so easily deceived."

Speaking of some of his generals in the campaigns in Italy, he said, "Steingel was impetuous and indefatigable, and sought for the Austrians and for medals with an equal ardour; he did not leave a bush or a ruin unvisited or unsearched. Mireno was the man of dangers and outposts;

he could only sleep quietly when in the presence of an enemy. Cafarelli, equally brave, fought only from necessity; he was fond of glory, but fonder still of mankind, and considered war but as a means of obtaining peace." Of a general whom the absurd malice of his enemies accused him of having had assassinated, he thus spoke—"Dessaix was full of devotedness, generous, and tormented by the passion for glory; he would have conquered any where; he was skilful, vigilant, daring, little regarding fatigue, and death still less; he would have gone to the end of the world in search of victory; his death was one of the calamities that befel me."—We are afraid that the admirers of *bumps* and configurations will not thank us for the insertion of Napoleon's opinion of their grave discoveries.

Corvisart was a great admirer of *Gall*, he praised him, protected him; and used his utmost endeavours to push him up to me; but there was no sympathy between us. Such men as Lavater, Cagliostro, Mesmer, have never reached very high in my estimation. I even felt, I knew not what kind of aversion to them, and did not therefore feel disposed to admit the man who was *a continuation of them*. Gentlemen of this description are all dexterous and well spoken; they work upon that thirst after the marvellous which the generality of mankind experience, and give the colouring of truth to the falsest theories. Nature does not betray herself by outward forms—she does not disclose her secrets—she conceals them. To judge and examine men on such slight indications is the act of a dupe or an impostor, such as are all those beings gifted with wondrous inspirations, of which herds are to be found in every large capital. The only way to know men is to see them, observe them, and put them to the test.

It is remarkable that throughout all this work there is not more than a mere allusion made to Talleyrand. In the few sketches we have given we have confined ourselves to those which have not appeared elsewhere.

In the commencement of this review we advanced a position, which we feel will startle all those who, during our bitter and tedious warfare with him, were accustomed to take the slanders of Napoleon's enemies for granted; namely, that he appeared to us to have been a man of kind-heartedness. It is only fair to give our reasons for so saying, premising at the same time that the worst accusations against the deceased were made by a man whose authority went far to circulate and procure them credit, but who has since deliberately and candidly retracted them—we mean Sir Robert Wilson. M. Antommarchi has recorded his own observation of him thus—

Napoleon was to us amiable and affectionate, seeking to centre in himself all our affections; his advice was that of a father, his reproaches those of a friend. In his anger he was impetuous and terrible, and could not brook contradiction, but, the fit over, he was all kindness and attention, and tried by every means in his power to console those whom he had ill treated—his actions, the tone of his voice, all expressed his kindly feelings, and manifested his regret. When the subject of offence was serious, he discarded the guilty and kept him aloof for a time; but, the period of interdiction elapsed, every thing was forgotten, the exile was received into favour again, and not a word more was said about the matter.

This to be sure is only the Doctor's opinion; it seems, however, a fair one, and pronounced with impartiality. But still we are guided more by the facts which he narrates than by any dictum which he delivers.

The affection for the scene of his nativity—the veneration for his parents—the regard towards his family—the love for Maria Louisa, and the almost devotion with which he regarded his son, are all strong corroborations of our opinion. In this too we are much aided by his manner of conducting himself towards Madame Bertrand's little children, and the warm affection with which he appears to have inspired them; and here we rely not merely on M. Antommarchi's narrative—we have seen these children, and conversed with them upon the subject of "the Emperor," and could scarcely have been mistaken in the artlessness of their tender attestation to his memory. Goldsmith well called them "*honest little men and women*"—they tell their minds, and are not easily deceived in their estimate of those who are attached to them. Napoleon entered into all their childish games and amusements—he was in fact the *grown child* when with them, and by virtue of his height they seem to have made him arbiter of their differences. We extract on this topic the two following passages out of many—the conclusion of the last, and the recollection of Napoleon's school-boy love, is diverting for the minuteness with which he recorded its vexations.

The Emperor sent for the children of the Grand Marshal; they had not seen him for some days past. They hastened to him full of joy, and immediately began to play and sport around him. To him they appealed as arbiter of their discussions:—"Is it not true, Sire, that my cup and ball goes best?"—"No, it is mine."—"It is mine," said a third: "I refer it to you—your Majesty shall decide." The Emperor laughed, gave his decision, laughed louder still, and the tumult went on as before. "You are too noisy, children; I shall not keep you to dinner."—"Yes, do! we will not make any more noise:" and they were quieter. Napoleon kept them, placed little Hortensia next to him, and ordered dinner to be served. But, their appetite satisfied, the discussions began again: each contended for the palm of victory,—each pretended to have been the most skilful. The Emperor was again established judge, and appealed to, right and left. "Is it not true, Sire? Your Majesty has seen;—have you not?" Napoleon, almost stunned with the noise, did not know whom to answer, and laughed more and more. "Hold your tongues," said he to them at last; "you are little chatter-boxes. True, but be quiet; you make too much noise." And they all began again, accusing each other mutually of crying out too loud, until, dinner being over, the Emperor sent them away. "You will send for us to-morrow, Sire;—will you not?"—"You are, then, very fond of playing with me?"—"Yes! yes!" exclaimed they all together, and withdrew in the hopes of coming again.

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Napoleon had sent for the children of the Grand Marshal. He played and frolicked with them, and excited them himself to be noisy. Little Arthur got out of temper, and began to grumble. "What is the matter with you, little urchin? What do you say?" said the Emperor to him, making him jump and laugh at the same time in spite of himself.—"This little fellow," said Napoleon to me, "is as independent as I was at his age; but the fits of passion to which I often gave way proceeded from more excusable motives: I leave you to judge.—I had been placed in a school of young ladies, the mistress of which was known to our family; and, being a pretty boy, and the only one there, I was caressed by every one of my fair school-fellows. I might generally be seen with my stockings down, and covering half my shoes; and in our walks I constantly held the hand of a charming little girl, who was the cause of many broils and quarrels. My malicious comrades, jealous of my Giacominetta, combined these two circumstances together in a song which they made, and whenever I appeared

in the street they followed me, singing, '*Napoleone di mezza calzetta, fa l'amore a Giacominetta!*' I could not bear to be laughed at; and seizing sticks or stones, or any thing that came in my way, I rushed into the midst of the crowd: fortunately it always happened that somebody interfered, and got me out of the scrape; but the number opposed to me never stopped me—I never reckoned how many they were."

We are now arrived at that part of the work which we would most willingly pass over in silence—the treatment which Napoleon is represented as having endured at St. Helena. If true, it will affix an eternal stigma upon the name of England. We are unwilling, however, to trust ourselves with a remark upon it, because Sir Hudson Lowe may perhaps hereafter disprove it, and no man should be condemned without a hearing. For an exculpation from charges so boldly made, and so confidently persisted in, his own and his country's honour imperatively call. In order to prove the justness of these remarks we will present our readers with one or two extracts only on this hateful subject. On the 29th of March the state of the patient is thus reported—

At one A. M. paroxysm of fever—excessive coldness of the lower extremities—headache—swelling of the abdomen. At day break enema without effect. At nine A. M. renewed paroxysm of fever—violent pain in the head—somnolency—abundant perspiration. The patient drank largely, and with pleasure, of some water sweetened with liquorice. Tongue covered with a white substance—mouth and throat lined with viscous matters.

Such was the melancholy state to which he was reduced at the foregoing date; he had been quite delirious with pain a day or two before. We find under the date of the 1st of April, that an English surgeon, Dr. Arnott, was called in, and we find under the same date the following extraordinary narrative:—

The orderly officer, whose duty it was to certify the presence of Napoleon, was obliged each day to make a report to the Governor, stating that he had seen him: but the Emperor having been confined to his bed ever since the 17th of March, he had been unable to fulfil that part of his instructions. Sir Hudson thought he was betrayed, and came to Longwood with his suite. He went all round the house; and seeing nothing, he grew angry, and threatened the officer with the severest punishment if he did not satisfy himself of the presence of *General* Bonaparte.

The officer was placed in a very embarrassing situation; for he was aware of the Emperor's intention, and had, besides, no expectation that he would ever go out of the house. He applied to General Montholon and Marchand, who, feeling for his perplexity, found means to relieve him from his anxiety, and to enable him to calm the anger of Sir Hudson. It was necessary to arrange matters in such a way as to prevent Napoleon from perceiving the agent of the Governor, or even suspecting his presence. This was not easy to accomplish; they, however, succeeded.

The Emperor's bed-room was on the ground floor, and the windows were low enough to permit a view of every thing that was going forward in the apartment. Napoleon, habitually costive, was obliged to resort to enemas; the seat for that purpose was, on this occasion, placed opposite the window, and whilst General Montholon and myself were near the patient, Marchand gently opened the curtains a little, as if to look out into the garden; and the officer, who was waiting aside, looked in, saw, and was enabled to make his report. This, however, did not satisfy the Governor; he dreamt but of flights and evasions, and not a day passed that he did not endeavour to pry into the habitation (*surprendre le seuil*) of his prisoner. At last, on the 31st of March, he declared, that if in the course of that, or at latest the next day, his agent was not

enabled to see *General Bonaparte*, he would come to Longwood with his staff, and force his way into the house, without caring for the unpleasant consequences this step might produce. General Montholon endeavoured to induce him to abandon this intention: he represented to him the respect due to misfortune, and how much his unexpected appearance would discompose the Emperor and wound his feelings; but Sir Hudson turned a deaf ear to these arguments. It was of little concern to him, whether the prisoner lived or died; his duty was to secure his person, and that duty he would fulfil. I saw the tiger prowling round the house; I was suffocating with rage, and was going out, when he stopped me. "What is *General Bonaparte* doing?"—"I know not."—"Where is he?"—"I cannot say."—"He is not there?" (pointing to the cabin.)—"He is not."—"What! he has disappeared?"—"Quite."—"How? When?"—"I do not recollect precisely."—"Endeavour to collect your ideas: since what hour.....?"—"What hour! The last battle he commanded was that of Aboukir. He fought for civilization; you were protecting barbarism: he defeated your allies, and threw them into the sea; his victory was complete: I have not heard of him since."—"Doctor!"—"Excellency!"—"All here...."—"No!"—"Who?"—"I."—"You?"—"I."—"Soldiers!...."—"Soldiers! hasten: fill up the measure of your indignities, by depriving the Emperor of the short remains of his existence."—"The Emperor! what Emperor?"—"He who made England tremble; who showed France the way to Dover, and placed in the hands of the Continent the weapon which will sooner or later give the death-blow to your aristocracy."

One of the principal complaints made by Sir Hudson Lowe against Mr. O'Meara was that he represented Napoleon as designating him by odious appellations. The following is the account (one out of many) which Dr. Antommarchi says the Emperor gave him of the Governor and his treatment:—

I expressed to him my admiration of such uncommon temperance, and he resumed: "On our marches with the army of Italy I always had some wine, some bread, and a roasted-fowl, fastened to my saddle-bow, and that provision sufficed for the whole day: I may even say, that I often shared it with my suite. I thus saved time, and economised on the table for the field of battle. I eat fast and masticate very little; my meals therefore do not consume much of my time. This is not what you must approve, I know; but in the situation in which I am placed, what need have I to trouble myself about care and mastication? I am attacked with a *chronic hepatitis*, a disorder endemic in this horrible climate. I must fall a prey to it—I must expiate on this rock the glory I have shed over France, and the blows I have inflicted upon England. And see how they proceed! It is now more than a year since they have deprived me of all medical assistance. I have not been allowed to have a physician in whom I had confidence, and have been debarred from the right of trying the resources of art. * *

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* * * General Montholon was ill, and he refused to communicate with Bertrand, and wished to open a correspondence direct with me. He sent me his satellites twice a day: Reade, Wynyard, his confidential officers, beset these miserable cabins, and wanted to penetrate into my apartments; but I caused the door to be barricaded, loaded my guns and my pistols, and have kept them so ever since, and swore that I would blow out the brains of the first that violated my asylum. They then retired, vociferating that they wanted to see Napoleon Bonaparte, and that they should find means to oblige Bonaparte to appear. I then thought those disgraceful scenes at an end, but they were repeated every day with greater violence, and I was assailed with threats, vociferations, and letters full of abuse. My servants threw those papers into the fire; but exasperation had reached the highest pitch, and a catastrophe might ensue from one moment to another: never had I been so much exposed. It was the 16th of August, and these outrages had lasted ever since the 11th: I at last

sent to inform the Governor that my patience was exhausted, and my mind fully made up to dispatch the first of his people who should pass the threshold of my door. This warning had its due effect, and put an end to these insulting proceedings. It is an additional act of cruelty on the part of the English Government to have selected such a man; but iniquity seeks iniquity, and guesses where it is to be found; and Ministers never meditate any atrocity without meeting with some corsair ready to assist them in the execution. I freely and voluntarily abdicated in favour of my son and of the constitution; and freely and voluntarily bent my steps towards England, where I wished to live in retirement, and under the protection of its laws. Its laws! Does aristocracy know any law? Is there a crime it will hesitate to commit, or a right it will scruple to trample under foot? Its chiefs have all lain prostrate before my eagles; to some I gave crowns out of the fruit of my victories; I replaced others on their thrones, from which victory had hurled them; I shewed clemency, magnanimity towards all: and all have betrayed me, deserted me, and basely contributed to rivet my chains. I am at the mercy of a freebooter."

I endeavoured to calm the Emperor's agitation. He had not been out for eighteen months; I represented to him the dangers to which he exposed himself by so prolonged a state of inactivity, and requested him not to remain pent up in his apartment, but to come out and breathe the open air. "No," said he; "insults have long confined me to these cabins, and now want of strength prevents me from leaving them. Examine that leg; see whether you find any thing that ails it: I feel that it gives way under me." I looked, and having observed and examined the whole of the right side, I acquired the painful certainty that it was weaker than the left. "You feel too gently," said he; "press harder, and tell me whether nature is in league with this Calabrian, and whether the climate will soon yield up to the Minister the corpse he waits for!"—"Nothing, Sire, is to be seen or felt; it is only a temporary weakness which will soon be removed."

On the 5th of May, the day of his death, we find the following extract, the most interesting and the most powerfully affecting in parts of any thing we have ever read. Our readers must make on it their own comment.

The patient passed a night of extreme agitation.—General anxiety—breathing difficult, sometimes accompanied by a snoring noise—frequent hiccough—continual spasms in the epigastric region and the stomach—eructations giving issue to dark, acrid, nauseous liquid matters—constant expuition and vomiting of the same matters.

The clock struck half-past five, and Napoleon was still delirious, speaking with difficulty, and uttering words broken and inarticulate; amongst others, we heard the words, "Head"...."army," and these were the last he pronounced; for they had no sooner passed his lips than he lost the power of speech.—Violent pains in the abdomen—last stage of dyspnœa—body cold and convulsed, covered with clammy perspiration—trismus.*—The pulsations were scarcely felt in the carotid and axillary arteries. I thought the vital spark had fled, but by degrees the pulse rallied, the oppression decreased, deep sighs escaped from his breast. Napoleon was still alive.

And now occurred the most affecting, perhaps, of all the scenes that had taken place during the Emperor's long agony.—Madame Bertrand, who would not quit the bedside of the august patient, notwithstanding her own sufferings, sent first for her daughter Hortense, and afterwards for her three sons, to show them their benefactor for the last time. No words can express the emotion of these poor children on witnessing this spectacle of death. They had not seen Napoleon for about fifty days, and their eyes full of tears sought, with terror, upon his face, now pale and disfigured, the expression of greatness and goodness which they were accustomed to find in it. As if by common

* Convulsive closing of the jaw.

accord, they rushed towards the bed, seized the hands of the Emperor, kissed them, and, sobbing aloud, covered them with tears. Young Napoleon Bertrand could no longer bear this heart-rending scene; overcome by his emotion, he fell back and fainted. We were obliged to tear these youthful mourners in the midst of their grief from the Emperor's bedside, and to take them into the garden. No doubt the recollection of this scene is for ever engraven on their hearts, and their tears will flow more than once, when they recollect that they have contemplated the body of Napoleon at the moment when his great soul was on the point of leaving it: the impression also produced upon us all, on witnessing the moving adieu of these children to their august protector, is beyond the power of words to express: we all mixed our lamentations with theirs; we all felt the same anguish, the same cruel foreboding of the approach of the fatal instant, which every minute accelerated.

Ten A. M.—Pulse annihilated. I was following with anxiety its beatings, endeavouring to ascertain whether the vital principle was extinct, when I saw Noverraz enter the room, pale, his hair in disorder, and in the utmost agitation. The poor fellow, weakened by forty-eight days' sufferings of an acute hepatitis, accompanied by synocha,* was scarcely beginning to be convalescent; but having heard of the dangerous state in which the Emperor was, he had caused himself to be brought down, and entered the apartment bathed in tears, to see once more a master whom he had served so many years. I endeavoured to prevail upon him to withdraw, but his emotion increased as I spoke to him: he fancied that the Emperor was threatened, and was calling him to his assistance, and he would not leave him, but would fight and die for him. He was quite light-headed: I flattered his zeal, succeeded in calming him, and returned to the patient.

Eleven A. M.—Borborygmi—swelling and tension of the abdomen—icy coldness of the lower extremities, and, in a short time, of the whole body—eye fixed—lips closed and contracted—violent agitation of the nostrils—most complete adynamia†—pulse extremely weak and intermittent, varying from one hundred and two to one hundred and eight, one hundred and ten, and one hundred and twelve pulsations per minute—breathing slow, intermittent, and stertorous—spasmodic contraction of the epigastric region and of the stomach—deep sighs—piteous moans—convulsive movements, which ended by a loud and dismal shriek. I placed a blister on the chest, and one on each thigh; applied two large sinapisms on the soles of the feet, and fomentations on the abdomen, with a bottle filled with hot water: I also endeavoured to refresh the Emperor's lips and mouth by constantly moistening them with a mixture of common water, orange-flower water, and sugar; but the passage was spasmodically closed; nothing was swallowed: all was in vain. The intermittent breathing and mournful sound still continued, accompanied by a violent agitation of the abdominal muscles: the eyelids remained fixed, the eyes moved and fell back under the upper lids; the pulse sunk and rallied again.—It was eleven minutes before six o'clock—Napoleon was about to breathe his last!—a slight froth covered his lips—he was no more!—Such is the end of all human glory!

After having read this melancholy account, what will our readers say to what follows? The body of Napoleon had been dressed and laid in as much state by the poor mourners as the place and circumstances would permit of.

Exhausted with fatigue and grief, we were going to withdraw, when Hudson joined us. Ever humane, compassionate, and sincere, he deplored the loss we had sustained, and informed us that it was the more to be regretted, as his Government was beginning to be more favourably disposed, and *had ordered him to announce to General Bonaparte that the moment approached when his liberty might possibly be restored to him; and*

* Inflammatory fever. † Powerlessness.

that his Britannic Majesty would not be the last to accelerate the term of his captivity. "He is now dead; all is over, and we shall to-morrow pay him the last honours. To-morrow, at daybreak, the troops have orders to be under arms, and in mourning."

One of Napoleon's last requests was that Doctor Antommarchi might preserve his heart after death in spirits of wine, and "*carry it to Parma to his dear Maria Louisa.*" The doctor did as he was desired, but Sir Hudson Lowe compelled him to deposit the sacred bequest in the coffin at St. Helena!!!—The governor declared that he acted in conformity with the orders he had received. If so, it would be unjust indeed to visit on him the blame.

Although there are many interesting passages still unalluded to by us, still our limits warn us that we can proceed no farther. With respect to the *immediate* cause of Napoleon's death posterity must remain in the dark. Antommarchi, who opened the body, gives a minute account of its appearances, which may perhaps enable medical men to judge. He did not sign the report presented to him by the English surgeons—"I," says he, "offered them a copy of my own report, but it did not answer the purpose desired, and was *therefore* rejected." The father of Napoleon certainly died of some disease in the stomach, and the report prevalent is that he inherited it. Antommarchi solemnly denies it, and declares that he died of a chronic-gastro-hepatitis (a liver affection) "endemic in the latitude of St. Helena, and that had his climate been changed he would have been still alive."—Little more remains to be told. Napoleon died a Catholic, and after giving directions to the Abbé who attended him with respect to some religious offices after his death, he reproached the author for what he supposed to be an indication of levity on such sacred subjects. We shall conclude this article with the words of Napoleon to Antommarchi, too happy, if subsequent events shall utterly disprove the imputations here sought, falsely we hope, to be fixed upon our country. Whatever gratitude any continental monarch may have owed him, we clearly owed him none—we did however owe to Europe, the world, and our own character with posterity, a humane and honourable treatment of such a captive—that we have fulfilled that trust we hope and expect to see completely proved—we are not amongst those who are willing to take every charge against a British general officer for granted, and shall be one of the first to hail and circulate the complete vindication of one who has been most scandalously, *if unjustly,* assailed. Such a vindication will go far to exclude us from the melancholy bequest which Napoleon has consigned to us:

"When I am no more, (said he to Antommarchi) you will go to Rome; you will see my mother and my family, and will relate to them all you may have observed concerning my situation, my disorder, and my death upon this dreary and miserable rock. You will tell them that the great Napoleon expired in the most deplorable state, deprived of every thing, abandoned to himself and to his glory, and that he bequeathed with his dying breath, to all the reigning families of Europe, the horror and opprobrium of his last moments."

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DU HAUSSET.*

JUSTICE should be done to every one, even to kings. The writer who receives six hundred francs a month from M. Ronsin, Provincial of the Jesuits in Paris, for repeating and publishing that Chenier was accessory to the death of his brother, that Buonaparte ordered the sick in the hospitals at Jaffa to be poisoned, and such like calumnious turpitudes, and the *ultra* liberal or radical who refuses to give publicity to truth, because that truth may redound to the honour of the Bourbons, are equally deserving of contempt. In comparison with this race of rival rancour and mutual dishonesty, the progress of truth, pure, unalterable, and inflexible, is slow; but to make up for its tardy pace, it is never obliged to retrace its steps, and that is the most essential point. To this latter party we are proud to belong, and feel only contempt for those self-called liberal writers, who, employed under Buonaparte in his police, or in his censorship of the journals, now seize with avidity on the Memoirs of Madame du Hausset, as affording them an opportunity to pour out the bile of their moral indignation on Louis XV. And yet what this monarch did, these pretended moralists would have done in his place. A king at five years of age, and poisoned by the flatteries of the infamous Duke de Villeroy, his governor, he firmly believed himself to be absolute master of the lives and properties of his subjects, always excepting, however, two hundred families of the high noblesse. Surrounded by persons such as the Duke de Villeroy, Louis XV. heartily despised mankind; and you who condemn him why do you not also despise your fellow-men? It is because the private condition, in which you have had the good fortune to be born, has permitted you to know personally a Franklin, a Helvetius, a Lafayette, or a Dupont. If kings ever condescend to notice the existence of such men, their courtiers take care to represent them as infamous levellers thirsting for plunder and blood; whilst these same faithful guides, these gentlemen of the chamber, aids de camp, equerries, chamberlains, and almoners, point out to the royal notice, as excellent persons and well deserving of special grace and favour, such characters as the Labourdemonts, the Jefferies, the Oppedes, the Mangins, the Bellards, &c. Kings then are not personally so much to blame. It was their position, the place assigned to them by society, which in 1750 made them so ridiculous and hurtful to that society. It was as if the company in a stage-coach should put a bandage on the eyes of one of the passengers, lift him into the coachman's seat, and place the reins in his hands: if under the guidance of a man so admirably prepared for his functions, the coach, with its contents, should be quickly found at the bottom of a ditch, which of the company would

* Memoires de Madame du Hausset, Femme de Chambre de Madame de Pompadour, avec des Notes et des Eclaircissemens Historiques. 1 vol. 8vo. 1825.

have the right of upbraiding him? Louis XV. married, while yet a boy, to a princess devoid both of personal and mental charms, and whom he had never seen till his marriage, and being besides surrounded by the most beautiful and attractive women in France, whose coquetry and seductive arts were not spared on the occasion, sank under the temptation, and chose a mistress. And singularly gifted with the virtue of self-denial must be the man who could, under such circumstances, keep strictly to the golden path of propriety. But the liberal writer in 1825, who in 1814 threw himself at the feet of the Bourbons, and begged for a place or a cross of Saint Louis, and on being refused, proclaimed himself an apostle of liberty, what right has he to blame in the person of Louis XV. a weakness perhaps less reprehensible, and less degrading than the want of moral consistency, which led him (the liberal) to offer himself for sale for a ribbon or an income?

The Memoirs of Madame du Hausset, which have given rise to these reflections, are the most genuine Memoirs that have been published for the last twenty years; that is to say, that they bear upon them the impress of the most sincere *bonne foi*, and are written in the most natural and unpretending manner, exhibiting a total absence of all attempt at reasoning upon the events recounted. Unfortunately these excellent Memoirs occupy only two hundred pages, though the publisher, Baudoin, has had the perverse skill of swelling the book to four hundred and fifty, by the addition of stale dissertations, written in a heavy and inflated style, but which style is not their most objectionable quality. M. Barriere, who *does* these notices for Baudoin, is a man of intellect, but he has a place to preserve; and under the present government of France, any clever man so situated, if he wish to preserve integrity of mind, should throw his pen in the fire. The task of M. Barriere, in the notices he furnishes to the bookseller Baudoin, is to attenuate and palliate the truth. This was going too far; the publisher should have contented himself with the suppression of but too many passages in these Memoirs. This proves that Paris is not the fittest place for the publication of the memoirs relative to the French Revolution. The production of these documents, so interesting to all Europe, in an unmutilated shape, should have been undertaken by M. Dernat, a bookseller at Brussels, or, what would be still preferable, by some spirited publisher in England. But unfortunately, in this country, the high duty upon paper presents a serious obstacle. This impolitic and illiberal duty is probably the only measure of the wise government of England approved of by the Jesuits, and which they would so joyfully see imitated in France. As the great majority of those who read for instruction are persons of limited means, for the rich seek rather to enjoy than reflect, the putting a heavy duty on paper is a measure the most favourable to the views of the Jesuits and the Holy Alliance. A government which thinks that the spread of instruction conduces to the happiness of the people, should replace this duty on paper by one on some articles of luxury. But in saying this,

we forget that it is not men of letters who live from hand to mouth like Steele and Goldsmith, who make laws, but the *gens à voiture*. This last word brings us back to the memoirs of the *naïve femme de chambre* of Madame de Pompadour. For in 1760, every thing was done by and for these car or carriage-borne persons, whose ancestors had been to the Holy Land in the good old times of crusading; and which valuable quality in their escutcheon was evinced by their entering the king's coach (*monter dans les carosses du roi*), and which privilege was not enjoyed until after solemn inquiry held before the genealogists of France, as may be seen fully detailed in the Dictionary of Etiquettes, by Madame de Genlis. There is no doubt that the charter, so unwillingly granted by Louis XVIII., and so ridiculously evaded at present, has removed the seat of power. The memoirs of this truth-telling *femme de chambre* show that in her time it resided altogether in the bed-chamber of the favourite mistress. Two or three *complaisantes* or spies, such as Madame de D'Estrades, were the ordinary counsellors of Madame de Pompadour, who was shallow enough herself, and possessed scarcely sufficient intelligence to pronounce upon the beauty of a new equipage, or a novel article of furniture. At present the seat of power is in the closet of M. de Villéle, a man of no mean understanding: the possession of which he owes to having been thirty years of his life a poor man, and obliged to depend for support on his personal exertions. He made a little farm, which in the hands of his father produced but four thousand francs a year, return eight thousand francs. This skilful and subtle person, and who besides is never the dupe of fine phrases, is aided by advisers still more subtle than himself. The people of the Court, properly so called, the most frivolous of whom, such as the Abbé de Bernis, were alone admitted to the councils of power in 1760, are at present charged with those things most within their capacity, that is to say, with *bagatelles*. They are named directors of the royal theatres of Paris, and even here, their insufficiency is but too evident; for these theatres are, generally speaking, empty, and cost the king's privy purse three hundred thousand francs each. Six months ago, there was a royal mistress; and what injury did she do to France? The worst that can be said is, that she cost the country some millions, and persuaded her royal lover to publish a bad *brochure* entitled *La Voyage à Coblentz*. France and the rest of Europe have then every reason to rejoice at the change that has taken place. There is henceforward no danger that the peaceful villages of Holstein or Hanover will be delivered up to pillage and conflagration, merely to satisfy the caprice of a king's concubine; and this because the charter of Louis XVIII. has removed the seat of power from the boudoir of a pretty woman, and placed it in the closet of a cardinal, or in that of any other adroit and subtle old statesman. France is so great a power, and so naturally fond of war, that even the memoirs of a *femme de chambre* of the king's mistress excite the interest of all Europe; for instance, M. d'Argenson, the only man of superior talent called to his council by Louis XV.,

was dismissed because Madame de Pompadour, or one of her friends, gave a hundred *Louis d'ors* to M. d' Argenson's courier, who delivered into their hands the following letter, written by that Minister. "L'indécis est enfin décidé. Le garde-des-sceaux est renvoyé; vous allez revenir, ma chere Comtesse, et nous serons les maitres du tripot." The discovery of this little letter changed the fate of more than a million of men in Europe; so much for the advantages of despotic government.

The publication of these Memoirs is not a mere bookselling speculation, like that of the *Memoires Anecdotiques* of Madame de Campan, the *Memoires* de Fouché and Condorcet, all which publications are liable to the charge of a certain species of *fripponerie*. M. Senac de Meilhan, one of the most acute persons of his time, had a difficult part to play at the court of Louis XV., where the first of merits, the merit *sine qua non*, was, to be descended from ancestors who had been to the Holy Land. M. de Senac, the son of a physician, added to his name *de Meilhan*, in the same manner as the non-noble members of the Chamber of Deputies at present add to theirs the denomination of some obscure burgh, hamlet, or farm. But this, on the part of M. Senac, was a kind of necessary self-defence against the humiliating jests of the *veritable noblesse*. It would clearly appear, if the subject were inquired into, that all the clever men of the age of Louis XV. owed, in a great measure, their intellectual superiority to the false and uncertain positions in which they were placed. They were rendered acute, and prompt in repartee, by the continual necessity they were under, like hump-backed persons, to repel ill-natured and insolent pleasantries. M. Senac de Meilhan called one day on M. de Marigny, brother of Madame Pompadour (a man of the same grain as himself, and whose position as brother, to the reigning favourite, embittered his whole life, from the fear he had of the courtier's jest), and found him employed in committing to the flames a heap of manuscripts. As he took up one large packet to throw into the fire, he said, "This is the journal of a *femme de chambre* of my deceased sister (Madame de Pompadour), who was a very estimable person; but this is all *rabachage; to the fire with it;*" and then stopping, he added, "Do not you find me here like the barber and curate in Don Quixote, burning the works upon chivalry?" "I must entreat mercy for this one," replied the other: "I like anecdote, and I shall no doubt find here something to interest me." "It is yours then," replied M. de Marigny, giving him the papers.

Much has been said of the predictions relative to the revolution, but I know none more remarkable than that contained in an anonymous letter addressed to Louis XV. This letter does not merely point out the naked and isolated fact of a revolution, which should wrest the power from the nobles, and place it in the hands of the populace, and afterwards in those of some adroit individuals of the industrious and enterprising classes of society, such as M. de Villéle, but it goes on minutely to show the *why* and the *wherefore*. Louis XV., who was not

devoid of understanding, and whose elevated station in the social order alarmed him, was much moved by this letter; that is to say, if he could have discovered the author, he would have thrown him into the Bastile, where he might have pined in oblivion, till the very revolution that he had predicted, should release him. The following is this remarkable letter:

Sire—It is a zealous servant who writes to your Majesty. Truth is always bitter, particularly to kings; habituated to flattery, they see objects only under those colours most likely to please them. I have reflected, and read much, and here is what my meditations have suggested to me to lay before your Majesty. They have accustomed you to be invisible, and inspired you with a timidity which prevents you from speaking; thus all direct communication is cut off between the master and his subjects. Shut up in the interior of your palace, you are becoming every day more like the emperors of the east; but see, Sire, their fate! "I have troops," your Majesty will say: such also is their support; but when the only security of a king rests upon his troops—when he is only, as one may say, a king of the soldiers, these latter feel their own strength and abuse it. Your finances are in the greatest disorder, and the great majority of states have perished through this cause. A patriotic spirit sustained the ancient states, and united all classes for the safety of the country. In the present times, money has taken the place of this spirit, it has become the universal lever, and you are in want of it. A spirit of finance infects every department of the state, it reigns triumphant at Court, all have become venal, and all distinction of rank is broken up. Your ministers are without genius and capacity since the dismissal of MM. d'Argenson and de Machault. You alone cannot judge of their incapacity, because they lay before you what has been prepared by skilful clerks, but which they pass as their own. They provide only for the necessity of the day, but there is no spirit of government in their acts. The military changes that have taken place disgust the troops, and cause the most deserving officers to resign; a seditious flame has sprung up in the very bosom of the parliaments; you seek to corrupt them, and the remedy is worse than the disease. It is introducing vice into the sanctuary of justice, and gangrene into the vital parts of the commonwealth. Would a corrupted parliament have braved the fury of the league, in order to preserve the crown for the legitimate sovereign? Forgetting the maxims of Louis XIV. who well understood the danger of confiding the administration to noblemen, you have chosen M. de Choiseul, and even given him three departments; which is a much heavier burden than that which he would have to support as prime-minister, because the latter has only to oversee the details executed by the Secretaries of State. The public fully appreciate this dazzling Minister. He is nothing more than a *petit-maître* without talents or information, who has a little phosphorus in his mind. There is a thing well worthy of remark, Sire; that is, the open war carried on against religion. Henceforward there can spring up no new sects, because the general belief has been so shaken, that no one feels inclined to occupy himself with difference of sentiment upon some of the articles. The Encyclopedists, under pretext of enlightening mankind, are sapping the foundations of religion. All the different kinds of liberty are connected; the philosophers and the protestants tend towards republicanism, as well as the journalists. The philosophers strike at the root, the others lop the branches, and their efforts without being concerted will one day lay the tree low. Add to these the economists, whose object is political liberty, as that of the others is liberty of worship, and the government may find itself in twenty or thirty years, undermined in every direction, and will then fall with a crash. If your Majesty, struck by this picture, but too true, should ask me for a remedy, I should say that it is necessary to bring back the government to its principles, and above all, to lose no time in restoring order to the state of the finances, because the embarrassments incident to a country in a state of debt, necessitate fresh taxes, which after grinding the people, induce them towards revolt.

After some further advice to his Majesty, which has nothing remarkable in it, the anonymous writer thus concludes—

A time will come, Sire, when the people shall be enlightened, and that time is probably approaching. Resume the reins of government, hold them with a firm hand, and act so, that it cannot be said of you: *Fœminas et scorta volvit animo et hac principatûs prœmia putat*:—Sire, if I see that my sincere advice should have produced any change, I shall continue it and enter into more details—if not, I shall remain silent.

We were obliged by circumstances at one time to read all the published memoirs relative to the reign of Louis XV. and had the opportunity of reading many others, which may not see the light for a long time yet to come, as their publication at present would materially militate against the interest of the descendants of the writers; and we have no hesitation in saying that the memoirs of Madame du Hausset are the only perfectly sincere ones, amongst all those we know. Sometimes Madame du Hausset mistakes through ignorance, but never does she wilfully mislead, like Madame Campan, nor keep back a secret, like Madame Rolland, and MM. Bezenval and Ferreires; nor is she ever betrayed by her vanity to invent, like the Duke de Lauzun, MM. Talleyrand, Bertrand de Molleville, Marmontel, Madame d'Epinay, &c. When Madame du Hausset is found in contradiction with other memoirs of the same period, we should never hesitate to give her account the preference. Whoever is desirous of accurately knowing the reign of Louis XV. should run over the very wretched history of Lacratelle merely for the dates, and afterwards read the two hundred pages of the *naïve* du Hausset, who in every half page overturns half a dozen misstatements of this hollow rhetorician. Madame du Hausset was often separated from the little and obscure chamber in the palace of Versailles, where resided the supreme power, only by a slight door or curtain which permitted her to hear all that was said there. She had for a *cher ami* the greatest practical philosopher of that period, Dr. Quesnay, the founder of political economy. He was physician to Madame de Pompadour, and one of the sincerest and most single-hearted of men probably in Paris at the time. He explained to Madame du Hausset many things that, but for his assistance, she would have witnessed without understanding.

We shall now proceed to give some extracts from this work. The following passage shows what confidence Madame de Pompadour and her royal lover placed in this simple *femme de chambre*.

Madame, when I was alone with her, used to speak to me of several things that affected her, and once said to me:—"*The king and I reckon so strongly upon you, that we regard you as a cat or a dog, and continue our conversation.*"

There was a little place near the chamber of Madame Pompadour where she knew that Madame du Hausset used to sit when alone, and whence every thing that was said in her chamber above a whisper could be heard.

One day that I was speaking, before Quesnay and M. de Marigny, with contempt

of some one that loved money very much, the Doctor laughed and said, "I had a curious dream last night: I thought I was in the country of the ancient Germans, my house was vast, and I had great quantities of corn and cattle, and a great number of horses, and immense tuns of beer, but I was suffering from rheumatism, and was at a loss how to get to a fountain fifty leagues distant, the water of which would have cured me. It was necessary to pass through a foreign country. An enchanter appeared and said, 'I am moved by your suffering—here is a little packet of the powder of *prelinpinpin*: all those to whom you give some of it, will lodge you, entertain you, and show you all manner of politeness.' I took the powder, and thanked him very much. 'Ah! how I should love the powder of *prelinpinpin*,' said I, 'I should like to have my cupboard full of it.' 'Well,' said the Doctor, 'that powder is the money that you despise. Tell me of all those who come here, which is the one that produces the greatest effect?' 'I do not know,' said I, 'Well then, it is M. Montmartel (the Court banker, son of an aubergist) who comes here four or five times a year. Why is he held in so much consideration? because he has his coffers full of the powder of *prelinpinpin*.' He then took some *louis d'ors* from his pocket, saying, 'All that exists is contained in these little pieces, which may lead you commodiously to the end of the world. All mankind will obey those who possess this powder, and be anxious to serve them. To despise money, is to despise happiness, liberty, and all kind of enjoyment.' A blue ribbon just then passed by the window, and I remarked, 'This nobleman is much more satisfied with the ribbon than with thousands of your pieces.' 'When I ask a pension from the King,' replied Quesnay, 'it is as if I said to him, give me the means of having a better dinner, a warmer coat, and a carriage to shelter me from the rain, and convey me to a distance without fatigue. But he who asks for a ribbon, if he should dare to express what he thinks, would say, 'I am full of vanity; and I wish that when I pass, the people may make way for me, and look upon me with an air of stupid admiration; I wish, on entering a room, to produce an effect, and fix the attention of those who will probably turn me into ridicule after my departure; I wish to be called *Monseigneur* by the multitude.' Is not all this wind? In most countries the ribbon would not be of the slightest use to him; it gives him no powder; but my pieces give me in every country the means of succouring the unfortunate. Long live then the all powerful powder of *prelinpinpin*.' At these words, we heard from the next room, only separated from where we were by a door, a loud burst of laughter. The door soon opened, and the King came in, with Madame and M. de Gontaut. He said, "Long live the powder of *prelinpinpin!* Doctor, can you procure me some of it?" The King, it appears, had taken a fancy to listen to what we were saying. Madame said many friendly things to the Doctor, and the King, laughing and praising the powder, quitted the room.

The following gives some insight into the character of the King.

The sickness of the little Duke Bourgogne, whose intelligence was so much talked of, occupied the Court a long time. There were various conjectures as to its cause, one of which was maliciously directed against his nurse, who was well established at Versailles. It was said, that she had communicated to him an odious disease. The King showed to Madame the result of inquiries that he had caused to be made upon her conduct in her native province. A foolish Bishop thought proper to say, that she had been a libertine in her youth, which, coming to the ears of the poor nurse, she demanded that he should be made to explain himself. The Bishop then stated, that she had been several times to a ball in her native town, with her neck uncovered. To this poor man, this was the very acme of libertinism. The King, who had at first been alarmed, could not help exclaiming, *quelle bête!* The Duke, after having long kept the Court in a state of inquietude, died. Nothing produces such an effect in the palaces of princes, as the death-bed scenes of their equals. Every one is occupied with the event; but, from the moment of their death, not a word more is said about them. The King often spoke of death, burials, and church-yards. He was

naturally the most melancholy of men. Madame told me one day, that he felt a very disagreeable sensation when he was forced to laugh, and that he has often prevented her from finishing a comic story. He smiled, and nothing more. In general, the King entertained the most sombre ideas upon most subjects. After the presentation of a new Minister, he used to say: *He has displayed his merchandize like the others, and promised the finest things in the world, none of which will ever come to pass. He does not know how the land lies here; he will see.* When projects for increasing the naval force were laid before him, he used to remark—"This is the twentieth time I have heard speak of this—France will never have a proper naval force, I believe."

Madame du Hausset, the lady's maid, describes with great simplicity a very singular and awkward dilemma in which a sudden attack of illness in the King placed her mistress.

An event, which made me tremble, as well as Madame, procured me the familiarity of the King. In the middle of the night, Madame came into my chamber, *en chemise*, and, in a state of distraction—"Come," said she, "the King is dying." My alarm may be easily imagined. I put on a petticoat, and found the King in her bed, panting. What was to be done?—it was an indigestion. We threw water upon him, and he came to himself. I made him swallow some Hoffman's drops, and he said to me—"Do not make any noise, but go to Quesnay; say that your mistress is ill, and tell the Doctor's servants to say nothing about it." Quesnay, who lodged close by, came immediately, and was much astonished to see the King in that state. He felt his pulse, and said, "The crisis is over, but if the King were sixty years old, this might have been serious." He went to seek some drug; and on his return, set about inundating the King with perfumed water. I forget the name of the medicine that he made him take, but the effect was wonderful. I believe it was the *drops of General Lamotte.* I called up one of the girls of the *garde robe*, to make tea, as if for myself. The King took three cups, put on his robe de chambre, and his stockings, and went to his own room, leaning upon the Doctor. What a sight it was to see us all three half naked! Madame put on a robe as soon as possible, and I did the same, and the King changed his clothes behind the curtains, which were very decently closed. He afterwards spoke of this short attack, and expressed his sense of the attentions shown him. An hour after, I felt the greatest possible terror, in thinking that the King might have died in our hands. Happily, he quickly recovered himself, and none of the domestics perceived what had taken place. I merely told the girl of the garde robe to put every thing to rights, and she thought that it was Madame who had been indisposed. The King, the next morning, gave secretly to Quesnay a little note for Madame, in which he said, *Ma chere amie must have had a great fright, but let her reassure herself—I am now well, which the doctor will certify to you.* From that moment the King became accustomed to me, and, touched by the interest I had shown for him, he often gave me *des mines gracieuses à sa manière*, and made me little presents, and on every New Year's Day sent me porcelain to the amount of twenty *louis d'ors.* He told Madame that he looked upon me in the apartment as a picture or statue, and never put any constraint upon himself on account of my presence. Doctor Quesnay received a pension of a thousand crowns for his attention and silence, and the promise of a place for his son. The King gave me an order upon the Treasury for four thousand francs, and Madame had presented to her a very handsome chiming-clock, and the King's portrait in a snuff-box.

The anecdote of General Crillon will convey some notion of the manners of a court.

One evening, towards midnight, a bat flew into the apartment where the Count was; the King immediately cried out, "Where is General Crillon? He is the General to command against the bats." This gave rise to the expression, *où étais tu, Crillon?* M. Crillon soon after came in, and was told where the enemy was. He immediately

threw off his coat, drew his sword, and commenced an attack upon the bat, which flew into the closet where I was fast asleep. I started out of sleep at the noise, and saw the King and all the company around me. This furnished amusement for the rest of the evening. M. de Crillon was a very excellent and amiable man, but he was wrong to indulge in buffooneries of this kind, which, however, were the result of his natural gaiety, and not of any subserviency of character. Such, however, was not the same case with another high nobleman, a Knight of the Golden Fleece, whom Madame saw one day shaking hands with her *valet de chambre*. As he was one of the vainest men at Court, Madame could not refrain from telling the circumstance to the King; and as he had no employment at Court, the King scarcely ever after named him on the Supper List.

In the midst of the veneration for nobility, which was the supreme law at the Court of Louis XV, it is curious to see a man of very noble extraction amongst the menials of Madame de Pompadour.

"What sir," said my relation, "the equerry of Madame la Marquise belongs to a princely house?" "Yes," replied he, "to the family of Chimay, which has taken the name of Alsace; witness the Cardinal of that name." "I cannot get over my surprise, at what I have heard," said my relation. "It is, nevertheless, very true," replied I; "you may see the Chevalier d'Henin (that is the family name of the Princes de Chimay), with the cloak of Madame upon his arm, and walking alongside her sedan-chair, in order that he may be ready, on her getting in, to cover her shoulders with her cloak, and then remain in the anti-chamber till her return."

The fear of displeasing the noblesse, in 1825, has made the publisher suppress many anecdotes of this kind, in the memoirs that he has published. Some of the stories let us in to the mysteries of the pleasures of Louis XV. and betray the springs by which Madame Pompadour was enabled to govern him absolutely for so long a time.

Madame called me one day into her closet, where the King was walking up and down in a very serious mood—"You must," said she, "pass some days in a house in the *avenue de St. Cloud*, whither I shall send you. You will there find a young lady about to lie in." The King said nothing, and I was mute from astonishment. "You will be mistress of the house, and preside, like one of the fabulous goddesses, at the *accouchement*. Your presence is necessary, in order that every thing may pass secretly, and according to the King's wish.—You will be present at the baptism, and name the father and mother." The King began to laugh, and said, "The father is a very honest man;" Madame added, "beloved by every one, and adored by those who know him." Madame then took from a little cupboard, a small box, and drew from it an aigrette of diamonds, at the same time saying to the King, "I have my reasons for it not being handsomer." "It is but too much so," said the King; "how kind you are;" and he then embraced Madame, who wept with emotion, and putting her hand upon the King's heart, said, "This is what I wish to secure." The King's eyes then filled with tears, and I also began weeping, without very well knowing why. Afterwards, the King said, "Guimard will call upon you every day to assist you with his advice, and *au grand moment* you will send for him. You will say that you expect the sponsors, and a moment afterwards you will pretend to have received a letter, stating, that they cannot come. You will, of course, affect to be very much embarrassed; and Guimard will then say, that there is nothing for it, but to take the first comers. You will then appoint as godfather and godmother some beggar or chairman, and the servant girl of the house, and to whom you will give but twelve francs, in order not to attract attention." "A louis," added Madame, "to obviate any thing singular on the other hand." "Guimard," continued the King, "will tell you the names of the father and mother; he will be

present at the ceremony, and make the usual presents. It is but fair that you also should receive yours;" and as he said this he gave me fifty *louis*, with that gracious air that he could so well assume upon certain occasions, and which no person in the kingdom had but himself. I kissed his hand, and wept. "You will take care of the *accouchée*, will you not? She is a good creature, who has not invented gunpowder, and I confide her entirely to your direction; my Chancellor will tell you the rest," he said, turning to Madame, and then quitted the room. "Well, what think you of the part I am playing?" asked Madame. "It is that of a superior woman, and an excellent friend," I replied. "It is his heart that I wish to secure," said she; "and all those young girls who have no education will not run away with it from me. I should not be equally confident were I to see some fine woman belonging to the Court, or the city, attempt his conquest."

The whole of Madame Pompadour's life was employed in vigilantly watching the affections of the King, and, in case of their setting upon any one, even for a moment, in dexterous intrigues, either to draw him away from the object of attraction, or to prevent any consequences, from the indulgence of his passion, fatal to her power.

Besides the little mistresses of the *Parc-aux-cerfs*, the King had sometimes intrigues with ladies of the Court, or from Paris, who wrote to him. There was a Madame de L——, who, though married to a young and amiable man with two hundred thousand francs a year, wished absolutely to become his mistress. She contrived to have a meeting with him; and the King, who knew who she was, was persuaded that she was really mad in love with him. There is no knowing what might have happened, had she not died. Madame was very much alarmed, and was only relieved by her death from inquietude. A circumstance took place at this time, which doubled Madame's friendship for me. A rich man, who had a situation in the *Sous Fermes*, called on me one day very secretly, and told me that he had something of importance to communicate to Madame la Marquise, but that he should find himself very much embarrassed in communicating it to her personally, and that he should prefer acquainting me with it. He then told me, what I already knew, that he had a very beautiful wife, of whom he was passionately fond; that having on one occasion perceived her kissing a little *portefeuille*, he endeavoured to get possession of it, supposing there was some mystery attached to it. One day that she suddenly left her room to go up stairs to see her sister, who had been brought to bed, he took the opportunity of opening the *portefeuille*, and was very much surprised to find in it a portrait of the King, and a very tender letter written by His Majesty. Of the latter he took a copy, as also of an unfinished letter of his wife, in which she vehemently entreated the King to allow her to have the pleasure of an interview—the means she pointed out. She was to go masked to the public ball at Versailles, where His Majesty could meet her under favour of a mask. I assured M. de —— that I should acquaint Madame with the affair, who would, no doubt, feel very grateful for the communication. He then added, "Tell Madame la Marquise that my wife is very clever, and very intriguing. I adore her, and should run distracted were she to be taken from me." I lost not a moment in acquainting Madame with the affair, and gave her the letter. She became serious and pensive, and I since learned that she consulted M. Berrier, Lieutenant of Police, who, by a very simple but ingeniously conceived plan, put an end to the designs of this lady. He demanded an audience of the King, and told him that there was a lady in Paris who was making free with His Majesty's name; that he had been given the copy of a letter, supposed to have been written by His Majesty to the lady in question. The copy he put into the King's hands, who read it in great confusion, and then tore it furiously to pieces. M. Berrier added, that it was rumoured that this lady was to meet His Majesty at the public ball, and, at this very moment, it so happened that a letter was put into the King's hand, which proved to be from the lady, appointing the meeting; at least M. Berrier judged so, as

the King appeared very much surprised on reading it, and said, "It must be allowed, M. le Lieutenant of Police, that you are well informed." M. Berrier added, "I think it my duty to tell your Majesty that this lady passes for a very intriguing person." "I believe," replied the King, "that it is not without deserving it that she has got that character."

The following passage appears so applicable to the present aspect of affairs in France that we cannot resist giving it.

One day I was at the house of Doctor Quesnay, when the Marquis de Mirabeau came in: The conversation was for some time tiresome for me, as it turned entirely upon the *produit net*, but at length they talked of other things. Mirabeau said, "I found the King looking very ill; he is getting old." "So much the worse, and a thousand times so much the worse," said Quesnay; "his death would be a great loss to France;" and as he said this he raised his eyes to heaven, and sighed profoundly. "I know that you love the King," said Mirabeau, "and are right in doing so; I love him myself, but I never before saw you so moved." "Ah!" said Quesnay, "I am thinking of what will follow; but the Dauphin is virtuous." "Oh! certainly, and has understanding, and is full of good intentions; but the bigotted hypocrites, whom he looks upon as oracles, will have absolute power over this Prince. The Jesuits will govern the state as they did at the end of the reign of Louis XIV. and you shall see the fanatic bishop of Verdun Prime Minister, and La Vaugusson all-powerful under some other title. The parliaments must then look to themselves, for they will not be better treated than my friends the philosophers." "But they go too far," said Mirabeau; "why openly attack religion?" "I allow that," replied the Doctor; "but how is it possible not to be rendered indignant by the fanaticism of the others, and by recollecting all the blood that has flamed during the last two hundred years? You must not then again irritate them, and revive in France the time of Mary in England. But what is done is done, and I often exhort them to be moderate; I wish they would follow the example of our friend Duclos." "You are right," replied Mirabeau; "he said to me a few days ago, these philosophers are going on at such a rate, that they will force me to go to vespers and high mass; but, in fine, the Dauphin is virtuous, well informed, and intellectual." "It is the commencement of his reign, I fear," said Quesnay, "when the imprudent proceedings of our friends will be represented to him in the most unfavourable point of view, when the Jansenists and Molinists will make common cause, and be strongly supported by the Dauphiness. I thought that M. du Muy was moderate, and that he would temper the headlong fury of the others, but I heard him say that Voltaire merited condign punishment. Be assured, Sir, that the times of *John Huss* and *Jerome of Prague* will return; but I hope not to live to see it. I approve of Voltaire having hunted down the Pompignans; were it not for the ridicule with which he covered them, that *bourgeois* Marquis would have been preceptor to the young Princes, and, aided by his brother, would have succeeded in again lighting the faggots of persecution. "What ought to give you confidence in the Dauphin," said Mirabeau, "is, that, notwithstanding the devotion of Pompignan, he turns him into ridicule. A short time back, seeing him strutting about with an air of inflated pride, he said to a person who told it to me, '*Our friend Pompignan thinks that he is something.*'" On returning home I wrote down this conversation.

Voltaire having betrayed a want of tact in a compliment which he addressed to Madame de Pompadour, was from that moment lost in her good opinion and that of the King.

The King, who admired every thing of the age of Louis XIV, and recollecting that the Boileaus and Racines had been protected by that monarch, who was indebted to them in part for the lustre of his reign, was flattered at having such a man as Voltaire among his subjects. But still he feared him, and had but little esteem for him. He once could not help saying, "Moreover, I have treated him as well as

Louis XIV treated Racine and Boileau. I have given him, as Louis XIV gave to Racine, some pensions, and a place of *gentilhomme ordinaire*. It is not my fault if *il a fait des sottises*, and has had the pretension to become a chamberlain, to wear an order, and sup with a King. It is not the fashion in France; and as there are here a few more men of wit and noblemen than in Prussia, it would require that I should have a very large table to assemble them all at it." And then he reckoned upon his fingers, Maupertuis, Fontenelle, La Mothe, Voltaire, Piron, Destouches, Montesquieu, the Cardinal Polignac.—"Your Majesty forgets," said some one, "d'Alembert and Clairaut;" "And Crébillon," said he. "And laChaussée, and the younger Crébillon," said some one. "He ought to be more agreeable than his father." "And there is also the Abbés Prévôt and d'Olivet." "Pretty well," said the King, "and for the last twenty years *all that (tout cela)* would have dined and supped at my table."

We have seen for what slight cause (as in the case of M. d'Argenson) Ministers were dismissed: the following passage will show the singular considerations which sometimes motived political alliances.

The King disliked the King of Prussia, because he knew that the latter was in the habit of jesting upon his mistress, and the kind of life he led. It was Frederick's fault, as I have heard it said, that the King was not his most steadfast ally and friend, as much as sovereigns can be towards each other; but the jestings of Frederick had stung him, and made him conclude the treaty of Versailles. One day he entered Madame's apartment with a paper in his hand, and said, "The King of Prussia is certainly a great man; he loves men of talent, and like Louis XIV, he wishes to make Europe ring with his favours towards foreign *savans*. There is a letter from him, addressed to my Lord Mareschal, ordering him to acquaint a *superiour* man of my kingdom (d'Alembert) that he has granted him a pension;" and looking at the letter, he read the following words. "You must know that there is in Paris a man of the greatest merit, whose fortune is not proportionate to his talents and character; I may serve as eyes to the blind goddess, and repair in some measure the injustice, and I beg you to offer on that account. I flatter myself that he will accept this pension, because of the pleasure I shall feel in obliging a man who joins beauty of character to the most *sublime* intellectual talents." The King here stopped, on seeing MM. d'Agen and de Gontant enter, and then recommenced reading the letter to them, and added, "It was given me by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to whom it was confided by Milord Mareschal for the purpose of obtaining my permission for this *Sublime Genius* to accept the favour. But," said the King, "what do you think is the amount?" Some said, *six*, *eight*, *ten* thousand livres. "You have not guessed," said the King; "It is twelve hundred livres." "For sublime talents," said the Duke d'Agen, "it is not much. But the *Beaux Esprits* will make Europe resound with this letter, and the King of Prussia will have the pleasure of making a great noise at little expense."

Whenever the King spoke of Damiens, which was but seldom, and only during his trial, he never called him any thing but *Ce Monsieur qui a voulu me tuer*. Madame du Hausset says:

I have heard it said that he proposed having him shut up in a dungeon for life, but that the horrible nature of the crime made the judges insist upon his suffering all the tortures inflicted upon like occasions. Great numbers, many of them women, had the barbarous curiosity to witness the execution; amongst others, Madame de P——, a very beautiful woman, and the wife of a former general. She hired two places at a window for twelve louis, and played a game of cards in the room whilst waiting for the execution to begin. On this being told to the King, he covered his eyes with his hands, and exclaimed, *Fi la Vilainie!* I have been told that she and others thought to pay their court in this way, and signalize their attachment to the King's person.

This most amusing *femme de chambre* relates the following anecdotes on the authority of Duclos.

The first, relative to the Count de Sponheim, who was Duke de Deux Ponts, and next in succession to the Palatinate and Electoral of Bavaria. He was thought to be a great friend to the King, and had made several long sojourns in France. M. Duclos told us that the Duke de Deux Ponts having learned at Deux Ponts the attempt on the King's life, immediately set out in a carriage for Versailles; "But remark," said he, "the spirit of *courtisanerie* of the prince, who might have become the next morning Elector of Bavaria and the Palatinate. When he arrived within ten leagues of Paris, he put on a pair of enormous jack-boots, mounted a post-horse, and arrived in the court of the chateau cracking his whip. If this were not charlatanism, but real impatience, he would have taken horse twenty leagues from Paris."—The other anecdote was of M. de C——. The first day the King reviewed after the attempt of Damiens, M. de C—— pushed so vigorously through the crowd that he was one of the first to come into the King's presence; but he had on so shabby a black coat that it caught the King's attention, who burst out laughing, and said, "Look at C——, he has had the skirt of his coat torn off." M. de C—— looked as if he was only then first conscious of his loss, and said, "Sire, there is such a multitude hurrying to see your Majesty, that I was obliged to fight my way through them, and in the effort my coat has been torn." "Fortunately it was not worth much," said the Marquis de Souvray, "and you could not have chosen a worse one to sacrifice on the occasion."

The circumstance narrated in the following paragraph represents Madame Pompadour in a favourable point of view.

A man in immediate attendance on the King's person, and who had the care of his clothes, came to me one day, and told me that as he was very much attached to Madame because she was good and useful to the King, he wished to inform me that a letter having fallen out of the pocket of a coat which his Majesty had taken off, he had had the curiosity to read it, and found it to be from the Countess de ——, who had already yielded to the King's desires. In this letter she required the King to give her fifty thousand crowns in money, a regiment for one of her relations, and a bishopric for another, and to dismiss Madame in the space of fifteen days, &c. I acquainted Madame with what this man told me, and she acted with singular greatness of mind. She said to me, "I ought to inform the King of this breach of trust of his servant, who may by the same means come to the knowledge of, and make a bad use of, important secrets; but I feel a repugnance to ruin the man; however, I cannot permit him to remain near the King's person, and here is what I shall do—Tell him that there is a place of ten thousand francs a year vacant in one of the provinces; let him solicit the Minister of Finance for it; and it shall be granted to him; but if he should ever disclose through what interest he has obtained it, the King shall be made acquainted with his conduct. By this means I think I shall have done all that my attachment and duty prescribe. I rid the King of a faithless domestic, without ruining the individual." I did as Madame ordered me: her delicacy and address inspired me with admiration. She was not alarmed on account of the lady, seeing what her pretensions were. "She drives too quick," remarked Madame, "and will certainly be overturned on the road." The lady died. "See what the Court is; all is corruption there from the highest to the lowest," said I to Madame one day, when she was speaking to me of some facts that had come to my knowledge. "I could tell you many others," replied Madame; "but the little chamber where you often remain must furnish you with a sufficient number." This was a little nook from whence I could hear a great part of what passed in Madame's apartment.

There are many other anecdotes of the Court of Louis XV, which we much regret that our space does not permit us to quote, both because they are very instructive as to the nature of Courts, and the character of kings and courtiers, as well as particularly amusing.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris, 17th of February.

Dear Sir,—The transactions of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris are not published at such short intervals, or with the same regularity, as those of the London Royal Society, nor are they composed of the same materials. The memoirs of the Academy contain no papers but such as are written by its members. But they likewise publish another series under the title of *Memoires des Savans Etrangers,* which you might be apt to consider as the production of the foreign members. Many have been under this mistake. The *Savans Etrangers* are not foreigners, but strangers, a term which merely serves to denote that they are not members. Any one may read a paper to the Academy, without any other previous formality than having his name put down on the list and waiting his turn. The report afterwards made by a commission of two or more members, according to the nature of the subject, which sometimes requires the association of judges skilled in different departments of science, serves as a check, when the author deviates from the line of philosophical research, or as an encouragement, when he seems possessed of promising abilities, or has acknowledged merit. It is rather in this light, than as giving a stamp of certainty to the facts and opinions in the approved papers, that you are to consider the favourable reports. Those only who have read two papers that have met with a similar reception have a right to be present at the private meetings held every Monday. All other strangers are supposed to be excluded; but all are suffered to attend; and this has been the case for twenty years back, from a liberal feeling towards the public, in whom the love of science is excited or heightened by being thus allowed to enter the sanctuary, and who are taught by the example before them how to proceed in the investigation of truth. The beneficial influence of the measure is so evident, that when a stranger reads a paper for the first time, nothing is easier than to judge, upon hearing a few sentences, whether he has been in the habit of attending. If he begin in a high-flown style, if he come forward with vague and abstract principles, if, as he proceeds, he reason upon known facts without adducing and establishing such as are new, you may set him down as never having come near the Academy. It has another advantage—that of rapidly diffusing scientific intelligence, which is one of the most powerful means of multiplying discoveries; for the knowledge of one fact generally leads to many more.

This in some measure compensates the slow and irregular publication of their Memoires by means of the press. A volume ought to appear every year, but none had seen the light for four years, when a single volume came out lately. As to the *Memoires des Savans Etrangers,* which is a collection of such papers as have received the highest approbation, a

volume has appeared since 1811. Whatever other impediments may have retarded or prevented the publication of the transactions of the Academy, there is one that has considerable and general influence. The progress of science is so rapid, so many press on in the same direction in all parts of the civilized world, that the delay occasioned by the annual publication of important discoveries, supposing it to be carried on with the greatest punctuality, is detrimental both to their authors and to the public. On the one hand, discussions arise concerning priority of discovery; on the other, leading facts, pregnant with useful and extensive applications, are too long withheld from circulation. So that most of the members and strangers prefer publishing their papers in a respectable journal.

Of this description are the *Annales de Physique de Chemie,* edited by two academicians of the first rate abilities, Gay-Lussac, and Arago; a periodical work which I need only name, its character being long established. But there is another, which, as it is of recent date, has not yet had time enough to be generally known; and as it bids fair greatly to promote the sciences to which it is dedicated, I shall particularly recommend to your notice, *Les Annales des Sciences Naturelles,* are relative to Physiology and Natural History, and are conducted by young men of approved abilities; Dumas, assistant to the Professor of Chemistry at the Polytechnal School, and author of interesting experiments in Physiology; Adolphe Brogniart, who having particularly attended to fossil plants, has in a manner created a new branch of Geology; Audouien, Under Librarian to the Institute, who ranks high among the zoologists of this country, and will probably succeed Latreille at the Museum of Natural History. Their character and connections alone would give a favourable opinion of their journal; but as it is of a year's standing, it speaks for itself, and proves them to be adequate to the task. The numbers appear monthly, and consist chiefly of original communications, papers read to the Academy, and others inserted in foreign collections, when they contain important acquisitions to science. Each number is accompanied by a set of well designed lithographic plates in quarto; and such is the liberality with which this work is prosecuted, that instead of fifty plates, which the editors promised to publish in the course of the year, they have given eighty-three. The last number comprises twelve; four of which are of unusual magnitude, and exhibit most distinctly in colours the lymphatics in birds, at least such as they are in the goose.

This subject has lately attracted the attention of naturalists and physiologists, from the controversy to which it had given rise, and the decided manner in which it has been settled. A. Monro and Hewson are considered as the first who gave satisfactory proofs of the existence of lymphatics in birds, of which, however, they had only a partial view. Tiedman, in his Anatomy and Natural History of Birds (1810), gave a good description of the system. No one, since the first account of them, had entertained the slightest doubt of their existence; but as doubts easily rise in

the mind of Magendie, when he first takes a subject in hand, he soon thought he had some reason to question the accuracy of former anatomists. As he proceeded, he found additional motives to confirm him in his way of thinking, and availed himself of this opportunity of indulging a favourite propensity to overthrow received opinions; a contest in which it must be acknowledged that he has often met with great success. He recognized lymphatics in the neck of a few species of birds, but found them nowhere else; and being himself an expert anatomist, he saw no reason for admitting them where no scrutinizing process could enable him to perceive them. This at any time would have appeared a curious fact, but in the present instance it was of much higher import. Besides giving a blow to *anatomical analogy*, against which he now and then makes a sally, it was a striking confirmation of what indeed he had established by experiment, that the veins were the chief agents of absorption. He prosecuted his inquiry on the lower orders of vertebrated animals, and meeting with the same result, he stript all the tribes of birds, reptiles, and fishes, of their lymphatic system, and left them to carry on absorption merely by means of their veins. So they continued till Lauth, a young anatomist from Strasbourg, taught by Fahman, I believe, at Heidelberg, to distinguish and inject the lymphatics of birds, came to Paris, and read a paper on the subject to the Academy of Sciences, who named a commission composed of Cuvier, Dumeril, and even Magendie, to make a report. Lauth performed various injections expertly, and exhibited the whole system to the commissioners, who of course made a favourable return. The report was signed only by the two former, but the latter candidly declared that he was satisfied with regard to the existence of the system in birds; but not with respect to the function ascribed to the lymphatics of the mesentery, which he did not consider as lacteal vessels. Lauth's paper, and the report, are both inserted in the last number of the journal I have mentioned, and which is just come out. From what I have said, you may easily judge of the respectability of this periodical work, and that it highly deserves the attention of those who are interested in the progress of the *natural sciences*.

Mathematicians have also a journal open to their papers; but as it does not bear so high a character as those I have already mentioned, they are more at a loss for the speedy publication of their discoveries than other men of science.—They have, however, the advantage of being able to insert short abstracts in the *Bulletin de la Societé Philomatique*. This society, formed upwards of twenty years ago, is composed of members of the Academy of Sciences, and others most likely to meet with the same promotion. There is hardly a member of the latter elected within these twenty years who has not previously been admitted into the former. Their number is equally limited; the subjects treated are the same, but their institution differs. The chief object of the meetings of the Philomathic is to be acquainted with every thing new in science. They

consequently appoint several commissaries belonging to the principal societies in Paris, who report their transactions. Comparatively little is read, and much is said, but greatly to the purpose. These reports, together with short and concise papers, generally give rise to interesting discussions. All strangers are admitted, and any one may hear; every Saturday evening, at Paris, the newest and most important topics in science discussed in a masterly manner, by the most enlightened men in France, such as Poisson, Fourrier, Thenard, Frenel, &c. They ought to publish monthly short abstracts of scientific translations, but their Bulletin comes out very irregularly; measures will, I believe, be shortly taken to make them appear with sufficient regularity to answer the purpose.

The periodical works I have mentioned may seem, at first sight, fully adequate to all the purposes of recording and propagating science as it rises and proceeds. But they cannot supersede the necessity of the Memoirs of the Royal Academy. For there are papers containing a complete exposition of fundamental principles, especially in mathematics, too extensive to be comprised in the periodical productions I have mentioned. Besides, these are in a manner temporary and transient, depending chiefly for their duration on the perseverance and life of individuals, while academic collections are as lasting as the learned corporations that form them, and which, composed of individuals that always succeed each other, may endure for ever. The Academy, aware of these advantages, has resolved to pay particular attention to the publication of their transactions; and the commission appointed for this purpose have given a proof of their activity in the volume that has lately appeared, and the forward state in which they have two others.

In the meeting before last, M. de la Place presented, in his son's name, a supplement to his *Theorie Mathematique des Probabilités.* This eminent man, at the head of the mathematicians of the age, on the verge of his seventy-sixth year, yet retaining all the vigor of his mind, continues to publish his supplement to a work, the title of which is known even to all those who are strangers to science, but which only the chosen few are able to comprehend. It contains most valuable additions to his *Mecanique Celeste.* He has at the same time given his fourth edition of his *Essai Philosophique des Probabilités,* intended for those who are not skilled in mathematics, and written with the perspicuity and elegance of style for which he was elected member of the French Academy, a distinction conferred on no one of the Academy of Science but on him and Cuvier. When a man of his genius descends from the highest regions of science to communicate his philosophic views in a language adapted to the general capacity of readers, I need say nothing to recommend to your attention a work of this description. It might gratify your curiosity to give you a slight sketch of the new edition, but this letter has already run to a sufficient length, and I must take my leave. A.

SURREY QUAY.

We have heard, with great satisfaction, that considerable exertions have been made to carry into execution the design of a Quay on the *south* side of the Thames, which was first developed in the first article of our New Series; and that such encouragement has been given to the projector of the plan and his supporters, that there is a great probability that this magnificent work will be finally accomplished. We understand that one of the first ministerial authorities of the country has signified his approbation of the scheme, and given reason to expect that it will meet with his warm support. Judging from the sensation which, we learn, the publication of our design made, and from the numerous testimonies in favour of it, which have been conveyed directly to us, we have no doubt that the activity and well directed skill of the architect, to whom the public is indebted for the design, will be finally rewarded by the realization of his views. We understand that it is clearly made out, by his arrangements and calculations, that a very handsome return for the money to be expended in shares upon this great work may be expected from the uses to which the building itself and the edifices upon it may be applied, without the *erection of any toll upon the* Quay itself. If the Surrey Quay be adopted, the Thames Quay must be abandoned; which, indeed, will eventually be the case from the nature of the opposition made to it, and from the impracticability and uselessness of the design itself. Every praise, however, is due to Col. Trench for the zeal and activity with which he followed up a scheme which appeared to him useful and ornamental to the metropolis; the fault has been in his professional advisers, who ought to have at once pointed out to him that he was about to choke the bed of the river, and to utterly ruin a most important quarter of the town. As the Colonel's motives have undoubtedly been of the purest kind, and as his only object can be the improvement of the Capital, we recommend him to lend his important aid to the project of Mr. Savage; he will then have the satisfaction of seeing a great work grow up under his eye, which will produce a great public benefit, and inflict no private injury.

CONVERSATIONS OF NAPOLEON WITH CANOVA, IN 1810.

Napoleon was very desirous that Canova should take up his residence in Paris, and made several attempts to induce him to do so. During the time that Canova was at work upon his Venus he received a formal invitation to go there, transmitted to him at the desire of Napoleon, who was then in Holland, by the Steward of the Imperial Household. The most flattering prospects were held out to him as the probable consequences of his acquiescence. Canova excused himself politely, alleging, among other reasons, that if he made any material change in his manner of

living, he should be lost to himself and to that art to which he devoted his whole existence. He entreated Cardinal Fesch and the Chevalier Denon to use their influence, that he might be spared from farther importunity. At last he took the resolution of going himself to explain his sentiments to the Emperor. His arrival at Paris was solemnly announced. The 11th of October, 1810, he arrived at Fontainbleau, and on the following day he was presented to Napoleon. The Emperor at that time engrossed the attention of all Europe; every thing which related to that extraordinary man excited universal interest. This induced Canova, who had many very familiar conversations with him, to take notes of them, imagining that, perhaps, they would hereafter be of value; he also hoped, as he confessed, that they would remain as proofs of his firmness, and would show that, neither seduced by brilliant offers, nor intimidated by dangers, he had ventured to speak the truth to a powerful monarch.

These notes have been found among Canova's papers, and were published a few days ago in French at Paris, in a little pamphlet. Discussions upon subjects connected with Art between two such men as Canova and Napoleon cannot fail to be interesting to our readers; we therefore give them entire.

CONVERSATION I.

On the 12th of October, about noon, Marshal Duroc presented me to Napoleon. The Emperor was just beginning breakfast. Nobody but the Empress was present. "You are a little thinner than when I saw you last, M. Canova," were the first words he addressed to me. I replied, that this was the consequence of my incessant labours. I then thanked him respectfully for the honour he did me, in inviting me to cultivate my art near his person, and in desiring my opinion on whatever was connected with it; at the same time I did not, from the first moment, disguise that it would be impossible for me to fix my residence out of Rome; and I told him my reasons. "This," said he, "is the capital of the world—you must remain here—you shall be well provided for." "My life, Sire, is at your disposal; but if your Majesty wishes that it should be devoted to your service, you must permit me to return to Rome, after the completion of the works I am come to execute." At these words he smiled and answered, "You would be in the centre of all that interests you here—here are all the chefs d'œuvres of the masters of your art; we want only the Farnese Hercules; but we shall have that too." "Your Majesty," replied I, "will surely leave Italy something. These ancient specimens of art form a chain or connection with an infinity of others, which cannot be removed from Rome or Naples." "Italy may replace them by excavations," said he; "I will have some made at Rome. Tell me, has the Pope expended much in excavations?" I told him, that the Pope had expended little for that object, because he was at that time poor; but that his heart was generous, and inclined to great enterprises; that by his ardent love for the arts, and by great economy, he had been enabled to form a new museum.

He then asked me if the Borghese family had spent much in excavations. I replied, that they had spent but little, because they usually undertook them in company with others, and afterwards bought their part. I here

took occasion to explain to him, that the Roman people had a sacred right to all the monuments of art discovered in their territories; that they were a sort of produce of the soil, and that neither the great families, nor the Pope himself, could alienate these remains from the Romans, to whom they belonged as the heritage of their ancestors, bought by so many victories. "I paid fourteen millions of francs for the Borghese statues," said he. "How much does the Pope spend a year on the fine arts? A hundred thousand crowns?" "Not so much; he is extremely poor." "Then much good may be done with even less than that?" "Certainly."

He then fell to speaking of the colossal statue of himself, which was my work; he seemed to wish it had been clad. "It was not in the power of God himself," replied I, "to have produced a fine statue, if he had chosen to represent your Majesty as you now are, in breeches, boots, in short, dressed à la Francaise. In sculpture, as in all the other arts, there is a certain standard of sublimity. Our conceptions of the sublime are attached to the naked figure, and to a sort of drapery appropriate to the art. I then quoted several examples taken from the poets, and from ancient monuments of art. The Emperor seemed convinced; but proceeding to speak of the other equestrian statue of him, which I was about to model, and which he knew was to be draped, he said, "And why is not that to be naked also?" "It is to be habited in the heroic costume," replied I; "the naked figure would be inappropriate to the character in which I am to represent your Majesty—that of a general commanding an army." I added, that this was warranted by the authority of the ancients as well as of the moderns; that the equestrian statues of the old kings of France were represented in the same manner, as was also that of Joseph II at Vienna." "Have you seen the bronze statue of General Desaix?" said he; "it appears to me badly done. The waistband is ridiculous." I was going to reply; but he resumed, "Do you intend to cast my statue, the one on foot? "It is already cast, Sire, and very successfully. An engraving of it is also executed, and the engraver wished to have the honour of dedicating it to your Majesty. He is a fine young man, and it would accord with your usual munificence to encourage young artists in times so unfortunate for them."

"I will go to Rome," said he. "It is worthy your Majesty's attention," said I; "you will find there many objects which will powerfully excite your imagination. The Capitol, Trajan's Forum, the Via Sacra, the Columns, the Triumphal Arches," &c. I then described to him some magnificent remains, particularly the Appian Way from Rome to Brindisi, each side of which, as of the other consular ways, is bordered with tombs. "What is there surprising in that?" said he; "the Romans were masters of the world." "It was not the power of the Italians alone," replied I; "but their genius, their love of what is great, which produced so many magnificent works. Your Majesty will reflect how much was done by the Florentines alone, masters of so small a territory, compared with what the Venetians produced. The Florentines built their magnificent cathedral, by adding only a penny in the pound to the duty on the manufacture of woollens: this increase of the tax furnished the sole means of constructing an edifice, the cost of which would exceed the powers of any modern state.

"They paid Ghiberti 40,000 sequins for executing in bronze the gates of

St. John, a sum equivalent to several millions of francs now. Your Majesty must reflect on the industry and the magnanimity of these people."

This is the substance of our first conversation, after which I received the necessary orders for beginning a statue of the Empress.

CONVERSATION II.

On the 15th of October I began my work, and continued it for many sittings, during which I had constant opportunities of talking to the Emperor on various subjects. These sittings being at his breakfast time, he was not attending to business. The following are some of the principal subjects of our conversations.

"Was the air of Rome," said he, "as bad and unhealthy in ancient times, as it is now?"

"It appears that it was," said I; "according to the Roman historians, the ancients preserved the woods and forests they called *sacred*, as barriers against the bad air; besides, the immense population which covered the country diminished the effects of this scourge. I recollect to have read in Tacitus, in the part where he treats of the return of Vitellius from Germany, that his soldiers fell ill from sleeping on the Vatican Mount." He instantly rang for his librarian to bring him Tacitus. He could not find the passage. I afterwards found it and sent it to him. They proceeded to tell me that the soldiers who go from distant parts of the country to Rome always fall ill the first year, but that afterwards they enjoy very good health. I then described to him the desolation of Rome; I represented to him that the imperial city could never raise her head without the aid of his mighty power; that since the loss of the Pope, all the foreign ministers, forty cardinals, and more than four hundred prelates, besides a vast number of canons, and other ecclesiastics, had abandoned the city; that, in consequence of this emigration, the grass was growing in the streets; that my zeal for his glory gave me a right to speak frankly to him, and to entreat him to find some remedy for the total obstruction put to that stream of wealth which formerly flowed into Rome through so many channels. "This wealth had not been considerable of late years," said he; "and the cultivation of cotton ought to be productive of some revenue." "Very little," replied I; "Prince Lucien is the only person who has attempted this sort of cultivation. Rome is, indeed, in a state of total destitution; nothing remains for her but the protection of your Majesty." "We will make her the capital of Italy," said he, smiling; "and will unite Naples to her: what say you? would this satisfy you?" "The arts," said I, "might be made a great source of prosperity to Rome; but the arts languish, and, with the exception of your Majesty and the Imperial family, no one employs her artists. Religion, which contributed so much to foster the arts, is herself become cool and languid." I proceeded to show, by examples drawn from the histories of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, that religion had been the sole nurse of the arts; that immense sums had been dedicated by the Greeks to the construction of the Parthenon, to the statue of the Olympian Jupiter, to that of Minerva, &c.; that conquerors offered their busts, and courtezans their statues, to the gods; that the Romans followed the example of the Greeks; that they had impressed a character of religion on all their works, in order to render them more august and venerable: I adduced instances—their tombs, statues, theatres, &c. &c. I recalled to him the *chefs d'œuvres*

of modern art, executed for the service of religion; the church of St. Mark at Venice, the cathedrals of Pisa and of Orvieto, the Campo Santo of Pisa, and innumerable other wonders of architecture, filled with the finest marbles and pictures. I concluded by observing that all religions were favourable to the arts, and our Roman Catholic religion above all others. Protestants content themselves with a simple chapel and a cross, and consequently give no employment to the arts. The Emperor, turning to Maria Louisa, said, "It is true, religion always furnishes occupation for the arts; the Protestants have produced nothing fine."

CONVERSATION III.

Another day the conversation fell upon a more delicate subject—upon the government of the Sovereign Pontiff—upon the succession of Popes, and the manner in which they had used their power. On this occasion I ventured to say rather strong things to him. I was much surprised that Napoleon listened to me with patience; and it seemed to me that he was not originally of a tyrannical temper, but that he was spoiled by flatterers who concealed the truth from him.

The conversation having fallen on my benefactor, Pius VII. I thought it my duty to say, "Why does not your Majesty attempt some sort of reconciliation with the Pope?" "Because priests always want to govern," replied he: "they will meddle in every thing, and be masters of every thing, like Gregory VII." "It appears to me that there is no danger of that, since your Majesty is in possession of the supreme power." "The Popes," added he, "have always prevented the regeneration of the Italian nation, even before they were absolute masters of Rome. They effected this by means of the factions of the houses of Colonna and Orsini." "Certainly," replied I, "if the Popes had possessed the courage of your Majesty, they might have availed themselves of many very favourable opportunities of becoming masters of all Italy." "For that," cried he, placing his hand on his sword, "this, this is the necessary thing." "It is true," I replied; "we have seen that if Alexander VI. had lived, Duke Valentino, with the help of his sword, would probably have succeeded in subduing it: the attempts of Julius II. and of Leo X. were not wholly unsuccessful; but the Popes were most frequently chosen at too advanced an age; and if one of them was enterprising, another was pacific and tranquil." "The sword is the only thing," replied he. "Not the sword alone," said I, "but the crosier also. Machiavel could not decide whether the arms of Romulus or the religion of Numa contributed most to the aggrandizement of Rome; so true is it that these two means ought to co-operate. If the Pontiffs have not distinguished themselves by arms, they have, nevertheless, achieved so many other brilliant things, that they will always excite universal admiration."

"The Romans were a great people," said he. "Certainly they were a great people up to the second Punic war," replied I. "Cæsar—Cæsar was the great man. Not Cæsar only," continued he, "but some other Emperors, such as Titus, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius. The Romans never ceased to be great until Constantine. The Popes were wrong to foment discord in Italy, and to be always the first to call in the French and the Germans. They could not be warriors, and they therefore played a losing game." "Since we are in such a state," I resumed, "your Majesty will not permit that our evils should be increased. I can nevertheless assure you, that if

you do not come to the assistance of Rome, that city will become what it was at the time when the Popes transferred their seat to Avignon. Before that time it was supplied with an immense quantity of water and of fountains; but the aqueducts fell into ruins, and the water of the Tiber was sold in the streets. The city was a desert." At these words he appeared a little moved. Then he added with vivacity, "Resistance is opposed to me. Why is this? I am master of France, of Italy, and of three parts of Germany. I am the successor of Charlemagne. If the present Pope was like his predecessor of those days, every thing could be arranged. Have not the Venetians also broken with him?" "Not in the same manner as your Majesty," replied I. "You, Sire, are so great, that you could afford to grant the Pontiff a place where he might be seen to be independent, and where he might freely exercise his ministry."

"What," said he, "do I not let him do as he likes, when he commands only in matters relating to religion?" "Yes, but your Ministers do not act so. As soon as the Pope publishes a decree which does not please the French Government, it is instantly torn." "How?" cried he. "Do I not permit the Bishops to govern the Church according to their opinions? Is there no religion here? Who rebuilt the altars? Who protected the clergy?" "If the subjects of your Majesty," said I, "are religious, they will be the more affectionate and obedient to your person." "That's what I wish," replied he; "but the Pope is quite German." In saying this he looked at the Empress. She then said, "I can assure you that when I was in Germany, it was said that the Pope was quite French." "He has not chosen," added Napoleon, "to expel from his states either the Russians or the English; this is the subject of our quarrel."

I was emboldened to say, that I had read the papers, and the justifications printed by the Pope, with the official documents; and that he appeared to me to have strong reasons. At that instant Marshal Duroc entered, but Napoleon interrupting me went on to say, "He even pretended to excommunicate me; does he not know, that if he goes on thus, we may, perhaps, become like the English and the Russians?" "I humbly beg your Majesty's pardon, but the zeal by which I am animated inspires me with confidence to speak freely. You must acknowledge, Sire, that such a schism could not be for your interest. May Heaven grant you many years; but if hereafter any misfortune were to happen to you, it is to be feared, that some ambitious man might suddenly arise, who, espousing the party of the Pope for his own interest, might occasion great troubles in the state. In a short time, Sire, you will be a father, you must think of establishing affairs on a solid basis. I entreat of you to accommodate affairs with the Pope in any manner you can." "You wish, then, to see us reconciled—I wish it too; but consider what the Romans were before they had Popes." "Let your Majesty consider also, how religious the Romans were during the time of their greatness. Cæsar, whom you admire so much, ascended the steps of the Capitol on his knees, to go to the temple of Jupiter. They never engaged in battle unless the auspices were propitious; and, if a battle was fought, and even gained, without these auspices, the general was punished. It is known what Marcellus did for the affairs of religion; and how a Consul was condemned to death, for having taken off the tiles of the temple of Jupiter, in Magna Græcia;

in God's name, I implore your Majesty to protect religion and its head; and to preserve the beautiful temples of Italy and of Rome; it is much better to be adored than to be feared." "That's what I wish," said he, and he broke off the conversation.

CONVERSATION IV.

Another day we happened to speak of Venice, of its artists, and of their works. Napoleon said, that he had found good geographical maps in Italy. He asked me the names of the architects of Venice. I mentioned the principal; at the same time giving to each the praises he deserved. I then spoke of Soli, the architect, who was directing the new operations at Venice, and who had prevented the intended destruction of some beautiful works. I mentioned Palladio, and the engravings with which he had illustrated Cæsar's Commentaries; I reminded him likewise of the superb edifices he had built, and which are to be seen scattered throughout the Venetian state. I recommended Venice to his protection with so much warmth, that the emotion I felt brought tears into my eyes,* and I added, "I assure your Majesty the Venetians are good people." "It is true—I believe they are good." "But they are not happy, Sire; their commerce is destroyed; their taxes are heavy; in some of the departments the people have no means of subsistence; as, for instance, in Passereano, in favour of which a celebrated paper has been circulated, which perhaps has not reached your Majesty." "No," said he. I took courage, and added, "I have a copy of it, which your Majesty may see if you desire it." I opened my portfolio and presented it to him.

Napoleon looking at this paper said, "It is short;" and, interrupting his breakfast, he added, "I will speak to Aldini about it." He laid it by him, and took it away when he left the room. When we resumed the conversation concerning Venice, I enlarged a little on the form and spirit of its government; and I remarked to him, that Machiavel appeared to think it impossible that Venice could ever fall. That great politician, going, in the quality of minister from Florence to the court of the Emperor of Germany, wrote to Vettore Vettorito, *My dear friend, it appears to me, that the Venetians have at last determined upon the right course, since they have had St. Mark painted with a sword in his hand,*† *indeed the book alone is not sufficient.*

I added, that the Venetians, from the fear lest any Cæsar should arise among them, had never suffered any general of their nation to remain on terra-firma; ‡ and that if they had had one (imposing limits to the duration of his functions) they would have performed much more brilliant exploits. "Certainly," replied the Emperor, "the continuance of a military authority is a very dangerous thing; I told the Directory myself, that if they would always have war, some man would arise who would seize the reins of government."

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* Canova was a Venetian.

† The Lion was the emblem of Venice, and as this animal was also one of the four which, according to the Apocalypse, were the symbols of the Evangelists, he held in his paw the Gospel of St. Mark; but it appears from this letter of Machiavel, that the Venetians had exchanged the Gospel for the Sword.

‡ The Venetians called all the countries subject to their domination on the mainland of Italy, Terra-firma; such as Padua, Verona, Brescia, &c. &c. in order to distinguish them from Venice, surrounded by the sea, and from their other islands.

CONVERSATION V.

At another time we talked of the Florentines, and it was on this occasion that he asked me, where I had placed the monument of Alfieri? "In the church of Santa-Croce," replied I, "in which are also to be seen those of Michael Angelo and of Machiavel."

"Who paid for it?"—"The Countess of Albany."—"Who paid for the monument of Machiavel?"—"A society, I believe."—"And who for that of Galileo?"—"His descendants, if I mistake not. The church of Santa Croce," continued I, "is in a very bad condition; the water penetrates through the roof, and repairs are wanted throughout; it will be to your Majesty's honour to preserve these fine monuments; if the government takes the endowments, it is but just that it should leave funds for the maintenance of the buildings. The same may be said of the cathedral of Florence; it begins to decay for want of funds, appropriated to keeping it in repair. *Apropos* of churches filled with interesting objects, I am charged with a petition praying of your Majesty not to permit the monuments of art they contain to be sold to the Jews." "How! sold?" cried he. "Whatever is good shall be transported hither." "I entreat your Majesty to leave to Florence all her antiquities; they are a necessary accompaniment to the paintings in fresco, which cannot be removed. It is desirable that the president of the academy of Florence should be empowered to take the necessary measures for the preservation of the beautiful works of architecture, and of the frescos." "Well, it shall be so," said he. "It would be extremely honourable to your Majesty; the more so, as I have heard you are of Florentine extraction." At these words, the Empress turned round, and said, "How! are you not a Corsican?" "Yes," replied he, "but of Florentine origin." I added, that the president of the academy of Florence, who so zealously interested himself in the preservation of the antiquities of the city, was the Senator Alexandri, descended from one of the most illustrious houses of Florence, one of the daughters of which was formerly married to an ancestor of the Buonaparte family.* "You are, consequently, Sire, an Italian, of which we are very proud." "I am so, certainly," replied he. I thus lost no time in recommending to him the academy of Florence.

CONVERSATION VI.

Another day, I spoke to him for a long time in favour of the academy of St. Luke, at Rome, which was without a school, without revenues, and without resources. I represented to him that it was necessary to establish it upon the same footing as that of Milan. I renewed this conversation at another time, and said, "Let your Majesty suppose for a moment, that you have a musician or a singer the less, and that you give an endowment to the academy of St. Luke." I said this, because I knew that he gave Crescentini about 1500*l.* a year. I found him very favourably inclined; in consequence of which, I wrote a letter to M. Menneval, the Emperor's

* It is true, that in very remote times, the family of Buonaparte was known in Florence; but it appears that, in consequence of the lapse of time and of the revolutions by which that state was constantly agitated, one branch passed to San Miniato, a small town between Florence and Pisa, and that this branch has existed there in recent times; other branches afterwards fixed themselves at Sarzana, in Genovefatto, and at Ajaccio in the island of Corsica.

private secretary, to inform him that his Majesty was much disposed to encourage the arts at Rome, and that he had promised an order, of which I was very desirous of being the bearer. On the 8th of November, M. Menneval transmitted to me, through the minister Marescalchi, a letter which contained his Majesty's instructions in favour of the Roman academy.

In the course of our conversation on the subject of the academy and the Roman artists, the Emperor said, "Italy is poor in painters; we have better in France." I replied, that I had not seen the works of the French painters for several years, and I could not therefore make the comparison, but that we had some very distinguished men—that Cammuccini and Landi at Rome, Benvenuti at Florence, Appiani and Bossi at Milan, were very excellent artists. He said that the French were rather deficient in colouring, but that in drawing they surpassed ours. I took care to observe that ours also drew well; that, putting aside Cammuccini, whose extraordinary merit is well known, Bossi had produced some divine figures, and that Appiani has painted the saloon of his Majesty's palace at Milan in fresco in a manner which I thought it impossible to excel. "Yes, as to painting in fresco, you are right, but not in oil," replied he. I defended our painters, and said that he must observe that the French artists received greater encouragement; that they were more numerous; that, if he would count them, he would find that they exceeded in number all the artists of the rest of Europe.

He interrogated me concerning the saloon and other architectural works, which were going on at Paris; and I paid the compliments they so well deserved to the eminent French architects, and to their works. "Have you seen the bronze column?" "Yes, Sire, I think it very beautiful." "I don't like those eagles at the corners. The same ornament, however, is to be found on the Trajan column, of which this is a copy."

"Will the arch, which is now constructing in the Bois de Boulogne, be beautiful?" "Very beautiful. Many of your Majesty's works are truly worthy of the ancient Romans, particularly your magnificent roads." "Next year," said he, "the road of La Cornice will be finished, by which you may go from Paris to Genoa without crossing the snows. I shall cut another from Parma to the Gulf of Spezzia, where I mean to make a great port." "These are grand projects," replied I, "worthy of your Majesty's comprehensive genius; but it is also desirable to provide for the preservation of the exquisite remains of antiquity."

CONVERSATION VII.

On the evening of the 4th of November, I went to the apartment of the Empress with her bust in plaster. She put herself in the same attitude in which it is taken, to enable the ladies who were with her to judge more accurately of the resemblance. They all agreed that it was very like. Napoleon was not there. The Empress therefore said, that she wished to show it him the next morning at breakfast time; she added, "Is it really true, M. Canova, that you will not remain here?" "I wish to return to Rome immediately," replied I, "in order that your Majesty, on your arrival there, which I hope will take place soon, may find the model of your statue of the size of life completed." The Empress here asked me many questions as to the manner of moulding the model, and of executing it in marble. Some one mentioned my statue of the Princess Leopoldine Lichtenstein, when the Empress said to me, "There, indeed, we see ideal beauty."

CONVERSATION VIII.

Some days afterwards, the Emperor saw the bust; he begged the Empress to place herself in the attitude; he made her smile, and was pleased with my work. I told him that I thought a rather gay physiognomy was best suited to the character of Concord, in which I intended to represent the Empress, since it was to her we were indebted for peace. The Empress had a cold, and I took the liberty of telling her, that she seemed to me to take too little care of her health; that she rode out in an open carriage, which was dangerous, particularly in her situation. "You see how she acts," said Napoleon; "every body is astonished at it; but women, (striking his forehead with his fore-finger)—women will have every thing done according to their fancy. Would you believe it, she wants now to go with me to Cherbourgh, which is so many leagues off. I am always telling her to take care of herself. Are you married too?" "No, Sire," replied I; "I have been several times on the eve of marriage, but many accidents have contributed to keep me free, and the fear of not finding a woman who could love me as I should have loved her deterred me from changing my condition. Another motive was, that I wished to be free, and to devote myself entirely to my art." "Ah women, women!" said Napoleon, and continuing to eat. As I frequently expressed to him my earnest wish to return to Rome, as soon as I had modelled the bust of the Empress, and distinctly told him that I had nothing to ask for myself, it appeared to me that my refusals displeased him, and at that moment recurring to the subject of my departure, he dismissed me, saying, "Go, since you desire it."

REPORT OF MUSIC.

Mr. Ebers has again obtained possession of the King's Theatre, and has appointed Mr. Ayrton to direct the stage business. Mr. A., if not the only, has been, at least, the most successful *impresario* that has stood at the head of affairs for a period scarcely to be computed. He is unquestionably a man of ability, a good judge of music, well educated, and possessing the habits and manners of a gentleman, with a solidity of character that ensures a steadfast perseverance in his duties, both as the proprietor, the public, and the performers, are concerned. To place such a person in this difficult office is far more creditable to the theatre than the engagement of shifty foreigners, and far more likely to ensure its prosperity. But it can scarcely be necessary to enforce the lesson of sad experience which the events of the last season must have given, both to the tradesmen connected with the establishment, and to the proprietor. An insolvency of 15,000*l.*, actions established for the deficit of transferred engagements by the principal singers and dancers, together with the delays and dangers incident to such a state of confusion, will teach all parties how far they may trust the man of straw, though propped by men of another stamp, viz. the men of law, who, in almost every hurricane that has hitherto assailed this noble subject of legal strife, have contrived to "ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm." In the good old times of honest Mr. Taylor's management, one of these worthies, it has long since been stated in print, obtained the slight but snug compensation of no less than 3000*l.* per annum, for seven

years' advice and service in the courts. Such times, it is to be hoped, are almost over.

The theatre was announced to open on the 12th of February with *Il Don Giovanni*, by the introduction of which Mr. Ayrton gained such vast reputation, when he first entered upon the management some years ago in the reign of Mr. Waters. The piece could not, however, be got ready, and indeed we have heard that some difficulty existed concerning the engagement of two principal performers, which threatened to make a substitution of Il Barbiere necessary. Whether the dispute has been arranged seems yet doubtful; for, though the advertisements on Friday announced that the Opera would "positively" open on Saturday the 19th, those of Saturday postponed the representation, on account of circumstances "not to be foreseen, and admitting of no immediate remedy." In the state of protracted entanglement in which every thing has been kept, it is only surprising that the *disjecta membra* of so complicated a machine could be collected and set in motion in any thing like so short a period. As it is, there will be far more difficulty to encounter than can be understood by the public at large, who probably, after the improvident engagement of the five great *Prime Donne* last year, will be apt to think even a really good company but a meagre corps. In truth, though the Catalani and the Colbran, the Pasta, and De Begnis, and Carradori, were all here at one and the same instant, the stage business was mismanaged with such felicitous ingenuity, that not a single piece was strongly or successfully brought forward. Rossini came and was seen to bow to the audience, and to sit at the pianoforte for three nights. He was even called to the front of the stage; but not an opera did he superintend, not a note did he write. In short, never was promise greater, never was performance less. Such was the reign of Signor Benelli. Another cause of the delay has been assigned, which is, an unsuspected failure of the building; this is probably the real one, as we observe the Haymarket Theatre is to be used in the interval while the repairs are going on at the King's Theatre.

Under the delays and doubts which up to so very late a period have rested upon the opening of the King's Theatre, we ought then rather to feel surprise at the names the circular contains, than regret at their paucity. Indeed the list enumerates performers of high, if not of the highest, excellence; and, judiciously employed, they are capable of supporting an opera in great perfection. The list is as follows:—

For the Opera:—Mesdames Ronzi De Begnis, Vestris, and Caradori; Signors Garcia, Curioni, Begrez (to whom an engagement has been sent), Remorini, Porto, Crivelli, Di Giovanni, Rubbi, and De Begnis.

The Chorus will consist of thirty-six voices:—Leader of the Band, Signor Spagnoletti; Composer and Conductor, Signor Coccia; Poet, Signor Stefano Vestris.

For the Ballet:—Monsieur Charles Vestris, Madame Ronzi Vestris, Monsieur Coulon Fils, Mademoiselle Legros (to whom engagements have been sent), Monsieur Le Blond, Mademoiselle Julie Aumer, Messrs Boisgerard, Venafra, Bertrand; Mademoiselles M. Gladston, Le Court, O'Brien, L. Colson, Laura; Madame Spitalier; with an improved and augmented Corps de Ballet. Principal Ballet-Master, Monsieur Aumer; second Ballet-Master, Monsieur Boisgerard; Leader of the Ballet, Mr. Rophino Lacy.

Principal Scene-Painter, Signor Zara; Superintendant of the Wardrobe, Signor Sestini; Stage Manager, Mr. Kelly; Assistant Stage Manager, Mr. Di Giovanni; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Allan. Mr. Ebers is in treaty with Mademoiselle La Croix, for the Ballet. A treaty is also nearly concluded with Madame Pasta.

The enormous sum which is paid by the public for the support of this establishment does unquestionably entitle this country to the finest opera that can be drawn together from the elite of Europe; the receipts have commonly been said to fluctuate from 60,000*l.* to 70,000*l.* per annum; last year they were reduced (so unaccountably that the statement is scarcely credible) to the comparatively small sum of 45,000*l.* When it is considered that the House is opened not more than from sixty to seventy nights at the utmost, this will seem a tolerably expensive amusement. But when it has been also shown that the best foreign theatres are splendidly appointed for little more than half the sum, rich John Bull must be content to hear and see, as poor John Bull eats his bread, namely, at double the price of his neighbours of the Continent. Law and equity (very dear commodities) stand, we suppose, to the lessees of the Opera House in the place of taxes and tithes to the farmer.

We are, however, very desirous to enjoy both bread and operas at a cheaper rate. After this season the property boxes, sixty-eight in number, will fall in, which will add an income of about 17,000*l.* per annum to the receipts—a pretty little item; but one from which we fear the public will reap small advantage. At present the theatre is in a great bustle; there will be rehearsals twice a-day next week, every day except those of playing.

The abandonment of the Oratorios by Sir George Smart and Mr. Bishop, and the ruin they entailed upon their latest proprietor, Mr. Bochsa, might well seem to cast a doubt upon the continuation of this popular species of musical entertainment. It is, however, said to be determined that Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane shall both be opened for Oratorios on alternate nights. Mr. Samuel Wesley is to be the conductor at the one, Mr. Bishop at the other house. Both these gentlemen are considered as conductors only, the pecuniary responsibility resting on other shoulders. In the latter period of his reign, Mr. Bochsa (to render him no more than justice) used great exertions for the public satisfaction, and he endeavoured strenuously to bring back the general taste to the pristine character of these performances. He separated, as far as he was able, the sacred from the secular parts, and he gave to the former their just predominance in such an entertainment. He sought and procured much foreign novelty in composition; and there appears upon the surface no visible reason for the want of success, but the superabundant singers he engaged. We hope the present proprietors, if they retrench in the latter respect, will not abandon the reformation he was effecting in the former. Not that we do not relish Mozart's *Il Don Giovanni*, as well as his *Requiem-in loco*. We have not the slightest objection to hear the one as well as the other, even in the solemn season of Lent. But there is a revolting degree of mockery in insisting upon the close of the theatres for plays, on the score of a pious necessity, and in allowing them to open for an amusement which only pretends to be of a religious cast.

At present no other concert is on foot. The City Amateur Concert, which it was

said to be the intention of the directors to reanimate, the Vocal, and the British, are all extinct. We do not hear of any thing even at the Argyll Rooms. The Philharmonic Society has been much engaged in the trial of a new work of Beethoven's, which is a nondescript in music, partaking at one and the same time of the Sinfonia and Ode. It has been rehearsed, and has excited a great deal of discussion: it will try the purses of the Society, and the patience of the audience; for it will cost (up to the first performance) not less than two hundred guineas, and will last nearly one hour and a half. Having heard it only in its infant state, we do not deem it fair to estimate or pronounce in any manner upon its merits from such a specimen. It has been reported that Madame Catalani intends to give one concert in March; and we see it is announced in the Bath Subscription Concert Bills that her last appearance at Bath (*positively* her last) took place on Tuesday the 15th of February. This brings us back to a circumstance to which we alluded in the commencement of our February report, namely, the temporary suspension of the customary series of concerts given during this season of the year at that polite city. We have stronger reason than ever to suspect that the cause we asssigned was the true one, namely, the exorbitant demands of some of the principal singers. These demands, however, seem to have been brought down, for a series of four concerts was soon after announced; at the two first of which, on the 1st and the 8th of February, were Signor De Begnis and Madame Ronzi De Begnis assisted by Messrs. Stansbury and Rolle, and Miss George. M. Labarre, the harp-player, also made his first appearance at Bath. These concerts were marked by no peculiar novelty, except the production of an effective ballad, the composition of Mr. Stansbury, and sung by himself, and a duet of of Mosca's by the De Begnis. Mr. Loder led, and Mr. Windsor conducted. Intermediately the party gave a concert on Thursday the 3d of February, at Bristol. To that place, however, Madame Catalani had engaged to come in the succeeding week, and to sing between the acts at the theatre. Her appearance was announced for the Monday (February 7), and she was also to have sung on the Wednesday and Friday, and the succeeding Monday and Tuesday. The first two nights she was unfortunately seized with one of those sudden indispositions to which this poor lady is so unhappily subject. The Bristol Mercury, speaking of her malady, says, "We have already expressed our perfect conviction on the subject of these sudden indispositions, the only doubt we have permitted ourselves to entertain, is at the sudden recovery of the invalid: who, for instance, that heard Madame Catalani on Friday last could imagine that she had been so recently the victim of a cruel indisposition. Yet *we* have no doubt of the fact, though there has been some mistake as to the name of the disorder. It was not, we believe, a cold; but a slight *return* of *yellow fevor*, or *yellow* jaundice, or something else *yellow*, about which her friends had some misgivings previous to her present engagement, and which had created some doubts as to its propriety. Our information is not sufficiently authentic to enable us to state positively that she received the infection through the medium of some *box* which had been transmitted to her, and which communicated the morbid poison through a *poudre subtile;* but such is the report. On Friday evening, however, she was perfectly restored to health, and it gave us unfeigned pleasure to observe so little trace of her reeent

indisposition. Madame Catalani sung as Madame Catalani always sings, and in a way in which no one need ever hope to compete with her. She was repeatedly encored, and she complied with the requisitions of the audience, with all that grace and affability for which she has always been so distinguished."

Rumour thus interprets this allusion. Madame Catalani had presented a gold snuff box to a professor in the neighbourhood; who, having reason to consider himself injuriously treated by her visit to Bristol, returned, it is said, the box with rather a strongly worded explanation to the Chevalier, her husband. Peace, however, was made between the parties by a counter explanation from M. De Vallebreque, and Madame was announced for the last of the Bath concerts. It is deeply to be regretted that so charming a woman, and so commanding a singer, should be continually plunged into strife, alike to the loss of peace, reputation, and profit. She is very ill-advised.

The third Concert was a choral night, as it is termed at Bath. Miss Goodall and Miss Wood, with Mr. Pyne, Mr. Garbett, and Mr. Phillips, were the principal vocalists. Mr. Vaughan and Madame Catalani are to be "the Stars" on the last night of the series, the 22d of February. Messrs. Labarre and Lindley have been the solo instrumentalists at the three first, and Mr. Nicholson is to play at the last.

Such as we have related are the arrangements for the musical entertainments of the season in London, so far as they are yet promulgated. Some light perhaps is reflected upon them from the transactions in the country just narrated. It should seem as if the necessity to check the tendency to excess, both in the demand of the singers and the appetite of the public, has prompted the several *entrepeneurs*, who either are embarked, or have the courage to venture, upon great and dangerous musical undertakings, to make an endeavour to reduce the scale of their engagements and operations. The effect upon the public is yet to be seen; we can but think there will be a pause in the progression of things musical, if not a considerable change.

NEW MUSIC.

Trio for the piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, by J. N. Hummel.—This trio declares forcibly the hand of the master. In one respect Mr. H. has departed from his usual style in a slight degree, for his lesson contains no *great* difficulties for any of the instruments. But perhaps this will more strongly recommend it to the notice of the generality of performers. The usual strength and spirit of the composer pervades the whole piece, the andante is very original, and the rondo extremely elegant and lively.

"Amicitia," Sonata for the piano-forte, with an accompaniment for flute or violin (ad. lib.) by J. B. Cramer. N. B. The quintetto from which this is adapted, will be published early in 1825. This piece of information almost induces us to be silent upon the qualities of the adaptation until we see the original; but our readers will expect some notice of such a composition as this. It is by Mr. Cramer, and this is saying much for it, we fear almost all we may venture upon. It is more difficult than Mr. C's works of this kind generally are; there is a smoothness and ease about it, which indicate that it is from the pen of one long accustomed to create melody at his pleasure, and it contains passages of such elegance, as few but its composer could write; there is, however, a want of vigour and originality, which proves that Mr. Cramer draws largely from the stores of amusement he has already furnished to the public, to eke out the still beautiful, though little novelty with which he presents them.

Spanish Divertisement for the piano-forte with accompaniments for the flute by F. J.

Klose.—An excessively easy lesson, but very pretty, and containing much to tempt young beginners on both instruments.

"Partant pour la Syrie," with variations for the piano-forte, by T. Valentine.—Rather more difficult than the last lesson, and not so original, but containing better practice for the learner. The arrangements are as follow: No. 8. of "Les Bells Fleurs" by Sola and Bruguier. No. 4. of "L'Amusement des Soeurs." Bruguier.

Twelfth Dramatic Divertismento. Bruguier.

Book sixteen of Rossini's favourite air, from "Ricciardo e Laraida," for harp and piano-forte, with flute and violoncello (ad. lib.) by Bochsa.

No. 1. of Select Airs, from Der Freyschutz, for piano-forte and violoncello, by Crouch.

Book 1, of Select Italian Airs, for ditto, by Crouch.

Bochsa's favourite Notturno for harp and violoncello, arranged for the piano-forte by G. Kiallmark.

Two more numbers of the new edition of Cramer's Works for the piano-forte, are published, containing his Crazy Jane, with variations; and the Overture to Lodoiska, arranged as a sonata for the piano-forte.

Mr. Bruguier has published Book 1. of a new edition of his Preparatory Exercises for the piano-forte.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

The last month has been unusually barren of all foreign intelligence. The principal subject of curiosity was the effect which our recognition of the South American States was likely to produce upon the Continental Cabinets. To none of them could it have been very palatable, considering the principles of Legitimacy on which the Holy Alliance is founded; and, perhaps, least of all to France, connected as her reigning family is with that of Spain. Accordingly, though we do not find that any open official remonstrance has been made by the cabinet of the Thuilleries, still the tone of the ministerial papers in Paris sufficiently indicates the temper in which the communication has been received. Indeed, the rumour goes that Charles the Tenth himself has not shown the best temper on the occasion, and that, when speaking on the subject to the Russian Ambassador, he declared that he cordially went with Alexander to the full extent of the Holy Alliance principles, and that so long as France and Russia agreed, revolutionary opinions could not prosper. M. Villele had the good sense, however, to keep this observation out of the Moniteur. Alexander himself is said to have been seized with a very serious and delicate malady, and the beloved Ferdinand's gout immediately took such a direction towards the stomach, that he has been unable to transact any business for some time. He is said to have declared that he was always betrayed and deserted by his ministers, and even to have lamented the hard fate which ever doomed him to wear a crown; a lamentation in which, with a great many others, we most cordially concur. As this is the only sentiment which was ever attributed to Ferdinand; in which we feel disposed to join, it is only fair and impartial in us to confess that, for once, we agree with him. Some of the French ultra journals cannot conceal their spleen against Mr. Canning; and the Etoile laughs very much at the idea of awaking with his eloquence the drowsy Bristol aldermen after dinner. It also attacks England on the

subject of the Irish Catholics, declaring, "that no government, not excepting even that of Rome, ever more perseveringly exercised religious persecution." India too is not forgotten; "There never," says the editor, "existed a more absolute government in the world, than that of the English in India." After all this, there is a hint given that a Continental Confederation is not quite impossible. On this subject, however, we are inclined to think that the ultra journal rather flatters the prejudices, and speaks the wishes of its patrons, than founds itself on any credible authority. On the contrary, if report speaks true, both Sweden and the Netherlands are inclined to follow our example, and Prussia has actually appointed a consul for Buenos Ayres; a circumstance, considering *the time* at which the appointment has taken place, not a little remarkable. It is curious enough that some of the liberal journals, and even the one through which Chateaubriand is supposed to speak, takes an opposite course, and lauds the policy of Mr. Canning as wise and statesman-like! The *Constitutionnel* states that this measure proves that the English ministry are well aware of the position of the continental powers, who, in separating their interest from that of their people, have, so to speak, morally disavowed themselves, and could not undertake a hostile movement against England, without hastening their ruin and even compromising their own existence. Though we firmly believe that this paper speaks the truth, yet still the truth spoken by a Frenchman against a Frenchman, and in an Englishman's favour, is an incident for which we were not perfectly prepared. Verily, a Whig in England, and a Liberal in France, are very like each other when out of place.

Most undoubtedly true it is, however, that France does not partake of the inability to go to war, at least in a financial point of view, ascribed by the Constitutionnel to the other continental powers. M. de Villele, in opening the French Budget, took a review of the receipts and expenditure of France for some years. In 1823, the year of the Spanish war, the receipts were about 45,000,000*l.* and the expenditure was beneath that sum by about 200,000*l.* In the years 1824 and 1825, the receipts (calculated), also by some small surplus exceed the expenditure, and, according to the Minister's estimate for the year 1826, there will be a further excess amounting to about 400,000*l.* The expense of the Spanish war is stated to have been defrayed by the issue of four millions of rentes, the balance of the last loan, and the excess of the ordinary income over the ordinary expenditure of the state. In the meantime a great sensation has been created at Paris by the arrest and detention of the great commissary and contractor, Ouvrard, on charges of peculation. The report of the commissioners concerning his department in the late Spanish war has been ordered by the Minister to be distributed to the members of the Chamber of Deputies. It occupies no less than five quarto volumes. The French papers are filled with violent debates upon the proposed indemnification to the emigrants; neither party seem to relish the plan, but as yet nothing definite has been determined on. The law of sacrilege also has given rise to very violent discussions. It has, however, been finally carried, with all its odious and bigotted enactments. In the House of Peers, the Count de Bastard proposed, and Chateaubriand seconded the following amendment, mitigating, in some degree, its ferocious folly: "That the profanation of the sacred vessels should be punished by

hard labour for a limited time," and that "the profanation of the sacred elements should be punished by hard labour for life." These propositions, quite severe enough in themselves, were, however, disclaimed by the House of Peers, as being too lenient, and the savage punishment originally proposed was carried by a majority of 108 votes against 104! The coronation has been postponed until May. On the part of England, His Majesty has appointed His Grace the Duke of Northumberland as Ambassador Extraordinary to represent him on this occasion. It is said that the appointment was solicited, and that the Duke means to support it at considerable expense. The Newcastle Chronicle says that forty of his principal lessees have offered, as a mark of respect, to accompany him at their own cost, and that his suite will be augmented by a very numerous portion of his tenantry. There is a rumour, very generally credited, that Prince Metternich is about to visit the French capital immediately, and that his journey has some high political object; speculation, of course, points to our recognition of South America.

From Spain there is no news of any interest. The country seems in a most turbulent and unsettled state, and the King is so ill that his life was considered in danger. The official intelligence of our recognition of South America had, as might have been expected, created considerable alarm. The Cabinet of Madrid immediately presented a protest to the British Charge d'Affaires against all steps which England either had taken or might take, tending to recognise, directly or indirectly, in the Spanish American possessions, any authority save that of his legitimate Majesty, Ferdinand the Seventh. Our Ambassador had, for the fortnight preceding, absented himself when the diplomatic body went to pay their respects to the King. It was, perhaps, prudent enough to avoid a direct personal interview with Ferdinand, immediately after such a communication. His serious illness is said to have been occasioned by a violent fit of passion at the receipt of the intelligence. The dissatisfaction at Madrid was much increased by news having reached that Capital of the overthrow of the Administration at Lisbon, and the appointment of a very liberal one, including M. Pinheiro-Ferreira, who had been in office under the Cortes. This last nomination had given especial umbrage. The change was understood to have been brought about by the interference of our Minister, Sir W. A'Court, and the recognition by Portugal of the independence of Brazil was expected to follow at no distant period. We do not much wonder that Spain, situated as she now is, should deprecate such an example. The French have taken almost complete ownership of Cadiz; they have dismissed all the Spanish political authorities in that city, allowing none to remain except the municipal ones. They have also appointed, in conjunction with the Spanish, French comptrollers over the customs, who are to keep a register of the funds of every sort, and a French cashier and receiver are appointed *to take charge of such funds*. In the meantime, Algerine Corsairs and pirates of all descriptions are making daily and unpunished depredations on their coasts.

The cause of the Greeks presents no new feature. The journal published at Missolonghi enters into a triumphant review of the national successes during the late campaign, and predicts confidently a similar termination to the next.

The accounts from South America, are, we are rejoiced to say, as pros-

perous as the most ardent friends of freedom could desire. Without entering into details, we may briefly state, that in all probability at the moment we write there is not a Spanish soldier in arms in Peru. Bolivar had beaten Canterac in a number of engagements, and was proceeding with all the confidence which success could inspire over an enemy broken down by defeat, and dispirited in a bad cause. There has been a letter from him to M. Santamaria, the Colombian Minister, resident at Mexico, assuring him of the speedy termination of the campaign, as a Chilian army was marching from Africa to join that of Peru and Buenos Ayres. The reinforcements from Carthagena, Santa Martha, and Puerto Cabello, had arrived at Guacho from Panama, whence also had been shipped a million and a half of dollars for the army of Peru. Lima was occupied by the patriots, and Callao was blockaded, by sea and land, by the combined land and naval forces; the latter under the command of Commodore Blanco, of the Chilian service.

It is not improbable but that for the bold and prompt interference of Lord Cochrane at Maranham, we should have to detail in that quarter a renewal of the scenes which lately occurred at Pernambuco. Bruce, the governor of Maranham, was long suspected of carrying on a correspondence with Carvahlo, the governor of Pernambuco, during the resistance made in that province to the Emperor's authority; and it was fully expected that had Carvahlo succeeded, Maranham would have instantly risen, and a contest ensued, which, however unsuccessful in its results, must have caused much bloodshed, and impeded all commercial intercourse for a time. His Lordship perceiving, notwithstanding Carvalho's overthrow, that Bruce continued his ambitious projects, did not wait for any Imperial order, but had him arrested on his own authority, and instantly sent off a prisoner to Rio, appointing his own chief secretary governor pro tempore. The consequence of this step had been the perfect restoration of tranquillity, and the annihilation of the hopes of the republican party. All that now seems wanting perfectly to restore confidence and ensure security is, the recognition of Brazil by the mother country, an event, as we before stated, of very probable contingency.

Our domestic intelligence is of course almost totally confined to the proceedings in Parliament. His Majesty having had a slight affection of the gout, it was not considered prudent by his physicians that he should expose himself to cold, and the Session was accordingly opened by commission. On the 3d of February, about half-past two o'clock, the House of Lords met, and the Lords Commissioners being robed, took their seats on the woolsack. The Commons were summoned to hear his Majesty's commission for opening the Session read. A considerable number of the Members, preceded by the Speaker, soon after appeared at the bar, and the commission being read, the Lord Chancellor read his Majesty's speech, of which the following is a copy:—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*—We are commanded by his Majesty to express to you the gratification which his Majesty derives from the continuance and progressive increase of that public prosperity upon which his Majesty congratulated you at the opening of the last Session of Parliament.—There never was a period in the history of this country, when all the great interests of the nation were at the same time in so thriving a condition, or when a feeling of content and satisfaction was more widely diffused through all classes of the British people.—It is no small addition to the gratification of his Majesty, that Ireland is participating in the general prosperity.

The outrages, for the suppression of which extraordinary powers were confided to his Majesty, have so far ceased, as to warrant the suspension of the exercise of those powers in most of the districts heretofore disturbed.—Industry and Commercial enterprise are extending themselves in that part of the United Kingdom. It is, therefore, the more to be regretted, that associations should exist in Ireland, which have adopted proceedings irreconcileable with the spirit of the Constitution, and calculated, by exciting alarm, and by exasperating animosities, to endanger the peace of Society, and to retard the course of National Improvement.—His Majesty relies upon your wisdom to consider, without delay, the means of applying a remedy to this evil.—His Majesty further recommends the renewal of the inquiries instituted last Session into the state of Ireland.—His Majesty has seen, with regret, the interruption of tranquillity in India, by the unprovoked aggression and extravagant pretensions of the Burmese Government, which rendered hostile operations against that state unavoidable.—It is, however, satisfactory to find that none of the other Native Powers have manifested any unfriendly disposition, and that the bravery and conduct displayed by the forces already employed against the enemy afford the most favourable prospect of a successful termination of the contest.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons.*—His Majesty has directed us to inform you that the estimates of the year will be forthwith laid before you.—The state of India, and circumstances connected with other parts of his Majesty's foreign posssessions, will render some augmentation in his military establishments indispensable.—His Majesty has, however, the sincere gratification of believing, that notwithstanding the increase of expense arising out of this augmentation, such is the flourishing condition and progressive improvement of the revenue, that it will still be in your power, without affecting public credit, to give additional facilities to the national industry, and to make a further reduction in the burdens of his people.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen.*—His Majesty commands us to inform you, that his Majesty continues to receive from his Allies, and generally from all Princes and States, assurances of their unabated desire to maintain and cultivate the relations of peace with his Majesty and with each other; and that it is his Majesty's constant endeavour to preserve the general tranquillity.—The negotiations which have been so long carried on through his Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople, between the Emperor of Russia and the Ottoman Porte, have been brought to an amicable issue. —His Majesty has directed to be laid before you copies of arrangements which have been entered into with the kingdoms of Denmark and Hanover, for improving the commercial intercourse between those States and the United Kingdom.—A treaty, having for its object the more effectual suppression of the Slave Trade, has been concluded between his Majesty and the King of Sweden, a copy of which treaty (as soon as the ratifications thereof shall have been exchanged) his Majesty has directed to be laid before you.—Some difficulties have arisen with respect to the ratification of the treaty for the same object which was negotiated last year between his Majesty and the United States of America.—These difficulties, however, his Majesty trusts, will not finally impede the conclusion of so beneficial an arrangement.—In conformity with the declarations which have been repeatedly made by his Majesty, his Majesty has taken measures for confirming by treaties the commercial relations already subsisting between this kingdom and those countries of America which appear to have established their separation from Spain.—So soon as these treaties shall be completed, his Majesty will direct copies to be laid before you.—His Majesty commands us not to conclude without congratulating you upon the continued improvement in the state of the agricultural interest, the solid foundation of our national prosperity; nor without informing you, that evident advantage has been derived from the relief which you have recently given to commerce by the removal of inconvenient restrictions.—His Majesty recommends to you to persevere (as circumstances may allow) in the removal of similar restrictions; and his Majesty directs us to assure you, that you may rely upon his Majesty's cordial co-operation in fostering and extending that commerce, which, whilst it is, under the blessing of Providence, a main source of strength and power to this country, contributes in no less a degree to the happiness and civilization of mankind."

The Address in answer to the Speech was moved in the House of Lords by Lord Dudley and Ward, and seconded by Lord Gort. It was moved in the House of Commons by Lord Levison Gower, and seconded by Mr. Alderman Thompson, the first instance within our memory of such a task having been imposed on an Alderman; it was, however, very creditably performed by him, and perhaps the choice of a person on such an occasion who must be supposed to be the personal representative of so many commercial men, was peculiarly appropriate, when so important a commercial measure as the recognition of South America was for the first time communicated officially to the country. Our readers cannot fail to observe the strong allusion made in the Speech to the tranquil state of Ireland, accompanied by a recommendation to put down the Catholic Association. Although the plural phrase *associations* is used in the Speech, there can be no doubt that the association we have named is especially, if not solely, meant. Indeed the entire debate proves and confirms this, because not a single Orange Member ever once thought of complaining of the blow affected to be aimed conjointly at their favourite assemblages. We cannot help thinking that it would have been much more manly in Ministers at once to have openly avowed a peculiar object, into which every one must at once see. For ourselves, we have no hesitation in saying, that we go with them quite as far as they go, and we would go still farther on such a subject, had they proposed it. It was quite impossible for any constitutional Minister farther to have brooked the impudence of this permanent body; they assumed to be a House of Commons, to all intents and purposes; and we must say, if the Roman Catholics of Ireland desired that a House of Commons should remain in their country, they should not have slunk back in venal or bigotted silence at the period of the Union. It is not our intention to fatigue our readers with any repetition of a debate which lasted for four nights by adjournment. The speakers who particularly distinguished themselves on the side of administration were Mr. Canning and Mr. Plunkett; the latter made a speech which fully confirmed his high character for eloquence. He was placed in a most difficult and delicate situation, and acquitted himself in a manner which produced a very powerful impression on the House. On the part of the opposition Mr. Denman, Mr. J. Williams, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Tierney, and Sir Francis Burdett, made admirable speeches; nor can we with justice omit Sir James Macintosh, who, however, dabbled a little too much in very eloquent and subtle metaphysics. There are some questions which must be met openly and boldly, without any casuistry or evasion whatever; and this was manifestly one of them. The speech on the part of the opponents of the measure which appeared to us to produce the greatest impression, (and we heard the whole debate) and which deserved to do so, was that of Sir Francis Burdett. He was a perfect model of an English country gentleman—plain, straightforward, manly and earnest. What he said he seemed heartily to feel; and the language in which he expressed those feelings was that of an educated and able man. The speech of Mr. Canning (admirable certainly in point of humour and eloquence, as he always is) we confess we did not like, because we thought we saw throughout it a much too manifest dexterity. In plain English, we thought we saw a lurking desire to *back out* of the Catholic question altogether. The direct *lunge* which he made at the re-

presentation of the University of Oxford, and his declaration that if the measure were now proposed England would rise "comparatively as one man against it," carry to our minds complete conviction. No advocate of the Catholic claims ever can represent Oxford University with its present principles. Mr. Canning knows this; and as to the obstacle which he affects to raise in the present disposition of the English people, there never was less ground for an English Statesman declaring so than at present, as would appear by a reference to the table of the House of Commons. Scarcely a single petition lies on it against the claims of the Catholics, either from England or Ireland, though the approaching discussion of the subject has been long notorious. Leave was finally given (on the motion of Mr. Goulburn, Secretary for Ireland) to bring in the bill. On a division the numbers appeared to be—For the bill 278; Against it 123. Subsequently Mr. Brougham presented a petition from the Catholic Association, praying to be heard by Counsel against the bill. His motion, after a long debate, was rejected by a majority of 222 to 89. The bill is proceeding in its various stages through the House of Commons, not without much debate, but still advancing with considerable majorities. There can be no doubt that it will pass into a law.

Mr. Serjeant Onslow again brought forward his bill for the repeal of the usury laws, which was unsuccessful last session. Leave was given to bring in the bill, but it was subsequently thrown out by a majority of forty-five to forty.

A select commitee was appointed, on the motion of Lord Lowther, to inquire into the abuses of the turnpike trusts within ten miles of the metropolis, (inclusive.) The extension to ten miles around London was an amendment proposed by Mr. Hume.

A motion has been made on the subject of the game laws by Mr. S. Wortley, which will, we hope, lead to some amelioration of the present scandalous and inhuman system. The abolition of the murderous setting of traps and spring guns will, we sincerely hope, be finally effected, though it does not seem to have entered into Mr. Wortley's mind as objectionable. Indeed, on the contrary, the worthy member seems to have defended the practice as humane and politic! Leave was given to bring in the bill but not without much opposition.

In consequence of some observations made in both Houses on the dry rot in our ships, those immediately connected with the Admiralty declared that in no former time was the navy in so perfect a state of soundness and efficiency.

In the House of Lords, no debate of any consequence has hitherto taken place; the discussions have, as in the House of Commons, arisen chiefly on the passage in his Majesty's speech relative to Ireland, and the same arguments have been on both sides resorted to.

In the Court of King's Bench, the Chief Justice, supported by the other Judges, declared that all Joint-Stock Companies requiring and not having a charter or act of parliament, and having transferrable shares, were illegal. This decision has had a considerable and beneficial effect upon many of the ruinous speculations now afloat. The Lord Chancellor has intimated his intention of introducing a still more restrictive law upon this subject.

The army is to be very considerably increased. The amount is variously

specified. Our actual situation in India, to which country large reinforcements have already gone, and our possible situation in Ireland, are assigned as reasons in justification of this most extraordinary measure in the midst of profound peace.

It is said to be in contemplation, to apply to parliament for powers to dispose of Waterloo Bridge by lottery—an immense depreciation has taken place in the shares; those which originally cost 100*l.* are now selling a 6*l.* 10*s.*

According to accounts published by the Bank of England, it appears that among the public balances in the hands of the Company, there are unclaimed lottery prizes to the amount of 41,415*l.*! and unclaimed dividends due, amounting to 1,200,000*l.*!!

The Catholic Association in Ireland have sent over a deputation from their body, to give information with respect to their views *to such as may require it.*

Mr. Wilberforce and Sir William Curtis are both, it is said, about to retire from parliamentary life, in consequence of their advanced age. The former gentleman has now sat for forty-five years.

Amongst the speculations of the present day, we observe it announced, that a steam-boat has been launched at Deptford, for the purpose of a voyage to India. She is very appropriately called the *Enterprise.*

THE COLONIES.

The attention of our fellow subjects in Canada seems much occupied with a grievance for which it is not difficult, we should imagine, for the parent country to provide a remedy; namely, the encroachments of the Americans upon the fisheries in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the neighbouring coast of Labrador. This enterprising people, taking advantage of the supineness of the Canadians, are now eagerly following up this contraband trade, which robs the British colonists of the staple material of their commerce. A New York paper announces the arrival of several vessels from this quarter, one with 75,000 fish, another with 61,000, a third with 65,000, a fourth with 48,000, a fifth with 52,000, a sixth with 60,000, and seventh with 62,000. The Canadians are endeavouring to set on foot an association to expel these illicit traders, and to secure the valuable benefits which the fishing yields—benefit beyond all comparison more secure than those which tempt British capital to other parts of that continent.

A subscription is raising in Quebec for the purpose of ascertaining by experiment the practicability of ascending the rapids of the St. Lawrence, between Montreal and Kingston, by means similar to those used on the navigable rivers of the United States. Vessels not drawing more than the depth of water in the rapids of those rivers are towed up in boats constructed with paddle-wheels, which are turned by the descending current, and wind round a windlass, rope, or other fastening, one end of which is fixed at the head of the current: thus obtaining from the current a power against itself, which can be augmented to any extent within the strength of the materials employed. If the St. Lawrence could be made convenient for ascending navigation, no canal, or artificial water will ever be able to compete with it.

Affairs seem tolerably tranquil in the West Indies. The planters of Demerara feel no apprehensions now except from the Order in Council in prospect. In Trinidad, dis-

content and lamentation amongst the proprietors seem to have changed, through the necessity of the case, into acquiescence, and a disposition to aid the ameliorating process. In St. Vincent's, some alarm has been created through the assassination of the commander of the garrison by a private soldier. Reports of a terrifying nature were engendered by this event; and the governor, who had embarked for Canouan, was obliged to return in a few days. The colonial newspaper complains of his departure as evincing little respect for the feelings of the public.

In Jamaica, the proceedings of the House of Assembly (which has been prorogued by the Duke of Manchester, after an expression of disappointment, qualified by a compliment as to the future intention of the House) constitute the only topic worthy of observation. The Loan Bill, referred to before, has passed, after much opposition: one member declaring that there existed a precedent in 1796, which justified him in stating that the bill would be nugatory, unless the Bank of England became surety for them. The bill appoints commissioners to negociate a loan or loans in Great Britain, to the amount of 500,000l., on the credit of the island. The preamble states the necessity of aiding the ordinary funds for *building churches*. The loan is to be effected at a rate of interest not exceeding *six* per cent., and to be reimbursable at the Bank of England. The interest to be paid half-yearly, and the principal periodically, at seven annual instalments: the first not to be made earlier than ten years after the loan is effected.

A report made (December 7) by the Secret Committee appointed to inquire into the rise, progress, and means used to suppress the late disturbances in the island, enters into a copious detail of the revolt and its circumstances, in which it is remarkable that no allusion is made to Messrs. Lecesne and Escoffery, the two coloured persons, who were apprehended and sent to Hayti, by the government, charged with being the fomenters of that disturbance.

The report alleges as the cause of the revolt, a notion among the negroes that the King and Wilberforce had made them free.

"This idea," it is observed, "is not confined to any one particular parish, but appears to have pervaded the whole island, and has taken such full possession of the negro's mind, that it forms the constant theme of his conversation, and its effects are too lamentably shown by the altered demeanour and reluctance exhibited in discharging his ordinary duties. All notions of dependance and subjection to the authority of his master are now excluded; and so far from regarding the latter with his wonted feelings of respect and affection, he looks upon him as his bitterest enemy, in withholding from him the enjoyment of those privileges which the Mother Country is supposed to have conceded."

The report states, that the expences which the island has had to sustain, in consequence of the late disturbance, amount to 15,270l. 12s. 11½d.; and it deprecates any discussion of the Slave Code, at the present period.

The Council of Jamaica display a very different spirit from that which is manifested in the House. In their answer to the communication from the Governor of the Trinidad Order in Council, they say:—"We always feel the strongest desire to meet the wishes and satisfy the expectations of his Majesty's government; and we can with perfect sincerity assure your Grace, that the same considerate regard for the improvement of the slaves, which your Grace is pleased to recognise in our proceedings of 1816, remains still undiminished. Your Grace may confidently rely upon our cheerful concurrence in all measures which may tend to promote the gradual improvement of the condition of the slave population."

A measure has been adopted by the legislature of this island, whereby public officers paid out of the revenue of the island are to be subjected to an effective tax of five per cent. upon their income.

COMMERCE.

BRITISH MARKETS. *City*, Feb. 23.

THE hypothesis we ventured in our last report, respecting the causes of the vicissitudes experienced in our commercial markets, has been singularly confirmed by the transactions of the present month. The panic felt at the Stock Exchange, followed by the depression of the marketable value of foreign funds, shares, &c. has occasioned large sums to be withdrawn from thence, which have been invested in merchandize. A great change has consequently been produced in commercial affairs; the transactions have been most extensive; and the staple articles have greatly advanced. The rise has been so sudden, as to leave large profits in the hands of the original purchasers; who, it is known, have, in some cases, repurchased their own goods, and sold them again at a premium. During the last week, the briskness in the colonial market has been unprecedented: within a few days, coffee has advanced 8*s.* per cwt. Sugars are also in great demand; saltpetre 5*s.* per cwt. higher; mace, which a few weeks back fetched about 4*s.* per lb. has been sold at 13*s.*, and attained yesterday to 15*s.* and 16*s.* The other articles which have been objects of speculation, namely, indigo, nutmegs, tobacco, camphire, cloves, cinnamon, pepper, ginger, turmeric, logwood and rice, have been extremely profitable. The improvement is not, however, confined to these articles, or the chief branches of merchandize, but extends to all colonial and foreign productions. Increased consumption, and reduction of stock, abroad as well as at home, are assigned as causes of this beneficial change in mercantile affairs; but the real operative cause is that which we have already explained. The following comparison between the prices of several commodities at the beginning of the year, and those they bear at present, will show the advantages which must have accrued to speculators.

		Former prices.	Present prices.
Indigo	lb.	6*s.* to 15*s.*	6*s.* 6*d.* to 16*s.*
Nutmegs	lb.	5s. 3*d.* to 5*s.* 6*d.*	6*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*
Tobacco	lb.	2*d.* to 7*d.*	3*d.* to 9*d.*
Camphire	cwt.	7*l.* 10*s.* to 8*l.* 5*s.*	9*l.* 10*s.* to 10*l.* 10*s.*
Cinnamon	lb.	4*s.* 9*d.* to 7*s.*	4*s.* 10*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*
Pepper	lb.	5¾*d.* to 6½*d.*	6⅛*d.* to 8*d.*
Cloves	lb.	2*s.* 5*d.* to 3*s.*	3*s.* 1*d.* to 3*s.* 3*d.*
East India ginger	cwt.	24*s.* to 65*s.*	45*s.* to 75*s.*
Turmeric	cwt.	22*s.* to 45*s.*	36*s.* to 65*s.*
Logwood	ton	7*l.* to 9*l.* 10*s.*	9*l.* 9*s.* to 10*l.* 10*s.*
Sugar	cwt.	52*s.* to 70*s.*	55*s.* to 73*s.*
Rum	gallon	1*s.* 10*d.* to 2*s.* 2*d.*	2*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*
Whale Oil	tun	25*l.*	30*l.*

The foregoing comparison is between the *highest* of the former, and the *lowest* of the existing prices.

Let us now proceed to a brief detail of the state of the markets in respect to the chief articles.

Cotton.—The activity in this branch of trade has been much accelerated. The sales have been gradually increasing during the month; and although the largest portion of the transfers has been to speculators, yet, as the trade has likewise purchased freely, the prices, especially of East India cotton, have advanced to the full extent of 1*d.* per lb. In the last three weeks, the sales have increased in the following ratio;—10,000, 15,000, 30,000 bales. Yesterday the market was extremely brisk, and extensive purchases were made towards the close of the day. It is now apparent that the consumption of cotton throughout Europe has not only increased, but exceeds the pre-

sent import of the article. In France the consumption of 1823 was 172,312 bags; in 1824, 243,958 bags; difference no less than 71,646 bags.

Sugar.—British plantation sugars have gradually risen, which is partly attributable to the diminution of stock (the weekly deliveries continuing to be very extensive), and partly to the expectation that this year's supply will be late, in consequence of the outward-bound ships being so long detained on our coast. There is every appearance of improvement in this market; the supplies are small; the sales are considerable; and the holders yesterday exhibited no *anxiety* to sell, which occasions what, in mercantile phraseology, is called *firmness*. No brown Jamaica sugars were offered under 61*s.* per cwt.; and generally, the prices are 1*s.* per cwt. higher than previously.

On the 17th instant, a deputation of persons in the West India interest had an interview with ministers, concerning the alterations in the duties on colonial produce. The result is represented to be by no means satisfactory to that body; after a long discussion, no hope was held out that the duty on Muscovadoes would be reduced, or that Mauritia sugar would be excluded from the home market. It was understood that the duty on coffee would be diminished 6*d.* per lb.; and the proposition of permitting distillers to use sugar was favourably entertained. A much surer, more beneficial, and legitimate kind of relief will be derived, by West India merchants and planters, from the great enhancement of the prices of colonial produce.

Coffee.—The coffee market has been a good deal operated upon during the month, from various causes. The consumption of this article on the Continent is found to have increased; and the supply in the foreign markets (as will be seen hereafter) is very limited. The prospect of an increase in the home consumption, through the expected reduction of duty, is another motive to purchase upon speculation. The grocers have likewise purchased rather largely. These considerations would induce us to calculate upon a considerable rise in prices; but the arrivals of coffee have been large; and speculators have caused much fluctuation by occasionally discharging their stocks on the market, in order to realise a profit. During the last two or three days, however, much coffee (not less than 20,000 packages) has changed hands, some of it three or four times, and considerable profit has been realised. The general advance, during the last week, is from 7*s.* to 10*s.* per cwt.; but there have been few or no *public* sales, which afford the best criterion of prices.

Tea has advanced during the month: Bohea and common Congou ½ per lb.; fine Congou ½*d.* to 1*d.*; Hyson 1*d.*; Twankay 2*d.* to 3*d.* on the last sale prices.

Tobacco has been an object of great speculation, and the transfers have been immense. Of a stock of 14,000 hogsheads, no less than 10,000 are said to have changed hands, since the beginning of the month, at an advance of from 1*d.* to 2*d.* per lb. The avidity to purchase has been increased by observing the trade entering the market, and buying at the advanced prices, owing to a great reduction in the duty being expected.

Spices have been, and continue to be, favourite articles of speculation. Cinnamon, mace, cloves, and cassia lignea, have much advanced. Much fluctuation has happened in pepper and nutmegs, but in the end all have turned out well for holders. The briskness in the demand for all kinds of spices yesterday was indescribable.

Oils.—Both fish and seed oils have been steady, or rather improving. Latterly, rape oil has avanced about 1*l.* per tun, owing to the news from Holland of the mischief occasioned to the seed-lands by the inundation.

Silk.—The great rise in Italian silks has advanced the prices of those from the east. At the sale of the East India Company, which commenced the 21st instant, China silks were selling 6*s.* to 7*s.* per lb.; Bengals, 7*s.* to 9s. per lb. higher than the last sale prices.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The markets for these articles have settled into tranquillity, or rather dullness. Letters from Petersburgh, of 23d January, represent the prices of tallow to have fallen.

The provincial markets exhibit the same complexion as those of London. At Liverpool, the demand for cotton has been extremely animated, especially during the last week, and the transactions have been unusually extensive. The private and public sales on the 19th amounted to no less than 37,850 bags. Logwood is in request among speculators, and the price has rather advanced. The stock of East India sugar is said to be exhausted. At Glasgow, cotton is in good demand, and is taken off by the spinners, who are all at work. A speculation in logwood prevails here.

Upon a former occasion, we adverted to the alteration in the law respecting the exportation of British wool. So far as regards the grower, the policy of that measure is already apparent. A letter from Yorkshire, dated January 30, states that "the current price at which most of the wool (for combing purposes) was sold in this neighbourhood, till within a few weeks, was 13*d.* per lb.; when an advance of 1*d.* per lb. took place. About three weeks since, 15*d.* was offered; a week after, 16*d.*, and now 18*d.* is the general price; one or two individuals have obtained 19*d.*" We perceive by the parliamentary votes that this subject is to be again canvassed.

FOREIGN MARKETS.

Hamburgh.—The sugar market is animated; large purchases have been made lately, and they would have been larger, had there been more to purchase. Coffee and cotton are far from being languid; indigo is brisk, and in some demand.

Antwerp.—The demand for coffee is lively, and the arrivals have not kept pace with it; so that there is little left in the market for sale. A want of supply of cotton is equally felt. Rice is likewise in continued demand, and at the last arrival (18th February) the stock was quite exhausted. A fresh supply of sugar is also required; and higher prices are accordingly offered by the Dutch refiners, who have been working freely. Nutmegs have been an article of speculation; but there appears no effectual demand for them. Indigo and dyewood are firm, and somewhat improving.

Trieste.—Coffee is in request, in consequence of a demand from the interior, and the stock is consequently reduced. The stock of pepper and that of ginger are small; the price of the former has advanced. Indigo sells at advanced prices, and other dye stuffs are rising: there is no madder in the market.

Malta.—The cotton market is bare; no East India can be met with. Silk is in great demand. Cocoa is dull of sale; East India cotton goods (muslins and calicoes) extremely so. Sugar is in great abundance.

Gibraltar.—Large quantities of sugar, coffee and cocoa have been imported here lately (we observe during the last week a considerable export of cocoa from London to Gibraltar); the demand is consequently a little checked. The saleable articles are indigo, saffron, brandy, and provisions, Irish beef excepted.

AGRICULTURE.

The land is becoming freed from the great quantity of wet which has fallen during the winter, and the farmers are now beginning to prepare for barley sowing. They have set a few peas, and the mildness of the season has been most propitious to the wheat plant, which, although it has suffered in some places from the grub, still looks exceedingly well. The want of frost and wetness of the land, have much hindered the carting manure; but upon the driest soils this is now going on rapidly. There are great complaints in some counties of the rot in sheep, occasioned by the rains, and some individuals have suffered great losses. The turnips have held out, as might be supposed, in the absence of frost—the Swedes are particularly good; but the beasts have not, in general, fatted well. Meat is much raised in price, particularly mutton; and Lincolns and Leicesters now fetch nearly as much as Downs, in consequence of the

rise in the price of wool, for which article there is a great demand from America. Pigs are also very dear. Horses still hold up. The hop market remains in a very stagnant state. The average arrivals during the last four weeks have been, of—Wheat, 7,717 qrs.; barley, 15,991 qrs.; oats, 23,710 qrs.; English flour, 13,882 sacks; foreign flour, 234 barrels;—while the average price of the fifth week which govern importation is, for wheat, 66*s.* 7*d.*; barley, 34*s.* 11*d.*; oats, 23*s.* 3*d.*

The subject of the corn laws will soon come before Parliament, on the motion of Mr. Whitmore. This gentleman, justly apprehensive of the consequences of great fluctuation, should it be proved that the country needed an importation, proposed, during the time of moderate prices, an open trade with a small fixed duty.

There must be great difficulty in legislating upon this subject, particularly since the principle of free trade is now acknowledged and accepted by administration, as the basis of true commercial policy. The farmer says, under his present rents, tithe, and taxation, he cannot exist if wheat be not from 30*s.* to 40*s.* per coomb; indeed, some have gone so far as to insist on a duty to that amount, as indispensable to their carrying on business. The manufacturer, on the contrary, asks why he is to pay thrice the amount for his bread-corn, paid by the inhabitants of all the rest of the world? The truth probably lies between both. The high taxation does lay both the landlord, the clergyman, and the farmer, under a necessity of increasing *proportionally* their demands. But, we are persuaded, the effect of this cause is greatly exaggerated. The pressure of taxation must always have a relation to the total income of a country. That income is greatly increased. The abatement of the property, and other taxes, has diminished (since the war—the period of high prices) the burdens of the people about one-third. Eighty shillings per quarter for wheat was then esteemed a fair remunerating price. From these premises, 60*s.* per quarter would now be a sufficient rate; and, if we take the augmented income of the country, even a lower rate.

We doubt, however, not only the justice, but the efficacy of any fixed duty that the country would bear, or Ministers think it right to impose. They have, indeed, made so positive a declaration on this head, in the famous Agricultural Report drawn up by Mr. Huskisson, that there can be little fear of their assenting to a high duty, for they declare in this instrument that no such duty can be tolerated. At this moment, the best wheats are to be bought at Hamburgh for 26*s.* to 28*s.* per quarter; and it is a well ascertained fact that the English markets being thrown open, would be an encouragement to an indefinite growth of corn in Poland, and other neighbouring countries. If it were even permitted to lay a duty of 20*s.* per quarter on wheat (which would be an intolerable injustice), the English grower could not then, other things remaining as they are, compete with the foreign produce. Foreign wheat, better in value by 6*s.* or 8*s.* per quarter than our own, would probably, ere long, be brought into the English market at 45*s.* per quarter.

Instead then of endeavouring to inspire the farmer with the hope of legislative protection, as it is called, it would be far more honest to teach him the necessity of making his contracts with the landlord and the parson at such a rate as to enable him to compete with the foreign grower; at most, to smooth his way to this, which must be the ultimate level of things, by some temporary provision.

In the present state of knowledge, and of the intercourses of mankind, it is quite clear that nothing can be upheld by artificial means. Every article of commerce must, ere long, stand upon its intrinsic value in the markets of the world. We already see the evil of legislating upon corn. This year, this country has paid nearly thrice what the Continent pays for bread, solely by the artifices of the corn trade, aided by the preventive laws, and the abundance of money.

NEWS OF SCIENCE.

ASTRONOMY.

Proper Motion of Stars.—Dr. Brinkley has, by a series of observations with the circle, at Dublin, discovered that there are two stars which have *no proper motion.* It has been hitherto thought that every star had a proper motion, and this occasioned much confusion in observations requiring great precision; for there was no fixed point by which the place of any celestial object could be determined. The computed quantities of precision, and other inequalities, were hence liable to a small error which will now be corrected.

Deal Pendulum.—Since all metals expand with heat and contract with cold, the simple pendulum, when constructed wholly of such materials, is found to be useless where great accuracy is required. Hence, for the purpose of counteracting the effects arising from these causes, have been invented the angular, the conical, the lever, the gridiron, and the mercurial pendulum. The two last are principally used in our best astronomical clocks; but they are too expensive for general use. As wood is liable to very little expansion from these causes, it has been recommended for this purpose, fitted up with a leaden bob; it forms the cheapest pendulum that I know of, and if placed in a room where there is an uniformity in the atmosphere, it might answer every useful purpose for an economical observatory. At all events, it would form an excellent appendage and improvement to the common household clock, and would be far superior to, and be much cheaper than the usual and absurd mode of hanging a leaden bob to the end of an iron wire. The lower end of the rod should be formed into a screw, to which a *wooden* nut may be fitted, in order to adjust the pendulum *nearly* to the given rate; and the final adjustment may be made by means of a slider. A pendulum of this kind will cost but a few shillings, and will answer many useful purposes, as I have found by experience.—*Memoirs of the Astron. Soc.*

MECHANICS.

Rope Bridges in India.—These bridges are called Portable Rustic Rope Bridges of Tension and Suspension. A few hackeries will carry the whole materials, and the appearance of the bridge is rustic and picturesque. They are distinctly bridges of tension and suspension, having no support whatever between the extreme points of suspension, independent of the standard piles, which are placed about fifteen feet from the banks of the nullah, or river, except what they derive from the tension, which is obtained by means of purchases, applied to a most ingenious combination of tarred coir ropes of various sizes, lessening as they approach the centre; these form the foundation for the pathway, and are overlaid with a light split bamboo frame-work. The whole of this part of the fabric is a fine specimen of ingenuity and mathematical application. One great advantage is, that if by any accident one of the ropes should break, it might be replaced in a quarter of an hour, without any injury to the bridge. The main principle of its construction is the perpendicular action of its weight, a principle obviously of paramount necessity in this country, where the soil is so loose and offers so little resistance, and more particularly in relation to the specific purpose for which they were invented; the whole weight of the bridge, therefore, resting on two single points so far separated and unassisted either by pier-head or abutment, renders their construction a matter of extreme delicacy. The bridge which was placed during the last rains over the Berai torrent was one hundred and sixty feet between the points of suspension, with a road-way of nine feet, and was opened for unrestricted use, except for heavy loaded carts. The combination of lightness with security, and the adaptation, to the utmost nicety, of the required proportionate strength to the parts, form its chief characteristics. The tension power is wholly independent of the suspension.—*Calcutta John Bull.*

Chain Bridge.—A chain-bridge, the first of its kind in Russia, is about to be con-

structed over the canal at Moska. It will be executed after the design of Colonel Dufour of Geneva, who has sent to St. Petersburg a correct model of one which he erected in his own country last year.—*Phil. Mag.*

CHEMISTRY.

Boron.—The readiest method of obtaining boron, without losing too much potassium, is to heat the potassium with fluo-borate of potash. Boron and silicium resemble each other in their properties nearly as sulphur and silicium, or as phosphorus and arsenic. I have produced sulphuret of boron; a white and pulverulent substance, which dissolves in water, yielding sulphuretted hydrogen gas. Boron burns in chlorine, the chloride of boron is a permanent gas, which is decomposed in moist air, producing a dense vapour, and in water giving muriatic and boracic acids. It condenses one and a half times its volume of ammoniacal gas.—*Berzelius, Bib. Unin.*

Selenium.—Professor Scholtz of Vienna some time ago succeeded in extracting selenium from the residuum of the sulphuric acid works at Lukawitz in Bohemia, where the sulphur employed is obtained from pyrites found in the vicinity of the place, till then unknown locality of selenium. Mr. E. P. Thomson, a chemical manufacturer of Manchester, in making muriatic acid, uses sulphuric acid prepared from the pyrites of the Paris mountain in Anglesea, and has also discovered that selenium distils over with the muriatic acid into the receivers, and in the course of two or three days falls to the bottom of the vessels in the form of a reddish brown substance, which does not appear to deterionate the acid in the least. The quantity yielded by the acid is very small.—*Annal. of Phil.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Crocodile of the Ganges.—Dr. C. Abel of Calcutta has investigated the structure and character of the *cummeer*, or Ganges crocodile, and compared it with its described congeners from an individual of great size, measuring eighteen feet from the extremity of the nose to the end of the tail. It had been destroyed by a spear, driven into the neck at the junction of the head with the cervical vertebra. In most of its external characters it agreed with the *crocodilus bifurcatus*, except that the toes of the latter are represented by Cuvier and Lacepede as more or less united by membranes or webs; the hind feet of the crocodile proper, according to Cuvier, are palmated to the extremity of the toes. This character is wanting in the *cummeer*, in which the inner toe of the hind and two inner toes of the forefeet are perfectly free, not being connected by any membrane. If this peculiarity be of constant occurrence, it makes the *cummeer* not only a new and undescribed species, but it also vitiates the description of the family and of the genus of crocodile heretofore given. Although the putrescency of the body of the animal prevented any deliberate examination of its internal structure, the contents of its stomach were exposed, and found to consist of the remains of a woman, of a whole cat, of the remains of a dog and sheep, of several rings, and of the separated parts of the common bangles worn by the native women.—*Asiatic Journal.*

Unicorn.—Among the curiosities sent by Mr. Hodgson, assistant to the resident at Katmandoo, to the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, is a large spiral horn, aud with it drawings of the animal, made by a Bhotea peasant: the drawings are said to convey the true image of a living animal of the deer kind, out of the centre of whose forehead grows a horn of the description transmitted. The animal is described as gregarious, graminivorous, and its flesh good to eat. Its name is *chiro*, its colour bright bay, and its dwelling place the plains of B'hote, beyond the Himalayah. The Bhoteans, whom trade and religion bring down annually to Nepaul, appear to concur in testimony as to the existence of this animal, but they hesitate about procuring it, though urged by the promise of a liberal reward. They declare that the *chiro* is too large and fierce to be taken alive, or fall under their simple weapons; but they sometimes find the horns shed by the living, or left after the decay of the dead animal.—*Asiatic Journal.*

Fossil Bones.—An immense assemblage of fossil bones has recently been discovered in Somersetshire, in a cavern of the lime-stone rock at Banwell, near the West extremity

of the Mendip Hills, on the property of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. The circumstances which led to this discovery are as follows:—Some miners, engaged in sinking a shaft in search of calamine, intersected a steep and narrow fissure, which, after descending eighty feet, opened into a spacious cavern, one hundred and fifty feet long, and about thirty feet wide, and from twenty to thirty feet high. From the difficulty of descending by this fissure, it was lately judged desirable to make an opening in the side of the hill, a little below, in a line which might lead directly to the interior of the cave. This gallery had been conducted but a few feet, when the workmen suddenly penetrated another cavern, of inferior dimensions to that which they were in search of, and found its floor to be covered to a depth which has not yet been ascertained with a bed of sand, mud, and fragments of lime-stone, through which were dispersed an enormous quantity of bones, horns, and teeth. The thickness of this mass has been ascertained, by a shaft sank into it, to be in one place nearly forty feet. Many large baskets full of bones have been already extracted, belonging chiefly to the ox and deer tribes; of the latter there are several varieties, including the elk. There are also a few portions of the skeleton of a wolf and of a gigantic bear. The bones are mostly in a state of preservation equal to that of common grave bones, although it is clear, from the fact of some of them belonging to the great extinct species of bear, that they are of antediluvian origin.

In the roof of the cave there is a large chimney-like opening, which appears to have had communication formerly with the surface, but which is choked up with fragments of lime-stone, interspersed with mud and sand, and adhering together imperfectly by a stalagmitic incrustation. Through this aperture it is probable the animals fell into the cave, and perished in the period preceding the inundation, by which it was filled up. The immense quantity of the bones shows the number of individuals that were lost in this natural pitfall to have been very great. In this manner cattle are now continually lost by falling into similar apertures in the lime-stone hills of Derbyshire.—*Phil. Mag.*

MEDICINE.

Sarsaparilla.—M. Galileo Paliotta, an Italian physician, has recently discovered what he conceives to be the active principle of Sarsaparilla, to which he has given the name of *parigline*. It is obtained by an elaborate process. Its characters are as follows:—it is white, pulverulent, light, unalterable on exposure to atmospheric air, of a bitter austere taste, slightly astringent and neauseating, and of a peculiar odour. Concentrated sulphuric acid decomposes it, but diluted sulphuric acid is neutralized by it, by which it forms a sulphate. All the acids unite with parigline, forming various salts. It has a sedative, and more particularly a diaphoretic property; it exerts its influence principally on the lymphatic system, and therefore answers all the indications of the sarsaparilla.—*Gazette de Santé.*

PHYSIOLOGY.

The Human Voice.—It is well known that those who study physiology and acoustics have always been and are even still puzzled to explain the natural laws by which the throat produces the tones of song. One party maintains that the upper part of the throat acts after the manner of a wind-instrument; while others represent the folds of the larynx as strings. It never appears to have been supposed, that any other manner of explanation was possible. However, in the first number of the new periodical "Cecilia," which is published at Mainz, there is an article by Gotfred Weber, in which he proves, that the throat neither acts like a wind nor like a stringed instrument. That both these kinds of explanation are evidently in opposition to the best known acoustic principles, while the most striking analogy exists between the vibratory motion of the strings of the throat and the oscillation of sounding *lamella*, as for example, the tongues of the reed quaver, or tongue-pipes in the organ, and particularly with that register of the organ which has been called for centuries the *vox humana*.

OXFORD.

Feb. 1.—THE University Seal was affixed in full convocation to an instrument releasing the mayor and citizens of Oxford from the performance of certain acts required of them on the feast of the Virgin St. Scolastica, viz. the 10th of February. The ceremonies now abolished originated in a quarrel between the students of the university and the citizens of Oxford, which took place in 1354—55, when several of the scholars were killed, and many of their hostels or places of residence ransacked or destroyed. In consequence of this outrage, a sentence of excommunication was passed upon the citizens, by John, Bishop of Lincoln, which sentence, after many hearings before the King's Judges, and an appeal to the Bishop, was abrogated upon condition that the mayor and bailiffs, and sixty other citizens, with a deacon and subdeacon, should celebrate an anniversary mass on St. Scholastica's day, in St. Mary's Church, and there singly offer up one penny each at the high altar. To ensure the due performance of this duty, the citizens of Oxford executed an instrument under the common seal, dated May 15, 1357, binding themselves and their successors, in case of non-fulfilment of the duty, to the payment of 100 marks. A deed of defeazance, dated the 16th of the same month, was also given by the university, under the common seal, wherein they agreed to forego the yearly payment of 100 marks for every year, and no more, in which the city should procure a mass to be said yearly, on the 10th of February for the souls of the scholars slain. These instruments were confirmed by Edward III. in a Charter of Inspeximus, dated June 1, 1357, which, with the other charters granted to the university, was confirmed by an Act of Parliament, 13th of Eliz. cap. 29. In the 17th year of the reign of the same Queen, the ceremony having been now omitted for fifteen years, the university asserted their claim upon the city of Oxford for the sum of 1,500 marks, being the amount of the arrears of the sum stipulated to be paid annually upon the intermission of the mass. This claim was, with several other points of controversy between the university and the city, laid before the Queen in Council on the 12th of May, 1575, and after a hearing of the deputies appointed by each body, who by mutual consent agreed to submit to the decision of the privy council, it was determined, That *the mass being now contrary to law, the arrears of* 1,500 *marks for the fifteen years should not be paid by the city, but that they should yearly procure a communion or sermon to be made at St. Mary's Church on the day mentioned in the bond of defeazance, and then and there, with such number of their city as in the said bond of defeazance are mentioned, make their oblation yearly of a penny a-piece at the least for the use of the said university, for a perpetual memory of the slaughter and misdemeanour by them committed as aforesaid, and not for the souls of the parties then slain, or for any other superstitious use.*

This decision of the Queen in Council has ever since been, with very few exceptions, regularly observed. The Litany indeed has been substituted for the sermon or communion; and the attendance of the full number of citizens required by the order of the privy council has, in consequence of an application from the city in the year 1793, not been enforced.

During the last (Michaelmas) Term, a representation having been made by the Council of the city to the Vice-Chancellor, that the mayor, as chief magistrate of the city of Oxford, could not, without a painful sacrifice of personal feeling, take part in the ceremony usually observed on Dies Scholastica, and a resolution having unanimously passed the Council, "That the proper authorities of the university be respectfully requested to take into their consideration the resolution of the last council; in the anxious hope, that the result of their deliberations will be a forbearance from any further claim, either to the performance of the accustomed ceremony, or to any penalty for the non-observance—declaring also, with one voice, that it will consider the acquiescence of that body in the discontinuance of the ceremony as an especial mark of attention and

regard to the wishes and feelings of this corporation, and as an act to be held in grateful remembrance by the citizens of Oxford."—It was agreed, by a considerable majority of the members of convocation, that an instrument of release should be granted to the city, seeing that such concession would in no wise endanger, or infringe upon, the privileges of the university.

The proceedings of the Common Council on the receipt of this release follow:

The mayor having laid before the house a deed, dated the 1st instant, whereby the university have released and discharged this corporation from their obligation of the 15th of May, 31st of Edward III. and from all payments under it, and from all services and offerings on the day of *St. Scholastica* in lieu thereof, and have cancelled and annulled the said obligation for ever—

Resolved unanimously, that the warmest acknowledgments of this house are due to the university for this act of grace and favour, important in itself, and rendered doubly acceptable by the manner in which it has been conferred.

The mayor having also laid before the house a note from the Rev. the Vice-Chancellor, wherein, after noticing the pleasure with which he transmitted the above instrument to the mayor, he repeats his cordial wish that the most perfect harmony may ever subsist between the university and city—

Resolved further, that, highly sensible of the kind and conciliatory disposition shown by the Vice-Chancellor personally, and by the whole university collectively, towards the city upon this occasion, this house, whilst it testifies its hearty concurrence in the wish expressed by the Vice-Chancellor, records with sincere satisfaction its firm conviction, that the prevailing good understanding between the two bodies cannot but be permanently strengthened by the issue of the late communication, calculated as it is to confirm and perpetuate in the citizens of Oxford the sentiments of respect and attachment to the university.

Feb. 9.—The sum of 200*l.* granted from the university chest towards building a new church in the parish of St. Clement's. The city have since given 100*l.* for the same purpose.

Feb. 23.—The new statute relating to the examinations passed the House of Convocation by a very large majority. The principal alterations are the substitution of *nine* instead of *four* examining masters, of whom *six* are to be appointed for the theological, classical, and ethical departments; and *three* for the mathematical sciences. The classes, instead of being, as before, divided into *two* only, and the second part of the second distinguished by a line passing between the two, are now to consist of *four*: of these, the three first will be printed, the fourth consisting of those candidates who, although judged worthy of their degrees, are not considered as sufficiently meritorious to be included in either of the preceding classes, will not be published, the total number of persons attaining their testimoniums only being recorded. The statute is to be in force in the Easter Term ensuing.

Public Lectures during the present Term.

The Regius-Professor of Medicine, on Anatomy.

The Regius-Professor of Hebrew.

The Sedleian-Reader in Natural Philosophy, in Newton's Principia, and the Principles of Mechanics.

The Professor of Chemistry, on the chemical and geological phenomena of volcanoes.

The Savilian-Professor of Geometry on plane and spherical trigonometry.

The Laudian-Professor of Arabic.

The Reader in Mineralogy on the Elements of Mineralogy, introductory to a Course of Geology in Easter and Act Terms, and to be illustrated by the collection recently bequeathed to the university by the Rev. John Josias Conybeare, formerly Student of Christ Church, and late Professor of Anglo-Saxon and of Poetry.

The Aldrichian-Professor of the Practice of Physic.

Admission.

Jan. 27.—Thomas Clutton, Fellow of New College, Founder's Kindred

DEGREES CONFERRED.

Doctor in Medicine.

Francis Bisset Hawkins, Exeter.

Bachelors in Divinity.

Feb. 3.—Edward Eliot, Exeter.
12.—Herbert Oakeley, Oriel (Grand Compounder.)
23.—Edward Philip Cooper, Fellow of St. John's.

Masters of Arts.

Jan. 27. J. Drummond, Ch. Ch. (G. C.)
R. Wrottesley, Christ Church.
C. Alleyne Anstey, Trinity.
E. P. New, Fellow of St. John's.
F. E. Pegus, St. John's.
G. Norwood, Oriel.
T. Hetling, Wadham.
Feb. 3. F. Quarrington, Pembroke.
R. Shepherd, Queen's.
Hugh Bold, Christ Church.
E. Morgan, St. Alban Hall.
C. T. Plumptre, University.
C. A. St. John Mildmay, Oriel.
J. Nelson, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, admitted *ad eundem.*
12. R. Perfect, Queen's.
T. H. Wilkinson, Exeter.
J. H. Dyer, Trinity.
W. H. Everard, Balliol.
23. E. Dighton, Exeter (G. C.)

Bachelors of Arts.

Jan. 27. W. Bleeck, Magdalen Hall.
R. Antram, Queen's.
W. Legge, Student of Ch. Ch.
J. T. Mansel, Stud. of Ch. Ch.
F. A. Sterky, Stud. of Ch. Ch.
T. Leigh, Brasennose.
J. Jackson, Brasennose.
E. Higgins, Brasennose.
G. Jeans, Pembroke.
T. Hope, University.
Feb. 3. J. Childers, Ch. Ch. (Grand Compounder.)
T. Penton, Pembroke.
F. Bowman, Exeter.
E. Strong, Exeter.
E. J. Wingfield, Stud. of Ch. Ch.
J. Brooke, Brasennose.
P. Nouaille, St. John's
J. Mayew, University.
H. W. Plumptre, University.
C. G. Buller, Oriel.
P. J. Ferrers, Oriel.
C. T. Tyrell, Oriel.
H. D. Ryder, Oriel.
C. M. Wigley, Balliol.
W. B. Pole, Balliol.
12. R. Sherson, St. Mary Hall.
T. A Bewes, Exeter.
W. Polwhele, Exeter.
E. V. Vernon, Christ Church.
F. Basset, Trinity.
B. G. Bridges, Oriel.
E. Harbin, Wadham.
17. J. De Sausmarez, Pembroke.

CAMBRIDGE.

Jan. 28.—The late Dr. Smith's annual prizes of 25*l.* each, to the two best proficient in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy among the commencing Bachelors of Arts, were adjudged to Mr. James Challis, of Trinity College, and Mr. William Williamson, of Clare Hall, the first and second Wranglers. The subject of the Seatonian prize for the present year is, "The building and dedication of the Second Temple."

Feb. 18.—The subjects for the present year are, for the senior Bachelors.—De statu futuro, quænam fuere Veterum inter Græcos et Romanos dogmata? Middle Bachelors.—Quantopere sibi invicem prosint populi libere mutandis inter se mercibus.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. John Wood, MA. Fellow of Pembroke Hall, to the Vicarage of Santhorpe, the county of Norfolk.—The Rev. Adam Sedgwick, MA. Woodwardian Professor

and Fellow of Trinity College, to the Vicarage of Shudy Camps.—The Rev. W. C. Madden, BA. of Queen's College, to the perpetual Curacy of Christ's Church et Woodhouse, in the parish of Huddersfield.—The Rev. William Corbett Wilson, jun. MA. of Trinity College, to the Vicarage of Bozeat-cum-Stripton, Northamptonshire.—The Rev. Charles J. Orman, MA. of Sohan, to be Chaplain to the High Sheriff of Suffolk (Sir Henry E. Bunbury, Bart.)

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR MARCH.

MERCURY passes from the tail of Capricornus into Pisces, and will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 26th day, at 18 hours 15 minutes; of course he is invisible to us throughout the month. Venus will be at her greatest elongation on the 8th day, and then only half of her illumined side is turned towards us, like the Moon in its first quarter. This beautiful planet is hourly increasing in brilliancy, and toward the close of the month, in clear weather, may be distinguished in the day time while passing the meridian, about three quarters of an hour after two. Her situation at this time, near the Pleiades, and forming a pleasing combination with Saturn and Aldebaran will be found very beautiful and interesting after sun-set. On the 10th day, Venus will form an isosceles triangle with the 1st and 2d of Aries. On the 23d day, at 7 hours 20 minutes, she will appear one degree to the northward of the Moon; this will be well worthy of observation. Venus passes during the month from the eastern boundary of constellation Pisces, through Aries into Taurus, setting between the hours of ten and eleven. Mars continues in the constellation Pisces throughout the month, and on the 18th will appear between two small stars. His time of setting, about half-past seven, from W. to W. by N. ½ N. Jupiter, still in constellation Cancer, has regressive motion till the 30th day, when be becomes stationary near a small star of the 7th magnitude, after which his motion will be progressive. Jupiter passes the meridian at the commencement of the month, about half-past nine, and at the close at eight o'clock. The eclipses of his satellites visible to us, are—

1st Satellite. Emersions.			2d Satellite. Emersions.			3d Satellite.				4th Satellite.			
Days.	Hrs.	Min.	Days.	Hrs.	Min.	Days.	Hrs.	Min.		Days.	Hrs.	Min.	
2	14	41	4	12	36	17	7	56¾	Em.	9	8	11½	Im.
4	9	9½	11	15	13½	24	8	22¾	Im.	9	12	51	Em.
11	11	4	22	7	10	24	11	56	Em.				
18	12	58¾	29	9	47½	31	12	22	Im.				
20	7	27½											
25	14	53½											
27	9	22											

Saturn is in the constellation Taurus, between Heiades and Pleiades, with a small progressive motion. The Moon and Saturn will appear at setting between three and four degrees apart. At the commencement of the month Saturn passes the meridian about five o'clock, and at the close this planet will set NW. by W. at half-an hour past eleven o'clock. The Georgium still retains his situation in constellation Sagittarius, with scarcely any variation; indeed, so very distant is this planet from the Sun, and so slow is his motion, compared with the other planetary bodies, that very few individuals live long enough to observe a single revolution. At the commencement of the month the Georgian rises at 16 hours 30 minutes, and at the close about 15 hours, SE. ¾ E. On the 7th day, at eight o'clock in the evening, the constellations will be thus situated—On and near the meridian are Canis Major, and the prow of Argo

Navis, the only part of this constellation visible to our latitude. Above these, are Monoceros, Canis Minor, and Gemini, the Lynx in the zenith. Lyra rising N. ¾ E.; the legs of Hercules from N. by E. ½ E. to NE. ¼ N. Above Hercules and Lyra, are Draco and Ursa Minor. Corona Borealis rising NE. Bootes extending from NE. ½ N. to E. by N. Arclurus E.N.E. Coma Berenices E. ½ N. Above these, and extending nearly to the meridian, is Ursa Major. Part of Virgo due east. Leo from E. by S. to SE. ¼ E. Crater just above the horizon, SE. by E. The Hydra's heart SE. by S., above which is the Hydra's head; and over this, Cancer, with the beautiful planet Jupiter, displays itself,—Columba setting SSW., Orion SW. by S. Taurus, in which is Saturn, from SW. to W. by S. Auriga, past the zenith, descending. Perseus from W. to NW. by W. The variable star Algol, in Medusa's head, W. by N. ½ N. Cassiopeia NW. by W. Below this is Andromeda NW. by W. The beautiful Nebula NW. ½ W. The head of Cetus W. ½ S. Mira just setting. Aries from W. to W. by N. Musca Borealis W. by N. The northernmost of the Two Fishes WNW. Cepheus, descending to its lowest depression, N. by W. The wing of Cygnus, at its lowest depression, N. Lacerta NW. by W.

PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS, WATER-WORKS, MINES, RAIL-ROADS, &c.

CANALS.		Amt. paid.	Per share.
Ashton		100	290
Birmingham		17 10	345
Coventry		100	
Ellesmere and Chester		133	105
Grand Junction		100	300
Huddersfield		57	33
Kennet and Avon		40	28
Lancaster		47	44
Leeds and Liverpool		100	470
Oxford		100	900
Regent's		40	57
Rochdale		85	120
Stafford and Worcester		140	800
Trent and Mersey		100	2150
Warwick and Birmingham		100	300
WATER WORKS.			
East London		100	130
Grand Junction		50	78
Kent		100	43
South London		100	90
West Middlesex		100	75
INSURANCE OFFICES.			
Alliance	100	10	18 10
Ditto Marine	100	10	7 10
Globe		100	180
Guardian	100	10	22 10
Imperial	500	50	130
London	25	12 10	24
Rock	20	2	5
Royal Exchange			310

DOCKS.		Amt. paid.	Per. share.
Commercial		100	83
East India		100	125
London		100	107
West India		100	235
GAS COMPANIES.			
City of London	100	90	160
New Ditto	100	50	90
Imperial	50	40	56
Ditto New	50	25	38
United General	50	7	13
Westminster	50	50	70
MINES.			
Anglo-Mexican	100	20	135
Ditto Chili	100	5	17 10
Brazilian	100	10	27 10
Chilian	100	5	23
Columbian	100	10	40
General Mining	100	5	20
Peruvian	100	5	51
Real Del Monte	400	120	1000
River de la Plata	100	5	35
United Mexican	40	22	150
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Australian Agricultural Comp.	100	1	26
Equitable	50	1	2 10
General Steam Navigation	100	5	10 10
Gold Coast Association	100	5	8
New Corn Exchange	50	3	7
Colombian Pearl Fishery	25	12	19
Gas Engine Carriage	100	1	10

ROBERT W. MOORE, Sworn Broker.
20, *Token-house-yard, Lothbury.*

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY LANE.

January 26.—The Fall of Algiers.
The Pantomime.

January 27.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 28.—Othello.
Othello, Kean.—Iago, Wallack.—Desdemona, Mrs. W. West.
The Pantomime.

January 29.—The Fall of Algiers.
The Pantomime.

January 31.—A New Way to Pay Old Debts.
Sir Giles Overreach, Kean.—Wellborn, Archer.—Lady Allworth, Mrs. Knight.—Margaret, Miss Smithson.
Old and Young.
The Pantomime.

February 1.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

February 2.—The Fall of Algiers.
The Rossignol, or the Bird in the Bush.
The Pantomime.

February 3.—Der Freischutz.
The Rossignol.
The Pantomime.

February 4.—Macbeth.
Macbeth, Kean.—Macduff, Wallack.—Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Bunn.
The Rossignol.
The Pantomime.

February 5.—Der Freischutz.
The Rossignol.
The Pantomime.

February 7.—Macbeth.
The Rossignol.
The Pantomime.

February 8.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

February 9.—The Fall of Algiers.
The Pantomime.

February 10.—Der Freischutz.
The Rossignol.
The Pantomime.

February 11.—Merchant of Venice.
Shylock, Kean.—Bassanio, Wallack.—Portia, Mrs. West.
The Rossignol.
The Pantomime.

February 12.—The Fall of Algiers.
The Shepherd of Derwent Vale.

February 14.—Merchant of Venice.
The Rossignol.
The Pantomime.

February 15.—Der Freischutz.
The Shepherd of Derwent Vale.

February 17.—Massaniello, the Fisherman of Naples. (*A failure.*)
Massaniello, Kean.—Manfred, Wallack.—Olympia, Mrs. Bunn.
The Pantomime.

February 19.—Fall of Algiers.
My Uncle Gabriel.

February 21.—Richard the Third.
Gloster, Kean.—Richmond, Wallack.—Elizabeth, Mrs. W. West.

COVENT GARDEN.

January 26.—Clari.
Animal Magnetism.
The Pantomime.

January 27.—Much Ado about Nothing.
Benedick, Kemble.—Dogberry, Farren.—Beatrice, Miss Chester.
The Pantomime.

January 28.—Woman never Vext.
The Pantomime.

January 29.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 31.—First Part of King Henry the Fourth.
Prince of Wales, Cooper.—Falstaff, Kemble.—Hotspur, Bennet.—Lady Percy, Miss F. H. Kelly.
February 1.—Native Land.
Montalto, Sinclair.—Peregrino, Fawcett.—Guiseppo, Farren.—Clymante, Miss Paton.—Blondina, Miss M. Tree.
The Pantomime.

February 2.—Clari.
Charles the Second.
The Pantomime.

February 3.—The School for Scandal,
Sir Peter Teazle, Farren.—Charles Surface, Kemble.—Lady Teazle, Miss Chester.
The Pantomime.

February 4.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

February 5.—The Belles Stratagem.
Doricourt, Kemble.—Letitia Hardy, Miss Foote.
The Duel.

February 7.—King Henry IV., First Part.
The Pantomime.

February 8.—Belles Stratagem.
The Pantomime.

February 9.—Clari.
Charles the Second.
The Pantomime.

February 10.—Native Land.
The Pantomime.

February 11.—Woman never Vext.
The Pantomime.

February 12.—The Inconstant.
Young Mirabel, C. Kemble.—Durutete, Jones.—Oriana, Miss Foote.
The Pantomime.

February 14.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

February 15.—The Belles Stratagem.
The Miller and his Men.

February 17.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

February 19.—The Inconstant.
The Irish Tutor.
Tale of Mystery.

February 21.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

LIST OF PROJECTED WORKS.

Aids to Reflection, by S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

History of the Life and Works of Raphael. From the French of M. Quatremere de Quincy.

A Work on the Astronomy of the Egyptians.

A Catalogue Raisonné of Oil Paintings.

Quintus Curtius. A new Edition by Professor Zumpt. 2 vols. 8vo.

A Narrative of a Second Journey to Greece. By Mr. Blaquiere.

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An Account of the Disease lately prevalent in the Penitentiary. By Dr. Latham.

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Annulosa Javanica. By W. S. Macleay, Esq. MA. FLS. No. I. 4to.

Memoirs of Elizabeth Stuart. By Miss Benger. 2 vols. post 8vo.

Travels amongst the Arab Tribes. By J. S. Buckingham, Esq. 4to.

History of the Administration of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham. By William Coxe, FRS. FAS. 2 vols. 4to.

A Voyage performed in the Years 1822-23-24. By James Weddell, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo.

Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall, with the objectionable Parts expunged. By T. Bowdler, Esq. FRS.

A Tale of Paraguay. By R. Southey, LLD. 12mo.

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Observations on the Evidences of Christianity. 12mo.

Songs of the Greeks. In 2 vols.

The Songs of Scotland, with Notes, and an Historical Introduction. By Allan Cunningham. 4 vols. Post 8vo.

LIST OF WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

Recollections of Foreign Travels. By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. 2 vols. 12mo 18*s.*

Memoirs of John Philip Kemble, Esq. By James Boaden, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.*

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BIRTHS.

Jan. 22. The lady of William Holborn, Esq. of Grove Cottage, Peckham Grove, a daughter.
23. At the house of her father, the Right Hon. Sir Henry Russel, Bart. in Wimpole-street, the lady of Thomas Green, Esq. a daughter.
25. At his house, Grosvenor-street, the lady of Dr. Drever, a daughter.
26. In Saville Row, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. Henry E. Bridgeman, a son.
— At Carlshalton, the lady of John Plummer, Esq. M. P. a son.
27. At the Hermitage, Stamford Hill, the lady of Samuel Philip Rickman, Esq. a son.
— The lady of Alexander Dobie, Esq. a son.
29. At his house in Chapel-street, West May-fair, the lady of Edward W. Lake, Esq. a son.
— The lady of Abraham Tozer, Esq. a son.
— In Belgrave Place, Mrs. Berresford Eyton, a son.
30. At Kensington, the lady of Thomas Robinson, Esq. a daughter.
31. In Conduit-street, the lady of Wm. Gilpin, Esq. a son.
— At Hampstead, the lady of Edward Toller, jun. Esq. a son.
— At Dulwich, the lady of Robert Warner, Esq. a son.
Feb. 1. At Bloomsbury-square, the lady of Wm. Ward, Esq. a daughter.
— At Calais, the lady of Roderick Rickandes, Esq. of Penglais, Aberyswith, a son.
— At his Majesty's Victualling Yard, Deptford, the lady of James Marr Brydone, Esq. a daughter.
2. At Brighton, the lady of J. Newton Wigney, Esq. of Regency Square, a daughter.
4. At Brentford Butts, the lady of Dr. Ronalds, a daughter.
5. In Hertford-street, May-fair, the lady of Sir G. F. Hampson, a daughter.
6. In Chancery-lane, the lady of H. A. Merewether, Esq. a son.
8. In Harley-street, the lady of R. W. Hall Dare, Esq. a son.
— The lady of James Window, Esq. of Upper Bedford-place, of a son.
10. In Portland-place, the lady of His Excellency M. Hurtado, the Envoy from Colombia for London, a son.
11. The lady of Thomas Hudson, Esq. of Camilla Lacy, near Dorking, a son.
13. Mrs. Skinner, of Great Portland-street, a son.
14. The lady of Cuthbert Rippon, Esq. of a son.
15. In Bernard-street, the lady of Nathaniel Bowden Smith, Esq. a daughter.
18. The lady of T. R. Kemp, Esq. M. P. a daughter.
19. At Gloucester Place, the lady of George Simpson, jun. Esq. a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 4. At St. Thomas's Mount, Madras, Lieutenant and Adjutant Henry Stilles Foord, of the Horse Artillery, to Myra Ann, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Taynton, of the Hon. Company's Artillery at that Presidency.

Jan. 20. At St. Nicholas Church, Worcester, Capt. C. O. Aveline, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, to Eliza, eldest daughter of A. Maund, Esq. of Worcester.

24. At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Philip Thomas Wykeham, Esq. of Tythrop House, Oxfordshire, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of F. Wykeham Martin, Esq. of Leeds Castle, Kent.

— At Lewisham, Capt. J. C. Docwra, late of the 31st regiment, to Miss Susannah Finch, of Sydenham, Kent.

25. At Tynemouth Church, Northumberland, Wm. Clark Wright, Esq. eldest son of John Wright, Esq. of Walls End, in that county, to Charlotte Sarah, youngest daughter of the late Joshua Parr, of Pentre Park, Carmarthenshire.
26. At Norfolk, Charles Loftus, Esq. third son of General and Lady Elizabeth Loftus, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Colonel John Dixon.
— At Litchfield, Bructon Gibbons, Esq. of Birches Green, near Birmingham, to Eliza Lucy, youngest daughter of the late Charles Leonard, Esq. of Hampstead, Staffordshire.
27. Francis Frederick Rougemont, Esq. of Dulwich, to Marianne, youngest daughter of Alexander Glennie, Esq. of Great James-street.
— The Rev. William Hutton Wilkinson, B. A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, and of Nether Hall, Suffolk, to Eliza Caroline, daughter of G. B. Tyndale, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn Fields.
31. At St. Mary-le-bone Church, Capt. the Hon. Walter Forbes, Coldstream Guards, second son of the Right Hon. Lord Forbes, to Horatia, daughter of Sir John Gregory Shaw, Bart. of Kenward, in the county of Kent.
Feb. 1. At St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, Major Holtwell, R. A. to Amelia, daughter of the late Capt. Elphinstone, R. N. of Belliar.
2. At Greenham Chapel, Berks, Major Henry Bowyer Lane, of the Royal Artillery, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Archibald Thomson, of Jamaica, Esq.
— John Edward Fordham, of Melbourne Bury, in the county of Cambridge, Esq. to Harriet, the second daughter of John Gurney, Esq. King's Counsel.
5. At Framfield, Robert Dodgson, Esq. of Upper Clapton, to Miss Smith, of Taunton.
— Philip Watier, Esq. to Anne, second daughter of the late Wm. Simes, Esq. of College Hill, Shrewsbury.
8. At Hurley, Berks, Capt. the Hon. Charles Leonard Irby, R. N. fourth son of Lord Boston, to Frances, second daughter of John Mangles, Esq.
— At Lewisham, Kent, Lieut. Charles Goullet, R. N. youngest son of the late Peter Goullet, of Heavitree, Devon, Esq. to Emma, fifth daughter of the late Thomas Britten of Forest Hill in the county of Kent, Esq.
12. At the Tower Chapel, F. E. Bryant, Esq. of Kennington, to Frances Jemima, second daughter of J. B. King, Esq. of the Office of Ordnance.
15. At Earl's Colne, Essex, J. P. Burrows, Esq. of Austinfriars, London, to Henrietta, second daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Carwardine, of Colne Priory.
— John Bridges, Esq. of Purbroke Cottage, Hants, to Anne, youngest daughter of Alexander Stewart, Esq. of Huntfield, Lanarkshire, N. B.
16. John Ward, Esq. of Air-street, Picadilly, to Sophia, daughter of John Warren, Esq. of Compton Terrace, Islington.
19. At Ashford, Middlesex, J. E. Todd, Esq. of Bedford-place, to Jane, only daughter of A. Downes, Esq.

DEATHS.

Aug. 3.—At Barrackpore, in the 18th year of her age, Eliza Helen, eldest daughter of Lieut-Commandant Innes, C. B. of the 39th Reg. Bengal Native Infantry.
15. At Hambantote, the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Twisleton, Archdeacon of Ceylon.
Sept. 7.—At Madras, aged 73, Lieut.-General Carey Laladne.
Jan. 5.—Aged 100 years, Ann Paul, of Skipsea, near Brough.
16. At Banff, Bathia, wife of George Robinson, Esq. late Provost of Banff.
17. Aged 29, the Rev. Peter Walthall, M. A. Rector of Wistaston, Cheshire, eldest son of Peter Walthall, Esq. of Darley Dale.
— At Tort Pitt, Chatham, Captain John Pollock, 5th Reg. aged 28.
19. In the 77th year of his age, Nathan Salamons, Esq. of Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury-square.
20. At Lavenham, Suffolk, in his 78th year, the Rev. James Buck, M. A.
21. At Bruges, Thomas Roger Palmer, second son of Sir William Henry Palmer, Bart.
22. In his 49th year the very Rev. William Magenis, D. D.
— In Regent-street, John Woodmeston, Esq. of the Royal Marines, in the 52d year of his age.
23. At his house, in Park-row, Bristol, Benjamin Charlery, Esq.
24. At Lower Edmonton, Middlesex, Captain Ebenezer Clark, aged 51.
— At Chalons, aged 56, the Right Hon. Earl Thanet.
— At Gravesend, John Brown, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Service.
25. At her house in Park-street, in the 81st year of her age, Mrs. Harriot Bagot, last surviving daughter of Sir Walter Bagot, Bart. of Blothfield, Staffordshire.
26. At Pentonville, Alexander Tilloch, Esq. proprietor and conductor of the Star Evening Paper.
— At Bath, John Burnett, Esq. formerly of the British Factory at St. Petersburgh, aged 72.
27. At Spring-bank, Worcestershire, Lady Mostyn, wife of Sir Edward Mostyn, of Talacre, Bart.
29. At Cornwall-Terrace, Regent's Park, Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq.
— In Marlborough-place, Brighton, aged 63, the Rev. Pakington George Tomkyns, L. L. D.
— At Kensington, Amelia, widow of Captain John Warburton.
30. At Grosvenor-place, Bath, Richard Bendyshe, Esq.
31. At Great Baddow, Essex, in the 81st year of his age, Walter Urquhart, Esq.
— At her house in Beaumont-street, Miss F. Doveton.
Feb. 1.—At Bromley, Middlesex, John Shuttleworth, Esq. in his 74th year.
— At Kells, County of Meath, aged 109 years, Mark Begg, Esq.

3. At Bath, Martha Fraser, third daughter of Richard Litchfield, Esq.
— At Brighton, Sir George Shee, Bart. of Lockleys, in the County of Herts.
— In London street, aged 23, Anne Elizabeth, wife of Henry Colombine, Esq.
4. At Hastings, Major James Sharp, of Kincarrathie, Perthshire.
5. At Hackney, Mrs. Lydia Watson, relict of the late W. Watson, Esq. of Homerton, aged 72.
6. At his house in Brunswick-square, Robert Morris, Esq.
7. At his father's, Major-General N. Forbes's house, Sloane-street, Captain Charles Forbes.
— G. P. Carr, Esq. of Lower Edmonton, aged 70.
8. At Winchester, Mrs. Hannah Martin, at the advanced age of 109 years.
9. In Upper Phillimore-place, Kennington, Mrs. Hartle, relict of the late Colonel Hartle.
10. At his house at Darrinane, in the County of Kerry, in the 98th year of his age, Maurice O'Connel, Esq.
11. At Waterford, Roger Cashin, Esq. aged upwards of 105 years.
13. W. W. Prideaux, Esq. of Portland-square, Plymouth, aged 28.
— Arthur Skeene Loftie, Esq. late of Canterbury, in the 78th year of his age.
17. At Falmouth, Michael W. Troy, Esq.
— At his house, Islington, the Rev. W. Draper, in his 80th year.
— Henry Wrottesley, Esq. M. P. for Brackley.
20. Mary, wife of Charles Widder, Esq. of Champion Hill, Camberwell.
21. At Wimbledon House, Samuel Maryat, Jun. Esq. aged 25 years.

PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

(*From Jan.* 24 *to Feb.* 21.)

ENGLISH FUNDS.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LATEST.
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.	238	232	238
3 per Cent. Consols	$94\frac{1}{4}$	$93\frac{3}{8}$	$94\frac{1}{4}$
3 per Cent. Reduced	95	$94\frac{1}{8}$	95
$3\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Reduced	$101\frac{3}{4}$	$101\frac{1}{8}$	$101\frac{5}{8}$
New 4 per Cents.	$106\frac{1}{8}$	$105\frac{3}{4}$	$106\frac{1}{8}$
Long Annuities expire 1860	$23\frac{5}{16}$	$23\frac{1}{16}$	$23\frac{5}{16}$
India Stock, $10\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	$285\frac{1}{4}$	$280\frac{1}{2}$	$285\frac{1}{4}$
India Bonds, $3\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	101 pr.	96 pr.	97 pr.
Exchequer Bills, $2\frac{1}{4}$ per Cent.	66 prem.	62 prem.	62 prem.
FOREIGN FUNDS.			
Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent.	$97\frac{3}{4}$	$96\frac{3}{4}$	$97\frac{3}{4}$
Brazil ditto, ditto	89	$87\frac{1}{2}$	$88\frac{1}{2}$
Buenos Ayres ditto, 6 per Cent.	$92\frac{3}{4}$	$90\frac{1}{4}$	$91\frac{1}{2}$
Chilian ditto, ditto	90	$87\frac{1}{2}$	$89\frac{3}{4}$
Colombian ditto 1822, ditto	93	$89\frac{1}{2}$	92
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto	$92\frac{1}{2}$	89	$90\frac{3}{4}$
Danish ditto, 5 per Cent.	$102\frac{1}{2}$	101	$102\frac{1}{2}$
Greek ditto, ditto	60	$56\frac{3}{4}$	58
Mexican ditto, ditto	83	80	$80\frac{1}{2}$
Neapolitan ditto, ditto	$91\frac{1}{4}$	91	$91\frac{1}{4}$
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent.	$85\frac{3}{4}$	$82\frac{3}{4}$	$85\frac{3}{4}$
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent.	$90\frac{1}{2}$	$89\frac{1}{4}$	$90\frac{1}{2}$
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto	$101\frac{1}{2}$	$100\frac{1}{2}$	$101\frac{1}{2}$
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto	$100\frac{1}{4}$	$99\frac{1}{4}$	$100\frac{1}{4}$
Russian ditto, ditto	$97\frac{5}{8}$	$96\frac{1}{2}$	$97\frac{1}{2}$
Spanish ditto, ditto	$25\frac{1}{4}$	20	$24\frac{1}{2}$

NEW SERIES. No. IV.

CONTENTS OF THE

LONDON MAGAZINE AND REVIEW

FOR APRIL 1, 1825.

THE

LONDON MAGAZINE

AND

REVIEW.

APRIL 1, 1825.

STRUGGLES OF A POOR STUDENT THROUGH CAMBRIDGE.

I HAVE often been surprised at the ignorance which prevails in respect to our Universities. Every body knows that they are large and expensive establishments; and this is nearly all that can be said to be popularly known about them. The sources of their expence, the sort of learning and instruction which they patronize and adopt, the honors and subdivisions of honor which they apportion out, from a Senior Wrangler to a Wooden Spoon, or from a Medallist down to a Bell's Scholar, are a mystery as completely hidden from the common apprehension as the secrets of free-masonry, or the contents of the Bible in the Pope's dominions. If it should happen to be mentioned of any one that he was a Senior Optime, your farmer or merchant would at once set this man down in his mind as a first-class-man at least. If you speak of a Wrangler, it is instantly supposed that he was a most shrewd and obstinate talker; and if you get a step higher, and say such a one was the Senior Wrangler, it is immediately inferred that he must be the very pink of squabblers. To unravel all the mystery that is wrapt up in that word University, is a task which I would not willingly undertake. It would require a measure of information which I pretend by no means to possess, and would require a degree of leisure which I cannot command. What I have to say relates merely to those particular affairs of the University in which I acted a part, and in which therefore I can speak with certainty and to the purpose.

Facts, and the impressions arising on those facts, form the foundation and the substance of the following details. It is now something less than a score years since I graduated in the University of Cambridge. Within a few months after this event, I bade adieu to this seat of learning. In the period which has since elapsed, I have mingled somewhat with the

world, and have been enabled to form an estimate of the intrinsic value of Cambridge honors, and of the practical application of her knowledge. I obtained a very satisfactory share of her academical distinctions, and I had expected that the knowledge which led to these distinctions would have served me, when, leaving the groves and cloisters of Granta, I came to associate with men and take a part in the business of life. That knowledge never has served me. I have found it an useless acquirement, and the period of my academical studies an entire blank in the history of my life. Nor was it merely useless; I imbibed, in common with every other man who engages in the strife of University studies, prejudices that were pernicious, absurd, or ridiculous when put to the touchstone of common sense. I had not therefore merely wasted my time. I had learnt that which it was necessary to unlearn as fast as possible. The period which should have been employed in acquiring information that might have rendered me a useful and enlightened member of society, was wasted in marshalling mathematical symbols, which in the process did not discipline the mind, and which in the acquirement did not prepare it for any useful and active occupation. The man who has expended four years within the walls of this University, has either attended to her peculiar studies, and acquired knowledge which is useless; or he has not, and he departs more ignorant than he came. These were my sentiments when contact with the world had brushed away the first impulses of academical vanity; these remain still my sentiments, after an interval of many years, in which I have had ample opportunity of observing both myself and others.

I was the offspring of indigence,—born in the humblest rank of life; the son of a Cumbrian peasant. My grandfather, by dint of superior talents and industry, had contrived, despite the most unfavourable circumstances, to raise himself to a curacy. The stipend of his curacy was 25*l.* a year; and from the village school, over which he presided for half a century, he earned perhaps half as much more. It was always his wish that my father, his only son, should follow in the same path. In this he was disappointed by the resistance of his son, who thought, perhaps not unwisely, that the farmer of twenty acres, who cultivates his fields by the labour of his own hands, was a richer and more independent man than the starveling curate of some wealthy rector. My father married early in life a woman of some property; they undertook a farm, expended their little means in mismanaging it, and he was reduced to the condition of a day labourer. I was the second son of this marriage, and my grandfather determined, and in this he was supported by my mother, that I should at all events be a parson. I was to scrape as much learning together as I was able in our village school, in a remote, I might almost say a barbarous, district of Cumberland, to commence my career as an usher, and fight my way as well as I was able to a pulpit.

Such was the course prescribed, and a thousand times have I cursed the folly that drove me into the path of learning. But no matter; they

implanted in my mind the first seeds of education, and the first elements of ambition; they thought they could direct at their will the machine which they had put in motion; but here they were mistaken; they had given an impulse which neither they nor I could control.

The first eighteen years of my life were a series of the most various and discordant occupations. At all seasons of the year my studies were divided with sundry farming occupations; in winter, tending sheep, *herding* cattle on our common-fields, or driving them to some more fertile spot, on wild moors and wastes by which we were surrounded, *hoeing* turnips, *looking* corn, joining the hay-makers in that merriest and most happy of all the labours of agriculture, carrying my *half-rig* in harvest, and terminating the year by following the plough to gather the potatoes as they were turned up. As I advanced in years and strength, heavier labours were allotted to me: in winter, thrashing corn; in spring, carting manure, cutting turf, peat, &c.; in the hay season, mowing, and so on. Such were the pursuits which mingled with my successive advances in learning, from the horn-book to Virgil, Xenophon, and Euclid.

While I was pursuing these humble occupations, a latent ambition was slowly but steadily developing its influence within me. I saw myself destined for a liberal profession, and I saw that I was to enter it under circumstances that would oppose serious obstacles to my rising to eminence. I was fond of books, and I loved learning. Yet not entirely for its own sake. I had good but not extraordinary talents; and I felt that my name would never be recorded among the immortal sons of genius. Neither in fact was I ambitious of such reward. Limited as was the range of my experience and information, I felt even then that marble monuments and recorded honors but ill compensate for the want of the luxuries, comforts, and even necessities of life; for all the ills and privations which are commonly the lot of genius. I therefore valued learning merely as an instrument; as the ladder by which I might step into some active and lucrative profession. It was thus I reflected while reposing beneath a sheltering whin-bush, or heap of fern, while I kept my eye on some score of ragged sheep or half dozen *kyloes*. I saw my wealthier school-fellows passing off one after another to the fashionable grammar schools of the North, Carlisle, St. Bees, Appleby, or even Richmond in Yorkshire, to finish their education, or fit themselves for the higher and more liberal studies of an University. I saw their happier fortune, and I envied it; I saw and lamented that with natural endowments at least equal to those of my fellows, I should be compelled to occupy a subordinate station, not only in learning, which I did not very much care about, but also on the arena of public life, where I was more anxious to play a conspicuous part. Year after year I fed on these corroding reflections, and year after year they gained force and energy. Vision after vision presented itself, and as often vanished into thin air. Plan after plan was devised, and as often broke down: there was no solid foundation—I had no materials whereon to construct it. Had I (I said to myself) but been born in the vicinity of some of

our numberless grammar schools, I might have gained substantial classical learning at as cheap a rate as I now get the miserable instruction which our village school affords, and where, had I shown superior talents, they might have been rewarded by an introduction to one of our Universities. I regretted that I had not those shining and conspicuous talents which excite universal admiration, and which rarely fail to find a patron. But in both these respects I was unfortunate. I was no poet—I did not possess any singular faculty of computation, nor, like Porson or the Milners, had I an extraordinary memory. Then again came the question, What could have inspired me with that restless and turbulent feeling which would give me no quiet till I had broken through the bonds that chained me to my present condition? My associates were a set of ragged boys like myself,—they never looked beyond the care of the day; if they had any ambition it was to be the best boxer, wrestler, or leaper in the village. I too mingled in these games, and, against equal weight, was seldom second either in boxing or wrestling. I had never been in society that taught me to look one step beyond my present condition. Then what was the source of my ambition? It was a mysterious thing. Should I ever be able to gratify my desire? This was a question as mysterious, and far more painful.

I was now approaching an age at which, whatever might be the imperfections of my education, it was too late to remedy them in a school. If I could raise any funds at all, and that beyond the savings of my industry was the most problematical thing in the world, the amount would be barely sufficient to support me one year in any place of instruction worth my attention. If they could be raised at all, the only way in which they could be applied so as to meet my views, was by paving my way to one of our Universities. I remembered Wolsey's maxim, "could I but set my shoulders within the precincts of a court, I should soon introduce my whole body." I applied this to my own condition, without pausing to ask whether I might have strength sufficient for the effort. I looked only to the attainment of my purpose; the bolts and bars that stood between me and that purpose I did not see, or I disregarded them.

Under these impressions I started off about the latter end of January, 18—, to visit my maternal grandfather, the only quarter from which I could by possibility obtain any effective assistance. He was a man of a wayward and singular disposition, and had for many years estranged himself from every branch of his family. He had a small property, the accumulation of great industry and economy through a long life, for he was now on the verge of ninety winters; the ruling passion was still strong, and he deprived himself of every thing which could alleviate the infirmities of age. A long day's journey of sixty miles on foot, in the depth of a severe winter, brought me to his habitation, in one of those wild and beautiful dells which insinuate themselves among the masses of mountain on the borders of Yorkshire and Westmoreland.

I stated to him my views, hopes, and prospects, with all the natural

eloquence of youth and enthusiasm. The old man was pleased; I can even now see the stern and rugged features of his fine countenance relaxing into a feeling of sympathy and kindness. He had not for many years heard the voice of affection,—it therefore touched his heart the more readily. His ordinary feelings and acquired habits gave way; he opened out his heart and his purse,—he tendered me 100*l.* and gave me his blessing. How shall I describe the unutterable emotions that swept through my heart; words never did, words never can, express the frantic joy that thrilled through every fibre of my frame. He did not live to see the measure of my success,—to see the realization of that which then concentrated in one absorbing object all my energies, feelings, and desires. Perhaps he could not have appreciated the nature of that success, even had he lived; but he would have rejoiced when he saw me rejoice; he would have been happy when he saw the smile of triumph sparkle on my brow. Neither has he seen the sufferings and privation which awaited me after; and it is some consolation to think that if he did not joy in my success, neither were his last moments saddened by my hopeless fortunes.

I had not thought it necessary to explain to the old man the various preliminary steps which it was incumbent upon me to take before I could be on my way to Cambridge. I had thought it prudent rather to assume tacitly that I had arranged all these matters, although I was in fact nearly as ignorant of them as himself. My station in society was such as entirely to preclude me from any opportunities of coming in contact with collegians. In that part of the kingdom there are very few of them; and those few, though in general far from being among the most distinguished of their brethren, are nevertheless sufficiently conscious of their superiority. Though I say in general the privileged sons of Granta are no ways visibly surpassing their brethren of the "hedge," yet there is occasionally found in that remote and barbarous district, a "great and shining light." At the period of which I am speaking, the Dean of Carlisle was one of the most distinguished scholars and preachers in the kingdom, the late venerable and learned Dr. Isaac Milner, President of Queen's College, Cambridge. To him I determined now to make application, rude and untutored as were my manners, little as I knew my intellectual endowments and literary acquirements were calculated to arrest his attention or procure me his patronage. I well remember how I paused after walking upwards of twenty miles through rain and hail and snow, driven on my starboard by a keen North-easter; how I paused as I stood in front of the venerable pile of Gothic architecture which constitutes the Deanery. I hesitated for a moment, and for the first time in my life felt a mingled sentiment of awe and apprehension, almost amounting to fear. It was but for a moment; I advanced, and gently rang the wicket-bell which led into the garden that fronts the house. I was speedily ushered into the presence of this venerable personage. To those who have ever seen him, I need not say that he was one of the noblest examples of the human form

that nature ever moulded. At this time he was in a very indifferent state of health. His head was wrapped up in a kind of turban cap,—he was sitting on an elevated sofa, and his books and writing materials were scattered over a large desk, whose elevation corresponded with the position in which he sat, or rather reposed. "Well, young man," he inquired with a frankness and kindness of manner which I shall ever bear in grateful remembrance, "and what is your business with me?" I briefly told my errand. "Where had I been educated?" At our village school, was my reply. "What could I read?" I had read Virgil, Horace, the Greek Testament, and the Cyropedia. Horace and the Greek Testament were instantly produced. I read a few lines of the former, and a few verses of the latter. "Very well, young man." "Did I know any thing of mathematics; for if I was looking forward to Cambridge, this was important?" I was an expert arithmetician, and knew something of algebra and geometry. "Can you then demonstrate me the common rule in books of arithmetic for pointing off decimals in multiplication?" This was a novel kind of a question, and I was rather pozed. "Do you know the short rule for reducing the decimal of a pound sterling to shillings and pence?" I explained the operation. "Now can you tell me the reason?" I could not, and he again helped me out. We went through a variety of other arithmetic and algebraic conundrums. I performed the operations rapidly, but was not so skilful in demonstrating. We passed on to geometry. "Can you demonstrate the forty-seventh proposition?" I was lost. I had read Euclid, I knew it thoroughly; but had never considered it expedient to know the propositions by number. He immediately recollected himself, "I should have given you the enunciation,—I mean the proposition about the square of the hypothenuse." I forthwith scrawled the diagram on a slip of paper, and went through the proposition. This was "very satisfactory, very good, very good indeed." And so we went on for a very considerable length of time. He then opened the question of my finances,—went into a variety of details respecting his own affairs when he went to College, and discussed with me my particular condition with as much kindness and consideration as if he had known me for twenty years.

It does not occur to me at present upon what grounds I had made the distinction, but I remember very well that my wish at that time was to be admitted of Trinity or St. John's, in preference to any of the small Colleges. I had in particular a very strong desire to be admitted of Trinity. In this however I was over-ruled. The Doctor, indeed, distinctly stated, that there were no prospects of getting a Fellowship in Queen's College: but still he judged that it would be better for me to be admitted in the meantime a Sizar of that College. Matters being thus arranged, he wrote to Mr. Barnes, the senior tutor, stating in substance that he had examined me, found me competent, and desiring him without delay to admit me a Sizar.

In Cambridge there are three classes of students. FELLOW COMMONERS,

"the licensed sons of ignorance," as somebody has called them. As for the few Noblemen that find their way to Cambridge, they either form a small class of themselves, or mix with that of the Fellow Commoners. Oxford is the proper habitation of these pure and lofty spirits; in Cambridge a Nobleman is so rare as still to be considered a sort of natural curiosity; and when he makes his appearance, is stared and gaped at by every body. PENSIONERS, men of fortune and independence, or, at any rate, enjoying an ample allowance from their parents; as a body, they are altogether superior to the Fellow Commoners in point of respectability, and perhaps of wealth. In fact, the Fellow Commoners of this University are very far from possessing that superiority in station and wealth which their gown intimates; and a very considerable portion of them are military officers, broken tradesmen, married men, and fools, who put on this gown merely to escape certain exercises and restrictions to which they would otherwise be liable.

SIZARS, as every body knows, are poor students, enjoying certain pecuniary privileges, and formerly subject to certain degrading duties and services, which are now abolished in Cambridge. The small Colleges, however, still retain one mark of distinction, compelling them to wear a paltry kind of gown, which I am sure no parish clerk or beadle in the kingdom would put on. Why can they not take a lesson from the two great Colleges, Trinity and St. John's, where this distinction has been long abolished. The services which in days of yore were rendered by the Sizar consisted in ringing the chapel-bell in the morning, serving up the first dish to the Fellows at dinner, &c. When Isaac Milner first went up to Cambridge, these services were still exacted. Happening one day to scatter on the floor of the hall the tureen of soup which was to regale the Fellows, he is said to have exclaimed, in reply to some sharp rebuke, "By G— but when I get into power I will do away with this nuisance." "When I get into power" was the subject of many a burst of laughter over the bottle. They could not see, under his rough dialect and unpolished manners, the future President of the College. They could not see that in a few years he was to be, to use his own expression, the "cock o' the midden" at Cambridge,—without a competitor then as he has been without an equal since.

The intervening period passed rapidly away,—not in that learned preparation which is commonly enjoyed, but in a humble and laborious occupation, which left me little leisure to enlarge my knowledge. October at length arrived; my little equipments were got together, and I started with a heart full of glee and joyous anticipation for the great seat of learning and science. The last sixty miles of my journey I performed on foot. I had been under the necessity of taking from Leeds a coach through the midland counties to London. I was accordingly set down at Woburn; it was about six o'clock on one of the finest October mornings on which the sun ever shone. The coach that runs through this beautiful village, between Oxford and Cambridge, had just passed and I had only the alternative of waiting till next morning, or travelling

through to Cambridge on foot. I preferred the latter, and arrived within sight of King's Chapel spire, "the Freshman's beacon," just as the shades of evening were setting in. A day's journey of near sixty miles, with two preceding days and nights without sleep, had nearly exhausted my strength. As I approached, I inquired the shortest way to Queen's College, and instead of passing through the town, was directed along that beautiful range of gardens, groves, and meadows, which fringe the banks of the Cam, as it rolls lazily along that picturesque line of Colleges which form the Western suburbs. My strength seemed to be renewed as I strode with all the freshness of morning through the fine avenues of towering elms which intersect each other in every direction. Day-light was not quite gone; there was light sufficient to enable me to see faintly the beauty and magnificence by which I was surrounded, while yet the impending darkness threw an air of melancholy grandeur round a spot consecrated to my heart by every association that I loved, and cherished, and venerated.

It was here that Newton had trod while unfolding the laws which govern nature. How often might he have paused on the very spot I was treading, while the inspiration of his genius transported him to the remotest bounds of the universe. It was among these very groves that Milton and Dryden and Gray had sported in their young days. Every tread seemed to re-echo with the voice of genius. Alas! since then the chill of adversity has passed over me, and frozen the youthful current of my blood. I may think of these times, but I cannot recall the feelings that they then inspired. I cannot re-embody the sympathy with which I contemplated the spot which learning, and genius, and time, had conspired to consecrate.

In a few minutes I stood before the entrance of Queen's College. "Can you tell me where I shall find Mr. Barnes?" I inquired of a tall portly personage, just then passing beneath its Gothic portal. "I am Mr. Barnes," was the reply. I explained, and taking my arm under his, he strode across the court. He introduced me to a set of apartments in the New Buildings. "Here," said he, "you must lodge for the night; I have an engagement which requires my immediate attention, but I will send my servant to you, and to-morrow morning you will breakfast with me exactly at nine o'clock." In a few minutes his servant arrived, bringing a large mug of the finest Queen's ale, with a corresponding supply of bread and Cheshire. Spreading a cloth white as the driven snow, on a small mahogany table, he placed his cargo on it, drew it to the fire-place, and left me without saying a single word.

Having applied myself pretty stoutly to the good things set before me, I felt my strength restored, and so little disposed for sleep as to sit up till three or four o'clock in the morning, though this was the third night in which I had had no rest. I now felt myself at leisure to survey, in detail, the fairy land into which I had been so suddenly transported; the rich Brussels carpeting on which I trod, the brilliant chintz hangings which

displayed their folds in all the taste and elegance of Grecian drapery; desks, tables, chairs, of the choicest materials and finest workmanship; the whole room actually covered with pictures, which fascinated my untutored taste: among them a variety of portraits, and in particular one of the President was very conspicuously disposed. A large and costly pier glass was suspended over the fire-place; and directly opposite, on the other side the room, stood another, of corresponding magnitude and beauty. Several large concave and convex mirrors were scattered about. I examined all these and a variety of other objects, to me as novel as they were curious in themselves. At length I rested on the handsome mahogany book-cases. I envied the stores of learning which their possessor must possess, for I had not then found out that there is a material difference between having a good library and possessing the knowledge which it contains. I had no idea that men kept books for show, though I have since learned from bibliopolists that your non-reading men are often the best purchasers. I need not add, that these were the rooms of a wealthy pensioner.

I was next morning punctual to my appointment. Having despatched our breakfast, and discussed sundry particulars principally in respect to the Dean of Carlisle, we set off on our business. In the first place I was shown the rooms which were to be my future habitation. And here there was a wonderful contrast to the magnificent apartments in which I had reposed last night. A tattered carpet which covered half the floor, half a dozen chairs tumbling to pieces, a looking-glass that might have seen a hundred years, two or three boards that were meant for a book-case, filled the sitting-room; the bed-room, a small narrow place, into which I could with difficulty squeeze myself, containing something that had once been a tent-bed, and bed clothes; the gyp-room, being about three feet square or so, and serving as larder, buttery, and kitchen, a place the very smell of which was enough to sicken a Hottentot. Mr. Barnes made some remark about the badness of their condition; but I was entirely satisfied,—they were a set of College rooms, and (which was the cheering consolation) they were to be *mine*. Our next step was to the tailor to procure a cap and gown; we then visited certain cutlery and crockery-ware houses, to get some half dozen cups and saucers with their accompaniments, a pair of candlesticks, fire-irons, &c.; I was introduced to the grocer, and a supply of tea, sugar, candles, &c. were ordered in for immediate use. I was now fairly settled, and nothing remained but to sit quietly down and read mathematics for three or four years.

The first thing that strikes a man when he goes up to Cambridge, is the extreme obsequiousness and rapacity of the College dependants. There is your bed-maker, commonly an old beldame; your *gyp* to run errands, brush your coat, &c.; his name is of Greek origin, and signifies therein a *vulture*, which may sufficiently explain the general character of this animal; your shoe-black, as black as the devil. Besides these,

there are cook's boys, and butler's boys, and I know not how many other, all bowing and scraping as if you were the Grand Seignor. These and the Cambridge tradesmen, all in fact who live by the Colleges, are a set of cringing, knavish varlets, that would stoop to any meanness to empty the pockets of a gownsman.

The whole scene was to me an enchantment. Every object was new. It was a fairy land. I rambled about among the different Colleges, surveying in turn every degree and variety of grandeur from the florid Gothic of King's College Chapel to the chaste and simple Grecian of Downing. I strayed in the various walks where I could range in comparative retirement; the grove of Queen's College, the groves of St. John's, the meadows of Trinity, the fine lawn fronting the New Buildings of King's College—all skirted or intersected by the Cam. Then again the rural walks to the villages in the vicinity, each celebrated for some event which draws to it the solitary student:—in the church-yard of one reposed the remains of some amiable youth, who had perished in the fever that a few years ago spread such melancholy and sorrow through the University; in another rested some student of great promise, who had fallen a sacrifice to intense study; another was sacred to the memory, as being the very place where Gray composed his Elegy. I remember well this small but venerable spot, completely hedged in and overshadowed by holly and cypress, which form a canopy over the church-yard. Then there were the more public promenades; to How-House on the North road; to Trumpington, on the London road; and to the Hills, on one of the Newmarket roads. Here each day, between twelve and three o'clock, may be seen hundreds of gownsmen, exhibiting every variety of gown, from the masses of gold or silver lace, which fringe and epaulette the fellow-commoners' gowns, to the mean and shabby toga of an Emanuel or Pembroke sizar, every cut which whim or fancy could devise, from the curious and indented robe of a professor of civil law to the plain and simple dress of a bachelor of arts.

The University Church, St. Mary's, is an object of the most imposing grandeur. I confess I have never seen any spectacle more calculated to make a deep and lasting impression on the mind. The peals of the noble organ sweeping along its aisles and galleries even now re-echo in my ears,—I can feel the notes of some solemn and irregular movement just dying away as the preacher, preceded by two beadles bearing the Vice-Chancellor's mace, advances toward the pulpit. There are eight preachers annually appointed to fill this pulpit; they are always men greatly distinguished for their learning or their eloquence. During my residence, Dr. Marsh, Bishop of Peterborough; Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of Chester; and Dr. Maltby, were repeatedly among the monthly preachers. They are none of them eloquent men, but their discourses are of course replete with learning and good sense. Dr. Clarke the traveller and late Professor of Mineralogy, was once or

twice appointed within my time. His manner was animated, his composition full of sounding phrases, and his delivery marked by theatrical action; but there was nothing in his sermons. The two most able, impressive, and eloquent preachers that ever ascended this pulpit, in my experience, were the late Mr. Rennell, Vicar of Kensington, and Mr. Benson, the first Hulsean Lecturer. Which of them was the best I never settled in my own mind; but that they were immeasurably superior to any other of their contemporaries, no one could for a moment dispute. The first preacher I heard was Mr. Rennell. I can now picture him to myself, delivering the first text I ever listened to from that pulpit, "He that hath not the spirit of Christ is none of his," in his clear, shrill, and emphatic tone of voice, and with an impressive peculiarity that I have not seen equalled elsewhere. In a sort of galleried recess in front of the pulpit, sit the heads of houses, professors, and doctors; in the capacious central aisle in which the pulpit is situated, sit masters of arts, principally tutors and lecturers of Colleges, men of lank carcases, and thin faces marked and indented, some would say, with the lines of thought; the two side galleries are filled with a multitude of undergraduates and bachelors of arts. Every member of the University is arrayed in his peculiar robes, from the lawn sleeves of the bishop to the purple fustian of the Trinity undergraduate. The residue of the church is occupied by the townsmen and strangers. The *tout ensemble*, as I have said before, is the most striking and impressive assemblage that I have witnessed.

I had formed a very high conception of the interest and importance of college lectures. But I was disappointed, wretchedly disappointed, and so I believe is every man who ever heard them. They are in general little more than a kind of desultory conversation,—meagre, unconnected, and barren, as can well be imagined. In nineteen cases, therefore, out of twenty, they are attended merely because attendance is required by the College. Lectures are universally voted a *bore*, and as things are constituted, nothing can be more ridiculous than to enforce them. To a reading man the lecture-hours are so much time wasted,—to the non-reading men, who merely sit in a corner picking their nails or sketching a caricature, they are a most intolerable nuisance. To me it was a matter of little importance,—I was disappointed to be sure in not seeing realized the *beau ideal* of a lecture. Beyond this I cared little for the matter; I had never relied on the instruction of others, and therefore I did not now feel the want of it. There was a fixed course of study, plenty of the best books, and annual examinations. The lectures served to remind me of the proper subjects of study, and prevented my reading from becoming rambling and ineffective.

The very imperfect and unsatisfactory nature of the College lectures has given rise to a system of *private instruction*, which must be considered on the whole as a great nuisance. Every man now who reads for

academical honours must have his private tutor, if his purse can afford it; this merely adds 100*l.* a year to his expences. Hence if a man of real abilities be elected tutor of a College, he feels himself unable to put forth his whole strength in his public instructions as tutor,—he has his private pupils, and he must reserve for their peculiar use his most valuable information. To act otherwise would take away one half of his pupils. By a regulation, for which we are indebted to Bishop Watson, no one can have a private tutor after the first two years; and the reason assigned was, that the rich may have no unfair advantage over the poor student. I do not understand the logic of those days, but it appears to me either that this is no reason at all, as every man is undoubtedly to make use of the advantages which circumstances have fairly given him, or it would go to do away with the system altogether.

The system is too lucrative to be abandoned,—those who are in the habit of making from 700*l.* to 1000*l.* a year by it, are not likely to put it down. But nevertheless the system is a bad one. In the first place, because it gives the rich student an *unfair* advantage over the poor one; not in the better instruction which it enables him to purchase, and to which he is fairly entitled; but in the circumstance that the private tutor is very frequently the College examiner or the moderator, in which case it is hardly possible that his pupil should not derive some unfair advantage, accidentally perhaps sometimes, and sometimes intentionally. In the next place, this practice of *pupillizing*, as it is called, entirely contravenes one of the great purposes of an University. An University, where it fulfils the end for which it is established, furnishes the best and most useful information, and communicates that information in the best possible manner. But this is only one of its objects—so far, it is nothing more than a mere school or academy of a better order. Another object is, that it should be a means of accelerating the progress of knowledge—and hence its professorships, fellowships, and various endowments, to enable genius and talent to sit quietly down and acquire stores of learning, which would exalt them above the plodding race of mortals, and enable them to be the pillars of truth whenever it should need their support. Such men were Watson, and Paley, and Milner.

This system of pupillizing destroys that end entirely; the best men of every year, as soon as they graduate, receive their full compliment of pupils, six, ten, or a dozen; their studies are laid aside, in most cases no doubt with a future purpose of returning to them. But this purpose is rarely accomplished; they find themselves greatly elevated above their pupils, they think themselves far beyond the rest of the world—they find themselves comfortable — it is a pleasant thing to dictate to a perpetual round of young men of talent and wealth; they are accumulating little fortunes perhaps, if their love of wine parties and gay suppers does not lead them beyond their earnings, which is a very common case, however, even with the most popular tutors—they ac-

quire habits of indolence,—and after a residence of twenty years, instead of possessing the learning of a Rutherford, a Halifax, the vigorous, searching, and intelligent mind of a Watson, a Milner, or a Marsh, they are mere undergraduates, mere algebraists.

Will any one be hardy enough to deny this? I refer him to the history of this University for the last thirty years, and I ask what illustrious men has it produced; I tell him to look among the present race, and ask where shall we find men like Watson, Milner, and Paley. These were men that comprehended all the learning of the University; but they did not confine themselves here—they looked beyond the precincts of *Alma Mater*—they watched the progress of public opinion—they mingled with the mass of its feeling, and they put their shoulders to the wheel, and accelerated or stemmed the progress of public virtue or public error like giants.

These intellectual Titans have been succeeded by a degenerate and pigmy race. I will not stop to comment on the peculiarities or worthlessness of their pursuits; but I shall comprehend every thing, if I say that their discussions are as trifling and unprofitable as the futile questions of the schoolmen in the twelfth century; and that in respect to the quality and degree of knowledge, no one will accuse me of underrating them, if I call them third-rate grammarians and arithmeticians.

There are nevertheless a few names that deserve to be distinguished from the dull mass by which they are surrounded. Herbert Marsh, the Margaret Professor of Divinity, is altogether the first man in Cambridge at the present time. He is an ornament to this University, and he would be an ornament to any society that ever existed. But he was not formed in Cambridge. He went to the Continent very shortly after he graduated—studied theology under Michaelis—ransacked the stores of German literature—wrote one of the ablest periodicals of the day called British Politics Defended, which did this country incalculable service on the Continent, and which finally became so odious to Buonaparte that he proscribed Marsh. He was concealed several months by his host, and attended by his daughter. He was not ungrateful for these services, for he married this lady shortly after his appointment to the Divinity Professorship. He is an intolerant bigot; but he supports his opinions like a man, and is the very best pamphleteer of the day.

At an immense distance below Marsh, but undoubtedly the second in the University, is Smyth, the Professor of Modern History. He is in private life a most amiable man; thoroughly acquainted with his business; a Whig in politics, but his lectures, admirable alike for their eloquence, and various information and profound research, contain not a breath of party spirit. The man who has an opportunity of attending these lectures has reason to congratulate himself on his good fortune; for my own part, I have only regretted since that I did not devote my

days and nights to the mastering thoroughly the rich stores of thought and knowledge which they would have developed. The publication of these lectures would be an invaluable treasure to the youth of this country, but he permits no one to take notes, and I fancy that at all events he does not intend to publish them during his life.

Woodhouse, the Plumian Professor of Astronomy, has added little or nothing to the stock of science. I know not that he has made any attempt at original investigation, except in a paper in the Transactions of the Royal Society on the Rectification of the Ellipse. He has written a multitude of elementary treatises on mathematics, most of them very excellent, and laid the foundation for introducing the continental methods in Cambridge, which was completed by a bold measure of Mr. Peacock, of Trinity.

So much for the public professors. A word or two I must spare for the more conspicuous of the College lecturers and tutors. Mr. W——l, one of the tutors of Trinity, I hold to be by far the nearest approximation to the celebrated trio I have already named. His mind is framed on the same model,—bold, vigorous, and excursive; but circumstances have circumscribed, or rather directed his career into a channel in which he will never descend to posterity. Elementary treatises in science, and he has written the very best that Cambridge ever produced, are temporary in their existence and partial in their circulation. The Apology for the Bible will be read over three quarters of the globe, when every name now in Cambridge shall be forgotten.

Mr. K——g, tutor of Queen's College, graduated some five or six years ago. He was Senior Wrangler, and took that degree with higher distinction than perhaps any other man ever did. He *might* have been one of the first mathematicians of Europe: he *is* the tutor of a college. His extraordinary powers of acquisition, the energy of his mind, and the vigour of his temperament, are wholly employed in making up college bills, arranging college squabbles, and looking after the morals of Freshmen. His knowledge of mathematical science *was* most extensive, and his mastery over it complete. At present the game of whist is his favourite study, and probably he will end his career much more familiar with Hoyle than La Place. The man that might have rescued the name of English science from contempt is fast approaching the honours of a three-bottle man in a tippling college, and of the best whist player in a gambling University. The resident fellow who in his youth spends his afternoons over bad port, and his nights in cardplaying, in the decline of life becomes, as a matter of course, a silly and besotted old woman in a Doctor's gown.

Mr. P——k is mathematical lecturer in Trinity College, one of the translators of Lacroix, and one of the compilers of the Supplement of Examples. He has a clear head and a prodigious industry, has read more mathematics probably than any three men of his age now living: but he does not possess a single particle of invention.

Mr. G——n, a lecturer in St. John's, the neatest and most clear-headed mathematician in Cambridge, the best private tutor, and the best mathematical lecturer in the University. He is an excellent moderator, and his examination papers are models of clearness and judgment. Of any other knowledge, whether of the most ordinary affairs of life, or of questions which occupy the public mind, or are likely to influence the public happiness, he is as innocent as an Esquimaux.

The course of reading for the first year contains a considerable mixture of classical learning. In mathematics, the Elements of Euclid, algebra, and plane trigonometry, including in this last the arithmetic of Sines. As far as concerns the greater part of the Freshmen, this carries them very little beyond their school learning. Besides these there are, I think I may say in every college, two classical subjects,—a book of Tacitus and a Greek play, or a book of Thucydides and Horace's Art of Poetry. When the lecturer is a man of competent ability, these two subjects are made the hooks whereon to hang a huge mass of ancient history, philology, verbal criticism, &c. The foundation of all this is Bentley's Phalaris, the Miscellanea Critica of Dawes, some articles in the Cambridge Musæum Criticum on the Greek Drama, Porson's Preface to his Hecuba, Mitford's Greece, &c. The examination on these subjects at the end of the year consists of oral questions on the books which are made the subject of lecture, original composition in Latin and Greek, prose or verse, or in papers of questions drawn principally from the sources to which I have alluded.

In St. John's, and the smaller Colleges, theology and moral philosophy enter largely into the subjects of the first year. Butler's Analysis, Paley's Evidences of Christianity, Paley's Moral Philosophy, Locke on the Understanding, are the text books. The speculations of Helvetius, Condillac, Reid, Smith, Stewart, Brown, Say, Ricardo, and Bentham, are scarcely even known by name,—of course they are not read and studied. In some Colleges, as Trinity, these subjects are all disposed of in one year, (the second); in others, as Queen's, they are divided into the two first years; and in others, as St. John's, they are dribbled over the three years.

In every College, mathematics form the most prominent subject of lecture and reading in the second year. The subjects are the elementary portions of the differential and integral calculus, statics, and dynamics, and perhaps a little optics or plane astronomy.

Newton's Principia, and the higher branches of the differential and integral calculus, with its application to the various branches of natural philosophy, constitute the reading of the third year.

The Michaelmas Term which commences the fourth year, and which completes the regular period of academical study, is devoted to revision and preparation of all the subjects for the examination in the Senate House for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts. The examination takes place

in the Senate House immediately after Christmas; it embraces the entire body of students who came up the October three years preceding.

To any man competent to form a due estimate of the present state of knowledge and science, and whose attention has ever been directed to the principles which should regulate the development and cultivation of mind, the preceding details must exhibit a very imperfect and unsatisfactory system. How much of this academical learning is likely to serve a man in his intercourse with the world? To how very small a number of minds are these studies congenial. In what way can this be said to be a suitable preparation for the church, the bar, or the senate? Knowledge is said to be power, and the acquirement of knowledge should therefore give a man power; but what influence over his fellow citizens will knowledge such as I have been describing bestow on the greatest proficient?

During the whole period of my academical career I had two points constantly before me—the management of my small resources, and the progress of my studies. The former commonly presented the more difficult and always the most distressing problem. The total amount of my ways and means, when I arrived at Cambridge, was perhaps a little short of 150*l.* Had I remained at Queen's College during the whole of my course, with this sum and due economy I could have met all demands. The first money I paid was 15*l.* caution money. This is always paid either at admission or during the first term, and was originally supposed to be a security to the tutor for the payment of one term's bill. My bill for the first term, including the furniture of my rooms, was 45*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; that of my second term, 19*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; and that of the third term was nearly 30*l.* This last sum was not paid till I returned to College after the first summer vacation. A sad inroad was already made into my finances; but had I not taken it into my head to remove to Trinity, all would have gone on very smoothly; for in the first place I had got the appointment of Chapel Clerk, which was about 20*l.* a year, and my tutor had given me the benefit of some half dozen small scholarships, equivalent to perhaps as much more; in the next place the amount of my bills would have been considerably less; and in the last place I had got a pupil, from whom I was to receive 14*l.* a term, or 40 guineas for the three terms. Every thing, therefore, in respect to my finances, bore a pretty favorable aspect; but for reasons which I shall explain presently, I chose to remove to another college; by which, in the first place, I forfeited my clerkship and scholarships; in the next place I incurred again all the expences of a Freshman's year; and to complete my calamities, was obliged, for the first year, to take lodgings in the town, which swallowed up what I obtained from my pupil. Here, therefore, at the commencement of my second year, my pecuniary embarrassments began. The first term I paid my tutor's bill; the second I fell into arrear; the third I fell still farther into arrear. During the

second vacation I went down to S———— with two pupils, who were to give me 25*l.* a-piece. This barely covered my expences, and I returned again in October, pennyless. From time to time I continued to take one or more pupils, to furnish myself with pocket money; but I paid nothing to my tutor, till after I graduated, at which period my arrears to him amounted to upwards of 200*l.* I got a scholarship at Trinity, which is equal to 40*l.* a-year; but by a regulation which does not permit a Sizar to sit till the third year, it came too late to be of any effectual service. Besides these, I incurred debts with my bookseller, and tailor, and other tradesmen, to a large amount. The fact is, that towards the latter part of my career I became extravagant; at all events lost all idea of economy, and this is, I believe, universally the case.

Even among those who go up to Cambridge under the strongest necessity, and with the strictest determination to be economical, very few I believe preserve their purpose entire. Breakfast, tea, supper, and wine parties, are a great source of expence. At first a man is fearful of asking his fellow-student even to take breakfast with him; but when he gets over this scruple, it is accompanied by two conditions—first, that the invitor does not allow more than an hour for breakfast, and next, that the invitee must order his gyp to bring his commons to the invitor's rooms. The first two or three terms usually dissipate the first of these illiberal conditions, and the party seldom breaks up before eleven or twelve o'clock. The second is of course a very freshman's trick, of which he soon learns to be ashamed. By and by he gets invited to the rooms of a second-year'sman, or wealthy pensioner; and he finds, in addition to the commons sent by the buttery, to wit, the fourth part of a half-quartern loaf, and twopenny-worth of butter, a plate of eggs, and some half dozen rounds of toast, swimming in butter. Another step in the march of liberality informs him, that cold beef or ham is also an essential part of a regular breakfast; and lastly, that a Sunday morning party cannot be duly regaled without a further addition of a due quantity of cold fowl and beef-steaks. This is a short view of the progress of a poor man's extravagance in one item. A similar change may be observed in other matters. Thus our freshman is quite shocked at the University practice of scribbling every thing on paper, and he feels more reluctance at wasting an inch square of white paper than he would, at a subsequent period, in throwing half a dozen sheets into the fire, or what is precisely the same thing, converting it into a MS. depository of mathematics. If our student be at all of an enthusiastic and sanguine temperament, books are another expensive article. At first he is unwilling to expend 5*s.* in the purchase of a Treatise on Conics or Algebraic Equations; at the end of his second year or so, though without a single penny to call his own, he will not scruple to bestow 10 or 15 guineas in the purchase of what is called a College Prize. Thus, suppose him at the end of his second year to be a first-class man, he is, according to the usage of most of the Colleges, entitled to a prize of books. One would expect that

these books are furnished by the College: this is not the plan. The student orders any expensive book he pleases; perhaps a splendid edition of Shakspeare, which is richly bound, and engraven with the College Arms, according to order. This book is sent in to the Tutor or Dean, or some other official person, and on a given day annually, usually the Commemoration-day, is presented in due form to the Prizeman, as the reward of his talents and industry. Towards this magnificent set of books the College contributes, perhaps, from 15 to 30 shillings; they are put up in his library, and shown to his friends as a prize, the gift of his College. The hoax is of course perfectly understood in Cambridge, but it passes off with great *eclat* among country cousins.

In this way are generated habits of the most thoughtless extravagance, and to the gratification of these habits there is no check. The tradesmen of Cambridge will give credit to almost any amount, without any inquiry as to the means of the student. They are perfectly aware that his future situation will be such as to compel him, at whatever personal privations, to meet their exorbitant bills. It is thus that many a hapless victim of inexperience and cupidity is rendered miserable for life. His Cambridge debts hang on him like an incubus, break up his spirits, and baffle his best exertions. I speak from experience, for I have bitterly felt the effects of this system. It is useless to moralize about the matter; it is folly to condemn the extravagance of youth, when there is every thing to stimulate, and nothing to control. Youth, despite the sagest counsel and the strongest admonition, is youth still, thoughtless, and fond of show and pleasure. But let me pass on from this painful subject to sketch the progress of my studies.

At the annual examination of Freshmen, I was the first. I completely distanced my competitors, who were not men without talents, had had the very best means of instruction, and had come up apparently with as good and resolute a determination as I did. One of them in particular, the son of a Lancashire clergyman, showed wonderful play. It did not satisfy his craving desire of knowledge to read from eight or nine o'clock in the morning till twelve or two the next morning; but he regularly sat through the whole night, once or twice a week, keeping himself awake by strong doses of tea or coffee. I was content to let seven or eight hours a day serve my purpose. I now discovered that a vigorous mind may get through a good deal of work in two or three hours, and I found that these close sitters were men of little physical activity, and that their plan soon led them into habits of mental indolence. I read hard for two or three hours in the morning, and the like again in the evening, and the rest of the day I ranged about the town, or rambled four or five miles into the country, alternately conning over some proposition mentally, or picking up an adventure, as accident or inclination served.

Early in my second year I removed to Trinity; this was a very unusual step, and was very freely censured. I had ruined myself, said my friends; I should get finely trounced by the men of Trinity, said my

rivals and enemies. I was at that time looking for a fellowship, and there was no chance for me at Queen's, my county being full. They could, indeed, have elected me by *dispensation*, a privilege which of late years they had very frequently put in practice. But, though exceedingly unwilling to let me leave them, they would give me no promise, nor even the least hope that they would elect me by *dispensation*. They had, they said, come to a determination, never to elect again by dispensation, whatever might be the merit or the claims of the candidate. It is somewhat curious, therefore, that they should again exercise this privilege (as I perceive they have recently done) in favour of an individual whose learning or acquirements were certainly no way remarkable. So much for their consistency. But Queen's is an Evangelical College: and this young man may be some fair sprout of godliness. For the profession of certain theoretical opinions, attendance at a certain place of worship, a thorough conceit of their own goodness, and a due contempt and pity for the rest of mankind, who are running "the nether gate," is a surer recommendation than talents and learning, however adorned by beauty of moral demeanour.

Under sad difficulty, discouragement, and despondency, the second year wore away; the examination of junior sophs came, and I was in the first class. This sufficed to stop the clamour of evil wishers; but kind friends whispered to me that I was not the first, and this was enough to humiliate me deeply. The names are arranged alphabetically, and, in fact, it ought not to be divulged what is the real order of the names in the class. But some chicken-hearted examiner always lets out the secret to his pupil or particular friend in great confidence, and, notwithstanding the said confidence, it instantly ceases to be a secret.

Time, in despite of our cares, anxieties, and wishes, keeps marching on with stealthy but steady pace; the expiration of the third year arrived, and found me well seasoned for the combat. The last examination had given me some experience, and its result had somewhat sharpened my exertions. I was in the first class again—first in that class—first beyond all comparison.

Notwithstanding the clear and decided success which had always followed the vigorous exertion of my powers, I was continually depressed with the fear of not reaching the place in the Senate House which I had fixed for myself. There was a very general and a very strong impression that we were not to have the senior wrangler at Trinity. The second place, I did not value at a rush. If I was not the senior, it mattered not to me whether I was second or wooden spoon, the first of the Apostles or the last. I had a strong conviction that if I had any thing like fair play, that was my place. But still there had been one or two fits of idleness in my career; I had laboured under great pecuniary difficulties, which were constantly pressing on me, and not a day passed over my head but my cares were divided with more or less of bitterness between my studies and the necessities of my situation. These circum-

stances bore heavily upon my spirits, and, notwithstanding the success which had always attended my efforts, made me doubt whether I should realise my dearest dream, and obtain that one place which for years had been the sole animating principle of my heart.

The ensuing vacation I remained in my garret at Cambridge, which is during the solitude of summer one of the most miserable places in christendom. Every body was gone into the country, except two or three, like myself, who had not the means to indulge in that luxury. The reading men had formed into little parties, and with their tutors, scattered themselves among the most beautiful and romantic spots in the kingdom. The men who stood in my way had retired together into Wales with Mr. G——n, thus having in their little coterie all the stimulus of competition, for it was not certain which of them was really the best, and all the advantage which could be derived from the ablest instructions. I spent the summer, and indeed the whole six months previous to graduating, in alternate fits of hard reading, flute playing, and despondency. I know not what put it into my head, but, during the whole of this period, when every minute should have been treasured up, I practised on the flute several hours each day. The return of October brought us once more together. Much was expected by their tutors of the men of St. John's, and, as commonly happens in such cases, no pains were spared to render them worthy of their expectations. Three or four times every week they were examined in succession by every tutor and lecturer in the College; they daily received private instructions, they were initiated into all the mysteries of the Senate House; in a word, as far as discipline could go they were perfect,—so they were reported in the University; it was boldly asserted that there had not been so strong a year in St. John's for the last twenty; the first five wranglers were theirs beyond doubt or question. Of recent years they had been beaten over and over again by Trinity, but this year they were to wreak their vengeance in a signal and unsullied triumph. In Trinity, a course the very reverse of all this is pursued; the men of Trinity are left to fight for themselves, to trust in their natural strength rather than in those aids and skill which training and discipline bestow. Under these circumstances, the hope which I had long and fondly cherished gave way. To add to my difficulties, my finances were getting more and more embarrassed, and I found myself in my very last term under the necessity of taking pupils. On these pupils and my flute I expended daily five or six hours up to the very week of examination. I fell into despair, and became reckless and indifferent as to the event of the approaching struggle.

The final chance was now at hand, the indifference which I had felt for some months was suddenly changed into the most intense and increasing anxiety; the ambition which I thought had died away had only been slumbering,—I made a desperate effort, and I carried off "the single diadem of the

SENIOR WRANGLER."

BARBARA S——.

On the noon of the 14th of November, 1743 or 4, I forget which it was, just as the clock had struck one, Barbara S———, with her accustomed punctuality, ascended the long rambling staircase, with awkward interposed landing-places, which led to the office, or rather a sort of box with a desk in it, whereat sat the then Treasurer of (what few of our readers may remember) the Old Bath Theatre. All over the island it was the custom, and remains so I believe to this day, for the players to receive their weekly stipend on the Saturday. It was not much that Barbara had to claim.

This little maid had but just entered her eleventh year; but her important station at the theatre, as it seemed to her, with the benefits which she felt to accrue from her pious application of her small earnings, had given an air of womanhood to her steps and to her behaviour. You would have taken her to have been at least five years older.

Till latterly she had merely been employed in choruses, or where children were wanted to fill up the scene. But the manager, observing a diligence and adroitness in her above her age, had for some few months past entrusted to her the performance of whole parts. You may guess the self consequence of the promoted Barbara. She had already drawn tears in young Arthur; had rallied Richard with infantine petulance in the Duke of York; and in her turn had rebuked that petulance when she was Prince of Wales. She would have done the elder child in Morton's pathetic after-piece to the life, but as yet the "Children in the Wood" was not.

Long after this little girl was grown an aged woman, I have seen some of these small parts, each making two or three pages at most, copied out in the rudest hand of the then prompter, who doubtless transcribed a little more carefully and fairly for the grown-up tragedy ladies of the establishment. But such as they were, blotted and scrawled, as for a child's use, she kept them all; and in the zenith of her after reputation it was a delightful sight to behold them bound up in costliest Morocco, each single—each small part making a *book*—with fine clasps, gilt-splashed, &c. She had conscientiously kept them as they had been delivered to her; not a blot had been effaced or tampered with. They were precious to her for their affecting remembrancings. They were her principia, her rudiments; the elementary atoms; the little steps by which she pressed forwards to perfection. "What," she would say, "could Indian rubber, or a pumice stone, have done for these darlings?"

I am in no hurry to begin my story—indeed I have little or none to tell—so I will just mention an observation of hers connected with that interesting time.

Not long before she died I had been discoursing with her on the quantity of real present emotion which a great tragic performer experiences during

acting. I ventured to think, that though in the first instance such players must have possessed the feelings which they so powerfully called up in others, yet by frequent repetition those feelings must become deadened in great measure, and the performer trust to the memory of past emotion, rather than express a present one. She indignantly repelled the notion, that with a truly great tragedian the operation, by which such effects were produced upon an audience, could ever degrade itself into what was purely mechanical. With much delicacy, avoiding to instance in her *self*-experience, she told me, that so long ago as when she used to play the part of the Little Son to Mrs. Porter's Isabella, (I think it was) when that impressive actress has been bending over her in some heart-rending colloquy, she has felt real hot tears come trickling from her, which (to use her powerful expression) have perfectly scalded her back.

I am not quite so sure that it was Mrs. Porter; but it was some great actress of that day. The name is indifferent; but the fact of the scalding tears I most distinctly remember.

I was always fond of the society of the players, and am not sure that an impediment in my speech (which certainly kept me out of the pulpit) even more than certain personal disqualifications, which are often got over in that profession, did not prevent me at one time of life from adopting it. I have had the honour (I must ever call it) once to have been admitted to the tea-table of Miss Kelly. I have played at serious whist with Mr. Liston. I have chatted with ever good-humoured Mrs. Charles Kemble. I have conversed as friend to friend with her accomplished husband. I have been indulged with a classical conference with Macready; and with a sight of the Player-picture gallery at Mr. Matthews's, when the kind owner, to remunerate me for my love of the old actors (whom he loves so much) went over it with me, supplying to his capital collection, what alone the artist could not give them—voice; and their living motions. Old tones, half-faded, of Dodd, and Parsons, and Baddeley, have lived again for me at his bidding. Only Edwin he could not restore to me. I have supped with ——; but I am growing a coxcomb.

As I was about to say—at the desk of the then treasurer of the old Bath theatre—not Diamond's — presented herself the little Barbara S——.

The parents of Barbara had been in reputable circumstances. The father had practised, I believe, as an apothecary in the town. But his practice from causes which I feel my own infirmity too sensibly that way to arraign—or perhaps from that pure infelicity which accompanies some people in their walk through life, and which it is impossible to lay at the door of imprudence—was now reduced to nothing. They were in fact in the very teeth of starvation, when the manager, who knew and respected them in better days, took the little Barbara into his company.

At the period I commenced with, her slender earnings were the sole support of the family, including two younger sisters. I must throw a veil over some mortifying circumstances. Enough to say, that her Saturday's pittance was the only chance of a Sunday's (generally their only) meal of meat.

One thing I will only mention, that in some child's part, where in her theatrical character she was to sup off a roast fowl (O joy to Barbara!) some comic actor, who was for the night caterer for this stage dainty—in the misguided humour of his part, threw over the dish such a quantity of salt (O grief and pain of heart to Barbara!) that when he crammed a portion of it into her mouth, she was obliged sputteringly to reject it; and what with shame of her ill-acted part, and pain of real appetite at missing such a dainty, her little heart sobbed almost to breaking, till a flood of tears, which the well-fed spectators were totally unable to comprehend, mercifully relieved her.

This was the little starved, meritorious maid, who stood before old Ravenscroft, the treasurer, for her Saturday's payment.

Ravenscroft was a man, I have heard many old theatrical people besides herself say, of all men least calculated for a treasurer. He had no head for accounts, paid away at random, kept scarce any books, and summing up at the week's end, if he found himself a pound or so deficient, blest himself that it was no worse.

Now Barbara's weekly stipend was a bare half guinea.—By mistake he popped into her hand a—whole one.

Barbara tripped away.

She was entirely unconscious at first of the mistake: God knows that Ravenscroft would never have discovered it.

But when she had got down to the first of those uncouth landing-places, she became sensible of an unusual weight of metal pressing her little hand.

Now mark the dilemma.

She was by nature a good child. From her parents and those about her she had imbibed no contrary influence. But then they had taught her nothing. Poor men's smoky cabins are not always porticoes of moral philosophy. This little maid had no instinct to evil, but then she might be said to have no fixed principle. She had heard honesty commended, but never dreamed of its application to herself. She thought of it as something which concerned grown-up people—men and women. She had never known temptation, or thought of preparing resistance against it.

Her first impulse was to go back to the old treasurer, and explain to him his blunder. He was already so confused with age, besides a natural want of punctuality, that she would have had some difficulty in making him understand it. She saw *that* in an instant. And then it was such a bit of money! and then the image of a larger allowance of butcher's

meat on their table next day came across her, till her little eyes glistened, and her mouth moistened. But then Mr. Ravenscroft had always been so good-natured, had stood her friend behind the scenes, and even recommended her promotion to some of her little parts. But again the old man was reputed to be worth a world of money. He was supposed to have fifty pounds a year clear of the theatre. And then came staring upon her the figures of her little stockingless and shoeless sisters. And when she looked at her own neat white cotton stockings, which her situation at the theatre had made it indispensable for her mother to provide for her, with hard straining and pinching from the family stock, and thought how glad she should be to cover their poor feet with the same—and how then they could accompany her to rehearsals, which they had hitherto been precluded from doing, by reason of their unfashionable attire,—in these thoughts she reached the second landing-place—the second, I mean from the top—for there was still another left to traverse.

Now virtue support Barbara!

And that never-failing friend did step in—for at that moment a strength not her own, I have heard her say, was revealed to her—a reason above reasoning—and without her own agency, as it seemed (for she never felt her feet to move) she found herself transported back to the individual desk she had just quitted, and her hand in the old hand of Ravenscroft, who in silence took back the refunded treasure, and who had been sitting (good man) insensible to the lapse of minutes, which to her were anxious ages; and from that moment a deep peace fell upon her heart, and she knew the quality of honesty.

A year or two's unrepining application to her profession brightened up the feet, and the prospects, of her little sisters, set the whole family upon their legs again, and released her from the difficulty of discussing moral dogmas upon a landing-place.

I have heard her say, that it was a surprise, not much short of mortification to her, to see the coolness with which the old man pocketed the difference, which had cost her such mortal throes.

This anecdote of herself I had in the year 1800, from the mouth of the late Mrs. Crawford* then sixty-seven years of age (she died soon after); and to her struggles upon this childish occasion I have sometimes ventured to think her indebted for that power of rending the heart in the representation of conflicting emotions, for which in after years she was considered as little inferior (if at all so in the part of Lady Randolph) even to Mrs. Siddons.

ELIA.

* The maiden name of this lady was Street, which she changed, by successive marriages, for those of Dancer, Barry, and Crawford. She was Mrs. Crawford, and a third time a widow, when I knew her.

NIAISERIES OF THE NEWSPAPERS.

Sir,—No one can take up a Newspaper without being disgusted with a number of stupid little paragraphs that go the rounds of the press. The course of the stars is not more certain than that of these niaiseries, when once they are set going, and an experienced quidnunc will calculate their revolution to a day. Some particularly silly nothing, of about half a dozen lines, just fills up a column in a morning paper; it is copied into all the evening papers; and the other morning papers of the next day cannot forego such a clever little thing, that just closes the chinks, and packs their lumber close. The weekly papers are sure to adopt it, seeing how popular it has been with all the daily journals: then it goes the rounds of the country, as the editors of the provincial papers, finding it in all the London papers, copy it as a matter of course into their pages. By the time it has circulated in this way through the United Kingdom, to say nothing of its foreign travels, it is quite forgotten in the place of its birth, except by the unhappy *Constant Readers* of Newspapers, who have always memories miserably tenacious of rubbish. It then travels back to the metropolis, and the editor of some London paper, in want of six lines, with the scissars dangling at his fingers' ends, espying it in the Ballynacrasy News-letter, straightway cuts it out as a novelty, and transfers it to his columns; then it is again set up, and again takes the same circuit, and again comes back like a bad penny, again to go forth. I assure you that I have been so haunted by a paragraph of this kind, that though forewarned of its nature by the customary commencement, "It is an extraordinary circumstance," or, "It is a singular coincidence," I have, after having passed it over with a pshaw in fifty different papers, read it at last in absolute despair, in order to know the worst. You may generally distinguish these niaiseries by this token, that they always begin with an *it*, and end with a note of admiration. They begin with *it*, because a man who has nothing to write always starts with *it*; it is the most pregnant of pronouns, and there is a charming vagueness in its demonstrative quality that leaves it open for the addition of any nonsense; to use the favourite phrase of the trivia, *it* is agreeable to any thing. Put a pen into the hands of a scribbler, and set him writing against time, and my life on it he begins with an IT, for that useful little word is never out of place, and always ready for an amplification; you write it first, and contrive to tack something to it afterwards. At all events it is a good round-about road, an imposing sweep to any nothing a man has got to say. Does he wish to intimate to the universe that the moon is not made of green cheese, see how he ennobles the position by coming to it by the way of *it*—"It is an undoubted truth that the moon is not made of green cheese." By virtue of this pronoun the sentence is exactly doubled, and a meagre proverb is made into a good sonorous mouthful, fit for Dr. Johnson's use. Then as for the notes of admiration with which

a niaiserie generally concludes ;—these marks are ordinarily the tributes which a man pays to his own genius ; when he writes a good thing, he puts one of them as a sentinel or guard of honour over it, lest it should pass unnoticed in the crowd ; the facts of newspapers being for the most part brilliant strokes of invention, the inditers of them are kept in perpetual admiration of their own creative faculty, and bestow the meed of applause on their powers of fancy in these notes from themselves to themselves. Did you ever, Mr. Editor, hear the story of the Irish journalist, who killed a child to fill his paper ? Good manners must compel you to say—No, so I will tell it you. The printer of the paper bawled up the speaking trumpet to the editor, "Sir, we want just three lines to fill the paper." "Kill a child at Waterford then," replied the editor. Anon the printer was again at the trumpet, "Sir, we have killed the child at Waterford, but still want a line to fill the paper." "Contradict the same then," rejoined the editor. Now can we be surprised that men who thus hold life and death in their hand do not exactly understand the rule nil admirari ? Nay, may we not find excuses for them if they are apt to wonder a little too much at their own wonders. A good flim-flam is not the thing to which I object, but what I abominate are the little sneaking fœtid nothingnesses that are copied from paper to paper. During the Session of Parliament, when the two Houses are sitting, the collective wisdom of the nation finds the newspapers abundantly in nonsense ; indeed I am decidedly of opinion, that these assemblies have no other earthly use. But when the Houses are up, or during the summer, there issues forth such a delivery of jests, stale even to stinking, and such swarms of standing niaiseries of all orders, as render the perusal of newspapers an operation the most trying to a man of an irritable temper. Let me disgust you with a few specimens of the niaiseries. People are wont to say to their friends when they find any thing particularly disagreeable, "Do taste it, you cannot imagine how nasty it is ;" and in the same generous spirit let me beg you to observe the examples I am about to adduce of the follies under consideration, for you can have no notion how offensive they are.

The following is an interesting article of intelligence, that appears, mutatis nominibus, some twenty or thirty times in the course of every year.

Bell Ringing.—The ringers of the village of Hollywell, in the parish of Dunderhead, in the East Riding of the County of York, met on Saturday, the 17th inst. and rung round a merry peal of triple bob majors, in the key of D, in the short space of fifty-nine minutes and seventeen seconds (the tenor weighed 3 cwt. 45 lbs.) ; after which the gentlemen partook of an excellent dinner at the sign of the Cat and Bagpipes, at West Barking, in the same parish. In the course of the evening many good catches were sung, and the party did not break up till Aurora, with rosy fingers, unbarred the portals of the East !

This is also a perpetual paragraph—

Horticultural Phenomenon.—It is a remarkable fact, that there is now growing in the garden of Augustus Frederick Tottie, Esq. of Mount Pleasant House, near Whitton, in the neighbourhood of Hounslow, Middlesex, an extraordinary large turnip, weighing 82 lbs. 1 oz. and admeasuring sixty-three inches round the waist. It is a curious circumstance, that exactly forty years ago a turnip, weighing 137 lbs. 8 oz. was produced in the grounds of the same gentleman, and presented to the late King by his gardener. An interesting account of this extraordinary vegetable will be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for the year 1785.

One is always sure to find a sort of stuff particularly out of place or improbable, under the head of

FASHIONABLE NEWS.

It is a remarkable fact, that within the last twenty-three years there have been no fewer than four individuals serving the office of head beadle of Mary-le-bone parish, of the name of Smith!! and what makes the coincidence the more singular, three of the churchwardens during the same period were named John!!! These individuals were in no way related to each other, and they all died before they arrived at the advanced age of ninety!!!!

A statute of lunacy has been issued against a midshipman in the navy, grounded on his repeated applications to the Admiralty for promotion or employment, in consideration of service, and the loss of a leg during the late war. We should not publish this private anecdote were we not assured that it will not give pain to any noble family.

The pleasant farce of Sinners and Saints now performing with unbounded applause, and greeted with roars of laughter at the Haymarket Theatre, is from the pen of Mr. Gurney, the barrister, a gentleman well known in the circles of fun and frolic for his drollery and humour.

Retirement and Promotion.—It is now finally settled that the Lord Chancellor retires from office as soon as he has wound up the causes now in the paper. His Lordship, who has so long filled the woolsack with honour and dignity, will be succeeded by Mr. Horace Twiss. His Lordship is not so rich as was supposed, or as he desired to be.

Literary Novelties.—The forthcoming number of the New Monthly Magazine, published by Mr. Henry Colburn, No. 8, Burlington-street, Bond-street, on the right hand side, exactly two doors from the corner, and eight from the White Horse public-house, corner of Regent-street, will furnish a great treat to the lovers of fun and jocularity, and, indeed, to all classes of readers, from grave to gay, from lively to severe; for, in this periodical, edited by Mr. Campbell, the celebrated author of the Pleasures of Hope, Gertrude, and other popular poems, every taste is catered for, and the feast of reason affords a dish to every palate. There will, in the forthcoming number, be two or more delightful articles from the witty authors of the Rejected Addresses. In "Bubble and Squeak," and "Blowbladder-row," it is not difficult to trace their eccentric and comical genius—Aut Erasmus aut Diabolus!

Narrow Escape.—As a gentleman was walking on the Chain Pier at Brighton, on Tuesday se'nnight, his hat was blown off by the fury of the boisterous element, and had a narrow escape of falling into the briny deep. It is a curious circumstance, that the same individual nearly lost a hat in the very same way some years ago when walking on the pier at Margate!

Brighton is full of visitors, who go there for the invigorating benefit of sea bathing, or to enjoy the salubrity of the saline breezes, which fanned by propitious zephyrs come sweeping over "the dark blue sea" to refresh the exhausted sons and daughters of dissipation, and to revive the roseate blush of health, which the tropical heat of too crowded apartments and procrastinated hours have paled on beauty's cheek! Herrings were sold on the beach yesterday for a groat a bushel, and they are now manuring the land with sprats, such is the plenty of fish in this delightful marine residence!

Yesterday, at 397, Barbican, the lady of Mr. Alonzo Diggles, in the pork line, was safely delivered of three female infants, who, with their amiable and interesting parent, are all doing well.

It is with inexpressible regret that we announce the demise of James Philpot, Esq. who expired at his house, No. 38, Nelson's Buildings, Newington Butts, after dinner, on Sunday last. The late James Philpot, Esq. was the sole proprietor of the "Three Jolly Tars" in Rotherhithe, he was in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and if he had lived two days longer, would have died on the anniversary of his lamented lady's death, which long to be regretted event took place on the third of March, 1784. Mr. Philpot was the second son of the late John Doe Philpot, Esq. of Chancery Lane, an officer in the service of the Sheriff of Middlesex. Trained in the paths of justice and liberality, he steadily followed those principles which he had early imbibed; he was an inflexible patriot, and voted for Sir Francis Burdett, and was used frequently to observe that liberty was the birthright of Britons, and Magna Charta their inheritance—of him it may be truly said that to the sublimest energies of the cultivated mind, and the views of the consistent politician, he joined the milder virtues of domestic life. His religion was without hypocrisy, his friendship without guile, and his establishment for the entertainment of the public was conducted on the strictest principles of honour and integrity. On his eldest son, a gentleman who bids fair to emulate his father's virtues, the premises at Rotherhithe, with the large and choice assortment of *genuine* liquors in the extensive cellars, have devolved.

William Stewart, who was discovered attempting to set fire to Maynooth College, was discharged, after a suitable admonition from the worthy magistrate, to be more circumspect in future.—*Irish Paper.*

Lamentable Accident.—It is with great pain that we inform our readers that as Mr. James Dobbs, the landlord of the Cock and Bull public-house in Gravel Lane, was going down into his cellar with a green glass quart vessel, such as the juice of the grape is com-

monly sold in, in his hand, for the purpose of drawing some vinegar out of a cask of beer, his foot slipped on the last step but one, and he was precipitated from the top to the bottom! The bottle flew out of his hand, and was dashed into a thousand countless atoms, so that it is rendered wholly unserviceable as a recipient of vinous liquors, or, indeed we may say, of any other fluids; the landlord was picked up by Mr. Christopher Higgins, the pewter collector of the establishment, unhurt. It is a singular circumstance, that the cork in the mouth of the bottle received no perceptible injury, while the bottle itself was next to annihilated!! Mr. Dobbs' lady, who is five months gone with her ninth child, of whom eight are now living, was much alarmed at the noise made by her husband in his descent, and remarked to a neighbour sitting in the bar, that she thought something must have fallen down!

Curious Coincidence.—It is a curious coincidence that James Hogg, aged thirty-three, was hung for house breaking, at the debtor's door, Newgate, on Monday, the 5th of March, and that, strange to say, the father of this very man died at York at the age of fifty-two, on the 7th of August, 1819!!!

Uncommon Mildness of the Season.—Mr. Polhill, of Penryn, has now a rose in blossom in his garden.

Unparalleled Severity of the Opera Season.—Such has been the unparalleled severity of the Opera season, that the fashionables at the Haymarket Theatre on the first night of its opening were all frost-nipped, though the house was thoroughly aired and warmed in the bills and advertisements in every part. The public were sadly blown about by the cutting blasts from the stage, but this, the wags said, was to be expected under the *Air town* management.

Remarkable Instance of Sagacity in a Dog.—On Saturday last, a labouring man named Baldwin, in the employ of Mr. Stokes, of Weymouth, had his dinner brought to him as usual by his second daughter, an interesting little girl of nine years of age, in a covered wicker basket. But being unexpectedly called away for a few moments, his faithful dog (which is a sagacious quadruped, of the terrier breed, curiously dotted over his eyes with light brown, or tan-coloured spots, and partially web footed) most unaccountably abstracted the poor man's fare, for, on his return, the basket was found lying upon its side, and quite exhausted!!!

Under the head of Fashionable News, I often observe a niaiserie scandalously pointed in its allusion to persons: for example,

We understand that a fascinating Syren will shortly be led to the hymeneal altar by a gallant son of Mars!

Rumoured political changes are uniformly particularly queer.

Retirement of Lord Liverpool!—It is confidently asserted in the higher circles, that Lord Liverpool is about to retire from his Majesty's councils, his Lordship having unfortunately lost the royal favour, as it is said, from his persisting to wear in the morning ill fashioned, baggy, blue

kerseymere pantaloons, tied with worsted strings at the ancles, with white cotton stockings, and surprisingly large leather bound shoes; a style of dress to which his Majesty has more than once expressed his most unqualified dislike. The noble Earl, however, with that independence which marks his character, refused to compromise his inexpressibles, and a rupture has consequently taken place. Boots or trowsers with continuation in office were offered to his Lordship, we understand, but he rejected both with great firmness. It was then proposed to refer the matter to the arbitration of Mr. Weston, the King's tailor, but this also was declined. Thus the matter rests at present! We shall keep our eyes on this delicate affair, and shall give our readers the earliest intelligence of every thing that occurs in the progress of it.

SECOND EDITION.—Half past two o'clock. We stop the press to announce that we have nothing to communicate!

POLICE REPORTS.

Bow-street.—Kiddy Higgles, a youth of gentlemanly exterior and fascinating manners, in the dust line of business, was this day brought up under a charge of bastardy to this office. He was attired in a kind of jacket, something similar in shape to that worn by sportsmen, a pair of red small clothes, of the same colour as those worn by the 10th hussars, worsted stockings, and short gaiters, with a belcher handkerchief tied negligently about his neck, and a broad brimmed beaver on his head; altogether his appearance was vastly genteel and highly prepossessing, and, together with the interesting nature of the charge and his fascinating address, made a great impression on the spectators. The parish officers failing to appear, the young gentleman was remanded.

Nimble Ned, a noted dandy pickpocket, stood fully committed for stealing a gentleman's watch and seals. The prisoner was dressed in the extreme of the fashion in an embroidered shirt collar, silk kerchief round his neck, a green coat with white basket buttons, corderoy small clothes, cotton stockings, and high-lows. His exterior was finically exquisite, but his manners were *fascinating* in the extreme.

But why should I give examples of the style of police reports? Look at this, or any morning's paper, and you will observe that all the men who are charged with gallantry, swindling, or picking pockets in a genteel way, have *fascinating* manners, that all those youths who do not wear smock frocks are fashionably dressed, and that all young women are at the least *interesting*—as for the *comic* slang I loathe it too much to cite it.

BOULOGNE SUR MER.

At Boulogne Sur Mer, on the 15th inst. William Soames, Esq. formerly of Bow-street, Covent-Garden, terminated his earthly career amidst the regrets of his admiring and sympathising countrymen of that place. The remains of this public man were followed to the tomb by at least six hundred of the English inhabitants. A plain marble

slab marks the spot where all that was mortal of him rests, and the subjoined inscription, the production of the *genius loci*, will, it is hoped, seldom fail to command the tribute of a tear from the eye of unsophisticated sensibility. That the rigid moralist may tax the memory of Soames with irregularity we shall not deny, but which of us frail mortals is faultless? and *de mortuis nil nisi bonum!*

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
WILLIAM SOAMES, ESQ.
WHO
DIED AT BOULOGNE
SUR
MER, 15 MARCH, 1825,
Aged 38 Years two Months.

The Expatriated English Inhabitants of this Place erected this Monument
TO
Perpetuate the Memory of
THOSE VIRTUES
AND
TALONS
They admired in HIM,
——— "Who held the Strand in awe,
By slight of hand, and nimbleness of paw!"

P. P.

THE LAY OF ARION.

O thou pure sky of Greece! most lucid dome
  Of all the heavens, that makest the sapphire pale;
Within thy depth the mountain hath its home
  Whose head is cleft by that disparting vale
Which Delphi's towers o'erlook'd: O could I roam
  The craggy hollows of each upland dale
Where bursts the bay-tree, and, within the cave,
List the chimed echoes of its vapoury wave!

Then should those priestesses, that served of yore
  In temples of the sun, the guardian maids
Of medicinal spells and legend lore,
  Threading with voice and lyre their altar's shades,
Or kindling turret-torch on sea-beat shore,
  Isle-nymphs or Syrens, but, in thy green glades,
As Muses known, all bloomingly appear
To unveil'd sight, with lute, and mask, and sphere.

And on their tongue a thousand thrilling tales
  Should dwell, and glorious shapes around them throng;
Barbaric warriors in their brazen mails,
  And queens, half-goddesses, should haste along;
Ulysses reef his tempest-shattered sails,
  And Circe warble her enchanted song:
Mother of old romance! O fancy's child!
Fain would I catch those numbers quaint and wild!

As he had caught them, who by moonlight lay
  Half up the sacred hill; when beauty smote
His vision, moulded of the lunar ray,
  And sighs and murmur'd kisses nigh would float
Warm-breathing in his ear; in that soft day
  Shone pearly smiles, and looks that made him doat
Almost in dreamy madness, and leap wild
In his tranced slumber like a happy child.

He, who beheld along that gloomiest vale
  Gigantic Gods, outstretch'd in mute despair,
Lie motionless, and scann'd the features pale
  Of ancient Saturn with his grief-blanched hair,
And saw the brightness, as from brazen mail,
  Shot by Hyperion through the dusky air,
When on the cliff he stood, and gazed below
In ruth and anger of his passioned woe.

Such lays I would were mine; or were it given
  To sing thee, Greece! upstarting from thy thrall;
By thy keen atagan the turban riven,
  And Scio breathing from her bloody fall;
The angel arm of Justice bared from heaven,
  And tyrants trembling in their silent hall:
The solemn hush'd suspense of patient earth,
And throes of nations struggling to the birth.

Then would I snatch thy own Alcæan lyre
  And wake its chords to that immortal day
Which wrapp'd th' Ægyptian prow in lurid fire;
  But none save he could build such lofty lay
Who chose for thee and with thee to expire,
  Breathing too soon his lavish'd life away;
And fixing on the azure of thy skies
The last fond glances of his fading eyes.

And since to die, 'twere best he died with thee;
  Thy cause has twin'd its laurel round a name
Which many a blight of cold severity

Had breathed upon; nor intellectual fame
Could win for him a little charity,
Nor for some human stains forbearance claim;
And on thy lap he should have slept in pride,
Whose mother land a sepulchre denied.

Yet will the music of her stately tongue
Sound on for ever through his boundless verse;
Yet they who had his noble spirit stung
Received forgiveness as his keenest curse;
And if his strain the traitor despot wrung,
The people's unbought tears bedew'd his hearse;
They saw against his dust the temple closed,
Where kings and slaves of kings in pomp reposed.

And it was fitting thus; and with the free
His tomb should have been raised, and Theseus' fane
Received the generous stranger of the sea,
Who flung back on corrupted power disdain;
Opening his breast to wide humanity,
And claiming kindred with the few, whose chain
Their own nerved hands had snapp'd; and there his grave
He should have found with those he toil'd to save.

Yet deem not, tyrants! that his martyr's toil
Has wither'd like a crush'd and sapless leaf;
That he has left his print upon the soil,
To be out-trodden by the baffled chief
In desperation of his fierce recoil;
There lives th' undying energy of grief
In each Helladian breast; there lives his flame
Of greatness, the salvation of his name.

And now for other strains and milder themes—
The sun-rays dance upon the ocean streams,
And on mine ear the gales melodious swell
That waft the murmur of Arion's shell.
Listen, ye green-hair'd sisters of the main,
The dulcet involutions of that strain!
Are the waves throng'd, the bright and emerald waves,
With damsels trooping from their coral caves,
And does some Triton of the waters blow
His wreathed shell responding, soft, and low?
Does Proteus, that wise patriarch of the sea,
Gaze wistful, drinking in the melody
With startled ear yet soothed, and Amphitrite
Look out from ocean with dilated sight,

And stretch her arms as to that youth's embrace,
Vermillion shame yet struggling in her face,
And oft her head thrown back with wily eye,
Lest the huge arms of Neptune stretching nigh
Should snatch her clipsome waist, and she be pent
In her pearl chamber for this sweet content?
Is such thy audience? are they Gods that hear?
Will nymphs emerging at thy call appear?
But far as to the round horizon's verge
Spreads the void surface of the weltering surge,
What sights! what sounds! wrath, tumult, frowns, and still
Pauses upon the strings thy moveless quill?
Hast thou no touch to give their music breath?
Life's in that sound and in that silence death.
A youth of shapeliest limbs, whose lifted hair,
Shedding its clusters on the ruffling air,
Above the broad brow's pale transparence threw
Reflected shadows of its raven hue,
Stood, as the galley cleft the billowy swell,
Resting his hand upon a chorded shell.
Light dazzled from his upraised eyes; as thought
In their fix'd orbits calm, yet fiery, wrought,
As vision to the inner soul were given,
And powers of sight to pierce the marble heaven.
A shout!—when, starting from his muse, behind
He flings his purple mantle on the wind,
And from the concave lyre draws many a note
Whose echoes in the liquid distance float,
And breath and sense and motion fast are bound
In the delirious maze of dreamy sound.
And sea-birds strange perch'd on the shrouds, or lay
Heaving or sinking in the surgy spray;
And fishes from their element up-sprang,
Winging the air amid the cormorant's clang;
And quivering fins and rustling pinions threw
O'er the ribb'd ship the scatter'd briny dew.
Voices hoarse-threatening sank away: there came
O'er stern-knit sullen features flushing shame:
The tramp of rushing steps was sudden held,
And grasping sinewy arms dropp'd wonder-quell'd
And powerless. In that vessel's hollow hold
Lay treasure of heap'd gems, and regal gold,
And Corinth's ruddy brass; and so the sail,
Hoisted for Lesbos, stretch'd before the gale.
Unweeting youth! that gloriest in thy store,

And deem'st that genius can be paid with ore!
Is not the poet's meed the mine within?
The talisman 'gainst sloth and snaring sin,
And every sordid care and grovelling fear?
Roam'st thou for treasures? they are with thee here.
Now—that the false and vile, though glittering dust
Has waked the mariner's unpitying lust,
And made Erinne's murderous passions rise
In blood-red malice to their gloating eyes;
The wealth kind heaven bestow'd is with thee still;
There is no heart to hate, no hand to kill;
While savage natures gaze and gasp subdued
By that serene celestial fortitude,
And the mysterious breath of poesy
Has quench'd the madness of wrath's kindling eye.

SONG OF ARION.

THE TALE OF ERIGONE.

Alas! thou vine, thou bloomy vine,
  Whose fruits of amethystine hue
Blush through the green spray's flexile twine,
  Alas! that simple men should rue
What Gods in gracious love design,
  Steep'd in their own nectareous dew.

A shape of mist was seen to stand
  Beside the pastoral virgin's bed;
And yet it stretch'd a human hand,
  And slowly waved the hoary head:
The robe was soil'd with gory sand,
  And thus a voice's shadow said:

"Blest art thou, daughter! for thine eyes
  Were spared a sight of grief and dread;
Thine ears a father's pleading cries,
  Thy gentle eyes a father dead:
The vine that we were wont to prize
  Hath from its clusters poison shed.

"It raged within my shepherds' veins,
  It roused to deeds before unknown;
Behold my vesture's witness stains!
  They came with club and crook, and stone:
Yes—they were men—but rocks and plains
  Made answer to my prayers alone.'

The tremulous light of opal morn
  Stole on Erigone's fringed eyes;
And on the twilight's shadows borne
  The image of her slumber flies:
Then leaves her couch that maid forlorn,
  And pale through fold and forest hies.

"Oh! my sweet father! who hath slain
  The life that was the breath of mine?
Livest thou? and shall I prune again
  By thy dear side the shooting vine?
If thou liest breathless on the plain,
  That earthy pillow shall be mine."

She found where in a lonesome brake
  A turfy heap above him lay;
And sigh'd her spirit for his sake
  Among the weeping flowers away;
Then did her dog his station take
  To scare the panther from his prey.

The Gods look'd on—the shepherds strove
  And frantic died by mutual brand;
Icarius 'midst the stars above
  Beams like a God o'er sea and land;
The dog—the daughter of his love,
  A wheat-ear in her shining hand.

He ceased, and from the galley's painted side
Leap'd downwards 'midst the whirlpool-rimpled tide
That ever tossing in its purple swell
Flash'd into snowy radiance as he fell,
Nor sank; a dolphin gambol'd in the spray
With rainbow colours shifting to the day,
Lured by the chime; and in his sorest need
Upheld him, bounding on his ocean-steed:
He sate, his harp his rein, and sent before
Its shrilling sweetness to that Isthmian shore;
And Periander heard the well-known strain
To the shell'd strand approaching from the main.
For day by day since late his arms he threw
Round the loved youth, a secret boding drew
His footsteps seaward: he was fain to gaze
At morn and eve athwart the ocean ways:
And each light rumour cross'd his cheek with pale,
Which told of quicksand, gulf, or whirling gale.

He heard faint music from the distant surge,
And listening bent above the rocky verge.
Is it no vision? does that youth indeed
Unaw'd bestride yon gentle ocean-steed?
Fond impious mortal! shall thy faith despair?
The Gods have ministers in seas and air:
And wrapt in their impenetrable shade
Watch with their sleepless eyes and arm and aid.
He leans upon thy breast; his eyes are cast
Back at the watery perils he has past:
Far as the eye can reach, one sweep of wave
Blackens and heaves; heaven darkens like the grave:
One ship—a far-seen speck—is snatch'd to sight
As the crook'd lightning sheds its streaky light;
It rolls and reels; enlarging, nearing fast,
And sail-less, helmless, drives before the blast;
And ploughs the sand, a living buoyant wreck;
The wild-eyed crew leap from the riving deck
Grappling the rocks; they meet the death they shun,
Blackening on crosses to the reeking sun.

OLEN.

TREMAINE, OR THE MAN OF REFINEMENT.*

THE Preface of this Novel is quite a treat in its way; it commences with the burden of an old song that we never expected to hear again, touching the sin of luxury, the corruption of morals by means of wealth, &c. and clearly gives us to understand that there is but one surviving man worth speaking of for virtue and talents in the world, and that one (Heaven help us!) is the Right Honourable William Stourges Bourne, Esq. M.P. &c. &c. &c. of Testwood Park, Hampshire, to whom these volumes are dedicated.

The author begins by setting up a possible question, which is made to look very foolish in our eyes by the intimation that an able-bodied answer is waiting in the next sentence to knock it on the head. This short-lived query is in substance, "why did I publish?" and in our experience of books we never saw an interrogation of this kind that was a match for the reply appointed by the writer to give it honourable satisfaction, that is to say, to brain it.

"If it should be asked why I have recorded the series of retired scenes, and sometimes abstruse conversations, which compose the following nar-

* Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement. In Three Volumes. London, Colburn, 1825.

rative, my answer is a very simple one. In the present state of the world they may possibly do good, and cannot do harm."

It must be confessed that authors are immensely addicted to the sinister practice which Lord Grizzle imputes to Tom Thumb, of making giants first and then slaying them, for the honour of the victory. But we are idling on the road with three thick volumes before us, with a lowering preface, and a drizzling type—let us proceed. The next paragraph, in three lines and a half, gives the state of the world for the last hundred years, and the respective merits of the upper and lower classes; the middle are left in a middling way in the last half line—

"Not that I think the world worse now than it has been for perhaps the last hundred years. The upper and lower classes I should say are certainly not so; I am not so sure of the middle."

The writer is evidently a cautious character. The following passage contains a world of bad news.

"The wide spread of that luxury which is consequent on wealth, by extinguishing the modest style of living which once belonged to us, has undermined our independence, and left our virtue defenceless. All would be statesmen, philosophers, or people of fashion. All, too, run to London. The woods and fields are unpeopled; the plain mansions and plain manners of our fathers deserted and changed: *every thing is swallowed up* by a devouring dissipation; and the simplicities of life are only to be found in books."

The babies are bit,
And the moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls!

"How are we ruined, how are we ruined!" as Mr. Quidnunc says in the farce. Our virtue in danger; all the folks statesmen, philosophers, or people of fashion; the woods, and fields, and plain mansions, and plain manners, are all in a bad way; and to wind up the sum of ruin, to clear the board of the odds and ends that might remain, there is the touch of an earthquake—"every thing is swallowed up!" What a dismal consummation! But hold, there is still balm in Gilead, for the next paragraph begins with a *yet*, a sure indication that the storm is clearing up, and see Mr. Stourges Bourne, the last man, appears to soft music—

Yet it is the proper blending of its simplicities with its elegancies, the wholesome union of public and private duty, the golden moderation recommended by Horace, [all which you, Sir, understand and practise so well,] that can alone enable us, whether we are politicians or private gentlemen, to act up to the real design of our nature, be happy with dignity, or prosperous (if prosperous) without losing our virtue.

Ambition is indeed a great, and under due regulation, a noble passion; but, for the most part, it is interminable. Few, like you, after showing how fitted they are for the administration of public affairs, think of retiring from them in time; or if they do retire, they are pursued into their retreat by the spectres of what they have left, and know not how to use the leisure which perhaps they have courted.

Yet ambition is at least as full as ever of falsehood and treachery; of the cajoleries of honest men by confidants in office; of the sacrifice of friends, and the prevalency of upstart influence.

To fly from such evils, is the obvious immediate remedy; but often the remedy is so little understood, as to be worse than the disease. Hence the very dangerous mistakes about solitude, which are noticed in this work.

Again, there is in the world, a spread of instruction, as well as of luxury; and also, I think, more zeal, more lively attention to duty, in our religious instructors. Yet I question if there is, either in the higher or middle ranks, that regard for the religious, or even the moral feelings and principles of one another, which would check either man or woman, in the choice of friends, or in forming the nearest and dearest of connections.

How sweet is the passion of Love! But I question, as now felt (if indeed it *is* felt, or an indiscriminating luxury have not demanded it a sacrifice to its ravenous selfishness), whether it ever found difficulty from opposing opinions on the points I have mentioned. The truth is, most women, of whatever rank, are, or would be, fine ladies; and a fine lady has, on these points, (thanks to her education!) no opinion at all.

"*How sweet is the passion of love,*" if, as the author prudently remarks, the glutton, luxury, have not gobbled it up; for if that ravenous monster have indeed swallowed this interesting passion, the probability is (we speak physiologically) that its sweetness will not survive digestion. But let us hope better things, and soothe our souls by again repeating, "How sweet is the passion of love!"—"Sweet passion, sweet passion of love!" and how sweetly Jack Bannister used to warble that song in the Citizen, snapping his fingers as he mimicked the turning of the pork-chop, dangling before the fire by the string. We never can hear the phrase, the "sweet passion," without thinking of honest Jack and the pork-chop; but whither are we wandering? It is our purpose to give the whole of the preface before us to our readers; therefore we resume the thread of the author's discourse.

In duller days, now long gone by, we both of us may indeed remember a tale, which was thought pathetic, of a certain Clementina, who really sacrificed her love to her religion. But her religion was not pure; it was founded in superstition: and her firmness was not her own, but supported by the craftiness of priests. And besides, she was not an English fine lady.

Once more, and I have done. With the spread of luxury, there is a spread of infidelity. I say luxury, because *God forbid it should arise from instruction.*

The efforts indeed of infidelity have been well met by the exertions of our best and highest rank of instructors; by a Watson, a Paley, a Tomline, and a Porteus: and, last in order, not least in merit, by a *Rennel.* Yet scepticism has again laid hold of us, and if there are more saints among us than formerly, there are also more infidels; most of all perhaps, persons who never inquire. How should it be otherwise, when all absorbing ambition, or all absorbing pleasure, attended by a dissipation which is nothing less than frantic, consume our youth, and harden their hearts!

With all these convictions, perhaps no apology is necessary for relating a story, which, though it is simple and domestic even (I fear) to tameness, displays, in practical colouring, the evils I have imagined; while at the same time it endeavours to supply an antidote to them. To be sure, this antidote is offered under a dress which may appear extraordinary, and little suited to the gravity of many of the subjects discussed. I can only say, it was the dress in which the subjects were presented to me; and I was not willing to separate them from the narrative, from a feeling that the lighter *and more tender parts* might enliven or interest the mind, while they would not derogate from the deeper points brought forward for investigation.

How I came by the story itself, is of no consequence.

That is a very suspicious kind of remark; we can only add a charitable aspiration, that the gentleman came honestly by the story, not that we see the slightest grounds for presuming an irregular appropriation; on the contrary, looking at the goods,* we are disposed to believe that there has been no robbery in this case. If an ill-favoured individual were to pull out a silver ladle in public, and to declare with a loud voice, "How I came by this silver ladle is of no consequence," all Bow-street would justly take the alarm, and would differ toto cœlo from the honourable speaker; but were the same worthy to produce a pewter spoon in like manner, with the air of a treasure, and to proclaim emphatically, "How I came by this pewter spoon is of no consequence," no mortal would think of questioning the proposition, though we might perhaps smile at the simplicity of it.

We now come back to Mr. Stourges Bourne, and the writer's reasons for dedicating his book to him, which are very sufficient.

It remains to explain why I have been ambitious to address this work to you, Sir. Simply, because I believe you agree with me on almost every one of the subjects discussed: for it is my pride, as well as pleasure, to think I may apply to you a sentiment uttered on a very different occasion, to very different persons,—"tibi eadem quæ mihi, bona malaque esse intellexî." In a word, without glancing at your high public character, which might well deem itself above the patronage of a mere private story, no name I might have fixed upon could be more appropriate to a work, the object of which is to recommend good sense, proper moderation, and sound Theology, in opposition to all extremes, whether of ambition, refinement, or dangerous scepticism.

To return to the work itself, if it detach but one man, or one woman, from the headlong career which most are pursuing, and induce them to look for a while into themselves, as God and nature intended them to do, its end will be answered.

Besides the author's there is an editor's preface, which is also not a little droll. It begins thus—

"The world would be little interested, in knowing how the manuscript of the following pages came into the editor's hands, for there was neither romance or sentiment attending it." (It came by the post, doubtless.) "It was in the most ordinary and every day manner" (a clear twopenny case) "that he was called upon to pronounce his opinion as to the advisableness of giving it to the public, and was afterwards entrusted with the province of preparing it for the press." . . . . . "Whether the author be dead or alive, what was his situation in life, his politics, his connections, his country, or his habits,—all this can only be distantly guessed at. The internal evidence, combined with a few other circumstances, induces the belief that he was a person once not unknown to the world."

When we read such matter as this, we really hardly know how to restrain our admiration within the bounds of decorum. The language, too, wears an air of decent solemnity, highly impressive, and wonderfully

* We do not mean by this to undervalue the *goods*, but simply to intimate, that they are not of a *current* metal such as invites to theft, nevertheless they have their worth.

well suited to the dignity of the subject; it stalks along at a slow foot-pace, with a pomp almost funereal, and might aptly be classed under the description of the undertaker's style. "Whether the author be a man or a mouse, what was his situation, &c. &c. &c. all this can only be distantly guessed;" and then again how ingenious and strikingly effective the surmise that he was once not unknown to the world!

The editor unfortunately proceeds to give a sketch of the book, and then we think the author peeps out. He commences by finding fault, which is always a great imprudence in an author, for it infallibly betrays him. A writer finds fault with his own works in much the same manner that Sancho Panza castigated his own dear person; he raises his hand as if to strike with vigour, but it falls on his flesh with a pat of the tenderest affection; he threatens chastisement, but the action softens as it approaches the menaced quarter into a fond caress. For example—

A question has arisen in the Editor's mind, whether the work is one of fiction, or whether it is not a reality. It is at all events very inartificially constructed; and this is one reason for supposing it to be not fiction. We do not know which of two is the hero; and if he who gives his name to the work may be supposed to be so, he is full of faults, many of which make him appear weak, and sometimes ridiculous. He is irresolute, splenetic, changeable, and always in extremes; full of prejudice, a spoiled child, an epicure, and a dupe.

What then could possess the Author (if he was really in the regions of fiction, and had a power over facts) to chuse such a man for his hero?

And yet, with all his faults, there is a sense of honour, a loftiness, and a real refinement about Tremaine, which, blended as they are with his disappointments, and allied to a kind nature, make him an object of sincere regard.

The Editor may be perhaps allowed to say a few words of the other principal characters. Of Evelyn then, the pious, the active, the learned, the benevolent, the cheerful, the unaffected friend of truth, who can read without attachment and veneration?

But what shall be said of thee, thou gracious and graceful Georgina? What—but that thou wast among the sweetest of nature's children, alive to all the sensibilities of love, and yet of thy lover the firmest and wisest monitress. If thou too, any more than Tremaine, art not an ideal being, what does he not owe thee?

But is the work then *not* a fiction? Were there ever such persons as Tremaine and his friends? such conversations as are here related, and such places as Woodington, Evelyn Hall, or St. Jules?

As to all this, the Editor himself (like the reader) can only be allowed to guess; and if his guesses do not mislead him as to the author, the scenes and persons represented may be considered as any thing but imaginary.

One thing seems certain—that if the author was correct in his half jesting, half serious supposition, that he was writing a treatise on moral philosophy, not a novel, his morals and his philosophy were practical, not speculative. His exposure of the mistakes about solitude, when a man is not properly prepared for it, seems, in particular, to be founded on accurate experience.

There is one thing, and one only, which really does puzzle the Editor. He cannot make out whether the author himself sat for either of his two characters, Evelyn or Tremaine; or, if he did, whether he was a father or a lover; a satisfied Christian, or a reclaimed infidel.

How few editors can say as much—there is one thing, and only one, which really does puzzle him. Since Œdipus there has not been such another man.

We have now surmounted the barrier opposed to our progress in these two prefaces, which certainly serve to fill the mind with a profound respect for the work to which they so imposingly introduce us. Having toiled over these lofty productions, we looked down with giddy awe on the land of promise, at last opened to our view; and, without turning a leaf, we exchanged the altitudes of the introduction for the level of the story. The transition, as our readers will perceive, is rather too abrupt. We give the greater part of the first chapter.

AN ARRIVAL IN SOLITUDE.

"Oh! Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!"—*Shakspeare.*

It was the middle of August; the great gates of Belmont were thrown open by the obsequious porter at the lodge; a barouche and four, well appointed, drove in at a gallop, and rapidly neared the hall; the steps of which were lined with servants, and every thing denoted the arrival of a man of consequence, at his seat in the country.

It was Tremaine, a name known in the political world for talents and integrity; in the fashionable, as an ornament of the higher circles; and in the female, as belonging to a man whom all prudent mothers wished to obtain for their daughters, and many a daughter for herself. He was in truth a person of great polish, refined taste, and high reputation.

He was alone, and alighted from his carriage with a jaded look, and the air of a person little pleased with himself; yet he had come the whole way from London without stop or accident, through a fine country, and in delighful weather.

To the salutations of his servants of the upper class, he replied as if he received their attentions kindly, but was too much self-absorbed to think about them.

At the same time he complained of fatigue, said the roads were execrable, and the weather hot.

Now the roads had been very good, and the weather temperate. His housekeeper, a respectable woman who had lived with his mother, and with whom he usually interchanged a few words of kindness on his arrival at home, lingered behind the rest. "I have no orders for you, Watson," he said, "but that dinner should be served at eight." The housekeeper slowly moved off, wondering, if not hurt, at the reserve of a master, whose affability had always been uniform to his servants, and flattering to herself.

"And how to pass the time till then," continued he to himself, "how to find here what London cannot afford," (and he paced the room in serious musing); these are questions after all: yes! after all (and he laid stress upon the words), "not easily settled—yet serenity" (throwing up the sash, which opened upon a diversified country) "seems to live in these woods; and equally," (turning to the interior of the apartment) "in these rooms."

The pictures of his grand and great grandfathers, their wives, and a train of uncles and aunts, some in hunting coats, with dogs and fowling-pieces, some in full suits of velvet, some with distaffs, and some with crooks, caught his eye as he said this.

They seemed all to partake of the general quiet. All the little cares and vexations of life were over with them, if indeed they had ever had any, so composed was their air, and so placidly did they appear to look upon their descendant.

"After life's fitful fever, they sleep well," said Tremaine, as he moved slowly along, and contemplated them one after the other. "Without dying, I will endeavour to do so too; and here will be the best chance for it. And yet," continued he, after a pause, and returning to the prospect, "there are not wanting persons who think woods and fields dulness, and a palace in the country a prison."

He paused again, but added, "Thank God! I am not of that opinion: on the contrary, it is the world that is dull and uninteresting; or where it is otherwise, only so because it is wrangling, knavish, and false."

The thought did not please.

The motto to this chapter is the thing that chiefly pleases us in it, as being most to the purpose.

Oh! Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

But though disgusted with the absurd trumpeting that ushered this book into the world, and with the pompous conceit with which it presents itself in its prefatory pages, we shall endeavour to do strict justice to its merits, and must therefore beg our readers not to form any judgment of it from the specimen we have just quoted, as Tremaine is a didactic novel on the model of Cœlebs, written in a style which appears to peculiar disadvantage in extracts; and, further, we think that the manner of the writer improves as he advances in his story, or else we become in some degree reconciled to his diffuseness and childish particularities as we enter into the scheme of the work. The author sketches very minute objects on a very large scale; but there is often great truth in the proportions, though little neatness in the execution of his designs; we see in his views every thing in patagonian dimensions, his mind indeed seems to be a sort of magic lantern, and every insignificant idea that crosses it casts a gigantic shadow on his pages, consequently it is extremely difficult to bring a pattern of his performance within any reasonable limits. He appears also more patient in delivering himself of his own ideas, than his readers will probably be in following them. Upon every subject, no matter how trifling, his mind drains out to the last drop, and he never quits a topic until he finds his intellectual sources fairly dried up; and as his genius is any thing but ardent, this process of evaporation is by no means so rapid as might be expected or desired. Thus we are frequently detained in his pages by some little rill of thought which trickles and dribbles on till it is utterly spent, the author waiting its exhaustion with provoking complacency, as if it were some mighty stream which could not be crossed without imminent peril, while the reader wonders what the writer is dawdling about on his road. These faults, together with the didactic nature of the book, are certainly not calculated to recommend it to the novel-reading million; and, as for the story, it is merely a vehicle for all sorts of discussions and discourses generally very prolix, and often on subjects that can ill bear such extraordinary dilation. Tremaine is a spoiled child of fortune, surfeited with the common pleasure of the world, and full of morbid fancies which impel him to a variety of schemes in pursuit of happiness, that end of course in disappointment. The moral of all this is very trite, and the character constantly reminds us of that of Lord M. (we think it is) in Miss Edgeworth's delightful tale, Ennui; nevertheless the author puts Tremaine through his follies with considerable cleverness. His friend, Dr. Evelyn, on the other hand, is one of those excellent divines who are so common in novels; he performs all his duties to a marvel; finds time for a thousand agreeable and useful occupations; is always cheerful, and never speaks without saying a wise or a kind thing—like the lady in the Fairy Tale, this sort of phœnix cannot open his mouth without letting fall diamonds and pearls.

In the course of our experience of country clergymen in tales of imagination, we never remember an instance of any one of these reverend gentlemen having the worst of an argument, they have *toujours raison*, and we have more than once seen them overthrow their opponents even with a smile, or a shake of the head. The dialectical war in the pages before us is chiefly carried on by the Doctor and Tremaine; occasionally the Doctor's daughter, who is nearly as wise as her papa, and as good and charming as the daughters of exemplary divines always are, takes a part in the contest. Tremaine is made to serve as a sort of ninepin, he is set up as the champion of some folly or error, real or imagined, and then the author takes the Doctor or his daughter in hand and bowls him down, and great is the triumph at the overthrow. By this sort of discipline enforced by experience and the rhetorick of Miss Evelyn's charms, Tremaine is, in process of three thick volumes, converted to his friend's way of thinking, becomes a wise man, and marries his Mentor's daughter.

We have heard a story of an honest gentleman who used to play *with himself*, as the children express it, at backgammon. This worthy would lay bets on the game, and derived great delight from winning under such circumstances; sometimes he would propose a glass of punch as the stake; and when the white men under his direction had beat the black under his direction, he swallowed his liquor with infinite satisfaction, as having earned it by his superior skill. Something akin to this delusion is the triumph of the author before us in routing the enemy, created, armed, and accoutred by himself, in sham fight; or, to pursue our former illustration, in bowling down heterodoxies which he has set up only to fall. A fault common to almost all books of this didactic order is, that they are apt to be equally emphatic on all occasions, and to attach as much importance to things of inferior moment as to objects of the very first concern. In this novel, for example, we find the learned divine and his daughter, the young lady who represents the Goddess of Wisdom, holding forth on early rising, as if all human happiness consisted in rising early; indeed, the young lady intimates to Tremaine, who is "a sluggard," that if it were necessary to be a mechanic in order to enjoy the morning, it would be better for him to be one. This is really very tedious trifling; we do not want books in three volumes to teach us that it is good to rise early. Surely there are proverbs enough on the subject to satisfy the most inordinate cravings for trite truths. We could also instance many specimens of laboured illustrations of obvious moral truisms that might well be spared. With all his faults, however, it is evident that the author of Tremaine is a man of considerable range of mind, and that he has been a close observer of the world; his great error consists in looking at some folly through a magnifying glass, and then suiting his attack on it, not to the real insignificance of the object, but to the exaggerated view of it present to his mind. This gives to his lucubrations an air of much ado about nothing, that is often extremely ridiculous.

Occasionally our high-mettled moralist takes offence at some thing

sufficiently harmless, and then, without getting over one inch of ground, he shows off his points of virtue by prancing, and pacing, and snorting, and kicking, and plunging away, in a manner by no means seemly. For example, he gives us a chapter and a half on the opera, in order to prove it a soul-corrupting abomination; nay, it appears from his account of the matter, that a man may lose his soul at the opera as he loses his handkerchief or snuff-box, without knowing any thing about his misfortune, till he finds suddenly that the article is gone. Special pleaders in declarations for trover will not scruple to set forth, that a man casually lost a waggon and eight horses out of his possession; but we had hoped that great concerns slipped through our fingers in this way only in the fictions of law. Loquitur Evelyn, the mouth-piece of wisdom—"the misery is, that the opera devotee, whether male or female, goes on night after night, undermining and relaxing all the springs of virtuous or religious energy, without being conscious of the danger; and a character may be unsettled, or *a soul lost, before any thing is known but the effect.*"

We have hitherto applied ourselves chiefly to pointing out the general defects of the book under consideration: the ungracious part of our task is now performed, and we turn with pleasure to its merits. It is evident, as we have before intimated, that the author has been a close observer of the world, and whenever he avails himself of the resources he possesses in this respect, he is always either instructive or amusing; but when he argues or moralizes, or ventures on abstractions, we think he fails, for we regard him rather as a shrewd witness than as a profound philosopher, and value his evidence much more highly than his commentary on it—for which estimate of his strength he will not, we fear, thank us. His characters copied from books such as Jack Careless, the Will Wimble of Addison—Tremaine, the hero of Miss Edgeworth's "Ennui" in Patagonian dimensions in the commencement, and any body's sceptic converted to orthodoxy in the conclusion—Evelyn, the rector of all novels that have rectors, and the mouth-piece of the writer's wisdom; all these are very weak and ordinary productions—the mere shadows of shades; but when he presents to us the people of the world in a dramatic scene, and makes them speak their characters in dialogue across a table, he shows his powers and the real turn of his genius. Some of these scenes, which our author sketches apparently with great ease and carelessness, as if from memory, are excellent in their way; they are sparingly scattered, however, over a large surface of flat matter, and after having toiled through wastes of dry discussion, these *Oases* certainly afford a most agreeable relief to the spent reader. We subjoin a passage that has pleased us much; it is taken from the account of a dinner party, which fills fifty tolerably closely printed pages! Need we repeat that the author is diffuse? Mr. Beaumont is intended for Brummell, and it appears to us a fair likeness; more especially when he throws in his word to flatter the Scotchman into making himself ridiculous. Lord Bellenden is the host, and a Lord; Dr. M'Ginnis is a pushing Scotch-

man, who will shortly speak for himself; there is also a traveller, called Sir William Wagstaff.' The Scotchman's manœuvre to win his way up to his noble entertainer at the top of the table—his conceit in his pretended knowledge—and the impudence with which he covers his real ignorance, equivocating, saying and unsaying, in order not to commit himself on the question under discussion, strike us as being, to say the least, diverting in the extreme.

As soon as the door was closed, Lord Bellenden took the head of the table, and was followed without ceremony by Mr. Beaumont, who did not much like his quarters, now there was neither the host nor the host's daughter to enliven him.

And now Dr. M'Ginnis prepared his mighty spirit, and hoped the wished for opportunity was come, when he might display those powers of ratiocination, and that fund of information, which he seemed peculiarly to have treasured up for occasions of this sort. And now the most accomplished of travellers revolved in his mind all his magazines of anecdote, and egotism, sighing for that fortunate question, or opportune remark which might unlock the ample store; and now Mr. Beaumont began to look round in quest of food for his favourite amusement of quizzing;—in short the health of the King was given, the signal for general conversation was thrown out, and every man's heart beat high with expectation.

Save only Tremaine's, which had alone felt pleasure while he found himself near to Georgina, and which, now she was gone, gave itself up to the disgust which preyed upon it, from the folly or the vice which he attributed to every one of his neighbours; always excepted the master of the feast, and Evelyn, to whom he clung with more than usual attachment.

But the removal of Lord Bellenden to the head of the table, was rather a damper to Doctor M'Ginnis's hopes, as he by that means was deprived of his most illustrious auditor; the man, whom, being master of the house, he most wished to please. For it was a very good house; the company assembled in it, very good company; and the table which adorned it, a very good table; in short it was a house which in all respects the Doctor had no objection to visit again.

Soon however he was relieved, for a difference of opinion had already begun to arise at the upper end of the table, in consequence of a warm eulogy of the traveller upon the Empress Elizabeth, for abolishing capital punishments in her dominions, accompanied with a censure, in no very measured terms, upon the sanguinary nature of the English law. This was replied to by Lord Bellenden himself, who as a Senator, and perhaps as Chairman of Sessions, where he so worthily presided, thought it right to defend the policy of his country.

Evelyn, who had hitherto been a silent observer, but who loved conversation, ranged himself on the side of Lord Bellenden, while Beaumont, whether he thought it not fair for two to fall upon me, or that he might be better able to draw out the ridiculous, by an affected support, warmly took the part of the traveller. The Doctor saw and heard all this with envious eyes, and ears, and began to ponder his misfortune in being placed so *hors de combat*, or, what was worse, in combat with Mr. Placid, who gave no scope whatever to his dialectic powers.

In this emergency some assertion of the traveller in respect to the great King of Prussia, staggered the noble host, particularly as Evelyn said it was a good argument, if the fact were true; and all he had to do was to doubt the fact, until better informed.

Appeal was made to Tremaine, as having been at Berlin, but he protested the King of Prussia had been so long dead when he was there, that he could say nothing with accuracy on the subject. It was then that the Doctor's good star presided, for Lord Bellenden recollecting he had travelled many years before, and had seen the great Frederick alive, determined to appeal to him; which he accordingly did in a voice

quite loud enough to be heard. The Doctor felt great pleasure at being thus appealed to: but though Lord Bellenden's language was as clear as his lungs were good, he nevertheless protested, with many apologies, that he hay-pened to be so vary deef that day with a cauld, that he had not the honour of being able to make oot his lordship's quastion.

"Suppose you come among us?" said Lord Bellenden; "we can make room for you."

"Weellingly my Lord," answered the delighted Doctor, and then with his napkin and dessert plate in his hand, he bade adieu to his more ordinary neighbours, to follow fortune in a higher circle.

The question was whether Frederick the Great had not *imitated* the example of Elizabeth.

"I suppose," said the Doctor, with a grave and wise air, as becoming one who had been chosen a referee, "ye all know he was called *Le Roi philosophe et guerrier.*"

"To be sure we do," answered the traveller, "who does not?"

"I confess I did not," said Mr. Beaumont with great seriousness; "I should be glad to hear Dr. M'Ginnis."

"Sir, you do me great honour," returned the Doctor bowing: "and, Sir," turning to the traveller, "you will never airgu if you hurry thengs; you are too *ray*pid by half."

"I am not arguing," replied the traveller, "I am only advancing a fact which you cannot deny;—if you do, I only refer you to Baron Reisbach's account of Frederick the Great."

"Sir," rejoined the historian, "it is not I that am to be referred to any account of a man whose life I have made it my *bee*siness to study: but the theng lies much deeper: ye are upon the nature of laws, and as I collacted where I sat, upon cay-pital punishments."

"I thought you were so damned deaf, you could not hear," said Sir Marmaduke.

The Doctor looked adust, but Mr. Beaumont gravely observed, he knew from experience, that it was the nature of deafness, to hear at one time, and not at another.

"I thank ye Sir, again," said the Doctor, "ye have explained it vary philosophically."

"But the King of Prussia," again cried the traveller, with encreased eagerness.

"We are not yet ripe for him," answered the phlegmatic jurisconsult; "a mere fact will do nothing, tell ye have sattled the whol theory and nature of laws in general; I presume you have never read Ulpian or Papinian—"

"No! thank Heaven," said the traveller, quite vexed.

"And yet no one," replied the Doctor unmoved, "need thank Heaven for his own ignorance:" at which many of the company laughed, to the annoyance of the traveller. "Perhaps," continued the Doctor, enjoying his advantage, "ye have not canvassed the laws of the twelve tables, foonded upon those of Solon, and sent for express from Rome to Athens—but ye possibly have heard of Draco."

"This is quite unbearable," groaned the traveller.

"Depend upon it he cannot contradict your fact," whispered Mr. Beaumont, encouraging him.

"When my gude Lord Bellenden and this gude company," continued the Doctor, "shall have heard the end of my airgument....."

"I own I have not heard the beginning of it," said Lord Bellenden; to which Sir Marmaduke added, it was a damned dry argument, and desired they would push about the bottle.

"Shall we go to the ladies?" asked Tremaine, almost dead with ennui.

"They have not sent for us," said Lord Bellenden.

"We are not milksops," roared Sir Marmaduke.

"My good Doctor," said Lord Bellenden, "all we want to know is, whether the

King of Prussia *imitated* the example of the Empress Elizabeth, as Sir William Wagstaff says, (and I venture to deny,) in abolishing capital punishments."

"Your Lordship is parfectly corract," returned the Doctor.

"Impossible!" ejaculated the traveller, "I will show it you in Baron Reisbach's eulogy, and it was always so held when I was at Berlin; I cannot be mistaken. O! if I had but a Reisbach!"

"I do not exactly deny or affirm any thing," replied the Doctor, not willing to hazard himself as to the fact; "but only that he did not *eemitate* Eleezabeth."

This is too much, thought Tremaine, and jumping on his legs, fairly walked through a garden door, to recover himself from a disgust no longer bearable.

Not so Mr. Beaumont, who rather enjoyed the scene.

"I think your discrimination is perfectly just," cried he to Dr. M'Ginnis, and I own I come over to you."

"I thought you would," observed the Doctor, looking at Lord Bellenden for approbation.

Lord Bellenden was however too just to accept of such doubtful assistance, and moreover not very much delighted with his auxiliary: he therefore begged him to say candidly as far as he knew, whether Frederick did or did not enact the abolition.

"To say as far as I know upon any subject," said the historian with great dignity, "would be to say a great deal."

"Then out with it all at once," cried Sir Marmaduke, filling his glass.

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Evelyn.

"We shall never get at the point," observed Lord Bellenden.

"I am quite satisfied," exclaimed the traveller.

"So am I," echoed Evelyn.

"I confess I am not," returned the Doctor, "for we have jumped to a conclusion in defiance of all method, which I hold to be treason against the laws of true ratiocination."

"Do you say he abolished or not?" cried the traveller, with petulance.

"He did, and he didn't," answered M'Ginnis.

"What's coming now!" exclaimed Evelyn.

"Gentlemen, I see ye are none of ye metaphyseecians," observed M'Ginnis.

"Metaphysicians or not," said Lord Bellenden, "we seem to have lost the King of Prussia, and as the ladies have sent for us, we will finish the argument some other time."

In the first two volumes scenes of this nature, hit off very pleasantly, will occasionally be found, and they serve to relieve the heavier matter; but the last volume is exclusively filled with interminable discussions and discourses, between Doctor Evelyn and Tremaine, on subjects that cannot be satisfactorily argued in a work of fiction. This circumstance is by no means calculated to promote the popularity of Tremaine with any class; for the *serious*, for whom the last volume is written, will be scandalized at the lighter matter that is scattered through the two preceding volumes, while the more worldly readers, on the other hand, will be oppressed by the grievous heaviness of the concluding part of the book. The author has attempted too much, having mistaken a natural turn for prosing for the power of instructing. To sum up our character of Tremaine, it is the unequal work of a man of mind, who errs as to the bent of his own genius, and such parts of it as are readable are well worth reading.

MEMORABILIA OF DR. PARR,

BY A FRIEND.

Dr. Samuel Parr was born at Harrow-on-the-Hill, on the 26th of January 1747. We have his own authority in a letter published in Dr. Percival's Works, that his "Father was an Apothecary and Surgeon at Harrow; that he was a man of a very robust and vigorous intellect." The family was anciently of considerable consequence, but taking part with the royal cause in the civil contentions of the Stuarts, was greatly reduced, and Mr. Parr himself advanced nearly his whole property, 800*l.* to the Jacobite party in aid of the Pretender. The son therefore was brought up a Tory, with the customary reverence for "prerogative" and hereditary authority; and Dr. Parr has said that his father, by giving him Rapin to read at a very early age, first loosened these ready-made opinions. According to his own account, he was a boy of very precocious intellect, and had attained a considerable grammatical knowledge of Latin at four years of age. He mentions that once when called to the surgery from his boyish play to compound medicines, he first showed his critical acumen in revengefully pointing out to his father a mistake he had made in a genitive case in a Latin prescription, which drew from his father the robust correction of—"Sam, d—n the prescription, make the mixture."—Of his early initiation in letters we have no account. When between nine and ten years of age, he lost an affectionate mother; and, on his father marrying again before the expiration of twelve months, the son refused to exchange *his* mourning weeds for the grey coat with lappets ordered for him on occasion of the new wedding. In 1758 he was placed at Harrow-school, where several of the most distinguished political characters of the times were his contemporaries and friends; and there was first formed his ardent and honourable friendship with Sir W. Jones. The *elite* of the school were accustomed to perform voluntary exercises; and an interesting detail is given in Lord Teignmouth's Memoirs of Sir W. Jones of their manly games and principles. The first literary attempt of Dr. Parr was reported by himself to have been a drama from the Book of Ruth; and he scrupled not to say that, had he been born in Milton's age, he should have been a poet. It is to be regretted that all the youthful exercises of this singular republic of boys were subsequently stolen and taken to Holland. It is said that at the early age of fourteen he was head boy, and particularly attracted the notice of Dr. Sumner, principal master. At what period he left school is unknown, but it is believed that he quitted early; and, in the letter to Dr. Percival above referred to, he states that his father wished to educate him in his own profession, and "that for two or three years I attended to his business." It was probably at the expiration of this period that he was entered at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He had a most yearning desire after the advan-

tages of academic education and honours; but his step-mother was opposed to the expence, and influenced his father to make the condition of his going to the university his entry as a Sizar. This was what his independent spirit could not brook after quitting his schoolfellows as an equal: his father gave him a month to determine whether he would accept the proffered terms, or relinquish college altogether: he chose the latter alternative; but parental pride subsequently advanced his son a small sum, which, on his arrival at Emmanuel, young Parr confided to the treasurership of his old friend and schoolfellow Dr. Bennet, the late Bishop of Cloyne. His pecuniary necessities, however, soon became pressing, and he determined to leave the university rather than to borrow. On balancing his accounts he found, to his extreme surprise, that he had *3l.* 17*s.* over and above the full payment of his debts; and such had been the economy of his expenditure, that, he said, had he previously known of any such sum, he should have remained longer! In one of his printed sermons, he pathetically laments his inability to continue where his talents and acquirements seemed to promise him the highest distinction and worldly success. Dr. Sumner afterwards appointed him a sub-preceptor of Harrow, where he was ordained; and, during his continuance there, he met with the most flattering personal attachment from that distinguished scholar, who, after the school bed-time, was accustomed to send for Parr into his private study, where their literary and theological discussions, in a great degree, formed and confirmed those principles which afterwards governed his whole life.

On the death of Dr. Sumner he became a candidate for the head mastership, and although sanguine hopes were entertained by his friends of his success, his youth, and other influence, prevailed against his nomination, to the extreme disappointment of the scholars, by whom he was greatly beloved. It is well known that the dissatisfaction of the school was manifested in his favour in some overt acts of insubordination. Dr. Parr ultimately quitted Harrow, and established a private academy at Stanmore, accompanied by several boys of the upper forms. It was a necessary consequence, and part of the Stanmore *plan*, that Dr. Parr should be *married*: love had been no stranger to his heart, although a stranger to his marriage. He then "contracted matrimony" with Miss Marsengale, of the ancient family of Mauleverer, one of whose ancestors signed the death warrant of Charles I. Dr. Parr married this lady because he wanted a housekeeper; Miss Marsengale married him because she wanted a house. She was an only child, bred up by three maiden aunts, as she said of herself "in rigidity and frigidity," and she always described Dr. Parr as "born in a whirlwind and bred a tyrant." Such discordant elements were not likely to end in harmony. Her disposition was bad and malignant. She lost few opportunities of vexing her spouse, which a strong understanding and caustic powers of language, afforded her more than ordinary facilities of accomplishing: she always preferred exposing his foibles and ridiculing his peculi-

arities in the presence of others. These domestic matters are now only referred to as explaining some of the subsequent enigmas of the life and reputation of Dr. Parr. His mind and temper were kept in perpetual irritation; he was driven to the resources of *visiting*, and to the excitement of that *table-talk* which unfortunately superseded efforts of more lasting character. Porson, whose discrimination fully equalled his own, used to say, "Parr would have been a great man but for three things—his trade, his wife, and his politics!"

After a residence of two years at Stanmore, he was appointed in 1777 master of the endowed Grammar-school at Colchester, and the next year to the head mastership of the Norwich Grammar-school. In the latter place he preached and published three sermons, two on Education, and a sermon called *Phileleutherus Norfolciensis*. His last Discourse on Education, and on the Plans pursued in Charity-schools, quarto, is an eloquent and masterly argument for popular education and improvement, and had the distinguished merit of being one of the *first* publications which concentrated public attention on the all-important subject of the moral and intellectual instruction of the people.

In 1780 he received his first ecclesiastical preferment, the rectory of Asterby, in the diocese of Lincoln; and the patronage of Bishop Lowth, obtained as it is generally supposed by the extraordinary merit of his first sermon, presented him with a Prebend in the cathedral of St. Paul. He was admitted, in 1781, by the University of Oxford, to the degree of LLD. In 1786, Lady Trafford, whose son he had educated, presented him with the perpetual curacy of Hatton, worth about 100*l.* per annum, in the April of which year he removed into Warwickshire.

In 1787 he edited the three books of Bellendenus,* a learned Scotchman, Humanity Professor at Paris in 1602, and Master of Requests to James I.—these he respectively dedicated to Mr. Burke, Lord North, and Mr. Fox.† To this edition he prefixed a Latin Preface, with characters of those distinguished statesmen, the style of which is a splendid imitation of that of Cicero. How far the Preface was appropriate may be doubted. Bellendenus had intended a large work De Tribus Luminibus Romanorum, the three lights of Rome, Cicero, Seneca, and the elder Pliny—whence Dr. Parr conceived the idea of delineating the characters of the then three most eminent senators of Britain. But however great the inappropriateness of the modern appendage to Bellendenus, may have been, and however Dr. Parr might have more worthily employed his critical talents, certain it is, that the taste and erudition of the composition, and the singular discrimination in the portraits, created an extraordinary sensation in the

* I. De Statu prisci Orbis in Religione, Re politica, et Literis. II. Ciceronis Princeps; sive, de Statu Principis et Imperii. III. Ciceronis Consul, Senator, Senatusque Romanus; sive, de Statu Reip. et Urbis Imperantis Orbis.

† Dramatis personæ. Doson, Marquis of Lansdowne. Novius, Lord Thurlow; Miso-Themistocles, Duke of Richmond. Thrasybulus, Mr. Dundas. Clodius, Mr. W.

literary and political world. A translation of the Preface was published in octavo in 1788, and the author was thenceforth fully committed on the side of the popular party. It naturally terminated all hope of church preferment from the Court; and such was the low state of Dr. Parr's pecuniary resources, that a subscription was made by the leading Whigs of the day, about the same period as that for Mr. Fox, and an annuity of 300*l.* per annum was purchased for Dr. Parr's life, alike honourable to the munificence of the donors, and the acceptance of him whose independence so justly merited it.

In 1790, Dr. Parr was involved in the controversy on the real authorship of the Bampton Lectures preached by Dr. White, and by many persons still erroneously attributed to Dr. Parr instead of to the Rev. Samuel Badcock, the author of the greatest part of those celebrated discourses. All the circumstances and correspondence, now unimportant, are detailed in a pamphlet by Dr. White, in A Statement of Dr. White's Literary Obligations to the late Rev. Mr. Samuel Badcock and the Rev. Samuel Parr, LLD. Oxford, 1790.

In the riots of Birmingham, from which we will not draw the veil of oblivion, Dr. Parr's house and library were *marked* for the fate of Dr. Priestley's; but fortunately were preserved by the suppression of the popular frenzy. In that unexampled period of national excitation, when political and religious prejudices raged together, Dr. Parr acted a manly and unprejudiced part: and here his character as a politician, a clergyman, and an enlightened philanthropist, was peculiarly distinguished, and may be almost pronounced perfect. He ardently strove to conciliate the divided parties of his countrymen, undismayed by the dangers of the attempt and the unpromising consequences to his worldly intersts. In 1792, on the reported intended celebration of the 14th of July by the Dissenters, he composed and published A Letter from Irenopolis to the inhabitants of Eleutheropolis; or a serious Address to the Dissenters of Birmingham, by a Member of the Established Church. The object of this letter was to prevent the intended commemoration, which the good sense and moderation of the party had previously determined not to hold. This short pamphlet of forty pages is the most eloquent and sensible of all Dr. Parr's publications it was written on the "spur of an occasion," and was not belaboured with over correction and addition. In justice to the memory of a truly great and excellent man, the following splendid passage is quoted—

I should not think well of your sensibility, if you were indifferent to the loss of so excellent a preacher as Dr. Priestly. But I shall think very ill of your moderation if you make that loss a pretext for perpetuating disputes, which, if my arguments or my prayers could prevail, would speedily have an end.

Upon the Theological disputes in which the Doctor has been engaged with some clergymen of your town, I forbear to give any opinion; yet while I disclaim all allusion to local events, I will make you a concession which you have my leave to apply to persons of higher rank as ecclesiastics, and of greater celebrity as scholars, than your town can supply. I confess, with sorrow, that in too many instances such modes of

defence have been used against this formidable Heresiarch, as would hardly be justifiable in the support of revelation itself against the arrogance of a Bolingbroke, the buffoonery of a Mandeville, and the levity of a Voltaire. But the cause of orthodoxy requires not such aids.—The church of England approves them not—The spirit of christianity warrants them not. Let Dr. Priestly, indeed, be confuted, where he is mistaken. Let him be exposed where he is superficial. Let him be repressed where he is dogmatical. Let him be rebuked where he is censorious. But let not his attainments be depreciated, because they are numerous, almost without a parallel. Let not his talents be ridiculed, because they are superlatively great. Let not his morals be vilified, because they are correct without austerity, and exemplary without ostentation; because they present, even to common observers, the innocence of a hermit and the simplicity of a patriarch, and because a philosophic eye will at once discover in them the deep fixed root of virtuous principle and the solid trunk of virtuous habit.

If I mistake not the character of that excellent man, whom I respect in common with yourselves, he would not wish to see you again plunged into mischiefs, which cannot again reach himself—spare then his blushes, and his tears—give him the satisfaction of knowing that you have proved to the world, the wholesome efficacy of his instructions, by your generosity in forgiving those who have already been your enemies, and by your wisdom in not offending those who wish to continue your friends.

In 1791, Dr. Parr, having received two anonymous letters, probably unworthy of notice, unfortunately made no secret in public company of attributing the fabrication of them to the Rev. Charles Curtis, Rector of Solihul, in Warwickshire. The grounds of this unlucky surmise rested in a few slight coincidences, which suspicion, as usual, magnified into proof. There is a strong reason for believing that these letters emanated from Dr. Parr's own pupils, who were fond of encouraging literary pugilism. Mr. Curtis, in justification of his own character, found it necessary to contradict the charge in the St. James's Chronicle, which produced from Dr. Parr an octavo pamphlet of two hundred and seventeen pages, thickly strewed with notes, and a proportionate appendix, entitled, A Sequel to the Printed Paper lately circulated in Warwickshire, by the Rev. Charles Curtis, Brother of Alderman Curtis, a Birmingham Rector, &c. 1792. Although the object attacked, and the charge alleged in this pamphlet were unworthy of Dr. Parr, yet its pages contain some most admirable remarks on the political and religious topics of the day.

His delineation of the character of the author of the Rights of Man is particularly felicitous: "I recognise in Mr. Paine, a mind not disciplined by education, not softened and refined by a various and extensive intercourse with the world, not enlarged by the knowledge which books supply; but endowed by nature with very great vigour, and strengthened by long and intense habits of reflection. Acute he appears to me, but not comprehensive; and bold, but not profound. Of man, in his general nature, he seemed only to have grasped a part, and of man as distinguished by local and temporary circumstances, his views are indistinct and confined."—(P. 78.)

But to proceed chronologically with the works of Dr. Parr—his huge Sequel tempted Cumberland to enter the field with a humourous pamphlet, called Curtius rescued from the Gulph; or, the Retort Courteous to the Rev. Dr. Parr, in answer to his learned pamphlet, entitled, A Sequel,

&c. 1792. The whole body of latinity is here put in requisition, to furnish that play upon words denominated *puns*, which here abound from the title page,

Ille mi PAR esse deus videtur,
Ille, si fas est, superare divos.—*Catullus.*

to the word FINIS inclusive—

Jam sumus ergo PARES.—*Exit* CURTIUS.

The name of Cumberland was ever after a disagreeable sound to Dr. Parr, who characterised Mr. Dilly's authors as "hornets and scorpions."

The publication of Mr. Homer's variorum edition of Horace, which Dr. Parr reviewed in the British Critic, plunged the Doctor into the depths of another controversy. Dr. Combe published A Statement of Facts relative to the Behaviour of the Rev. Dr. Parr to the late Mr. H. Homer and Dr. Combe, in order to point out the Source, Falsehood, and Malignity of Dr. Parr's Attack, in the British Critic, on the Character of Dr. Combe, 1794. Dr. Combe prophetically styled his great antagonist "the Literary Ajax," who, not a whit behind his brother warrior, rejoined in a closely printed octavo pamphlet of ninety-four pages; Remarks on the Statement of Dr. Charles Combe, by an occasional Writer in the British Critic, 1795. This laborious breaking of a fly on the wheel contains the usual medley of topics heaped together in ingenious confusion: the following extract is important, as Dr. Parr's own account of his critical labours.

The reader will, I trust, excuse me, if, for reasons of delicacy, I now take an opportunity to state the whole extent of the share I have ever had in reviews. To the British Critic, I have sent one article, besides those which were written for the Horace. For the Critical Review, I have furnished a few materials for two articles only. For the Monthly I have assisted in writing two or three, and the number of those which are entirely my own does not exceed six or seven. In almost all these critiques, my intention was to commend rather than to blame, and the only one in which I ever blamed with severity, related to a classical work, the editor of which deserved reproof for the following reasons. He clothed bad criticisms in bad latinity. He had not availed himself of that information which preceding editions would have supplied to any intelligent editor. From the stores of other critics he collected very little, and from his own he produced yet less that was valuable. But he had indulged himself in rude and petulant objections against Dr. Bentley; and for this chiefly I censured him. Here ends the catalogue of my crimes hitherto committed in reviews; and, as I now have somewhat more leisure than I formerly enjoyed, it is possible that I may now and then add to their number. But I assure Dr. Combe and the public, that whensoever I take upon myself to deal rigorously with any writer, I shall not shrink from the strictest responsibility. My contributions to works of this kind are occasional, and therefore I have no right to the benefit of that secrecy, which it may be wise and honourable for the regular conductors of reviews to preserve. Of the share which I have already taken, and may hereafter take, in these periodical publications, I never can be ashamed. I might plead the example of many scholars both at home and abroad, far superior to myself in vigour of intellect, and extent of erudition. But I wish rather to insist upon the utility of the works themselves, and upon the opportunities which they furnish to men of learning, for rendering some occasional service to the general cause of literature. There is no one review in this country but what is conducted with a considerable degree of ability; and though I decline the task of deciding upon their comparative excellence, I have no hesitation in saying that all of them deserve encouragement from learned men. They

much oftener assist than retard the circulation of books—they much oftener extend than check the reputation of good books—they rarely prostitute commendation upon such as are notoriously bad. For my part, I am disposed to view with a favourable eye the different opinions and propensities, which may be traced in the minds of the different writers. By such collisions of sentiment, truth is brought into fuller view, and a reader finds himself impelled by the very strongest curiosity to examine the reasons upon which men of talents nearly equal have founded decisions totally opposite. By posterity, too, reviews will be considered as useful repositories of the most splendid passages in the most celebrated works. They will show the progress of a country, or an age, in taste and arts, in refinement of manners, and in the cultivation of science. They mark the gradations of language itself, and the progressive or retrogade motions of the public mind upon the most interesting subjects in ethics, in politics, and religion.

On being informed of the death of Mr. Homer, he said, with extreme emotion: "I shall never look on his like again; I do not speak of the frieze nor the cornice, but I speak of the column."

Dr. Parr took a deep interest in the misfortunes of his favourite pupil, Gerrald. The details of the circumstances connected with this interesting piece of biography have never been published, and, in writing of Dr. Parr, it is impossible to omit them. Joseph Gerrald was born in the West Indies, where he inherited a considerable estate; he was early sent over to England for his education, and placed under the tuition of Dr. Parr. The dissipation of his property in the ardent and ill-regulated passions of youth was not singular, or without example. About the close of the contest between this country and her American colonies, he went to Pensylvania, and practised in the law courts with considerable eclat. The political state of Europe, and the intellectual society his early education had introduced him to, tempted him back to England. He was a member of the London Corresponding Society: an idolater at the shrine of liberty. In 1793 he was chosen, in conjunction with Maurice Margarot, delegate to the British Convention, then sitting at Edinburgh. He was there prosecuted for sedition, convicted, and the Scottish sentence of *banishment* was construed by the *court* of *justice* into transportation for fourteen years in company with the refuse of society! While Gerrald was at liberty on bail, after his first apprehension on the charge, his associates were convicted. He was in London when this intelligence reached him. Dr. Parr, at the house of Sir James Mackintosh, in Great Portland-street, urged him to set off for Hamburgh, and generously promised to indemnify his bail against all pecuniary forfeiture: The following affecting narrative is copied from a manuscript memorandum of Dr. Parr.

He heard this my proposal attentively, but without any emotion of joy, he paused at first, he calmly discussed with me the propriety of acceding to my proposal, he then refused peremptorily to accede to it, and after hearing my earnest entreaties and affectionate expostulation, he closed our conversation in words to the following effect. "In any ordinary case," said he, "I should, without the smallest hesitation, and with the warmest gratitude, avail myself of your offer: I readily admit that my associates will not suffer more because I suffer less; I am inclined to believe with you that the sense of my own sufferings will be alleviated by their knowledge of my escape. But my honour is pledged, and no opportunity for flight, however favourable, no expectation of danger however alarming, no excuse for consulting my own safety, however plausible, shall

induce me to violate that pledge. I gave it to men, whom I esteem, and respect, and pity; to men who, by avowing similar principles, have been brought into similar peril; to men who were confirmed in those principles, and led into that peril by the influence of my own arguments, my own persuasions, and my own example. Under these circumstances they became partakers of my responsibility to the law; and, therefore, under no circumstances will I shrink from participation with them in the rigours of any punishment, which that law, as likely to be administered in Scotland, may ordain for us." He uttered the foregoing words emphatically, but not turbulently; and, finding him fixedly determined upon returning that night to Scotland, I did not harass his mind by any further remonstrance. He was very calm before we parted, and I left him under the very strongest impressions of compassion for his sufferings, admiration of his courage, and moral approbation of his delicacy and his fidelity.

The defence of Gerrald was a noble effusion of eloquence.

On the 2d of May, 1795, he was removed from the Giltspur-street Compter, handcuffed and ironed; and, without his being permitted to take leave of his child, the companion of his imprisonment, hurried in a postchaise to Gosport, whence he was put on board the Sovereign transport for Botany Bay! He was, at this time, destitute of the common necessaries of life. Dr. Parr, with other friends, raised a small subscription for him; and transmitted with it the following letter.

Dear Joseph,—I hear with indignation and horror that the severe sentence passed upon you in Scotland is shortly to be carried into execution, and, remembering that I was once your master, that I have long been your friend, and that I am your fellow creature, made so by the hand of God, and that by every law of that religion in the belief of which I hope to live and die, I ought to be your comforter; now, dear Joseph, I am for the last time writing to you; Oh! my friend, at this moment my heart sinks within me, and with the wish to say a thousand things, I am hardly able to say one. But you shall not leave this land without one affectionate, one sincere, one solemn farewell. Joseph, before we meet again, that bosom which now throbs for you, and the tongue which dictates will be laid in the cold grave—be it so—yet, my dear friend, I must cherish the hope that death is not the end of such a being as man—no, Joseph, no; there is a moral government going on, and, in the course of it, our afflictions will cease, and a compensation will be made, as I trust, for all our unmerited sufferings. There is another world and a better, and in that world, I pray to God, that I may meet your face again. Bear up, I beseech you, against the hard and cruel oppression which the evil spirit of these days and your own want of discretion have brought upon you. Mackintosh has informed me of that which is about to happen, and I have done all that I can in your favour. Let me conjure you, dear Joseph, to conduct yourself, not only with firmness but with calmness: do not by turbulence in conversation or action give your enemies occasion to make the cup of misery more bitter. Reflect seriously upon your past life, and review many of those opinions which you have unfortunately taken up, and which as you know from experience have little tended to make you a happier or a better man. I do not mean to chide you, Joseph; no, such an intention, at such a crisis, ought to be far from my heart. But I do mean to advise you, and excite you to such a use of your talents as may console you under the sorrows of this life, and prepare you effectually for all that is to follow. I will send you a few books in addition to other matters—they will cheer you in the dreary hours you have to pass upon that forlorn spot to which the inhuman governors of this country are about to send you. Some time ago I saw your dear boy, and depend upon it that for his sake and your own I will show him all the kindness in my power. I shall often think of you, yes, dear Joseph, and there are moments too when I shall pray for you. Farewell, dear Joseph Gerrald, and believe me your unfeigned and afflicted friend, SAMUEL PARR.

Pray write to me—God Almighty bless you, Joseph—farewell.

An evil spirit hovered over this unfortunate being: it is doubtful whether the letter ever reached him. But the following extract from a letter of Gerrald's to Mr. W. Philips, dated "Portsmouth, May 16, 1795, on board the Hulks," is a proud testimony to the hearts of the master and pupil.

My dear Mr. Philips,—I know not how to express the rising sentiments of my heart for your unbounded kindness to me. The best return, the only return I can make is to convince you by the virtue and energy of my conduct that I am not altogether unworthy of your friendship. A parade of professions neither suits me nor you, nor the occasion. You know my feelings, and will therefore do justice to them, and with this simple observation I close the subject. I have repeatedly attempted to write to my ever honoured and loved friend and father, Dr. Parr, but it is impossible. The tender and filial affection which I bear to him, the recollection of the many endearing scenes which we have passed together, the sacred relation that subsists between Joseph Gerrald and that Samuel Parr, who poured into my untutored mind the elements of all, either of learning or morals, which is valuable about me, whose great instructions planted in my bosom the seeds of magnanimity which I trust I now display, and at which persecution herself must stand abashed—All these, my friend, rush at once upon my mind, and form a conflict of feelings, an awful confusion which *I* must describe, but which he who is the cause I know can feel, and can feel in their most full and virtuous extent.

To the greater part of my friends I *have* written, but to Dr. Parr I have *not* written—but to *his* heart my silence speaks. The painter, who could not express the excessive grief, covered with a veil the face, of Agamemnon. Tell him then, my dear Mr. Philips, that if ever I have spoken peevishly of his supposed neglect of me, he must, nay I know he will, attribute it to its real cause—a love, vehement and jealous, and which, the growth of a temper like Gerrald's, lights its torch at the fire of the Furies, and when my tongue uttered any harshness of expression, even at that very period my heart would have bled for him, and the compunction of the next moment inflicted a punishment far more than adequate to the guilt of the preceding one. Tell him to estimate my situation, not by the tenderness of his feelings, but by the firmness of mine. That if my destiny is apparently rigorous, the unconquerable firmness of my mind breaks the blow which it cannot avert; and that, enlisted as I am in the cause of truth and virtue, I bear about me a patient integrity which no blandishments can corrupt, and a heart which no dangers can daunt. Tell him, in a word, that as I have hitherto lived, let the hour of dissolution come when it may, I shall die the pupil of Samuel Parr, &c. &c.

With a constitution broken by mental suffering and disease, after a loathsome voyage in revolting society, Gerrald lingered through two years of captivity, four months of which were passed in *New Holland.* A few hours before his death, calling some friends to his bed-side, he said, "I die in the best of causes, and, as you witness, without repining." An inscription on his tomb records that he "expired on the 16th of March, 1796, aged 35, a martyr to the liberties of his country."

In 1789 Dr. Parr edited and published "Tracts by Warburton and a

Warburtonian not admitted into their respective Works;" an octavo of two hundred and eighty-one pages, dedicated to Dr. Sutton. Although personal feelings against the Bishop of Worcester are thought to have originated this volume, yet it contains some admirable critical remarks.

In 1801 he published, in 4to. a Spital Sermon, preached at Christ Church, April 15, 1800, to which were added copious notes. This discourse has been facetiously called a Spitcall Sermon. He was censured by many of his friends as having fostered the popular prejudices in remarks on Godwin, for whom he had previously professed considerable friendship and respect. This occasioned the author of the Political Justice to publish, in the same year, an octavo pamphlet, Thoughts occasioned by the Perusal of Dr. Parr's Spital Sermon, being a Reply to the Attacks of Dr. P., Mr. Mackintosh, and others. A suspension of intercourse was the consequence. But a few months previous to his death, Dr. Parr sent Mr. Godwin a message of peace and invitation to Hatton: he spoke of him as a man who, with academical education, would have been the first of the age. He remarked on the strange inconsistency of public opinion; that Godwin had been the wonder of his day, and that, notwithstanding his present obscurity, posterity would select important principles from his works.

In 1803 was also published, another quarto Sermon, 'preached on the late Fast-day, October 19, at the parish church of Hatton.' A letter to the late Lord Warwick, on some electioneering disputes, was printed, but suppressed; though as a specimen of the vituperative style it is worthy of preservation.

Twenty years since he reprinted some scarce metaphysical tracts—Arthur Collier's Clavis Universalis; Conjecturæ quædam de Sensu, Motu, et Idearum Generatione; An Enquiry into the Origin of the Human Appetites and Affections, showing how each arises from Association; and Man in quest of himself, or a Defence of the Individuality of the Human Mind or Self. These he intended to republish probably with original remarks, but the whole impression is stored up in the printer's warehouse.

On the death of Mr. Fox, Dr. Parr announced his intention of publishing a life of his celebrated friend and contemporary. Those who were conversant with the imperfections of Dr. Parr's previous publications, would not expect any work that could deserve the name of a biography of Fox; but the expectations of the public were excited, and were as certainly disappointed, in the publication of two large octavo volumes of eight hundred and thirty-three pages, entitled, Characters of the late Charles James Fox, selected, and in part written, by Philopatris Varvicensis, 1809. One hundred and seventy-five pages are verbatim notices of Mr. Fox, extracted by the scissors from the public journals. One hundred and thirty-five pages are an original character of Fox, in the form of the Epistle to Mr. Coke; and the second volume, of five hundred and twenty pages, is exclusively notes on the amelioration of the Penal

Code and on Religious Liberty, plentifully inlaid with quotations from the dead languages! It is not surprising that this work, from its strange arrangement of matter and subjects, should be undeservedly neglected: the philosophic reader, however, will be amply compensated by repeated reference to its recondite and literary riches; and the original character of Mr. Fox is unquestionably the best offspring of the mind, observation, and learning of Dr. Parr.

The Doctor was, however, most vain and jealous of his literary superiority and fame in the manufacture of inscriptions and epitaphs. Of these there are upwards of thirty in number; the most celebrated to the memories of Gibbon, Johnson, Burke, Fox, and Sir John Moore. Dr. Parr and Lord Erskine are said to have been the vainest men of their times. At a dinner some years since, Dr. Parr, in ecstasies with the conversational powers of Lord Erskine, called out to him (though his junior) "My Lord, I mean to write your epitaph!" "Dr. Parr," replied the noble lawyer, "it is a temptation to commit suicide!" The lines of Swift are not impertinent—

> 'Tis an old maxim in the schools
> That vanity's the food of fools;
> Yet now and then your men of wit
> Will condescend to take a bit.

Such is the intellectual product of this extraordinary man. It may be truly pronounced altogether unworthy his understanding, his attainments, and industry. The miscellaneous and controversial character of these numerous publications will scarcely preserve his name or reputation a century; and it is to be lamented that a man who has performed important services in the advancement of contemporary truth and liberty, should have left no production of lasting utility.

It was the vulgar notion of those who did *not* know Dr. Parr, that his knowledge was confined to the structure of sentences, the etymology of words, the import of particles, and the quantity of syllables. But those who *did* intimately know and appreciate his singular mental acquirements, were alike struck with their *variety* and depth. In classical erudition he was without a rival, and was one of the few surviving devotees of the old school of learning. His knowledge of ecclesiastical history, particularly as connected with the church history of Britain, was most extraordinary; all the minute and illustrative facts connected with the liturgies, forms, doctrines, and creeds of the establishment, were most accurately known to him. He idolized the memories of those who had fallen martyrs in the cause of political truth, and, in his own words, "loved to soar in the regions of religious liberty." His religious sentiments were formed on the most mature reflection, the most accurate balance of evidence, the most extensive, bold, and impartial research. There were no doubts he dared not investigate, no difficulties he did not grapple with and his piety was not starved by speculative inquiry, or by abstract reflection. His real religious opinions will be claimed by all and under-

stood by few. But although there was no polemical question he did not analyze, yet he entertained the most profound contempt for established bigotry and sectarian dogmatism. Above all, he early discovered the limitation of the human understanding; the folly of diving after hidden knowledge; and in his own quotation from Johnson, "by the solicitous examination of objections, judicious comparison of opposite arguments, he attained what inquiry never gives but to industry and perspicuity—a firm and unshaken settlement of conviction. But his firmness was without asperity, for knowing with how much difficulty truth was sometimes found, he did not wonder that many missed it." He respected equally all men of talent and sincerity, whatever their *opinions*; and was of Raleigh's mind, "so that the heart be streight, it matters not which way the head lyeth." He particularly admired a passage in Bishop Bramhall—"the church of Christ is but one fold and one shepherd; the christian religion is but one; one Lord, one faith, one hope. Then why doth he multiply religions, and cut the christian faith into shreds, as if every opinion were a fundamental article of religion." He used to say that this sentence applied equally to the conforming as the non-conforming bigot. Dr. Parr has been blamed for not proclaiming the precise nature of his opinions on polemical controversy, (opinions by the way considered by him of very secondary importance, and held with singular diffidence); but surely it was common honesty that he should *not* seek to undermine an establishment to which he chose to adhere, and whose honours and emoluments he sought. If the vigorous mind of Dr. Parr was externally fettered with creeds and articles, there would have been a self-indignity in clanking the chains from which he had the power to deliver himself.

Nevertheless, Dr. Parr scrupled not to allow, with the brightest ornament of the Established Church, that there was much in the nature of its forms and doctrines that might well be improved and amended. Whatever doubts he may have formerly entertained on the justice and policy of repealing the Test and Corporation laws, he was latterly decided on the right of *all* men who obeyed the laws to the benefits of the laws, and of their equal eligibility to civil office. With Warburton, he thought the sacramental test the very worst that could have been chosen for its purpose, because it was both evaded and prophaned. So unlimited indeed was the freedom of his opinion on these subjects, and on the unrestricted liberty of the press, that latterly he deeply lamented the prosecution of sceptical publications on religion. He said it was the *worst* species of *infidelity* towards truth: that if the early propagators of Christianity had had *that* power, and had exercised it, they would never have made converts: that it was an outward force contrary to the example of its founder, and in the very teeth of his doctrines: that, admitted in Christian practice, it justified every martyrdom and murder by the heathen magistrate; that not only did the prosecutions do all the harm they imputed as the effect of the publications, but they cut off the most pregnant source of illustrating and extending the

evidences of revelation; he said this abominable persecuting principle which procured the imprisonment of the printer, instead of answering the arguments of the author, was the dregs of the old chalice; and that the *great* blasphemy lay in the gross opinion that the fields of Christianity could only be tilled under the enclosure acts of British statutes!

Dr. Parr was extensively read in history, in morals and legislation; he was well acquainted with what are called the constitutional writers. His character as a *politician* was most manly and consistent; he could not but feel the indignity of his inferior contemporaries scaling the heights of power and profit while he was struggling with poverty, but he endured it in silence, and not like Watson, in apparent regret that he had been honest. He has never been impeached in the bold avowal of his political opinions, nor suffered himself to be seduced when apostacy was the order of the day, and an honest clergyman especially was esteemed a mere spiritual Quixote of romantic notions: but the strength and dignity of Dr. Parr's character would not allow him to apostatize; the natural boldness and integrity of his mind would not permit him, like watermen, to sit one way and row another, nor, like his alarmist contemporaries, to turn crab and walk backwards. The political economy of apostacy would not have answered to Parr: *his* intellect would have fallen in under the pressure of self-degradation. His own words, in the contrast of the characters of Warburton and Hurd, may be applied to himself; "he never thought it expedient to expiate the artless and animated effusions of his youth by the example of a temporizing and obsequious old age. He began not his course, as others have done, with speculative republicanism; nor did he end it, as the same persons are now doing, with practical toryism." He thought with Mr. Fox, that the ardent political integrity of youth was the best guide for age. And he was not one of those who "ipsi sibi somnia fingunt,"—

With voluntary dreams can cheat their mind.

His political opinions, indeed, the last few years had been more decided and strengthened than ever. He saw that principles must be substituted for faction, and measures for men; and he adopted unqualified the grand maxim of legislation, that the sole end of government was the happiness of the people: he said a great revolution *was* rapidly though silently going on; that all attempts to suffocate the human mind would henceforth be abortive; that no artificial break-water of the "Holy Alliance" could ultimately resist the heaving ocean of public opinion, that wave upon wave, with accumulating and irresistible force, would at last demolish the foundations of ignorance. *He* feared not the temporary evils of partial and imperfect education, but knowing that evils always accompanied the introduction of good, he relied on the immutable laws of Providence: he knew that the ark of truth would ever ride safely on the deluge of error.

The inconsistencies and imperfections of Dr. Parr's character were

correspondingly great, sometimes unaccountable. The richest mines abound with the greatest *faults* and derangement of strata; and analogically it would appear that the highest class of intellectual and moral character is subject to peculiar and humiliating weaknesses which reduce them to the common standard of human nature. A limit is decreed, past which mortal superiority shall not trespass but under the penalty of Babel punishment—

'Tis height makes Grantham steeple stand awry!

Dr. Parr, though he never feared to look truth in the face, was however frequently afraid of treading on her heels. His physical courage was far below his intellectual intrepidity. He would often recommend, but not so often support. Although his penetration into character was at first sight almost miraculous, yet intercept his microscopic vision by the most minute matter, and this power vanished. His prejudices once excited, his judgment took its leave. Dr. Parr was always the easy prey of *minions;* not that he had a taste for degraded intellect, but he was its unconscious dupe. It is said of the whale, that he is steered in his course by a fish of very contemptible dimensions, and that a yet more insignificant one will alter the course of a ship. He delighted in cabals and *scenes,* or else he was their most unlucky victim: he believed in any tales, however ridiculous, against his oldest friends, when inoculated upon him by cunning; and in any neighbouring family quarrels or local feuds, he instantly took the field (on the side he happened to enter it) with the appetite of an Irishman, who arriving at a *row,* is said to rush into the thick of it with the pious exclamation "God grant I may take the right side!" This may be attributed to the natural simplicity of his mind, and the warmth of his temper. The constancy of his friendships was far, very far, from equalling their ardour. His best friends could not always evade his determination to quarrel. The subject of his *advice* was a fearful cause of rupture: he did not know his own ignorance of the world, and yet was despotic that the *whole* advice should be swallowed; "Parr's entire," or your licence of friendship was withdrawn for three hundred and sixty-five days. His friends did not quarrel with him, but Dr. Parr with them. His placability, however, was equal to his irascibility; and when the tornado was over, the serenity of the natural atmosphere returned. He not only forgave his supposed injuries, but he forgot them. He greatly resembled Goldsmith—"he was no man's enemy but his own." Godwin said of him, that his friendships were far too easily gained and too easily lost to be of much consideration to any man. Nor was this infirmity of mind confined to his friendships. The most violent bursts of grief were often instantly succeeded by absurd and ludicrous ideas, and loud bursts of laughter; so rapid and instantaneous were his associations. There was a scene-shifting and pantomime in his mind most inexplicable. In his religious sentiments and simplicity he was Apostolic; while in his rural parish church he was the Pope in miniature, and the stranger would estimate Dr. Parr's

piety by the length and diameter of his wax candles, and the weight of his communion silver! The wisdom of his morning library conversations was strangely contrasted with the nonsense of his drawing-room and table talk. He whom archbishoprics could not tempt, would almost bow the knee for a piece of plate; and coronets and mitres were the baubles he played with as a child with its nursery toys. The morning sloven, with the rapidity of pantaloon, was transformed into the drawing-room courtier; and his ravenous appetite for intellectual nutriment was only equalled by his epicurean gluttony. It was said that Dr. Parr possessed two mills, one to grind knowledge, the other to grind food. All these contrarieties would have been unaccountable if the history of man did not tell us, that it is one quality to form judgment, and another to *act* up to it; that it is far easier to invent the most perfect system of virtue and worldly wisdom than to practise the least part; and that men may possess a profound knowledge of human nature, and yet know nothing of themselves. It was one of the sagacious remarks of Bacon that "books do not teach the use of books." It has been said that a too long continuance at the university is not the best way to enlarge the mind; but if Dr. Parr could have afforded to have remained there longer, he would have reaped great profit. He would early have associated with characters, who in the attrition of society would have polished and refined his own: he would have been taught self-controul, and the more correct estimate of his own power. As it was, the early professional situation of the assistant *pedagogue* was unlikely to break in the eccentricities of such a mind: his clerical *profession* also deprived him of that early discipline derived from commerce with the world almost essential to smelt the rich ore of his intellect:—the confined sphere of a country parish priest might contract, but could not controul, his intellect; and its inferior society would necessarily tempt him to overrate himself.

Whoever critically examines the published writings of Dr. Parr will soon perceive why he did not, and why he could not, produce more creditable works. He was, as it were, overlaid with acquired knowledge: the flood of his memory burst in on his own original powers and drowned them. He always forgot that there is little original contribution to be made to the knowledge in the world, but that the tact of authorship consists in supplying the modern wants in a modern mode. He never could clear his mind of its recollection of the modes of the ancients: he could not elect from the number and value of the precious stones: it was a diffidence and inability which, however, ruined his publications: he should have trusted more to himself and less to others. He never divested himself of the swaddling clothes of his education. In his mental powers and erudition he resembled Milton (he himself said so); in the use of them he was like Prynne; of the latter of whom it was said by Clieveland, that a marginal note would serve for a winding sheet,

and that his works were like thick skinned fruits, all rind. Dr. Parr disappointed his reader by substituting other men's opinions for his own: his works resemble those of the man of learning described by Osborn, as so overawed by antiquity, that he dared present nothing to the public but what old authors had left them already published; and whose sentiments were put into "old forms, patched up with sentences which doth unavoidably make a rent in the author's own style." In short, Dr. Parr had powers which he dared not use—armour which he would not put on. Dr. Parr, however, was no *pedant*, it was not an awkward ostentation of needless learning. Bentley's observation on Warburton equally applies to Dr. Parr, "he appears to have a great appetite for learning, but no digestion."

These regrets, however, for the comparatively little product of Dr. Parr's mind must not be allowed to extinguish our acknowledgments of his various contributions to the works of others. *Publication* is a term of relative meaning, and, as vulgarly used, of very confined signification. Dr. Parr was no antiquarian miser in knowledge: his generosity in communicating his own inexhaustible stores was even prodigal; and many have reaped the reputation of his labours. He was the patron and benefactor of needy men of letters and genius, and his correspondence was extensive and often laborious. He particularly delighted in the society and improvement of young men, and many an ardent and superior mind has been ignited at his intellectual flame.

To the county of Warwick, and his local connections, his loss will never be supplied. His character as a Parish Priest was perfect. His house was the focus of intellect and liberality. The vigour of his mind was unimpaired; and he wrote to Mr. Brougham in his 77th year—"Animo quam nulla senectus, say I, triumphantly, in the words of Statius."

The same Catholic spirit of philanthropy which ever pervaded his heart continued to the last: "We shall not be judged by the manner in which we die, but by that in which we have lived." It is, however, grateful to know, that as a man lived so he died; and this was the happy lot of Dr. Parr, on the evening of the 6th of March.

Every blossom sheds its seed: intelligence and education are gone forth over the earth: and "it was perhaps ordained by Providence, to hinder us from tyrannizing over one another, that no individual should be of such importance as to cause by his retirement or death any chasm in the world *."

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* Johnson.

THE FIRST EDITION OF HAMLET.*

This first Edition of Hamlet bears the same relation to the entire play, which the earliest editions of Romeo and Juliet, the Merry Wives of Windsor, Henry the Fifth, and two Parts of Henry the Sixth, hold respectively to those performances in their perfect state. It was not countenanced by the poet or his theatrical partners, for we find that an opposition quarto was published immediately after, containing the entire work; yet it is not altogether destitute of authority, since it appears that the same bookseller and printer were concerned in both, and the general accuracy of the language is a further proof of it. But the diversified arrangement of several of the scenes, wherein after all the plot is very naturally and skilfully unfolded, and the introduction of many passages of considerable merit, wholly different from those by which they were afterwards superseded, afford perhaps the strongest evidence of its being the first sketch of the Poet, complete as far as it goes, rather than an imperfect copy of the *entire* play made at a theatre, from the recitation of the actors. The original of all these earliest editions of the plays of Shakspeare, we suspect to have been the manuscripts in the possession of the Lord Chamberlain,—with this additional circumstance in regard to Hamlet, that the Publisher of the first Edition endeavoured to grace his work with two or three speeches subsequently introduced upon the stage, which speeches are very clumsily reported.

But how could these original sketches be obtained? Clandestinely and unfairly, let it be supposed; yet this may not affect the integrity of the copy, however it implicates that of the man who procured it. In the case of Hamlet, James Roberts appears to have performed the part of this delinquent, and he was not idle in his vocation. To him we are indebted for the first editions of three of Shakspeare's best plays, the Merchant of Venice, Hamlet, and the Midsummer Night's Dream; that he did not obtain Troilus and Cressida also, seven years before the first edition actually made its appearance, was not his fault; it was entered to him on the Stationers' books as early as 1602. He was a printer, and his reward for procuring the copies appears to have consisted in nothing more than the privilege of printing them for the booksellers. Titus Andronicus was another production of his press.

Hamlet was originally entered to Roberts on the books of the Stationer's Company, July 26, 1602, and the first edition came out in the following year. It was followed in 1604 by the first complete edition in 4to. which James Roberts also printed for the publisher of the former, Nicholas Ling; and, in 1605, they together brought out another quarto

* The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke By William Shake-ſpeare. As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where At London printed for N. L. and Iohn Trundell. 1603.

edition: the work in these two latter copies professes in the title-page to be "newly imprinted, and enlarged to *almost as much again as it was*, according to the *true and perfect copy*:" nor is this a mere bookseller's puff, for the first edition does not contain more than twelve hundred lines, whereas the others have near two thousand. Whether the mention of the true and perfect copy was intended to depreciate the first as well as to recommend the subsequent editions, is at best doubtful: as far as typographical accuracy is concerned, and an apparently unmutilated text, the one is almost as good as the other; nor is it very likely that these parties would censure their own former work for faults which reflect discredit on themselves. Both might be genuine copies of an original, and, indeed, it is not to be inferred from the title-page of the second that the former edition was a spurious production, for as it affirms that the work had been greatly enlarged, it is therefore fair to suppose that in its previous state it resembled this first edition. In this point of view it becomes curious as a specimen of the play in the manner in which the author first wrote it: and a further interest attaches to it when we consider it in the light of an acted play. The entire work could never have been performed at one time, and what was omitted we heretofore knew not: but here we learn up to a certain period what was the acting play in Shakspeare's days, what the Hamlet was which he saw performed, which met with his approbation, and which secured him, as Gabriel Harvey in 1598 informs us, the approbation "of the wiser sort."

Now this alone is very important, and highly satisfactory to a lover of the drama. Had any one declared that he could tell us what parts of Hamlet were represented, and what omitted, in the days of the author, we should have been inclined to give him a good round sum for his information rather than miss it; and it is not unworthy the notice of our present managers; at least John Kemble would have been glad of it. As an acting play we think it far preferable to the one we have. But we must leave them to act as they think fit, and attend to our own duty, which is, to examine the text of this first edition, and see whether, in any disputed passages, corroborations of the old, or suggestions for a new reading can be elicited from it. We shall, in all cases, copy the spelling, and the errors of the press, which have been very properly retained in the reprint.—The opening is more abrupt and brief than in the established copy.

Enter two Centinels.

1. Stand: who is that?
2. 'Tis I.
1. O you come most carefully vpon your watch,
2. And if you meete *Marcellus* and *Horatio*,
The partners of my watch, bid them make haste.

Here the other editions have *rivals*. Warburton proposed *partners*, but Malone remarked that Shakspeare constantly uses *rival* for *partner*

or *associate*. It is not unlikely, that *partner*, being the more obvious term, was the word first employed, and that it was afterwards displaced for one in that sense of less ordinary occurrence—a preference of this kind appearing to have governed our poet on numberless occasions.

1. I will: See who goes there.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And leegemen to the Dane,
O farewell honest souldier, who hath releeued you?
1. *Barnardo* hath my place, giue you good night.
Mar. Holla, *Barnardo.*
2. Say, is *Horatio* there?
Hor. A peece of him.
2. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*
Mar. What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.

In the folio as well as here this speech is given to *Marcellus:* in the quartos, and the text of Johnson and Steevens, to Horatio. This coincidence between the earliest edition and the old stock books of the theatre, of which there are some other instances, adds weight to the opinion that it was derived from an authentic source.

2. I haue seene nothing.
Mar. Horatio sayes tis but our fantasie,
And wil not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene by vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him a long with vs
To watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approue our eyes,and speake to it.
Hor. Tut, t'will not appeare.
2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe
Assaile your eares that are so fortified,
What we haue two nights seene.
Hor. Wel,sit we downe,and let vs heare *Bernardo* speake of this.
2. Last night of al,when yonder starre that's west-
ward from the pole, had made his course to
Illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes,
The bell then towling one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe.
2. In the same figure like the King that's dead,
Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it H*oratio.*
2. Lookes it not like the king?
Hor. Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.
2. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it H*oratio.*
Hor. What art thou that thus vsurps the state,in
Which the Maiestie of buried *Denmarke* did sometimes
Walke?By heauen I charge thee speake.

Comparing the last speech with the subsequent copies, we meet with an instance of that kind of amplification, and embossed phraseology, which the poet has practised throughout his enlarged and amended copy:

What art thou that usurp'st *this time of night*
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the Majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes *march?* By heaven I charge thee, speak.

The two speeches of Bernardo and Horatio, "I think it be no other," and "A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye"—immediately before the ghost appears the second time, are omitted in this *as they are in the folio edition.* The faulty reading of the quartos in this part—

As stars, with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun—

is therefore without remedy.

Enter the Ghost.

Hor. But loe,behold,see where it comes againe,
Ile crosse it,though it blast me: stay illusion,
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may doe ease to thee,and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy country's fate,
Which happly foreknowing may preuent, O speake to me,
Or if thou hast extorted in thy life,
Or hoorded treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say you Spirites oft walke in death, speake
to me, stay and speake, speake,stoppe it *Marcellus.*
2. Tis heere. *exit Ghost.*
H*or*. Tis heere.
Marc. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiesti-
call, to offer it the shew of violence,
For it is as the ayre invelmorable,
And our vaine blowes malitious mockery.
2. It was about to speake when the Cocke crew.
H*or*. And then it faded like a guilty thing, &c.

Besides the omission of *If thou hast any sound or use of voice, O speak to me,* and the evident inferiority of *faded* in the last line to *started,* there are several variations in the language of this last extract, which, while they render it unlike either the quarto or the folio copies, prevent us by their unimportance from attributing to them the merit of a contested reading. Steevens was of opinion that when Marcellus asks "Shall I strike at it with my partizan?" the answer, "Do, if it will not stand;" should be given to Bernardo, rather than to Horatio, as better suiting his character. He was probably right. Both speeches, however, are omitted here.

The beginning of the next scene has more the character of a copy made at the theatre; yet the errors may be the printer's.

King. Lordes,we here haue writ to *Fortenbrasse,*
Nephew to olde *Norway,* who impudent
And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his
Nephews purpose: and Wee heere dispatch
Yong good *Cornelia,* and you *Voltemar*
For bearers of these greetings to olde
Norway, giuing to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King,

Then those related articles do shew:
Farewell,and let your haste commend your dutie.

We are half tempted to quote the soliloquy—

Ham. O that this too much grieu'd and sallied flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the vniuersall
Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!
O God within two moneths; no not two : maried, &c.

for the whimsical appearance it has in this old edition, but, as our extracts of this kind cannot be many, we shall treat the reader with another passage, equally celebrated, nearer the middle of the work. It reads like a re-translation from the French, or rather like the version of the Negro Roscius at New York, as given by Mr. Matthews in his admirable Trip to America.

Ham. To be,or not to be, I there's the point,
To Die, to sleepe,is that all? I all:
No,to sleepe,to dreame, I mary there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an euerlasting Iudge,
From whence no passenger euer return'd,
The vndiscouered country, at whose sight
The happy smile,and the accursed damn'd.
But for this,the ioyfull hope of this,
Whol'd beare the scornes and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich,the rich curssed of the poore?
The widow being oppressed,the orphan wrong'd,
The taste of hunger, or a tirants raigne,
And thousand more calamities besides,
To grunt and sweate vnder this weary life,
When that he may his full *Quietus* make,
With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,
But for a hope of something after death?
Which pusles the braine, and doth confound the sence,
Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue,
Than flie to others that we know not of.
I that,O this conscience makes cowardes of vs all,
Lady in thy orizons, be all my sinnes remembred.

Was this the original which Shakspeare afterwards improved, or is it the production of a bungling theatrical reporter?

The following is still more meagre and unlike its representative: we can hardly recognize our old favourite, he is so wonderfully shrunk and attenuated.

Ham. Yes faith,this great world you see contents me not,
No nor the spangled heauens,nor earth,nor sea,
No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,
Contents not me,no nor woman too,though you laugh.

Shakspeare, after the production of these passages in their present splendid state, might well desire to vindicate himself, without loss of time, from the imputation of having written such lines as the above.

But sometimes the earliest copy is best: it excels, especially, in sim-

plicity: one passage, for instance, in the speech which follows, is much superior in this respect to the amplified version.

Ham. My lord, ti's not the sable sute I weare:
No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,
Nor the distracted hauiour in the visage,
Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,
Is equall to the sorrow of my heart,
Him haue I lost I must of force forgoe,
These but the ornaments and sutes of woe.

This is in better taste than

No nor the fruitful river in the eye.

The interlude which the players perform before the King is much better in this first copy than in any other. The chief actors represent the *Duke* and *Duchess,* not the King and Queen, as it falsely stands in the received versions, where at the same time Hamlet tells the King, "*Gonzago* is the *Duke's* name; his wife, *Baptista.*" The verses they repeat also differ advantageously in being much less extravagant in diction than those in the usual play, and they are apparently given with much correctness.

Enter the Duke and Dutchesse.

Duke Full fortie yeares are past, their date is gone,
Since happy time ioyn'd both our hearts as one:
And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veines,
Runnes weakely in their pipes, and all the straines
Of musicke, which whilome pleasde mine eare,
Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:
And therefore sweete Nature must pay his due,
To heauen must I, and leaue the earth with you.
Dutchesse O say not so,lest that you kill my heart,
When death takes you, let life from me depart.
Duke Content thy selfe, when ended is my date,
Thou maist(perchance)haue a more noble mate,
More wise,more youthfull, and one.
Dutchesse O speake no more, for then I am accurst,
None weds the second, but she kils the first:
A second time I kill my Lord that's dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.
Ham. O wormewood,wormewood!
Duke I doe beleeue you sweete,what now you speake,
But what we doe determine oft we breake,
For our demises stil are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne:
So thinke you will no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.
Dutchesse Both here and there pursue me lasting strife,
If once a widdow,euer I be wife, &c.

For simplicity and unaffected beauty, as well as for giving us a better version of the old ballads, we greatly prefer the following from this old edition.

Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire downe singing.

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hatte, and his staffe,
And his sandall shoone.
White his shrowde as mountaine snowe,
Larded with sweete flowers,
That bewept to the graue did not goe
With true louers showers:
He is dead and gone Lady,he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse greene turffe,
At his heeles a stone.

king How i'st with you sweete *Ofelia?*

Ofelia Well God yeeld you,
It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,
I could not chuse but weepe:
And will he not come againe?
And will he not come againe?
No,no,hee's gone, and we cast away mone,
And he neuer will come againe.
His beard as white as snowe:
All flaxen was his pole,
He is dead, he is gone,
And we cast away moane:
God a mercy on his soule.
And of all christen soules I pray God.
God be with you Ladies,God be with you. *exit Ofelia.*

king A pretty wretch! this is a change indeede:
O Time, how swiftly runnes our ioyes away?
Content on earth was neuer certaine bred,
To day we laugh and liue, to morrow dead.
How now, what noyse is that?

The text of Johnson and Steevens is corroborated by these lines:

1. Thus twice before, and *jump* at this dead hour.
2. The cock that is the trumpet to the *morning*.
3. And then they say no spirit *dare walke* abroad.
4. Like quills upon the *fretfull* porpentine.
5. Gives him *three* thousand crowns in annual fee.
6. Weele euen too't like *French* falconers.
7. One said there were no *sallets* in the lines.
8. *Imperious* Cæsar dead and turn'd to clay.—

All the passages which follow *contradict* the text of Johnson and Steevens, and add authority generally to the reading of the old quarto copies.

1. And why such daily *cast* of brazen cannon.
2. Sharkt up a sight of *lawless* Resolutes.
3. Grapple them to thee with a *hoope* of steel.

"Grapple them unto thy soul with *hoops* of steel" is the expression of all the old copies, which Steevens has changed to *hooks*.

4. Than the fat weed which *rootes* itself in ease
On Lethe wharffe—

is the reading of the first edition, and of all the quartos. The folio says *rot,* which our modern editors have very unnecessarily followed.

5. *By Heaven,* it is as proper for our age to cast
Beyond ourselves, as 'tis for the younger sort—

This is the reading of the quarto also. The folio, which Johnson and Steevens followed, has "*It seems;*" but this is too tame an expression: the positive old man was willing to justify himself, and did it as he thought on good ground.

6. Lord Hamlet is a prince out of your *star.*

Because the second folio substituted *sphere* for star, Johnson and Steevens followed it, in opposition to all the earlier copies. Sphere is a more common-place word, but that is no recommendation, and it ought not to be retained when so many authorities are against it.

7. On your lap I said, do you think I meant *contrary* matters?

It is *country* in all other copies—and *comedy,* passim, in what follows:

8. For if the king likes not the *tragedy,*
Why then belike, he likes it not, perdy.

The following are absolute EMENDATIONS:

But you must *think* your father lost a father,
That father *dead,* lost his; and so shall be, &c.

Know and *lost* is the reading of our received version, which Pope tried to correct, but he did not make so judicious a change as we now see authorized.

That if you be fair and honest,
Your beauty should admit no discourse to your honesty—

confirms the reading which Johnson recommended. He and Theobald also were right in their conjecture respecting the following, which is found only in the first edition, all other copies having "so you *mistake* your husbands:"

Oph. Still better and worse.
Ham. So you *must take* your husbands, begon.

As both Rosencrantz and Guildenstern press Hamlet for the motives of his conduct, both of them ought to receive the reproof which he conveys, by asking them to play on the pipe. In the usual copies he puts the question thrice to Guildenstern only—in this earliest copy he asks both—

Ham. I pray, will you play upon this pipe?
Ros. Alas! my Lord, I cannot.
Ham. Pray will you?
Guil. I have no skill, my Lord, &c.

The true reading of "he keeps them like an *ape* in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed to be last swallowed," appears in the present copy: "*as an ape doth nuts in the corner of his jaw.*"

"Wilt drink up *vessels,* eate a crocodile?" This is *Esill,* in the quartos and folio, which has sadly puzzled all our commentators. Some

would read Yssel, but that is not near Denmark; others *eisel*, vinegar. Steevens came the nearest to the truth: he thinks "the poet might have written the *Weissel*, a considerable river which falls into the Baltic Ocean, and could not be unknown to any Prince of Denmark." This conjecture is justified we now see by the oldest text, *Vessel* being as near it as so unlearned a scribe could be expected to come.

We are told in the advertisement prefixed to this reprint, that several lines of great beauty are recovered by it. They have escaped our eyes. There are some lines which subsequent authorities required to be omitted or altered; but they are not good enough to make us regret their loss. Those in the introduction of Ophelia's address to her father, when she describes the disordered appearance of Hamlet on his approaching her in the gallery, are of this kind:

> O! young Prince Hamlet, the only flower of Denmark,
> He is bereft of all the wealth he had;
> The jewel that adorned his feature most
> Is filched and stoln away: his wits bereft him.

These are not worth preserving. The following are even less so, except as a specimen of the faults which Hamlet condemns in the clown.

> And then you haue some agen, that keepes one sute
> Of ieasts, as a man is knowne by one sute of
> Apparell, and Gentlemen quotes his ieasts downe
> In their tables, before they come to the play,as thus:
> Cannot you stay till I eate my porrige? and,you owe me
> A quarter's wages:and, my coate wants a cullison:
> And,your beere is sowre:and,blabbering with his lips,
> And thus keeping in his cinkapase of ieasts,
> When, God knows,the warme Clowne cannot make a iest
> Vnlesse by chance,as the blinde man catcheth a hare:
> Maisters tell him of it.
> *players* We will my Lord.

In the spelling of some particular words, regard appears to have been had to their pronunciation on the stage. Was the personator of Hamlet a cockney? If not it is pretty clear that the reporter of his speech was—e. g. "O that this too much griev'd and *sallied* flesh:"—"Should like a *scalion*, like a very drab"—which in the next edition was ridiculously changed to *stallion*:—"In the dead *vast* and middle of the night," instead of *waist*: to which we may add *Vessel* for *Weissel*. The Ghost himself appears to have smelt the air of the city:—"The Gloworme shews the *Martin* to be neere."

We looked for more satisfaction in two or three instances than the quotations we subjoin have given us:

> And they of *France*, of the chief rancke and station,
> Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that.

These lines, and "this is myching Mallico, that means *my chiefe*" (a misprint for *mischief*) add nothing to our former knowledge. Nor is the following better than the passage we already have:

So lust, though to a radiant angle linckt,
Would *fate* itself *from* a celestiall bedde,
And prey on garbage.

Again, the phrase "and we did think it *writ down* in our duty to let you know it" is more figurative and so far more poetical than that which we meet with in this oldest edition, "and we did think it *right done* in our duty;" but the latter has a plainer sense—it is difficult to say which is best. Turning back we see another word which deserves to be restored, *Polacks,* instead of Polack:

So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sleaded pollax on the yee.

Whalley recommended Garrick to make a pause before "in arms," in this line "My father's spirit in arms! all is not well:" as if the being in arms were an additional circumstance of alarm and horror. This reading is not particularly countenanced by the copy before us, which only gives some indication of an emphasis on the word *arms,* by printing it with a capital letter, but in one of the old quartos it is established, thus:

My father's spirit (in armes) all is not well.

We have now completed our task of extracting from this very curious old work all that is interesting, either to the critic, the antiquary, or the dramatist. We should be glad to see an edition of it correctly printed, with the imperfect speeches faithfully restored; and if it were brought out upon the stage with no other changes, it would afford us still greater satisfaction.

J.

VOYAGE EN ANGLETERRE ET EN ÉCOSSE,

PAR ADOLPHE BLANQUI.*

When we first read this book, we thought it scarcely worthy of a place in our Review, as neither provoking observation by any very heinous errors, nor entitled to notice on the score of any particular merits. It seemed to us a common-place production, taking an unenviable range in the bibliometrical scale, between rather bad and pretty good. But having lately heard from various quarters, that it enjoys a very different reputation on the Continent, where it is greatly extolled, and obtains extensive circulation as a superior picture of England, we feel called upon to give some account of a work that has met with a success which appears to us utterly disproportioned to its deserts. M. Blanqui in the preface professes to place his main reliance on his candour, frankness, and sincerity; and, generally speaking, we see no reason to question his claims to those virtues. His book, however, is by no means free from misrepresentations; some of which appear to have originated in ignorance pardonable in a stranger, and others, of a more

* Paris, 1824. 1 vol. 8vo.

insignificant order, from the resolution to be witty, or the necessity under which a good Frenchman lies of humouring the darling prejudices of *la belle* France. As to all the higher intellectual qualifications, which are rather to be desired than to be looked for in a traveller of the present day, M. Blanqui appears to be as deficient as his countless literary brethren of the road. We discover in him no originality, or acuteness of observation, or depth of thought, but an abundance of sentiment, virtuous common-places, and flat amiabilities that might well be spared, relieved occasionally by desperate sallies of sprightliness for the honour of French gaiety; but notwithstanding these vigorous essays at vivacity, M. Blanqui is on the whole essentially heavy. His information respecting the towns and places he visits in his route may possibly be considered as highly respectable in France, but to us it bears very much the appearance of having been collected from Guides or Gazetteers; and of this we are assured, that the author might have possessed himself of it, without giving himself the trouble of crossing the Channel. In a word, we see nothing in the book before us to elevate it above the innumerable volumes produced by the idlers of our own country, who have spread themselves all over the world; and the "Voyage en Angleterre" may take rank both as to matter and manner with the thousand and one tours in France and the Netherlands that go the rounds of circulating libraries. France has hitherto been the sufferer by these idle publications; but the success which has attended M. Blanqui's work would augur retaliation, and give us to apprehend that the war is about to be carried into our own country. The wooden heads of old England have, however, certainly done their worst in daubing likenesses of all other nations; and we have no right to complain of the frightful caricatures, or inept portraits, that may be drawn of us in return by foreign travellers allured to the trade by the profits of book-making. We do not indeed mean to class M. Blanqui's performance with the caricatures, because it were unjust to do so, as it is not by any means, taking it as a whole, a caricature, but only *not* a good picture. But, unfortunately, the success of so slight a work is likely to stimulate inferior artists to similar undertakings,—obsta principiis is therefore our policy.

M. Blanqui commences by observing that, notwithstanding the intercourse which has been established since the peace between the different nations of Europe, England is as yet little known, the greater number of travels in this country being mere trips to London; he therefore formed the project of visiting our provinces, with the design of observing the principal traits and prominent features that distinguish England. Having conceived this plan of operation, M. Blanqui embarked at Havre, and after having suffered the usual miseries of the sea, (which were considerably aggravated by the sailors, who we are told pitilessly broiled their beef-steaks—a dainty process which grievously tried those stomachs that had been proof against the other provocative to sickness—

the motion of the vessel,) he landed at Southampton. Before he gets ashore, however, the author instructs the sick voyager to abstain from tea "à la façon des Anglais," because, instead of an infusion, we make, it seems, a distillation of it, and consequently "le vomissement redouble ordinairement après en avoir pris." Southampton our traveller notes for its neatness and for the price of its civilities, which are ordinarily a shilling each—some dearer; here he eats his first meal à l'Anglaise, and discovers that the flesh of English fowls is harder than that of beef, and, what is more, that we ourselves confess as much. We give M. Blanqui's account of his first dinner in England, not only as it contains this curious anecdote touching the singular obduracy of our fowls, but also, as the author observes, that "la chère anglaise étant absolument la même dans toutes les auberges hôtels et tavernes des trois royaumes il est bon de savoir à quoi doivent s'attendre sous ce rapport, les voyageurs délicats qui vont chercher des jouissances de l'autre côté du détroit."

Le dîner, sans soupe, consiste en un *beafsteak* sanglant, largement saupoudré de poivre et d'épices, et couronné de petits fragmens de raifort rapé, tout-à-fait semblables à ces copeaux de bois blanc qui naissent sous le rabot du menuisier. Le *beafsteak* est immédiatement suivi d'un ou de plusieurs plats de légumes *in naturalibus*, c'est-à-dire *blanchis* et *égouttés*, en terme de cuisine: on a soin de servir en même tems une sorte de porte-huilier chargé de cinq ou six fioles, véritable pharmacie ambulante, dans laquelle on choisit les ingrédiens nécessaires pour composer une sauce ou *mixture* capable de donner du ton à ces légumes insipides. Les fioles contiennent ordinairement de l'huile, du vinaigre, de la moutarde, et trois ou quatre autres substances liquides, d'une consistance analogue à celle des linimens. Quelquefois un poulet succède à ces légumes des tems héroïques: *mais les Anglais eux-mêmes conviennent que la chair en est plus dure chez eux que celle du bœuf*, et ils lui préfèrent le canard. Ainsi je me suis expliqué cette cargaison de poules et de dindons parfaitement plumés qui encombraient la poupe de notre paquebot, lorsque nous sommes partis du Hâvre. Le dîner se termine par une lourde tarte (*a tart*) aux cerises, aux prunes ou aux pommes suivant la saison; et l'on ne manque jamais d'y laisser aux fruits leurs noyaux.

From Southampton our traveller shapes his course to Bath; we find nothing worthy of note in this chapter, except that three or four great-coats are indispensable to every Englishman who goes a journey. At Bath M. Blanqui again becomes witty on that never-failing source of pleasantry to the French, the English *cuisine*. At the Elephant and Castle Inn he is seated at a table covered with bloody beef and potatoes —what does he do in this case? Why, he consoles himself under the affliction of raw beef and potatoes, by talking of the glory of France and her *douceurs*, till the waiter enters with a dessert which puts him to flight, and is very properly described as "d'une espèce nouvelle:"—

Assis autour d'une table, couverte de pommes de terre et de bœuf sanglant, nous nous consolions de l'absence de la patrie en parlant de sa gloire et de ses douceurs, lorsque le garçon (*waiter*) a paru, tenant dans ses mains un dessert d'une espèce nouvelle: un énorme cornichon flanqué de quatre ou cinq oignons crus, avec du cresson pour litière; des gâteaux de plomb (*plumb cakes*) trop dignes de leur nom, et du fromage, dont la population était originaire, disait-il, de Chester. A la vue de ces préparatifs d'empoisonnement, nous avons déserté la table, et couru chez le docteur Gibbes, dans *Queen's Square*.

Such is the sort of humour that we find in M. Blanqui's book. But inventions of this kind are, we suppose, necessary to amuse that idle class of readers who delight in works of this order. They must have a joke, and the English table is a standing jest that they are never weary of laughing at,—it is an eternal subject of vulgar pleasantry, like the dram bottle on the English stage, or matrimony, or a fine satire on the leanness or heels of the French in this country. In M. Blanqui's next edition, we should however recommend him to leave out the plum-cakes which he has put into his dessert. It is not usual at Elephant and Castle Inns to send in plum-cakes at all after dinner, and at no English tables do cakes and cheese appear together; this is the style of a French, not of an English dessert; and the blunder discovers the invention, which, it must be confessed, is sufficiently harmless.

Our traveller has been more successful in sporting with another most legitimate subject for ridicule—the cruelty to animals' legislation, which has deservedly made us the laughing-stock of the whole world. As this is a topic the proper consideration of which would require a separate paper, we shall not enter into any discussion of it here, but confine ourselves to quoting M. Blanqui; premising, however, that with regard to the policy of this country in respect of the slave-trade, he has adopted a very popular French error.

J'avais lu, dans les journaux, plusieurs histoires de procès intentés à quelques jeunes gens pour avoir maltraité des moutons et des chevaux. Les détails en étaient curieux. Les témoins avaient été écoutés avec autant de soin que dans une accusation d'assassinat; et les délinquans condamnés à une amende de vingt shellings. Quelle humanité dans ce peuple, puisqu'il punit les mauvais traitemens faits aux animaux, avec une rigueur et des formes si imposantes! Aussi, depuis notre entrée en Angleterre, je cherchais à juger du bonheur des chiens, des chats, des chevaux et des ânes du pays: mais j'ai vu fouetter les chevaux jusqu'au sang comme dans les contrées les moins civilisées; j'ai vu rosser les chiens avec une énergie toute nationale; je ne puis rien assurer de positif sur la destinée des chats. Il me semble qu'il y en a moins ici qu'en France, et qu'ils vivent sous la protection des femmes, infiniment préférable à celle des lois. Ce sont les *gentlemen* par excellence de la classe des quadrupèdes. En vérité, nous avons bien le droit de rire un peu, quand nous lisons l'histoire de ces ridicules procédures, chez une nation qui a inventé les pontons pour les prisonniers de guerre! Ne viendra-t-il pas un tems où l'on fera justice de toutes les hypocrisies des gouvernemens, y compris ces invitations pathétiques de renoncer à la traite des noirs, subterfuge aujourd'hui trop connu, pour s'en assurer le monople? Que de faits je pourrais citer, dont j'aurais pour garans des témoins oculaires; et dans ces mêmes journaux qui recueillent avec une affectation si touchante les offenses faites aux chiens et aux chats, que de preuves déplorables de la barbarie de plusieurs lois anglaises; que d'histoires déchirantes de la misère des individus!

At Carlisle, on his route northwards, M. Blanqui gives us more of the miseries of the table. He draws a most frightful picture of an English breakfast, (which in truth is bad enough,) and complains bitterly that it is the custom to drink at dinner only!—Parched with thirst he calls for beer at breakfast, and the demand shocks the company, and is neglected by the waiter—it never once struck the traveller, in his extreme distress from drought, that the tea with which the table was provided was potable:—

Puisqu'il n'y a rien à voir ni à apprendre dans cette vieille ville de guerre, rentrons pour déjeûner. Le jambon à moitié cuit et sucré vient d'être coupé en petites feuilles par des couteaux de Birmingham ou de Sheffield ; le rost beaf froid et sanglant a déjà fait le tour de la table; on apporte les œufs durs, on sert le miel, le beurre et le thé. Pour le lait, on le montre aux convives au fond d'un petit pot de forme élégante, et quand cet échantillon est épuisé, il est rare qu'on le renouvelle. Nous ne devons trouver du lait qu'en Ecosse. Dès que tout le monde est assis, il se fait un profond silence : le déjeûner est une affaire si sérieuse qu'on se garde bien de l'interrompre. Chacun prépare gravement ses *tartines*, composées d'une couche de beurre, recouvertes d'un vernis de miel, alternativement trempées dans l'œuf dur s'il ne résiste pas trop, et dans le thé. Le pain est presque inconnu ; de la bière, on n'en sert point ; il n'est permis de boire qu'à dîner. Toutes les fois qu'une soif dévorante, augmentée par cette nourriture scorbutique, nous a forcés de demander un verre d'*ale*, on nous a fait payer très-cher le scandale : tous les regards se dirigeaient sur nous ; les domestiques hésitaient, la bière n'arrivait jamais, si bien qu'à la fin nous n'osions plus avoir soif. *Tels sont les déjeûners anglais :* toujours des œufs, du beurre et du thé ; les grands le prennent dans des vases d'argent, et le peuple dans la porcelaine. C'est le luxe qui fait la différence.

In Scotland, at the village of Moffat, between Dumfries and Lanark, the author goes into a fit of sentimentality at the sight of a burying-ground :—

Plus loin, quelques pierres sépulcrales cachées sous les sapins, autour d'un obélisque en marbre blanc, annoncent un cimetière, dernier rendez-vous de tous les pâtres qu ont vécu ignorés sur les crêtes de ces montagnes. Reposez en paix, hommes simples et doux, vous qui n'avez jamais connu, dans vos retraites solitaires, les fureurs du fanatisme ou des partis ; vous dont la main toujours bienveillante ramena tant de fois le voyageur égaré, reposez en paix dans ce désert, et que la terre vous soit légère ! Vous ne vivrez point, il est vrai, dans la mémoire des hommes : mais du moins, une main amie vous a fermé les yeux, et vos enfans viennent souvent pleurer sur la pierre qui vous couvre... Pour nous, qui sait si l'amitié nous doit accorder quelque jour une larme !

Chubby cheeked cherubim and seraphim, with stone tears as big as marbles carved in their eyes, are the only weepers over tomb-stones to be met with now-a-days. It is particularly interesting in poetry and pictures to see tall young ladies and slim young gentlemen watering graves with their tears by the light of the moon ; but this mode of digesting grief has altogether gone out of vogue ; nay, we much question whether it would now be quite safe to be observed haunting the churchyard, as the ready inference would be, that one went there not to sigh, but to steal a body, and the watchman might peradventure be troublesome. If people have occasion to weep in this age of philosophy, they stay at home by the fire-side and weep in comfort. Formerly, grief was an exceedingly rampant passion ; folks in the olden time tore their clothes, and scattered ashes on their heads, and beat their breasts, and plucked up their hair by the roots ; but these transports, which in their day were considered merely as decent mourning, have given place to new suits of black and all the quiet pathos of cambric handkerchiefs.

At Glasgow, M. Blanqui is struck by the deficiency of the museum in what pertains to the study of anatomy, " Si l'on excepte les travaux de Hunter," he observes, " pas un seul squelette complet, pas un systeme d'organes n'est représenté même en cire." On his expressing his as-

tonishment to Professor Cooper, the latter replied in these terms:—"Monsieur on dissèque rarement en Angleterre, et il n'est point aisé d'imiter avec exactitude ce qu'on est forcé d'examiner furtivement. Il semble que les travaux anatomiques soient ici une mauvaise action. Vous le voyez, nous ne manquons pas de préjugés; mais qu'y faire? on a beau vanter nos lumières, nous avons plus de pitié pour les morts que pour les vivans."

We cannot think of following our traveller closely through Scotland; suffice it to say, that he sees the lions of the country, and describes them pretty much as other people have described them before. At Edinburgh he goes a pilgrimage to Sir Walter Scott's house, which interests him more than all the palaces of the new town:—"Quand les étrangers visitaient Athènes, ils couraient voir tout d'abord Socrate et Platon: notre première visite était due à l'auteur des Puritains et de Waverley; mais"——he was out of town. Nevertheless the disappointment is good for a description: "Au premier coup de la sonnette que nous avons agitée d'une main émue, une femme est accourue, *fidèle* gardienne de la demeure du poète;"—this intuitive perception of the fidelity of Sir Walter's maid is truly admirable. In the reception-room M. Blanqui finds a volume of Guy Mannering lying open on the table, which the French, who love to generalise, will set down as a proof that Sir Walter reads nothing but his own writings. The Socrates or Plato of the modern Athens being out of town, all the fine things of the city lost their charm, and the traveller was obliged to climb the Calton-hill to recover emotion: "Et, pour retrouver des émotions dignes d'Edimbourg, il a fallu monter sur Calton hill, et nous remettre en présence de tous ses monumens."

From Edinburgh the author bends his course to London through Durham and York. The remarks of an intelligent foreigner on things in our capital, too familiar to be remarked at all by us, must always possess some interest; as the people of a great city are like a savage who has no notion how he looks till a stranger holds up a mirror to him; we therefore hoped in M. Blanqui's view of London to make ourselves amends for some dull time that we have passed with him in the provinces, but we must own that he has rather disappointed us, though he certainly does occasionally surprise us by his truly original discoveries. For instance, he finds that we have the art of tastily decorating our buildings, gardens, and public establishments, in a manner to keep alive the fire of patriotism; and in support of this position, he quotes that long green gun and the pot-bellied mortar in St. James's Park. The national vanity, we are told, is daily fed by the sight of these trophies, and children ask their parents the history of them. This curiosity in the children must be particularly embarrassing to the papas and mamas, for we much question whether one person out of ten thousand knows any thing whatever about these trophies, further than that the one is a long green cannon, and the other what they call a *bum*. As for the

mortar even in its best day, when first planted in the Park, so little did the "*vanité nationale*" delight in it, that it was made the subject of a variety of scurvy jests, and suggested ideas the most opposite to the heroic in the public mind. The national vanity does not set in this channel; we are rather a purse-proud than a chivalrous people.

At Greenwich, M. Blanqui goes on to say, "Les orphelins de la marine se jouent sur le bord de la Tamise, au milieu des canons et de l'appareil des armes." With the exception of the old guns that do civil duty as posts at the corner of the streets, there are unluckily no cannons at all at Greenwich; the artillery and warlike stores being at Woolwich, and consequently the "orphelins" see as little of them as if they were at the Land's End. Our traveller remarks on the extraordinary civility of the English military, and quotes M. Dupin, who made the same observation, having seen the soldiers marching by files on the pavement, and going off the foot-path in order to give way to the inhabitants. It was only very lately, however, that great complaints were made of the rudeness of the military in thrusting the passengers off the pavement, and in consequence of repeated remonstrances, an order was issued that they should march in files (Indian file would be more proper). Speaking from our own observation, we have never witnessed any disposition on the part of the Guards either to yield to or unnecessarily to inconvenience the passengers; they seem to us to march to their destination without ever going a step out of their way to annoy or accommodate. M. Blanqui views our military punishments with the abhorrence with which they are regarded by the whole civilized world; on this subject, however, he surprises us by the information that they were more cruel in the last age, when they cut off the noses and ears of soldiers!—cutting off the ears was a civil not a military punishment. Our traveller's remarks on English actors are by no means what we should have expected; he says that they are "beaucoup plus pénétrés de leur rôle" than the French, and that they do not carry on the scene "ces distractions qui les empêchent de prendre une part active à la marche de la pièce;"—for the first point of superiority we should never have given our actors credit, nor do we think they are particularly famous for the latter virtue; and generally speaking we hold, that dramatic talent is ten thousand times more abundant in France than in England. If M. Blanqui's taste in acting, however, is not vastly superior to his taste in music, his authority is not worth much, for he says that at the Haymarket little Theatre, he heard a symphony as well executed as at the Théâtre Français; now we all know that the Little Theatre orchestra is a thing not to be named without abhorrence; it has indeed been aptly called the *banditti*, from its murderous execution; while the orchestra of the Théâtre Français, on the other hand, like most Parisian orchestras, is at least respectable. On an extravagant melo-drama and a broad farce from the French performed at our Summer Theatres, M. Blanqui indulges in some very clumsy attempts at pleasantry; but here we must leave him, for his humour is not very

amusing; and we have, thank heaven, nearly got through the volume, which ends with this touch of sentimental eloquence on the author's returning to his native shore: "Salut! douce terre de la patrie, toi qui portes les êtres que j'aime, et qui me vas rendre une sœur chérie! Nous venons de visiter le séjour de l'industrie et de l'opulence; nous avons parcouru des villes brillantes, des provinces fertiles, des routes magnifiques; *mais nous n'avons rien trouvé d'aussi aimable que toi.*"

From the beginning to the end of this book we do not find a single date, consequently we are uninformed as to the length of the author's stay in England; that he was here in the year 1823, we discover from a circumstance which he mentions; but the duration of his visit is left as it seems to us in studied obscurity; *we guess* that it was not very long.

We do not pretend to be judges of French composition, but it strikes us that the style of M. Blanqui's work is its chief merit; it certainly has infinitely the advantage of his matter. We shall conclude by quoting a favourable specimen of the writer's eloquence; he is alluding to the droit d'aînesse:—

Aussi voit-on en Angleterre beaucoup de femmes que cette loi fatale condamne pour toujours au célibat, passer leurs jours dans la solitude et le silence, rêvant le bonheur d'être mères, et mille autres délices qui ne perdent rien à être imaginées. Leur vie s'éteint sans avoir brillé, rarement sans avoir été utile; et, quoique le monde les pousse, quoique jamais peut-être un cœur ami n'ait battu près du leur, elles sont restées bonnes et tendres pour l'infortune, indulgentes et calmes envers l'injustice des hommes et les rigueurs du sort.

EXPEDITION TO THE SOURCE OF ST. PETER'S RIVER, &c. &c.*

THE success which attended the expedition to the Rocky Mountains,† and the important information which it imparted, concerning the nature of the valley drained by the Missouri and its tributaries, induced the government of the United States to continue its endeavours to explore the unknown wilds within its limits; and the first object which occurred as deserving investigation was the tract of country bounded by the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the northern boundary of the United States, which is a triangular section, including about three hundred miles of longitude, and seven hundred of latitude.

All later travellers to the Upper Mississippi concurred in mentioning

* Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River, Lake Winnepeek, Lake of the Woods, &c. &c. performed in the year 1823, by order of the Hon. J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, under the command of Stephen H. Long, Major U. S. T. E. Compiled from the notes of Major Long, Messrs. Say, Keating, and Colhoun. By William H. Keating, AM. &c. Professor of Mineralogy and Chemistry, as applied to the Arts, in the University of Pennsylvania; Geologist and Historiographer to the Expedition. 2 Vols. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1824.

† For an account of which, see London Magazine, April, 1823.

a river St. Peter, discovered at the end of the seventeenth century, but visited only by Carver, whose account of it (1778) was supposed to contain many inaccuracies. Various circumstances tended to make it desirable to the government to obtain a correct knowledge of the country, the St. Peter, and the Red River, to the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, and also of that on the hitherto unsurveyed northern frontier. It was accordingly resolved in the spring of 1823 to send an expedition for the above purposes, the command of which was intrusted to Major Long, who left Philadelphia April 30, accompanied by the gentlemen whose names are mentioned in the title page. Dr. Edwin James, who was to have accompanied the expedition, did not receive in due time the letters sent to him, by which most unfortunate circumstance the place of botanist was left vacant. M. Say, indeed, collected such plants as seemed to him interesting, but with the diffidence with which a man performs a business with which he does not pretend to be conversant.

In eleven days they reached Wheeling, in Virginia, a very flourishing and rapidly increasing town of above two thousand inhabitants; the prosperity of which appears to be owing in a great degree to the completion of the national road. This town seems likely to rise to affluence by becoming the emporium through which all the commerce between the east and the west must pass.

Having spent three days at Wheeling, they proceeded to Zanesville, a pleasant and flourishing town at the junction of the Licking Creek, and the Muskingum, where a number of manufactories have already been established.

It was in the neighbourhood of Zanesville that their attention was first directed to the remains of the works of the natives, which indicate that a very numerous aboriginal population must have formerly been seated in that country. The first they observed was at Irville, a small village eleven miles west of Zanesville. It has been opened, and, as usual, bones were found in it. It was fifteen feet in diameter, and about four and a half in height, and the base seems to have been elliptic. Their guide, who had seen it opened, said that among the bones there had been a skeleton, nearly entire, laid with the head towards the north-west, the arms were thrown back over the head. There were also many spear and arrow heads, and a thin plate of copper about eight inches by five or six, probably an ornament. There are numerous other mounds in the vicinity, some of very large dimensions; there was one near the road, thirty-five or forty feet high. They were told that the valley and neighbouring hills abounded in excavations like wells; they are stated by Mr. Atwater to be at least a thousand in number, and many of them twenty feet deep. Near Newark, a pleasant town twenty-five miles from Zanesville, are very fine remains of Indian works, which the travellers did not see. Mr. Atwater, however, has published an account of them, from which it appears that they covered several miles of country, and were perhaps

connected with other works at a distance, by parallel walls extending over a space of thirty miles. Among these works is a circular fort containing twenty-six acres, surrounded by a wall formed by the earth, thrown out of a deep ditch on the inside; the wall is now from twenty-five to thirty feet high. At Newark, they met with that eccentric character, Captain John Cleeves Symes, well known in Europe as well as America for the partial insanity, which leads him to pervert, to the support of a manifestly absurd doctrine, all the facts which he has collected with great industry, from numberless authorities. From Newark they proceeded through a heavily wooded country, destitute of population, to Columbus, the capital of Ohio. The weather was now becoming very warm, the thermometer at noon standing usually at above eighty degrees.

On May 21, the expedition left Columbus, on its way to Piqua, situated on the Miami, about seventy miles west of Columbus, and likewise in the state of Ohio. The intermediate country is but thinly settled; the soil is black, and not very deep, seldom more than eight inches; it is underlaid with sand and pebbles, which are evidently the detritus of granitic rocks, similar to the large boulders, observed every where throughout the country. No rocks to be met with in place. Although the country is very high, being probably, from the best measurements which have been made, at least three hundred and fifty feet above the surface of Lake Erie, and consequently upwards of nine hundred above the surface of the ocean, it is wet, being swampy, with occasional open woods, and soft marshy prairies, very unlike those which are described by travellers, as existing to the westward, and which we afterwards met with on the St. Peter's, &c. The whole of this part of our route led us irresistibly to the conclusion, that we were travelling upon the bottom of some lake, whose waters had, at a comparatively modern period, broken their bounds and found their way to the ocean. It is true that in the present state of our geographical and geological knowledge of the valley drained by the Mississippi, it is impossible to assign any probable limits to this vast internal ocean; we know too little of the true direction of the different chains of mountains, which extend throughout this section of our country, or of their respective heights, to allow us to trace the limits of this powerful dam, which formerly kept the whole of our western country under water, nor can we attempt to show in what places, and from what causes the dam was forced; but the mere inspection of the high plains which form the centre of the state of Ohio, must satisfy us that they doubtless owe the characters which they present to the recent sojourn of water. The country is covered with a very heavy growth of wood; many of the trees are upwards of five feet in diameter.

At Piqua, on the west bank of the Miami, they stopped for a day and viewed the highly interesting and curious works in the vicinity, the monuments of a nation far more advanced in civilization than those who were found there a century or two ago. There are five circular and one elliptical work, two on the east, and the remainder on the west side of the river. The circular ones are of various diameters, one hundred and fifty to two hundred and twenty-five feet, each with one entrance. The elliptical enclosure is eighty-three feet by two hundred and ninety-five, without appearance of an entrance. One of those on the east bank, one hundred and twenty-five feet diameter, is in a most commanding position on the brow of a hill, and has not yet received any injury from the hand of man. It is covered with trees of very large size; on the top of the parapet they found the trunk of a tree which had evidently grown long

after the rampart was constructed, and which from the number of concentric layers of the trunk (two hundred and fifty in the outer half, the inner part being decayed) they concluded to have been at least five hundred years old when it was felled. "These works all bear the impress of a very remote antiquity; in some cases, trees of a very large size are seen growing on the trunks of still larger trees. We have, as we conceive, no data to enable us to refer them to any definite date; but we are well warranted, from all their characters, in assigning to them an antiquity of upwards of a thousand years." These appear to have been military fortifications, and many Indian arrow heads are found about them. But about three miles west of Piqua they saw the traces of another work, an ellipse, nine hundred feet by fifteen hundred, which they conceive to be a religious monument.

Leaving Piqua, they entered on the table-land which divides the waters of the lakes from those of the Gulf of Mexico, and continued on it, or in its immediate vicinity, till they reached Prairie du Chien on the Mississippi. This singular feature, which the country presents in the *interlockage,* almost every where apparent between the head streams of two mighty rivers which fall into the ocean, at the distance of two thousand miles, has not escaped the attention of the inhabitants of Ohio; and commissioners have been appointed to survey the country, and report on the most eligible plan for connecting the rivers that flow into the lakes with the tributaries of the Ohio. Four plans have been proposed, but no decision has yet been made. From Piqua to Fort St. Mary, the country was uninteresting to the naturalist; marshy, swampy, with no rocks *in situ,* but few boulders and few wild animals; the botanist, it is probable, might have found much to interest him. The historical recollections of the theatre of the chief operations of St. Clair, Wayne, and Harrison, were some compensation, but the traces of the works that formerly stood here are rapidly disappearing. The weather had become very hot, eighty-eight degrees Fahrenheit in the shade at noon; the mosquitoes and other insects grew troublesome; and the entertainment they received along the road was observed to be more and more rough, denoting their speedy approach to the last limits of civilization. They met with no Indians in the state of Ohio. They are said not to exceed two thousand, and are rapidly decreasing. They are principally Ottawas, Miamis, Senecas, Wyandots, &c.

They reached Fort Wayne on the twenty-sixth of May, having travelled from Wheeling to Columbus, one hundred and forty miles, in six days, and from Columbus to Fort Wayne, one hundred and fifty-eight miles, in another six days, or twenty-five miles per day on an average. The inhabitants of Fort Wayne are chiefly of Canadian origin, all more or less imbued with Indian blood, forming a very mixed and apparently worthless population. The sudden change from an American to a French population has a surprising and at the least an unpleasant effect; for the first twenty-four hours the traveller fancies himself in a real

Babel; but the disgust excited by the degraded situation of the white man, the descendant of the European, is, perhaps, the strongest sensation that a traveller experiences.

At Fort Wayne, they met with a celebrated chief of the Potawatomis, of the name of Metea, which signifies in their language *kiss me*. From him they collected a great deal of interesting information respecting his countrymen; to which they have added numerous particulars from a manuscript, communicated to them by Dr. Hall, a surgeon residing at Chicago. They discuss at some length the question of the cannibalism of the Potawatomis, which, evidence that seems irrefragable compels them to resolve in the affirmative.

They made arrangements to cross the wilderness, of above two hundred miles, between Fort Wayne and Chicago; happily they met with the express, sent from the latter place for letters, and detained him as a guide. They set out May 29; the party consisted of seven persons, including the soldier, and a black servant named Andrew Allison: they had also two horses laden with provisions. The country to the west of Fort Wayne, is much more promising than that to the east of it; the soil is thin, but of good quality; prairies are occasionally met with. The streams they crossed on the first day were inconsiderable. The Eel river being much swollen had detained a party of traders, who had been encamped there some time with a large quantity of furs, with which they did not dare to cross the stream in its present state. The following day a ride of thirty miles brought them to the Elkheart, a fine stream, which they intended to ford before night, but found it too much swollen to cross without a raft, which they had no time to construct; they therefore made their way along the left bank, knowing that the usual path crossed back to that side twenty miles below the first crossing. The country travelled over this day consisted of low flat ridges, the summits of which presented extensive levels, interspersed with many small lakes and lagoons. These ridges are not above ten or fifteen feet in height, but their sides are so steep that the ascent is sometimes difficult for horses. The country was almost destitute of timber till within a few miles of the Elkheart, when they entered the river bottom, where they found a noble forest of oak, black and white walnuts, &c. the soil appearing to be of the very best quality, but rather wet. Some small lakes are surrounded exclusively with white cedars, which are not seen elsewhere, or intermixed with the forest trees on the elevated ground. In the prairies, are many conical depressions in the earth, from eight to ten or more feet deep, and from twenty to thirty in diameter, and they remind the geologist of the funnel-formed holes observable in gypsum formations. No rocks appear *in situ* any where along these prairies, but they are covered with granitic boulders, bearing evident marks of attrition.

The sudden and great variation in the temperature proved one of the chief inconveniences in travelling on the prairies west of the Mississippi.

On this day, the thermometer was at 38° Fahrenheit at sunrise, and 72° at noon; but it was remarkable that none of the party suffered from the effects of these changes. The difficulties they experienced in their way to the second crossing were very great; their horses met with but little grass, and were forced to subsist on the bark of trees; it was necessary to bind them to prevent them rambling, but they broke the bark ligaments by which they were fastened, and strayed to a great distance from the camp; the pursuit after them in the morning caused a great loss of time. They resolved to proceed with all speed to seek a place where the horses might find pasture, hoping to reach the crossing before night. The closeness of the forest, and the swampy nature of the ground, opposed great difficulties, and at noon they had advanced only six miles in four hours. They met too with a rapid stream twenty yards wide, hitherto undescribed, which falls into the Elkheart three miles below the first crossing. They proceeded some distance up the stream, and fortunately came to a place where a large tree had fallen across and afforded them a safe bridge. After crossing it they had nearly lost some horses in the swamps; and after a most fatiguing journey encamped in a place so low that they could hardly find a spot dry enough to spread their blankets, the swarms of mosquitoes deprived them of rest, and their horses too were as badly off for grass as before. This was a discouraging commencement of their journey through the woods. On Sunday, 1st of June, they set out as early as possible, and for five hours were engaged in even greater difficulties than the day preceding. In the afternoon, however, they fell into the usual track from Wayne to Chicago, and travelled with ease and comfort over a prairie country, interspersed with occasional spots of woodland. They reached at sun-set a romantic stream, called Devil's River, where they encamped on a spot, the extraordinary beauty of which formed a striking contrast with their situation on the preceding evening.

The next day they reached the junction of the Elkheart with the St. Joseph of Lake Michigan (so called to distinguish it from the St. Joseph of Lake Erie), which is a fine stream deeply incased, and about one hundred yards wide. The scenery of the country through which they passed was beautiful, and rendered more picturesque by the ruins of Strawberry, Rum, and St. Joseph's villages, formerly the residence of Indians, or of the first French settlers. Near these villages they found two traders carrying on a lucrative commerce: and our travellers justly reprobate the scandalous frauds practised on the Indians, and the shocking manner in which, contrary to reason, morality, the laws of the land, and in spite of the efforts of the government agents, the traders persist in holding out to the Indians the irresistible temptation of liquor, the effect of which is to demoralize and destroy them.

There is in this neighbourhood the Carey Mission house, about twenty-five miles from the mouth of the St. Joseph, and one mile from its banks. It originated with the Baptist Missionary Society

at Washington, and is on the site of an extensive Potawatomi village. From forty to sixty children, of whom fifteen are girls, are educated here. They are either children of Indians, or half-bred descendants of French and Indian parents; they all appear very happy, and to make as rapid a progress as white children of the same age would make. Their principal excellence is in works of imitation; they write astonishingly well, and many display great natural talent for drawing.

At forty-three miles from the Carey station they reached the shores of Lake Michigan, which appeared vast as an ocean, with a surface as calm and unruffled as if it had been a sheet of ice. Towards the north the prospect over the lake was boundless; but towards the south it was limited to a few hundred yards, being suddenly cut off by a range of low sand hills from twenty to forty feet in height, and, in some instances, rising perhaps to upwards of one hundred feet. The beach resembled that of the Atlantic, in New Jersey: the sand hills are undulating, and crowned at their summits with a scrubby growth of white pine and furze, while the brow facing the lake is quite bare. On the 4th of June, they encamped at the southern extremity of the lake. The beach is covered with fragments of rocks, evidently primitive, and probably derived from the decomposition of the same masses, which by their destruction have given rise to the immense deposit of sand and pebbles that forms the bottom of the lake. These fragments are all rolled, and vary much in size; the largest observed might weigh twenty or thirty tons. They consist of granite, mica, and clay slates, hornblende, &c. The hills appear to have been produced by the constant accumulation of sand blown from the beach by the strong north-westerly winds which prevail during the winter season; the sand is loose and uncemented. In a few places, traces of lignite and peat are met with; doubtless resulting from a decomposition of the partial vegetation of those hills, which was necessarily destroyed and buried under the sand. They reached Fort Dearborn (Chicago) on the 5th of June, having travelled two hundred and sixteen miles in eight days. They found Chicago by no means deserving the eulogium passed on it by M. Schoolcraft, who says "it is the most fertile and beautiful place that can be imagined;" whereas, in point of fact, the garrison of from seventy to ninety men could not subsist on the grain raised in the country, though they devoted much time to agriculture. The post was abandoned a few months after the party left it, being no longer judged necessary as a check on the Indians.

Near Chicago they had the pleasure of beholding the division of waters starting from the same source, and running in two different directions to feed streams that discharge themselves into the ocean at immense distances from each other. They were led to the conclusion, that an elevation of the lake, of a few feet (not more than ten or twelve feet) above their present level would cause them to discharge their waters, partly at least, into the gulf of Mexico; and it is evident,

they say, that such a discharge once existed. The legislature of the Illinois has already caused a survey to be made, to ascertain whether it would be practicable to establish this communication, and the best mode of effecting it.

The party left Chicago, June 11, and having procured a French *engagé*, named Le Sellier, as a guide, Major Long resolved, instead of taking his course so as to reach the Mississippi at Fort Armstrong, to proceed direct to Prairie du Chien, and Fort Crawford. They went for the first day nearly west seventeen miles. They crossed the Chicago, the river Des Plaines, and reached De Page's river. The whole country is low, flat, and swampy, and overflowed during the spring, when canoes pass across the prairie in all directions. On the Fox river, a fine stream, one hundred and twenty yards over, they met with some of the Menomones, or wild rice eaters, an Indian nation that is rapidly decreasing in numbers. About twenty-eight miles west of Fox river, they met with some Potawatomis, and stopped at the lodge of the chief whose name was Kakasheka (Crow). These Indians were friendly, but troublesome by their familiarity. They were better looking men than most of their nation, but the women were very ugly, and the children by no means looked as if they were to grow up to resemble their fathers.

On the 14th of June, they reached Rock river, which they crossed in a canoe, it being one hundred and twenty yards wide, and, at that time, too deep to be forded. The valley of Rock river is here about half a mile wide, and is utterly destitute of rocks, differing very much in this respect from the characters observed higher up, from which it derives its name. They could not ascertain whether the rocks there were in place, or merely boulders. In the morning, they had remarked a spot where the limestone appeared *in situ*. Major Long thought they were approaching what is called the lead formation of the west. They carefully examined the country, to ascertain whether any lead ore occurred in their route, but they found none. They consider the whole surface as covered by an ancient alluvion, consisting principally of a bed of loose uncemented pebbles, varying in size from the smallest grain to the size of an apple, interspersed with boulders, sometimes of very large dimensions. The alluvion seems to consist chiefly of the detritus of primitive rocks, such as fragments of quartz, granite, sienite, &c.; but, as far as they could observe, without any trace of metalliferous mineral. Many fragments of limestone are also interspersed, and the limestone seen in the morning probably extends to a great distance under the alluvion. With respect to the lead ore of this country, the travellers say, "from the specimens we have seen, as well as from all we have read, we cannot hesitate in asserting it as our opinion, that no lead has yet been discovered on the Merrimeg or the Mississippi, in a metalliferous limestone; but that wherever it has been found, it has always been in alluvion, and never in regular veins or beds, or even masses, which might be considered as coeval with the substances in which they are imbedded."

The following morning the weather was very fair, and after travelling eighteen miles, they reached a small stream, called Pektannons. As Le Sellier seemed to have got beyond the limits of the country with which he was acquainted, Major Long engaged a chief of the name of Wanebea, to act as their guide to the Prairie du Chien. This Indian proved to be a very intelligent man, and they obtained from him a great mass of interesting information respecting the manners, customs, opinions, and traditions of his nation. They reached the Prairie du Chien on the 18th, and on the 19th crossed the Wiscousan, by the aid of two boats, to Fort Crawford, in which Col. Morgan, the commanding officer, had come with Lieut. Scott, to meet them. They proceeded towards the Mississippi, which they reached at eleven o'clock at night, after a ride of three hours through a country, the scenery of which, seen at that hour, struck them as singularly romantic. They arrived too late in the evening to see the Mississippi, but hastened to view that important river the next morning. Its breadth at Prairie du Chien is half a mile, including a long and narrow island. In the neighbouring country there are numerous remains of Indian works, mounds, &c.

At Prairie du Chien the party was increased by an escort of a corporal and nine men, under Lieut. Scott. They stopped four days at Prairie du Chien; and with a view to arrive as soon as possible at Fort St. Anthony, Major Long divided the party, and travelled by land with Mr. Colhoun, while the other gentlemen ascended the Mississippi in a boat. The route was attended with greater difficulties than had been expected. It was rough, hilly, without any beaten track; and the highlands, which they attempted to keep, were intersected by deep valleys and numerous streams. They met with abundance of wild roses and fine strawberries. Major Long's party passed on the 28th down a valley bounded on both sides by high precipices; at last the valley widened, and they immediately beheld the majestic Mississippi, in the broad valley of which nature is displayed with gigantic features. "When we entered the prairie," says Mr. Colhoun, "a landscape was presented that combined grander beauties than I had ever beheld: far as the eye could follow were traced two gigantic walls, of the most regular outline, between which lay a level verdant prairie, the scene of the flexures of the Mississippi. My sensations were enhanced when I saw the evidences of a great catastrophe; majestic as is the Mississippi, there was a time when it swept along a stream more than one hundredfold its present volume."

The gentlemen soon came to an Indian village, under a chief of considerable distinction, named Wapasha, who is very friendly to the Americans. Near this spot, and for the two following days, they saw many Indian mounds, &c. on the banks of the Mississippi, and especially near the shores of Lake Pepin, along which the land party travelled on the 30th, on which day Major Long reached another Indian village, under Shakea, one of the most distinguished leaders of the Ducotas.

The party in the boat joined again at this place. After visiting the village, the two parties again separated, and Major Long reached Fort St. Anthony the next evening without accident.

The party that ascended the river was extremely struck by the magnificent scenery that it presented, the features of which, says the narrative, are "so wild, so bold, and so majestic, so different from the landscapes that we were used to in our tame regions, that they impart new sensations to the mind; the rapidity of the stream, though it opposes our ascent, delights us; it conveys such an idea of the extensive volume of water which this river carelessly rolls towards the ocean. The immense number of islands which it embosoms also contribute to the variety of the scenery, by presenting it constantly under a new aspect." In this voyage up the Mississippi, they had encamped for the night on a prairie between Racoon and Bad Axe rivers, where being greatly tormented by the mosquitoes, they determined at eleven o'clock at night to proceed in their boat; and the wind being fair they advanced rapidly for three hours, till a storm rising compelled them to draw near the bank. A heavy rain fell for some hours; but notwithstanding their comfortless situation in an open boat, there was an irresistible interest in the scene; in the midst of the gloomy forests of the Mississippi, every flash of lightning displayed a scene which the painter would delight to fix upon his canvass; and the loud peals of thunder, reverberated by the rocky cliffs which border on the river, sublimely contrasted with the low but uninterrupted murmuring of the rolling waters. The boat reached Wapashas village on the 29th, about an hour after Major Long had quitted it. They invited this celebrated chief into their boat, with which he readily complied; but declined accompanying them to Fort St. Anthony, because he had that morning heard of the approach of his enemies, Chippewas, who he said had lately become troublesome, descending the river that bears their name, and cutting off small parties of the Ducotas who were hunting.

The following day they reached the southern extremity of Lake Pepin, the navigation of which being dangerous when the wind is fresh, they encamped for the night. The lake is twenty-one miles long; from one to three broad. The scenery of the lake differs from that of the river, its surface being smooth, and unchecked by a single island. A very remarkable cliff, four hundred and fifty feet high, on the East bank of the lake, is a striking object. It is the scene too of a romantic story of an Indian girl, who killed herself by leaping from its summit, in the sight of her parents, who wished to compel her to marry against her will. It is still called the Maiden's Rock. It was late at night on the 2d of July when the boat entered the St. Peter, and proceeded up the river opposite the Fort; but it being too late to enter, the travellers spent the night on the south bank, in the open air. On the 6th of July they walked to the Falls of St. Anthony, which, though only sixteen feet and a half perpendicular, make a very picturesque cascade, the breadth being broken in a peculiar manner by the rocks. Messrs. Say, Colhoun, and Keating,

made the hazardous and rash experiment of fording over to the island, in the middle of the current, which they indeed accomplished, but with great danger.

The soldiers that accompanied them from Fort Crawford having proved unequal to the fatigues of the journey, Col. Snelling sent them back, and replaced them by a guard consisting of a serjeant, two corporals, and eighteen soldiers. With this more efficient escort they left Fort St. Anthony, on the 9th of July, in the afternoon, having exchanged their interpreter for another, Joseph Renville, a half breed of the Ducota nation, who most ably performed the duties of interpreter and guide, and gave valuable information respecting that nation. The whole party now consisted of thirty-three persons; and to examine both the river and the adjacent country, they divided into two bodies, resolving to keep company as much as should be practicable, and to encamp, if possible, every night at the same place.

After six days' voyage up the river, finding that their progress was very slow, and great part of their provisions and stores having been spoiled by heavy rains, and by the upsetting of a canoe, they resolved to change their mode of travelling. Major Long, therefore, dismissed nine soldiers, thinking twelve would suffice to protect them, as the Indians were less numerous; and they proceeded in one party by land. Their progress along the banks of the river, which was attended with much difficulty and fatigue, did not offer any thing remarkable till the 18th of July, when, seeking for a spot to encamp, they were struck by high rugged rocks, rising in an insulated manner in the widened valley of the St. Peter's, which they had the satisfaction of finding to be primitive rocks *in situ*. "We had traced these scattering boulders, which lay insulated in the prairies, from the banks of the Muskingum to this place. We had seen them gradually increasing in size and number, and presenting fewer signs of attrition as we advanced farther on our journey." "The character of these rocks was examined with care, and found very curious. It seemed as if four simple minerals, quartz, feldspar, mica, and amphibole, had united to produce all the varieties of combination which can arise from the association of two or more of these minerals; and these combinations were in such immediate contact, that the same fragment, as we viewed one or the other end of it, might be referred to different rocks. The only rock composed by the union of two of those principles that we did not observe, was, graphic granite, but which may perhaps exist there." Proceeding along the St. Peter, they came to the *Lac qui parle*, a name translated from the Indian Mendaea, but the origin of which is unknown; and on the 22d reached the last expansion of the river, called improperly a lake, viz. Bigstone Lake, and which may be considered as the head of the St. Peter. They conceive the whole length of this river not to exceed five hundred miles, a very different estimate from those of Breckenridge and others, who make it one thousand or even twelve hundred miles long. It is not probable

that it can ever be made a convenient stream for navigation. On the 23d they reached Lake Travers, on which is an establishment of the Colombia Fur Company, which was created in 1822, by a few individuals formerly in the service of the Hudson's Bay and North-west Companies, who, on the consolidation of those two Companies into one, settled on the United States' territory to trade with the Indians, south of the boundary line. In this neighbourhood the party had several amicable meetings with the Ducota Indians, of whom a very interesting account is given.

On the way from Lake Travers to Pembina, they met with large herds of buffaloes, some of which were killed. They likewise encountered a party of Indians, whose intentions were evidently hostile; but they were baffled by the precaution of decamping, and continuing their march at midnight. On the 5th of August, early, they reached Pembina, on the Red River, one hundred and seventy miles from its mouth. This river is only fifty yards broad, but very deep. It is deeply incased, which prevents its overflowing the country. An old trader, however, stated, that he had once seen it overflow its banks, the water having risen sixty-six feet. The usual rise is from fifteen to twenty feet. The chief object of their visit to this place was, the determination of the forty-ninth degree of latitude; and after a series of observations during four days, Major Long had a post fixed up, with the letters G. B. on the North, and U. S. on the South side, and proclaimed "that the country on the Red River, above that point, was within the territory of the United States." The declaration was made in the presence of all the inhabitants, who were collected for the purpose, and seemed well satisfied on learning that the whole settlement of Pembina, except a single log house on the left bank, would be included in the territory of the United States. They observed that the buffalo would all lie on the South of the line.

With a view to comply with his instructions, Major Long proposed to travel along the northern boundary of the United States to Lake Superior; but he was informed at Pembina that such an undertaking would be impracticable, the whole of the country from Red Lake to Lake Winnepeek, Lake of the Woods, and Lake Superior, being covered with small lagoons and marshes, which rendered it impenetrable for horses. The only practicable mode was to follow the principal streams in bark canoes, which being light could be carried where the navigation was obstructed by shoals or rapids. Several routes were suggested, but that by Lake Winnepeek was judged the best, and adopted. The horses, being useless, were sold. On the 9th of August they left Pembina, and on the second day reached Fort Douglas, the fort of the Hudson's Bay Company, where they were most hospitably received by Donald Mackenzie, Esq. Chief Factor, and one of the Counsellors of the Company, who offered his services even before Major Long had presented him the letter of recommendation which had been most politely given him by the British

Minister, Mr. Stratford Canning. They remained at Fort Gerry, near Fort Douglas, till the 17th, having received great kindnesses from Mr. Mackenzie, who even forced them to accept some valuable books from his library. They descended the Red River in a day and a half, and entered Lake Winnepeek, which is probably the same that was formerly called Lake of the Assinipoils. The situation of this lake in the centre of the Continent is singular and interesting. Few lakes receive so many and such large streams, by means of which, and the rivers that issue from it, a direct communication is kept up not only with several distant parts of the Eastern or Atlantic, but of the Western or Pacific Ocean. They coasted part of the lake, entered Winnepeek river, and arrived at Fort Alexander, formerly an important post of the North-west Company, but at present of little consequence. They found the Winnepeek to be a very fine river, of considerable but variable width, as it runs through a primitive formation, in which it has excavated basins of irregular dimensions, connected by narrow channels, through which the whole volume of water proceeds with inconceivable rapidity. The scenery on this river, including the beautiful falls, is described as surpassing, in wild and sublime beauty, every thing they had ever seen.

On the 24th of August they met, in the middle of the day, a canoe from Montreal, having on board a gentleman, the bearer of dispatches, who had left London on the 23d of May, having thus passed, in the short space of three months, from the extreme of civilization and population, to one of the wildest and most deserted spots on the surface of the earth:

> ——————— To distant worlds, a dreary scene,
> Where half the convex world intrudes between.

The following day they arrived at the head of Winnepeek river, passed through a small lake, crossed Rat Portage, which is about one hundred yards long, and encamped on the coast of the Lake of the Woods. It seems probable that the North-westernmost part of the boundary line of the United States will be at or near the extremity of this portage, according to Art. VII. of the treaty of Ghent. The Lake of the Woods, about three hundred miles in circumference, contains a vast number of islands; the travellers, on crossing it, saw at least two hundred. They reached Rainy Lake River on the 28th; arrived at its head early on the 31st, where they stopped two days at a fort belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, where Mr. M'Gillivray afforded them the same hospitable treatment as they had met with at the other forts of the Company. They here met with a man of the name of Tanner, whose adventures are related at length. Like Mr. Hunter, he was carried off in childhood by an Indian who had lost his own son, and adopted him.

We do not find any thing particularly remarkable in the voyage through Rainy Lake, and numerous others, till they arrived, on the 12th of September, at Fort William, having passed on that day several splendid waterfalls, especially the beautiful fall of Kakabeka. The fall is fifty yards wide,

and the perpendicular height one hundred and thirty feet. While descending the river in the canoes, near a place called Bad Portage, their compass was affected in an extraordinary manner; the north pole pointed to the south-east: this continued for a few moments; and they supposed that they were near a bed of iron ore. Not a single quadruped was seen from Rainy Lake to Lake Superior, and only two Indians, a Chippewa and his wife. There are no less than seventy-five Portages between Lakes Winnepeek and Superior.

They departed from Fort William on the 15th of September, and commenced their voyage on Lake Superior in a large boat, which had been left by the boundary line commissioners; and which, though old and crazy, was judged preferable to canoes for this voyage. They coasted along the north shore of this lake, and suffered some inconvenience from snow, cold, and scarcity of provisions, which last was increased by the desertion of one of their soldiers, who, besides other effects, carried off part of their stores.

Not knowing what might happen, they even made a trial of *tripe de roche*, having heard that Captain Franklin and his party had subsisted upon it thirty-one days. They declare that it was the most nauseating thing ever tasted, and inspired them with real sympathy for the sufferings of Captain Franklin's party. At Michipicotton house, they were delighted at the abundance of fine white fish, trout, &c. which they saw on the shores. The fishery is carried on there upon an extensive scale. In fifteen days after their departure from Fort William they arrived at the Sault de St. Marie, which was thought a very short passage at that season. This closed their navigation on this great lake. The country along the lake is one of the most dreary imaginable, considering its latitude, and the facility with which it may be approached. The surface is every where rocky, broken, and unproductive even of the natural growth of trees common in rugged regions; the climate is cold and inhospitable; the means of subsistence so circumscribed, that man, in a savage state, cannot reside upon it; game is extremely scarce; few, if any, esculent plants grow spontaneously; fish, it is true, abound in the waters, but they are such as are not to be caught plentifully except with nets, which cannot be used on account of the want of sandy beaches. The history of their expedition closes at Sault St. Marie. They left Sault St. Marie on the 3d of October, crossed Lake Huron in the revenue cutter, to Detroit; proceeded by the steam boat, across Lake Erie to Buffalo; visited Niagara; travelled by land to Rochester; descended the Erie canal, two hundred and fifty-eight miles, to Albany; and "reached Philadelphia, October 26, having been absent about six months, and travelled above four thousand five hundred miles; the whole party being blessed with health, meeting with no accident of any account, and undergoing hardships and privations far less considerable than those which they had expected to undergo, and which have tried the perseverance and courage of other explorers."

Thus have we endeavoured, by this imperfect analysis, to direct the attention of our readers, especially those interested in geological researches, to these interesting volumes, which, like those describing the former expedition, are enriched by an official report from Major Long to the Secretary of War; and an Appendix on the Natural History of the country visited. We may add too, as before, that "the work is illustrated with a map, and a few aquatinta plates very indifferently executed."

TWENTY-ONE ELEGIAC STANZAS.

TO THE BLACK MAN WHO SWEPT THE CROSSING AT THE OBELISK, BLACKFRIARS, AND WHO LATELY *DIED OF AGE.*

My face is my fortune, Sir, said he.—*Old Song.*

1.

And art thou gone, my Bridge-street friend?
Dead!—Well, we all must fall!
Death is the greatest sweeper, for
He sweepeth man and all!

2.

Art gone?—Thou street philosopher!
Meek man in black!—ah! when
Again shall such philanthropist
Make clean the ways of men?

3.

A sable Jaques thou hast been,
Eyeing man's fitful range:
And thou, with hat pull'd down, hast seen
In thy brief time much *change!*

4.

The copper Captain's penny coin,
The Colonel's penny less;
The beggar, mounted proverb-wise,
Neck-riding, nothing less!

5.

The silken dame, with virtue's stamp,
Giving a sigh—*but* that!
While from a ruin'd sleepless tramp
Pence fill'd thy napless hat!

6.

Thou hast seen the effect of Martin's act
On drovers most unkind;
Those that went by on Mondays fined,
On Fridays pass'd *re-fin'd!*

7.

Thou wer't a slave—yea, a black slave,
Even on English land!
Slave at a stand-still to a walk,
With stretch'd imploring hand!

8.

A slave!—Why did not Wilberforce
Think of the blacks at home?
Where was thy Bennett, Clarkson, where
Where was thy best friend, *Broom?*

9.

And neighbour Waithman too, could he
Rave of a free-born nation,
And all forget thy crusty fate
And small emancipation?

10.

The City sells its freedom; so
Beggars such things decline;
Thou'rt free!—Thou'lt never cross our path,
Nor we again cross thine!

11.

Or, crossing, we no more shall see
Thy grizzled—great wig's disk!
The pigtail, levell'd like a gun
Against the Obelisk!

12.

The hat, all humbled to the dust,
Luring one's own *dust* down;
The jaded broom, keeping the streets,
Like something on the town!

13.

Dead!—dead, and gone!—The gentle man,
The Bridge-street spirit's lost!
Thy course, like true love's, was not smooth;
Thy path was ever cross'd!

14.

All the black honours, after death,
  Somehow thy life did grace;
The Monument was o'er thy head,
  The mourning in thy face!

15.

Thou wert for ever in one spot,
  A thing of dust,—alone;
The passer by did drop his sigh,
  And pass, as usual, on!

16.

I, now, like some poor pilgrim stray
  To hunt out thy *remains;*
And find that they are gone away;
  Thy gains, the rich regains!

17.

Thy will is just,—aye, just as we
  Look'd for from thy good sense;
Thy post thou hast left to Mr. Hume,
  Who looks to the people's pence!

18.

Thy broom is left to Cobbett, to
  Be fix'd in his mast head;
A Catholic life-boat, mark'd for sale,
  Will wake the Irish dead!

19.

Thy clothes are left to Bodkin,—coat
  And wig, and tatter'd breeches;
He values what is poor, because
  In them he finds his riches!

20.

Thy hat,—thy begging hat,—is given
  (No gift could sure be apter
For the Abbey's use at Westminster)
  To the poor dean and chapter!

21.

Thy spirit will haunt those saints, and when
  At Westminster's low door
Thou'rt taking toll, thou'lt think thou'rt in
  Thy own *Black friars* once more!

AMEN.

MR. CAMPBELL'S LAST MAN.

Mr. Campbell, it seems, has been thrown into an extreme agitation by an observation in the Edinburgh Review, that his Poem, *The Last Man*, was apparently suggested by Lord Byron's *Darkness*. Nothing could be more unlucky or more galling to the poet, as it turns out, than this remark of the Edinburgh Critic; for it appears that Mr. Campbell has for fifteen long years been big with a secret trouble touching this very poem, which he now publicly vents in a letter of explanation and affliction to the reviewers. The substance of the grievance is briefly this—about fifteen years ago (a commencement always ominous of a tale of woe), Mr. Campbell called on Lord Byron at his lodgings, near St. James-street, and confided his conception of a Last Man to his Lordship, without reflecting, as Sir Fretful Plagiary would have done, that Lord Byron *wrote himself*. Many years afterwards he met his *Last Man* in Lord Byron's Darkness, and knew him to be the very man child he had brought to light at his Lordship's house near St. James-street. However, he did not claim his man at the time, because he had not made a poem of him, and he did not at that period think he should ever do a *Last Man*. For a great many years, therefore, the world's end slumbered in the poet's brain, till one day, as bad luck would have it, Mr. Barry Cornwall hied him to Mr. Campbell, and informed him that an acquaintance of his intended to bring out a Last Man, and not only a Last Man, but a *long* Last Man. Poetic patience could not stand this shock, and Mr. Campbell emphatically observes—"*I thought this hard;*" what votary of the Muses could indeed endure to be thus plundered right and left of Last Men? For fifteen years (a proper period of gestation for so very late a subject) Mr. Campbell had been big with this *Last Man*, and even Lord Byron, as he observes, had spared the title to him, how then could he bear to see another poet enjoying the priority of Last Man-publication—how could he submit, in short, to produce a *last* Last Man, when the *first* conception was his? The very antithesis speaks the wrong. Such usage could not be borne, and therefore, Mr. Campbell wrote his poem and sent it to the press: thus it at present stands the Last Man but one.

Poets are very apt to go into frenzies on very slight occasions, and we know that nothing offends them so much while the paroxysm holds, as to assure them that there is no ground for their unspeakable vexation of spirit; nevertheless we must observe, that it appears to us in this case, that the Edinburgh reviewer is the only person to blame. The critical discovery that the "go on, I'll follow thee," of Hamlet was a plagiarism of the "I præ, sequar," of Terence, is scarcely more ridiculous than the observation that the Last Man of Campbell seemed to have been suggested by the Darkness of Byron; the idea of the Last Man being

most particularly obvious, or rather absolutely common-place, and a book under the taking title of *Omegarius, or the Last Man,* having gone the rounds of all circulating libraries for years past. This fact must, we apprehend, wrest from poor Mr. Campbell even the honour of the title which Lord Byron had spared to him. Had the idea in question been that of a *Last Poem,* indeed the originality of so extravagant a thought might perhaps have been worth discussing, but the very pot-house signs of the World's End might suggest the fancy of which Mr. Campbell makes so much. In a word, the Edinburgh critic found a mare's nest, and thus Mr. Campbell wrangles for the eggs—we give his letter *to his reviewer.*

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Review.

My dear Friend—The criticisms in your Review of my last volume of Poems can form no proper subject for any printed animadversions of mine; but I hope the readers of this letter will excuse me for answering one of your observations, which relates rather to a matter of fact than to a matter of opinion.

You say that my Poem, the Last Man, seems to have been suggested by Lord Byron's Poem, Darkness. Now the truth is, that fifteen, or it may be more, years ago, I called on Lord Byron, who at that time had lodgings near St. James's-street; and we had a long, and to me, a very memorable conversation, from which, I have not a doubt, that his Lordship imbibed those few ideas in the poem, Darkness, which have any resemblance to mine in the Last Man. I remember my saying to him, that I thought the idea of a being witnessing the extinction of his species and of the Creation, and of his looking, under the fading eye of nature, at desolate cities, ships floating at sea with the dead, would make a striking subject for a poem. I met those very ideas, many years afterwards, when I read Lord Byron's poem Darkness. It may be asked why I did not then appeal to Lord Byron about the originality of those few ideas? As circumstances have turned out, I now wish that I had done so. Lord Byron's most attached friend has given me his opinion, that if his Lordship had not forgotten the conversation, and was conscious of using an idea which I had suggested to him, he did so, prepared to give me credit for the suggestion whenever I should claim that credit. Had I taken this view of the case, and had I also then finished my little poem, I should in all probability have written to Lord B. But I had not written the piece, and at that time thought I never should write it. Unimportant as the leading idea was, I was discouraged by its being taken from me. There seemed to me to be no use in setting on foot a correspondence with Lord Byron, merely to dun him for an acknowledgement of my right to a stray idea. He might, or he might not, have recollected our conversation; but if he had forgotten it, his telling me so would have only increased a petty mortification.—Then, as for ascertaining the matter by proofs, after years had past, how was I to rake up the recollections of those persons, to whom I might have long ago mentioned the design of my poem?—One might be dead; a second might be uncertain as to dates; and a third certainly had so domestic a relation to me, that the evidence was no better than my own. In reality, I abandoned, for a great many years, the idea of fulfilling my sketch. But I was provoked to change my mind, when my friend Barry Cornwall informed me that an acquaintance of his intended to write a long poem, entitled the Last Man.—*I thought this hard!* The conception of the Last Man had been mine fifteen years ago; *even Lord Byron had spared the title to me:* I therefore wrote my poem so called, and sent it to the press; for not one idea in which was I indebted to Lord Byron, or to any other person.

Had I forseen events, I should have communicated with Lord Byron, during his lifetime, on this subject; but I could no more than any one else foreknow the loss of his mighty genius to the world.

If it should be alleged that this declaration of mine implies a reflection on Lord Byron's memory, I have to answer, that it by no means necessarily does so. His glory goes against the supposition that he was a conscious plagiary from me; and I am only affirming what I feel to be true, that I could not be either consciously or unconsciously a plagiary from him. There are really not many ideas in the two pieces which are similar. But supposing my statement to be true, do I depreciate Lord Byron?—No! He either thought my suggestions "*fair game*," or forgot that it was not himself who had started them. A poor man easily remembers from what quarter he has received each of his few pieces of money or bank-notes; but a rich man easily forgets where he got this or that coin or bank-note amidst his accumulated thousands! In like manner, Lord Byron was the most likely person in the world to forget the sources of his ideas.

For the acceptance of what I have declared, I have nothing more to rely upon, than my own character and credibility. It would be attaching a ludicrous importance to this matter, for me to offer any stronger affirmation than my word of honour. How few or how many will believe that word, must depend on the common notions of my veracity; but supposing me conscious that this is truth, I ask if I have not a right to state it?

I am, yours, very truly,

T. Campbell.

London, Feb. 28, 1825.
10, Upper Seymour-street West.

GYMNASTICS.

The people of this land of roast beef and plum-pudding have not the slightest idea that, in common with other nations, they labour under the sore reproach of doing nothing, absolutely nothing, for their bodies. But the fact is stated in a Prospectus of Gymnastic Exercises now before us, and, after a moment's reflection, we cannot gainsay it. We certainly use our bodies ill, we give them foul names, call them clay, &c.; and then, as vile earthenware vessels, we apply them chiefly to kitchen uses, and do little more with them than pot meats in them; or else we live in our bodies as men live in tenements, which they have on short leases, and never think of improving the premises, or of adding to their means of accommodating us. "I shall not live here long," is the thriftless reply to every suggestion of wisdom; and then, when the tabernacle yields to time, and becomes uncomfortable and disagreeable to inhabit, we thrust any vile doctor's stuff into the breaches, just as though we were botching an Irish cabin, and, like tinkers, generally make two holes in mending one. Even in their best days men used their bodies in this rackrent way, merely because their time was short. We read that when Methuselah waxed in centuries, as he was lying on the ground bivouacking, as was his custom, in the afternoon, an angel appeared to him, and told him that if he would get up and build him a house to sleep in, he should live five hundred years longer. But what was his antediluvian reply to so eligible a proposal? Why, in substance, that it was not worth while to take a house for so short a term! This is a type of the ways of man. Tell a lazy citizen, with a face like a poppy, to strengthen his body by exercise that he may live long in the

land, and he replies, "man is but a flower of the field," and therefore he is content to emulate the sedentary habits of the sleepy weed he essentially resembles, and goes on nodding and bobbing his life away with a flaming countenance and a drowsy head; it is not worth his while forsooth to make himself as strong as a jack ass for so short a span. Exercise of a certain nature is indeed considered good; that is to say, a walk before dinner, or just so much, in short, as will prepare our earthenware vessel to hold an immense quantity of meat and drink, but as for taking systematic exercise for the purpose of developing or improving the powers of the body, it is a thing never thought of.

Mr. Carl Voelker, the writer of the Prospectus now before us, commences with the following observations:

For many centuries, education has been exclusively directed to the developement of the mental faculties, while the bodily powers have been entirely neglected. But all who acted on such a principle did not sufficiently take into account the intimacy of connexion between mind and body. For who does not know from his own experience, that the mind uniformly participates in the condition of the body? that it is cheerful when the body is strong and healthy, depressed when it is conscious of bodily weakness.

This is certainly true; for though we neglect the training or education of our bodies, as fond mothers neglect the training or education of their pet children, yet we take greatly to heart any ill that may befal them—we are wanting in the discharge of our duties to our bodies, but we do not in anywise lack affection for them, and the mind sympathises in their distress, though it seldom forms any reasonable plan to avert the evil. Professor Jahn, it appears, was among the first of the moderns who took the case of bodies under consideration, and having devised a number of exercises and arranged them systematically, he established a Gymnasium at Berlin, in the year 1810, which was soon resorted to by several thousands of pupils of various ages. "The ardent, real, and indefatigable exertion of this man," says M. Carl Voelker, "his concise, powerful, and persuasive appeals to his pupils, had such an effect, that all vied with each other in the endeavours to render their bodies strong and active." M. Carl Voelker was one of Professor Jahn's pupils, and in 1818, feeling himself sufficiently prepared for the duties of a teacher, he established gymnastic exercises at the academy of Eisenach and at the university of Tubingen. In these establishments under the system of Jahn—

Weakly and sick persons (as those affected by consumption resulting from asthma), recovered their health; and these exercises were perhaps the only effective medicine to their complaints. The judgment of physicians from all places where those exercises were introduced, concurred in their favourable effect upon health; and parents and teachers gave testimonies, that by them their sons and pupils, and all young men participating in these exercises, had become more thinking, active, and graceful in deportment.

The Prussian government and the Holy Alliance, however, who admire no exercises but the manual and platoon, discovering something amiss in this practice of making their people strong, put down the

establishments, we are told, and M. Carl Voelker has been compelled to remove himself and his system to this country, where we hope he will meet with all due encouragement.

It appears from the printed sketch of the exercises, that after a few lessons, a man of any perseverance will step three English miles in twenty or twenty-five minutes. The kangaroos in New South Wales will, however, always have the advantage of us we fear in this particular, for according to travellers they make only three hops to the mile.

2. Running for a length of time, and with celerity; if the pupil follows the given rules in this exercise, and is not deterred by a little fatigue in the first six lessons, he will soon arrive at making three English miles in twenty to twenty-five minutes. I have had pupils who could run for two hours incessantly, and without being much out of breath.

M. Carl Voelker soon puts any one in the way of jumping his own height, and persons who have a saltatory genius may hope to leap ten or eleven feet high.

3. Leaping in distance and height, with and without stick: every pupil will soon convince himself, to what degree the strength of the arms, elasticity of the muscles of the feet, and good carriage of the body are increased by leaping, particularly with the stick. Almost every one learns in a short time to leap his own height; and I have had pupils who could leap ten or eleven feet high. It is equally easy to learn to leap horizontally over a space three times the length of the body—even four times that length has been attained.

We are particularly delighted with the prospect of climbing up masts or ropes twenty-four feet high at no distant day, and should hope that in six months few people will be so lazy as to think of using a staircase.

4. Climbing up masts, ropes and ladders. Every pupil will soon learn to climb up a mast or rope of twenty-four feet high; and after a six months exercise even of thirty-four or thirty-six feet. Climbing up a ladder is less easy; but with some perseverance a height from twenty-four to thirty feet is attained. The use of this exercise is very great in strengthening the arms.

5. The exercises on the pole and parallel bars serve in particular to expand the chest, to strengthen the muscles of the breast and small of the back, and to make the latter flexible. In a short time every pupil will be enabled to perform exercises which he could not have thought himself capable of; supposing only, that he does not deviate from the prescribed course and given rules.

6. Vaulting, which is considered one of the principal exercises for the increase of strength, activity, good carriage of the body and augmentation of courage, which employs and improves the powers of almost all parts of the body, and has hitherto always been taught as an art by itself, is brought to some perfection in three months; and if after this time the number of pupils will be sufficient to cover the expense, vaulting over living horses shall be introduced, and this exercise combined with riding.

Whenever an attempt is made to abate the nuisance of the present game system, the country gentlemen threaten to fall sick, averring that field sports are necessary to the preservation of their precious health, and that if they have them not they will pine away the victims of indigestion, loss of appetite, heart-burn, flatulence, and the thousand ills set forth in advertisements of quack medicines; but, by the aid of M. Carl Voelker, we may hope to keep these worthies in a sound state of body, without detriment to the social system; and, further, it appears that

their minds, which have certainly derived no sort of advantage from their hunting and shooting, will be benefited by the proposed exercises. Great will be the pleasure to us to see our squires diverting themselves in this healthy and innocent manner, taking a run of half a dozen miles, jumping over the park wall, climbing up a tree like a squirrel, and throwing themselves down again like cats, without any sort of personal inconvenience, and then, perhaps, winding up the morning's sport by vaulting over their studs, instead of killing their horses in following the hounds.

But while we are amusing ourselves with the ideas which M. Carl Voelker's scheme suggests, we hope it will not be imagined for one moment that we are inclined to ridicule his project. On the contrary, we think that gymnastics have hitherto been unwisely neglected, and we shall be very glad to see a fair trial made of the efficacy of these exercises. It sounds whimsical to hear that any of us heavy-heeled people may be rendered as agile as a good harlequin, but it were very poor philosophy to pronounce a thing impracticable, because it seems strange. It is sufficiently clear that we do not make the most of the capacities of our bodies (except in the one sense of containing the utmost possible quantity of food in them); and though M. Carl Voelker's discipline may not enable us to jump into our drawing-room windows from the street, yet it may materially develope the inert powers, and add considerably to our corporeal strength. At all events, the thing is well worth the experiment; we cannot be a more clumsy or a more ungainly people than we are, and it is quite as well to try whether we are not improvable: if in the attempt we acquire the use of our limbs *only*, no great harm will be done.

THE LAST PEACH.

I AM the miserablest man living. Give me counsel, dear Editor. I was bred up in the strictest principles of honesty, and have past my life in punctual adherence to them. Integrity might be said to be ingrained in our family. Yet I live in constant fear of one day coming to the gallows.

Till the latter end of last autumn I never experienced these feelings of self-mistrust which ever since have embittered my existence. From the apprehension of that unfortunate man whose story began to make so great an impression upon the public about that time, I date my horrors. I never can get it out of my head that I shall some time or other commit a forgery, or do some equally vile thing. To make matters worse I am in a banking-house. I sit surrounded with a cluster of bank-notes. These were formerly no more to me than meat to a butcher's dog. They are now as toads and aspics. I feel all day like one situated amidst gins and pit-falls. Sovereigns, which I once took such pleasure in counting

out, and scraping up with my little thin tin shovel (at which I was the most expert in the banking-house), now scald my hands. When I go to sign my name I set down that of another person, or write my own in a counterfeit character. I am beset with temptations without motive. I want no more wealth than I possess. A more contented being than myself, as to money matters, exists not. What should I fear?

When a child I was once let loose, by favour of a Nobleman's gardener, into his Lordship's magnificent fruit garden, with free leave to pull the currants and the gooseberries; only I was interdicted from touching the wall fruit. Indeed, at that season (it was the end of Autumn) there was little left. Only on the South wall (can I forget the hot feel of the brick-work?) lingered the one last peach. Now peaches are a fruit which I always had, and still have, an almost utter aversion to. There is something to my palate singularly harsh and repulsive in the flavour of them. I know not by what demon of contradiction inspired, but I was haunted with an irresistible desire to pluck it. Tear myself as often as I would from the spot, I found myself still recurring to it, till, maddening with desire (desire I cannot call it), with wilfulness rather—without appetite—against appetite, I may call it—in evil hour I reached out my hand, and plucked it. Some few rain drops just then fell; the sky (from a bright day) became overcast; and I was a type of our first parents, after the eating of that fatal fruit. I felt myself naked and ashamed; stripped of my virtue, spiritless. The downy fruit, whose sight rather than savour had tempted me, dropt from my hand, never to be tasted. All the commentators in the world cannot persuade me but that the Hebrew word in the second chapter of Genesis, translated apple, should be rendered peach. Only this way can I reconcile that mysterious story.

Just such a child at thirty am I among the cash and valuables, longing to pluck, without an idea of enjoyment further. I cannot reason myself out of these fears: I dare not laugh at them. I was tenderly and lovingly brought up. What then? Who that in life's entrance had seen the babe F——, from the lap stretching out his little fond mouth to catch the maternal kiss, could have predicted, or as much as imagined, that life's very different exit? The sight of my own fingers torments me; they seem so admirably constructed for —— pilfering. Then that jugular vein, which I have in common ——; in an emphatic sense may I say with David, I am "fearfully made." All my mirth is poisoned by these unhappy suggestions. If, to dissipate reflection, I hum a tune, it changes to the "Lamentations of a Sinner." My very dreams are tainted. I awake with a shocking feeling of my hand in some pocket.

Advise with me, dear Editor, on this painful heart-malady. Tell me, do you feel any thing allied to it in yourself? do you never feel an itching, as it were—a *dactylomania*—or am I alone? You have my honest confession. My next may appear from Bow-street.

SUSPENSURUS.

ITALIAN OPERA.

The gallery of the King's Theatre having discovered a decided disposition to tumble down, if at all pressed to such a step by the weight of the public,* the higher authorities judged it quite as proper that this house should not be opened as a place of amusement until there should be some reason to think that it would not fall on the heads of an audience, and, accordingly, they refused to grant the licence while the safety of the building remained doubtful. Under these circumstances, Mr. Ebers has been compelled to commence certain necessary repairs, which are likely to be completed, we are informed, by about the week after Easter, and the opera company perform meanwhile at the Haymarket Little Theatre, which has been fitted up for the occasion to look as much like an Opera House as red curtains between the boxes, and chairs turned with their backs to the stage, can make it look like an Opera House, and which is as cold and comfortless as every summer theatre must necessarily be in wintry weather. In the bills and advertisements, great care, it is true, was taken to inform us that every part of the theatre had been thoroughly aired and warmed; but on entering the pit on the first night of performance, we were suddenly and feelingly convinced that they must have forgotten to warm the inside of the house, for never did we experience such a chill as the air of it struck to us; it seemed, indeed, as if the proprietor of the little theatre had providently laid up in it a store of winter temperature against the summer season, and we were getting the benefit of his hoarded frost in the month of March. When the curtain drew up, the cutting blasts of east wind that blew from the stage added to the sufferings of the audience, and many of our neighbours appeared in some alarm for their benumbed extremities, which they sedulously cherished throughout the evening by chafing in a very tender and affectionate manner. At the end of the first act of the opera, a report reached the pit that there was a fire in the saloon up stairs, and, in the course of a minute, half a hundred men were collected about it, greedily struggling for warmth. Whether any noses, fingers, toes, or ears were lost in consequence of this indiscretion, we cannot take upon us to say, but, in cases of this kind, to rub the part affected with snow is undoubtedly the proper treatment; unfortunately, however, the night being tolerably mild out of doors, this remedy, if required, was not attainable. Since the first night, we have observed that the climate of this ice-house has been affected in a slight degree by the general temperature of the atmosphere, but still it has hitherto always been very inclement; and, until all Mr. Morris's supplies of cool air for the refresh-

* The north wall of the theatre has given way, and consequently the gallery which was sustained by it wanted that support which every gallery has a fair right to expect. Mr. Ebers, however, appears to have thought that, as it had stood for a long time in a rickety way, it would continue to stand by force of prescription.

ment of the summer audience are exhausted, we cannot expect any material improvement. In reply, however, to all complaints respecting the coldness of this theatre, we are told to remember that it is a summer theatre, an apology which strongly reminds us of the defence which Christie, the auctioneer, made for a blanket that he had particularly recommended for its comfortable warmth, but which, on being unfolded, turning out to be most miserably tattered and torn, he observed, "but, ladies, you will please to remember that this is *only* a *summer* blanket."

The alterations made in the little theatre for the accommodation of the frequenters of the Opera are thus set forth in the bills and advertisements:

"The boxes are separated by temporary partitions, and a communication between these and the pit has been effected by means of a staircase leading from the centre box; and A BALCONY has been fitted up in a commodious manner to communicate also with the boxes and pit."

Now the fact is, that the boxes are not separated by temporary partitions, for the fronts of them, in which people sit, are not in any measure screened, and persons of fashion suffer the pain of being seen by their next door neighbours as plainly as if they were exposing themselves in the public boxes of vulgar theatres.

As for the BALCONY which appears so respectable in its large letters, it is simply the two shilling gallery, illuminated with two pounds of candles, and generously thrown open to the public at only the price of the pit of the opera. This place, notwithstanding its polite name, is, we strongly suspect, the limbo of orders, and though a gentleman who pays his half guinea for the pit enjoys the privilege of taking his seat, to speak it profanely, in the two shilling gallery, yet we doubt very much whether those persons who in the first instance betake themselves to the balcony are entitled to descend to the pit, and we will give a reason for our doubts. We observed one night that a servant of the house squared himself before the pit passage, and almost opposed the entrance of individuals until they had answered, in the negative, the question, whether they came from the balcony. This unusual piece of impertinence gave great disgust, and did not, by any means, serve to exalt the respectability of the lower gallery. We are fully aware that all statements of the inconveniences and annoyances to which one is exposed at the little theatre will be met by the observation that allowance ought to be made for arrangements which are of a temporary nature, but we conceive that it is our business to give to the public a faithful representation of things as they are, and, accordingly, we merely state the fact, and leave the reader to supply the charitable commentary. People, we take it, wish to know whether an entertainment is good or bad, and not what excuses can be made for its defects; they may also desire to be informed how they are to be accommodated and kept warm in a theatre out of season; and we should not satisfy their curiosity on this head by intimating that great allowances ought to be made for temporary arrangements, the

short question being whether such temporary arrangements are consistent with comfort or not.

The Opera opened on the 1st of March with Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro,* which, as a whole, was lamentably ill performed. One part, however, was delightfully filled. Madame Ronzi de Begnis was the *Countess;* and Ronzi de Begnis' *Countess,* whether we regard the acting or the singing, is perfect. Her little flirtation with Cherubino, when Susanna sportively tries the cap on him, is the most exquisite piece of bye-play we have ever seen on the stage. The expression of mingled archness and tenderness which she throws into her coquetrie in this scene, is indeed indescribably bewitching. The graceful langour and air of voluptuousness, which seem natural to this charming artiste, peculiarly fit her for this part, and we cannot name a more finished or a more fascinating performance than Ronzi de Begnis' *Countess.* On the first night of the Opera we observed that Madame Ronzi de Begnis suffered severely from the intense coldness of the theatre; and on the second night, when Figaro was repeated, it was evidently with extreme pain and difficulty that she went through her part, omitting her songs, *Porgi Amor* and *Dove Sono.* *Susanna* was played by Madame Vestris with no great effect; indeed this lady seems to us altogether out of her element on the Opera stage; and when she enacts *Susanna,* in particular, we cannot help fancying that we see Giovanni in petticoats, so decidedly rakish an air does she fling into the character. The *Susanna* of Madame Vestris is in truth so exceedingly *knowing* a waiting-woman, that it appears especially wonderful to us that she contrives to carry her virtue safe to the end of the piece. Madame Caradori was the Page, and Madame Caradori's Page is insipidity personified. The newspapers, which have a fine word for every thing, call it an "*interesting*" Page; they might just as well talk of an *interesting* Peregrine Pickle—Cherubino is a little devil. We have, however, seen many Pages, and have never yet seen a good one: Miss Mori is, we think, the best we have seen; there was certainly no lack of archness or of mischief in her personation of Cherubino. Madame Caradori sang with sweetness that exquisite, love-breathing air, *Non so piu cosa son, cosa faccio.* Porto played the Count; he is about one tun too heavy for the character, and made the gallant gay *Almaviva* look particularly like a butcher. It is a great tax to one's imagination to fancy such an ill-favoured personage the terror of families, nor can we even conceive how so unwieldy and corpulent a gentleman could run after chamber-maids. A prize ox is about as well qualified to play the part of a butterfly as Porto is to play that of Almaviva. De Begnis, in *Figaro,* was respectable; it is not one of his happiest performances.

The inferior parts in this delightful Opera were scandalously ill filled; and for want of a *Marcellina* who could do the very little that *Marcellina* has to do, the spirited duet with Susanna, in the first scene, *Via resti servita,* was omitted. The most extraordinary looking person we ever

beheld played Bartolo, omitting the fine song, *La vendetta;* as this performer, it appears, cannot sing the music that falls to his part, we must presume that he is engaged as a foil to set off the person of Porto, for which sort of service he is undoubtedly eminently qualified by nature.

Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia* has been frequently performed during the month, and, all things considered, it has been much more effectively cast than Mozart's Figaro. Of Madame Vestris's *Rosina* we cannot speak highly; her voice is not equal to the music: but if smiles can make amends for this deficiency, it must be confessed that ample compensation is made for it. De Begnis' Bartolo is extremely amusing; and we discovered Porto's talent for the first time in Basilio, in which he displays considerable powers of grimace; Garcia, as *Almaviva,* is irresistibly droll in the scenes of broad humour; his look of idiotic good nature, when quartering himself on Bartolo, in the assumed character of a drunken soldier, is inimitable; and though we confess that his acting is in this instance sufficiently extravagant, we cannot help laughing at it most immoderately. Generally speaking, Garcia is not a good Almaviva, for he makes the Count vulgar. Remorini, who possesses a grave countenance, and a singularly inflexible set of muscles, enacts Figaro; and a very bad Figaro he is. When he desires to give us a stroke of humour, he opens his mouth to its utmost extent, like a nut-cracker, aud throws up his arms like a scaramouch. The style of music, moreover, is unsuited to his voice, and altogether we are sorry to see this performer, excellent in his way, attempting a part for which he is peculiarly ill fitted. De Begnis would play it well; but then who is to do Bartolo, which he also plays well. The truth is, that the Company is, at present, miserably weak, and some merit is due to the management that has made even so much of such small means.

Adelina, an Opera new to this country, composed by Generali, has been produced, and is, we think, likely to be popular. The music is very beautiful, and it is said that Rossini acknowledged its merits by plundering it most unmercifully; certain it is, that there is a very suspicious resemblance to be traced between passages in this Opera and some of Rossini's favourite ideas. Adelina's first song, *Dolce suon mi scendi al cuor,* is a charming composition; and a cavatina, sung by Erneville, Adelina's supposed betrayer, *Al respirar quest' aure,* is a delightful and graceful air. Indeed, the Opera is full of beauties; and to dwell on every piece of music that has pleased us in it would be more gratifying to ourselves than agreeable to our readers. We must, however, protest against the dialogues, which are unnecessarily long, silly, and tedious: they should be curtailed. The fable of Adelina is that of Clari, with some slight variations. In Clari it will be remembered that Fawcett, as the father, first appears in great grief and very large breeches, sentimentally indifferent to the tea and toast which his amiable lady has prepared for his breakfast. Varner, the father in Adelina, though his daughter has been absent from him for three years, finds it in his heart

to sing a song in the opening of the piece, thus translated in the books of the Theatre :—

To the shade, my friends, to the shade,
To repose ourselves.
It is full time : *liri, liri, liri !*
When the dawn appears
How sweet to sing !
'Tis sweet to see
The birds brought down !
But when the heat becomes too fierce
'Tis better to return
And seek repose.
It is full time : *liri, liri, liri !*
Come bring us our breakfast here ;
In joy, in liberty.
How sweet the pleasure
Of eating and drinking
Untroubled by remorse of thinking !
Thus to solace humanity—
O yes, yes, yes—
My dearest pleasure, *my first of duties,*
Shall this ever be to me.
Come hither all, to breakfast come ;
In joy and liberty.
Bravo ! all's right, *liri, liri, liri !* *

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* The following is the original :—
All' ombra, amici, all' ombra
A riposar.
Basta così ; *liri, liri, liri !*
All' albeggiar,
Grato è 'l cantar !
Bello è 'l veder
Gli augei cader !
Ma quando scalda il di,
Meglio è tornar
A riposar.
Basta così ; *liri, liri, liri !*
Carlotta ! Annetta ! Jacopo ! che fate ?
Non c'è alcun ; dove son ? quanto tardate !
(*Compariscono i villici.*)
Da merendar portate quà ;
In allegria, in libertà,
Che bel piacer
Mangiar e ber,
Senza rimorsi, senza pensier !
E sollevar l'umanità—
Oh si, si, si—
Caro piacer, primo dover
Questo per me sempre sarà.
Quì tutti, quì a merendar
In allegria, in libertà.
Bravi ! così, *liri, liri, liri !*

This is a sort of strain and vein of thought quite out of character (according to English ideas of dramatic propriety) in an old gentleman who is to be undone and broken-hearted in the course of the Opera. On our stage, a person in this predicament always begins the performance with a becoming wretchedness, even though there is no earthly reason for it. We study the unity of doldrums, and a father who had so little foretaste of misfortune as to sing in praise of breakfast in the first scene, when a domestic calamity awaits him in the second, would infallibly be hissed from our boards. But, after all, we can scarcely find out what Varner has to make himself miserable about after breakfast; for his daughter, in her letter of confession to the village schoolmaster (Simone), describes her offence as simply that of having "married a stranger without consent;" but from the rage of Varner, who shows an anxiety to shoot Adelina, we should almost imagine the expression above quoted to be a polite phrase for marrying without the usual ceremony.

Adelina is performed by Ronzi de Begnis; Varner, by Remorini; Simone, a pedantic schoolmaster, by De Begnis; and Erneville, by Garcia, who has hitherto not done justice to the music of his part; we are disposed to ascribe this failure to the remains of indisposition. Altogether the Opera is well cast, and the production of it does great credit to the taste and judgment of the director.

In the Ballet we have Madame Ronzi Vestris, Charles Vestris, Mademoiselle Aumer, and Monsieur Le Blond. Though this is a weak Corps du Ballet, in point of numbers, it has been by no means an ineffective one; and every thing that has been done, has been well done on a necessarily small scale. The figurante department, however, requires reform; some of its ungainly members "sprawl into attitudes" in a manner particularly ridiculous; so long as they act en masse they are very well, but when they take occasion to protrude themselves, and to poke postures at us, as an American would say, they are insufferable. A new Ballet by M. Aumer, called *La Coquette Soumise,* has been produced: it is a pretty trifle, just adapted to the confined stage of the Little Theatre, and to the numerical weakness of the corps: the music is tastily selected, and extremely pleasing; the dancing of Ronzi Vestris is beautiful, and Mademoiselle Aumer appears to great advantage in this piece.

The two things at present most required at the Opera, are an increase of forces on the stage, and some warmth in the house; the Spring may possibly bring the one, and the Dover Packets, we hope, will bring the other. We understand that Madame Pasta is to be here in May, and Pasta is indeed a host. We have also heard that a treaty is on foot with Angrisani, who is a most useful actor. As the French say, these rumours deserve to be true.

LETTERS FROM PARIS

BY GRIMM'S GRANDSON.

No. IV.

Paris, March 18, 1825.

My Dear Friend,—The most remarkable volume which has appeared this month is, unquestionably, the one containing the three speeches pronounced by M. Benjamin Constant, General Foy, and M. de Girardin, against the projected law, by which the emigrants are going to put above four millions sterling into their pockets. You will frequently find in the speech of M. de Girardin the pungent irony of Voltaire, and the caustic sarcasm of Pascal. The following sentence may be regarded as the text or ground-work of the masterly harangue of the pupil of J. J. Rousseau. "What, Gentlemen, in this Chamber, composed of four hundred and thirty members, three hundred and seventy of whom are emigrants having claims on the proposed indemnity, have you the effrontery to brave every sentiment of honesty or of decency which enjoin upon you a self-challenge, when called upon to vote above forty millions sterling to the emigrants?"

The speech of General Foy was admirable to hear. This copious and eloquent speaker rose to the level of Mirabeau, whom I remember to have seen in the last year of his life. Unfortunately, the whole speech of General Foy rested on a supposition too obviously false: he ascribed some generosity and some small remnant of honour to his hearers. True eloquence becomes ridiculous when it is addressed to utter and immoveable selfishness. The existing Chamber is composed of old men of sixty—libertines in their youth; now stupid and selfish bigots, incapable of acquiring a single new idea. It is obvious enough that the sublime and potent eloquence of Demosthenes or of Mirabeau would be totally inapplicable to such an audience. It implies almost a want of sense to address them in a language so utterly inappropriate. This reflection, which suggested itself to every mind, destroyed the effect of General Foy's speech.

If, in this open struggle for pre-eminence between three men of the greatest talents, M. Benjamin Constant carried off the palm, it may be wholly attributed to his having assumed the tone suited to his audience. Addressing himself both to them and to the whole nation, by which his speech would be read on the following day, he found the secret of making them *swallow contempt* under all its forms. [You must know we have a proverb which says, *Contempt may be swallowed, but cannot be chewed.*] M. Benjamin Constant had the art of overwhelming with ridicule the three hundred and seventy wigged heads which decide the destiny of France; and, to complete the triumph of the most subtle wit and the most consummate address which have for a long time been exhibited to the world, he never once allowed them time to interrupt him. These unfortunate men did not begin to comprehend the bitter sarcasm

of one sentence until the orator had reached the middle of the succeeding one. The Constitutionnel was obliged on that day to print a second edition, (a thing which does not occur three times in the year,) and it was eagerly sought for by all Paris, as containing a faithful report of that tremendous passage in which M. B. Constant replied to the hacknied declamations about their *heroic fidelity*, so constantly paraded by the emigrants. He proved in the clearest manner that, after having returned under Buonaparte in 1801—after having vied with each other in crowding to his anti-chamber—*after having sworn allegiance to him*, they cannot boast of their fidelity, and still less of their heroism; but simply of their prudence. This passage, which it is impossible to read without laughing, and which I do not quote because it is too long, and too closely connected with what precedes it, is unquestionably equal to the finest parts of the Provincial Letters of Pascal. Happy would it be for the public, and for M. B. Constant himself, if his works on religion were written with the same fervour and the same talent!

The striking merit of these three speakers has set the public on examining the merits of this individual Chamber of Deputies. The result of this investigation is, that it is, without any exception, the most *stupid* Chamber that has any where existed for the last thirty-five years. They are the strongest; they plunder the nation of four or five millions, and they actually do not know how to divide the spoil. For full three weeks they have not known what they are about. Three or four times in the course of a debate M. de Villele or his aid-de-camp, M. de Martignac, are obliged to mount the tribune, to prevent their deciding the same question in two opposite ways. In one of their late debates they persisted, for three whole hours, that it was expedient to decree a *consequence* of an article of a law, BEFORE the article itself was adopted. M. Ravez, their president, Messrs. de Villele and de Martignac, could not, by any means, make them hear reason. At last these gentlemen, fairly worn out in the conflict, were obliged to break up the sitting, and to adjourn the discussion till the following day. M. de Talleyrand, whose old age was enlivened and rejoiced by this farcical exhibition, said in his drawing-room, in the evening, "they are savages who have killed a hare, but can neither skin it nor cook it. Every savage, in his turn, approaches the defunct hare, turns it over from head to tail, looks at it for some time, and at last goes away, not knowing what to do with it." All the deplorable absurdities of the Chamber, said M. Seguier, (a peer of France, and first President of the *Cour Royale* of Paris, and what is more, a man of talent) are calculated to produce *second edition of the lists of emigrants*. If you, in England, are curious to know the extent of the absurdity of the Chamber, you may read the *History of the Emigration*, one vol. octavo, by M. de Montrol. It is correct, impartial, and perfectly devoid of talent.

Two books, both having the same title, viz. History of the two last Stuarts, Charles II. and James II. have been a good deal read at Paris.

M. Boulay de la Meurthe, a Counsellor of State under Napoleon, and M. Sanquaire de Souligné, two years ago treated this part of history, with the view of pointing the moral of it against the Bourbons. These writers told them, "You are doing the same thing as the Stuarts; you will so alarm the nine million purchasers of national domains; you will let your provinces be overrun by priests and nobles to such a degree, that you will end like James II." I am very far from being of this opinion. In the first place, where are we to find a man of genius like William III. In the second place, the Bourbons evidently incur this danger and unpopularity in the cause of the great nobles. There are, consequently, no great nobles in France who have the slightest interest in calling in a new Sovereign. There are, to be sure, the people: but the people are entirely deficient in courage. As soon as three Frenchmen are together, they have a conviction that they are talking before a spy. Nevertheless, the danger which the Bourbons brave, though thought nothing of last September, begins to attract observation.

M. Dumenil, a Jansenist of great courage, has published, sword in hand, a pamphlet against the Jesuits, in which he has had the boldness to tell the whole truth. He first adduces general proofs of the iniquity of the *good fathers;* he then cites the base flattery addressed to Napoleon by the Abbe de la Mennais, and by M. de Boulogne, the *gallant* bishop of Troyes. This pamphlet called forth another *bon mot* from M. Séguier. How is it that kings do not perceive that, up to the year 1789, the church might hold them up, but that now it will hang them? This, as you will see, is an allusion to the *line* of your lord Norbury.

M. Seguier has likewise set the magistrates of the *Cour Royale* of Paris (who had the absurd vanity of wishing to revive the parliament) to beard the ministry, by prosecuting three clerks who had established a shop for the sale of Crosses of St. Louis, and of the Legion of Honour. These last cost sixty pounds sterling, while the Crosses of St. Louis were to be had for little more than thirty. Half the crosses you see in Paris are obtained by these means. M. Seguier threatens to prosecute certain clerks of M. de Villele, who, it is said, sell *recettes generales* for the sum of 4000*l.* He reprimanded a M. Genou, who calls himself *De Genoude,* from his seat in court. This gentleman, the *âme damnée* of the Jesuits, is editor of the Etoile, a furious paper, in the style of your John Bull, and written with the good taste and good breeding of Blackwood's Magazine. It is read, however, by every body, because it comes out at eight o'clock in the evening, and contains all the news that ministers choose to publish.

I shall conclude this long political gossip, by a reflection of a literary cast. If Voltaire could return to life, he would not write tragedies, he would try to get chosen a deputy, for there is not a village in France in which General Foy and Benjamin Constant have not admirers. I much fear that, in future, politics will be the vampire of literature. As the details of the internal politics of a country cannot be very interesting to

the people of other countries, we shall lose the character of *amusers* of Europe.

Apropos of Europe, I forgot to mention to you a pamphlet which the booksellers here cry up as a chef d'œuvre. It is called Coup d'œil sur la France et l'Europe in 1825. It is empty and emphatic—a good deal in the style of Guizot. If this pamphlet is successfully puffed it will inform the multitude of a truth which has long been sufficiently obvious to our old stagers of the revolution. Very few people in France care about *liberty*, all adore *equality*. Nobody likes a republic. This idea of adopting a form of government so repulsive to our tastes, so opposed to all our national habits, was perfect madness, and indeed never gained ground in France except among the Protestants of the sixteenth century. Religion is at this moment *à la mode*. The French people rather like to have a king who rides well, gives gay fêtes, and keeps a mistress. But French vanity abhors inequality, and the insolence of the little provincial nobility, or country gentlemen as you call them. If ever the Bourbons fall, they will have to thank their priests and nobles for their ruin. If Charles X. would only curb their insolence, the nation would joyfully grant him a civil list of four millions sterling.

The public attention has been very much engaged by a new tragedy since the first of March, the first night of its performance. It is called the Cid of Andalusia. The author is a clever and agreeable young man, named Le Brun. At midnight on the eve of the day on which Talma and Mademoiselle Mars were to present us with the Cid, did the merciless censorship make an additional erasure of eighty lines, taken from above thirty places. This execrable piece of spite almost entirely bewildered the actors' memories. One of the most mischievous of the Censors, M. Lourdouex, was in favour of the tragedy. Another, M. Auger, was against it. This intestine war in the very respectable corps of the Censorship gave occasion to a great many stories which are extremely diverting, but unintelligible to a foreigner. The Parisian public caught the spirit of them quickly enough. The Cid of Andalusia is in great vogue, and for the last fortnight we have all been greatly occupied with the Theatre Français, and with discussions on theatrical literature.

You are doubtless ignorant of the existence of the hostile sects of the *Classiques* and the *Romantiques*. The former insist that tragedy should be written precisely in the pompous verse of Racine and Voltaire. They have on their side all the Journals except one, the Globe. They likewise number in their ranks the three thousand students of the schools of law and medicine. The Romantiques contend that French tragedy ought to be assimilated to that of Schiller and of Shakspeare; they claim a licence to disregard the unities of time and place; they are even bold enough to require that the use of prose in tragedy may be allowed. Almost all the young men of fortune are *Romantiques*.

These disputes, which here occupy all who make any pretension to literature, that is to say, a full half of the inhabitants of Paris, will have

but little interest for you, for I believe the theatre is not fashionable in England. The contrary is the case here. A tragedy in inflated verse in the style of your Dryden, such for instance as the Paria, does more for the reputation of a young man, than three or four such poems as the Corsair, or Childe Harold. You will easily perceive the cause of this difference between the two nations, if you will call to mind what I told you about the stiff and affected manners, and the intense ennui which have characterized our society ever since the time of Napoleon. There is, perhaps, not one man out of twenty who had not rather pass his evening at the theatre than in parties. The Censorship, by forbidding the Theatre Français and the Odéon to paint society as it really is, make the fortunes of the little theatres which have hitherto enjoyed the liberty not of painting, but of sketching it; under the condition, however, of defacing their sketches by a strong dash of *sentimentalism* à la Marivaux. Mr. Scribe, the nursing father of the Gymnase, the Duchess de Berry's theatre, makes 3000*l.* a year. But the French people are above all things faithful to their habits, and for an hundred and fifty years they have been in the habit of respecting the Theatre Français. For the last ten years they have been tired to death there; it does not signify, if they find the least pretext to return to the Theatre Français, they are perfectly happy and delighted. The battle which took place on the 1st of March at the door of the Theatre Français between six thousand people, who all insisted on getting into a theatre which cannot possibly admit more than eighteen hundred, will be talked of for a year or two. The gendarmes and the people fought for three quarters of an hour. The confusion was extreme. The police of Paris has lost its wits ever since it has made war on the wit of others. The great business of the successors of M. de Sartine (the celebrated head of the police under Louis XV,) is not to prevent crimes and disorders, but to seize any obscure pamphlet against the Jesuits, or against priests, who cut in pieces young women whom they have vainly endeavoured to seduce. See a petition to the Chamber presented on the 7th of March 1825, on the affair of the Curé Mingrat.

I will give you some account of the Cid of Andalusia. At the rising of the curtain the stage is filled by young girls, some very pretty, and all very well dressed; at a distance are heard cries of *Vive le Roi.* It is, in fact, a perfect representation of the entrance of the kings of France into any of their *good cities.* The girls are talking about the king whom they are about to see. Don Alphonso, who reigned in Castile during the twelfth century, has just triumphed over the resistance of the inhabitants of Seville, who had, for eight years, struggled to establish a republican government. One of their corregidors, or mayors, named Don Bastos de Tabera, a man forty years of age, of a sombre and unsocial temper, but of intrepid bravery, is at the head of the republican party. Don Sancho, a young hero of twenty, surnamed the Cid of Andalusia, is the leader of the Royalists of Seville. He is what you would call a

Tory. He has that sort of enthusiasm for his king, whom he has never seen, which Flora Mac Ivor, in Waverley, has for the Pretender.

King Alphonso comes upon the stage. Like our Charles X. he has the art of paying the most elegantly turned compliments to every body. He tells the judges of the city, "Gentlemen, I wear you in my heart." He desires that the young Tory, Don Sancho, may be presented to him, gives him the grand cordon of his order, and new armorial bearings which M. le Brun has taken the trouble to describe. In going round the room at his levee, he comes at last to Don Bastos, who gives a very ungracious reception to his offers of place and of dignities. "In time of war," says Don Bastos, "I can fight. In time of peace my functions of mayor are more honourable in my eyes than any I can assume."

The young monarch is at length delivered from the crowd of subjects to whom he addressed so many pretty speeches, and freely confesses that he finds these official receptions an immense *bore*. It is this part of the play, copied too faithfully from what we see every day, which has shocked the censors. The young king being alone with his first Aid-de-Camp, Don Elias, says to him, "Do you know that on a balcony in this city I have seen that young beauty, whom two years ago I beheld for a moment on the banks of the Guadalquiver from my bark. In spite of all your inquiries, at that time you could not discover her name. You must instantly make out who she is. I am young, valiant, and a king; I must make my way into her house this very evening."

The second act opens in the gardens of Don Bastos. This stern republican would not permit his sister Estrella to be present at the fête given at the palace by the king. Estrella in the Spanish language signifies a star, and the Spanish play from which this is taken is called The Star of Seville. Estrella remains in her brother's gardens, and converses with some young companions on the happiness which awaits her on the morrow. On the morrow she is to be united to Don Sancho, the Cid of Andalusia. The severe Don Bastos enters, accompanied by Don Sancho, and leads his sister to her future husband. The attendants of Estrella withdraw to a distance, and Don Bastos goes to attend the king's fête. Don Sancho is left alone with the woman he adores, and to whom he is to be united on the following day. This is a beautiful scene—would you believe that this is the first time such a scene has been hazarded upon the French stage? All the reviews of the classical party have condemned it. The public thought it exquisite; Talma and Mademoiselle Mars played it inimitably. It is almost copied from the dialogue of Romeo and Juliet, or rather from that of Jessica and her lover in the Merchant of Venice.

Estrella leaves the garden; the king enters it. His Aid-de-Camp, Don Elias, has succeeded in discovering the name of the beautiful woman, for whom his master has an inclination, and has seduced Zoraida, a Moorish slave of Estrella, to his interest, by a promise of liberty. This slave has introduced them into the garden, and at an appointed signal is to

conduct the king into Estrella's chamber. At the moment when the king gives this signal by clapping his hands thrice, the stern Don Bastos returns to his house through the gardens. Seeing the king quit the fête, a suspicion too well founded crosses his mind, and he hastens home. The inflexible corregidor rushes upon the king, sword in hand. In this place was introduced the famous thrashing which was suppressed by the first Gentleman of the King's Chamber as an attack on the royal dignity. Bastos, after a torrent of bitter reproaches, suffers the king to escape. Bastos summons the slave Zoraida—"Did your mistress know of the king's visit?" "No; I swear it." "*Send for a priest,*" replies the implacable Spaniard. These terrible words conclude the second act, and were received with the greatest applause.

The third act opens in the King's Palace on the following morning. Alphonso is furious at the treatment he has received from Don Bastos. He is informed that during the night the body of a Moorish slave was found fastened to the gates of his palace. This insolence exasperates him yet more. Wounded vanity has replaced his licentious desires. He forms a project for getting rid of Bastos. It is not very easy to see why he does not entertain the idea of assassination; he, however, wishes to have him killed in a duel. But, lately arrived in a city which has for eight years ardently desired a republic, he dares not entrust this duel to one of his Aids-de-Camp. He sends for Don Sancho, and says to him, "What do you behold in me?" This young and heroic Tory replies with an enthusiasm worthy of Flora Mac Ivor, "Sire, I behold in you the master of my life, the representative of God upon earth." "You must avenge me," says the king. "A knight has dared to draw his sword against me; swear to avenge me to-day." "I swear it," replies Don Sancho; "tell me the name of the offender." "Bastos," cries the king, and retires.

Don Sancho is in despair—his devotion to the king, the faith, the religion of his whole life, is at variance with the passionate love which binds him to Estrella. The moment in which he was to be united to her is arrived; he came to the palace to announce his marriage to the king. The stern Don Bastos enters. Surprised at Don Sancho's delay, he had sought him every where; he is told that Sancho was gone to the palace. He fears lest his sister's lover should hear of the occurrences of the preceding night, and should suspect her innocence. He finds Don Sancho in great agitation, scarcely master of himself. Bastos speaks of Estrella: "*Ah! Estrella can never be mine,*" cries the unhappy Sancho. The stern Bastos thinks that his sister is suspected, he provokes Don Sancho, and they go out to fight.

The fourth act passes in the house of Don Bastos. Estrella, surrounded by a troop of young companions, has just completed her nuptial attire. She is expecting her brother and her husband; Mademoiselle Mars was divine in this scene. The spectators are aware of the misery which threatens her. Every thing she says concerning her happiness is

profoundly affecting, and leads to the most striking reflections on the instability of human affairs. The old *classical* reviewers found much to censure in this toilet scene, which Racine and Voltaire would not have dared to introduce. Suddenly a noise is heard. Estrella exclaims, "Ah! here are my brother and my husband!" It is, indeed, her brother—dead. Estrella exclaims with agony, "Who has murdered him? Don Sancho will avenge me." Don Sancho enters: "Come," cries she, "come to avenge the death of my brother—of your brother." "It was I—I, who killed him," replies Sancho in a fearful voice, broken by sobs. Talma was sublime at this moment. The Alcaides enter and lead off Don Sancho to prison.

In the fifth act the stage represents the hall of the throne. The king has forgotten his love, which was, indeed, but a passing fancy; he is not a wicked man—he will not suffer his agent to be hanged—*he will not let him die the death of the Marquis de Favras.*

The *Classiques* find great fault with this excellent trait in the tragedy of M. le Brun. The king is not actuated by passion, but only by a casual inclination. But, say the *Classiques,* did Racine ever represent the hero of a tragedy under the influence of any such impulse?

You perceive that the *Classiques* never advert to what is reasonable or unreasonable; in nature or out of nature; but only to what is legal, i. e. what is authorized by Racine's example. The king then, who is not an utterly depraved man, knows not how to save the life of Don Sancho. He is advised to revive an ancient law, which places the murderer at the disposal of the family of the murdered person. Estrella enters, in deep mourning, and is conducted to the foot of the throne, where the king announcesto her that he commits the fate of Don Sancho to her decision. Don Sancho enters, and is left alone with Estrella. He entreats her to condemn him to death. "This sentence," says he, "will extort a confession from the real author of all our misfortunes." The king returns, followed by judges. The President of the Tribunal says to Estrella, "What is your decision?" She answers with a faultering voice, "Death." The Court is about to pronounce sentence of death, when the king at length exclaims, "Bastos betrayed me, and I commanded Don Sancho to attack him." The President of the Tribunal breaks his rod; the king quits Seville; Estrella declares to Don Sancho her resolution of shutting herself up for life in the convent of Santa Clara; Don Sancho replies, that he will seek death in battle.

This tragedy, affecting as you see it is, did not succeed until the second time of performance. Many causes opposed its success on the day of its first representation. It is impossible to miss seeing that King Alphonso is a young prince, perfectly *French,* and profligate. The police stationed spies in the saloon to *prompt.* It was ardently desired that the piece might fail. The Censors utterly mutilated the manuscript. In the state to which the tragedy is reduced it is impossible to perceive that Don Bastos was a republican, or Don Sancho a furious royalist.

All the *Classiques* (and a great proportion of the elder Frenchmen are passionately attached to the classical party) were shocked at the scene between Sancho and Estrella in the garden, and at the scene of happiness at the beginning of the fourth act. Lastly, Mademoiselle Mars, who has much more talent and address than sensibility, pourtrayed despair very ill.

The Cid of Andalusia deserves great success, for it is infinitely less tedious than Sylla, Germanicus, the Paria, the Vêpres Siciliennes, and Clytemnestra, tragedies which have been popular for some years.

But the Cid of Andalusia is very far from being a chef d'œuvre. The author is deficient in sensibility and in genius. When he has placed his persons in the most striking and tragical situations, he knows not how to make them speak. The public remember the Cid of Corneille. He, indeed, understood the language of love and of generous sentiments. Don Sancho, such as Corneille would have drawn him, would have regarded it as unworthy meanness to say to his mistress, "Demand my death, in order that another may interpose to save my life." I think the Cid will have a run; but the sentiments of this tragedy have neither sufficient depth, nor sufficient energy and nature, for it to keep its place on the stage. Some of M. le Brun's lines are flat. If he had the talent of writing epic and brilliant verses, like those of M. de la Vigne, who has just been chosen Member of the Academy, we should see the Cid of Andalusia reach its eightieth time of performance. The French people are pre-eminently the creatures of habit, and care much less about the incidents of a tragedy, and the truth of the sentiments, than the beauty of the verses. They require poetry like that of the dramas of your Dryden. Many of the passages of M. de Vigne's Paria, for instance, the description of the Cape of Good Hope, seem to be translated from Dryden, and even from the most inflated parts of the English poet. M. le Brun is a writer of considerable talent and of high character. Two years of manœuvre were necessary before he could succeed in getting his tragedy acted. If he had perfectly succeeded, his celebrity would have been established for life. He will not attain to a very high reputation, for all the journals, except one, say every thing that is bad of his play. The Debats did not even notice it. I have written to you about it at great length, because it is much talked of here, and because I wish, above all things, to give you a monthly *historical bulletin* of what has occupied the attention of the society of Paris. I think, moreover, that the Cid of Andalusia might be successfully done into English. The English author who would not be restrained by the fear of plagiarism, might borrow some of the beautiful sentiments of the Cid of Pierre Corneille.

The fall of Napoleon, so favourable to the progress of liberty, or rather to the birth of *liberal sentiments*, which now enjoy the immense advantage of being in fashion with our young men, has nevertheless rendered many of these very young men miserable. I speak of the sons of men possess-

ing incomes of from four to twelve hundred a year. Under Napoleon these young men *worked*, and acquired personal experience early in life, and became *men*. I grant that Napoleon often made them work in a manner very little favourable to human happiness; but, however, men of twenty, in easy circumstances, *did work*. Now they don't know what to do with themselves: they read novels, or *sentimental philosophy*, and soon fall into an utter weariness of all things; in short, into the spleen. They have neither firmness of character nor sense enough to become merchants' clerks, or to embark for America. They like better to write or to read bad verses at Paris. M. de la Martine has given us some poetry which has drawn soft tears from the eyes of these youths, who themselves are rather *soft*, and who would be cured by a little labour. These same pensive youths are great partisans of M. Cousin (who has, as you know, been detained at Berlin for the last six months). Most of those who are thus melancholy, they know not why, are of the sect of the *Romantiques*, that is to say, they wish that, in treating any subject, all poets should borrow the *art* of Shakspeare, and should avoid the *art* of Racine; that is, the manner of contriving a plot; of weaving and unweaving its intricacies; the manner of painting a connected series of sentiments, adopted by Racine and Voltaire.

The rich and melancholy young men whom I have just mentioned admired the Cid of Andalusia, and were greatly scandalized at the success of Joan of Arc, a tragedy of M. Soumet, which was much applauded at the Odéon on the 14th of March. M. Soumet possesses in a high degree the talent of writing inflated verses in the style of Dryden. He shines in what you, in England, call *clap-traps*. You will guess, without my telling you, that the clap-traps which are the most certain to *take* in a play on the subject of Joan of Arc, are those which contain abuse of the English. M. Soumet has not the least dramatic talent. There is not in his whole tragedy a single trait of passion—not a single line which is not actually *imitated* from Racine and Voltaire. There are, on the contrary, many original passages in the Cid of Andalusia. These novelties at the Theatre Français amuse and awaken our poor young men who are labouring under atacks of spleen; and if the police does not devise some means of stopping the career of the modern *Cid*, this tragedy will have a considerable effect in hastening the moment of a *literary reform*.

All the letters from London speak of the astonishing run which the Memoirs of Miss Harriette Wilson have had. This run, and Mr. Martin's absurd attack upon Magendie in parliament (debate of the 24th of February), have afforded us great diversion at your expense. People of education here have no hatred of the English, but we do love to laugh at you. The men whom Harriette Wilson has denounced would, in this country, have been very merry at their own misfortune, and in the bottom of their hearts would have been extremely well pleased at being

exhibited in such situations as those of the handsome Lord Ponsonby, or of the Marquis of Lorne, who at forty years of age carries off from his rival a beautiful girl of eighteen. Except in the article of the *money*, many of our most celebrated women resemble Harriette Wilson, in having had forty lovers, and were not a whit the less admired and sought after up to the time of their death. The sort of man we despise here, is one who holds a sinecure, and betrays his employers. We esteem such men as La Fayette, Carnot, Dupont (de l'Eure), who, after having enjoyed a thousand opportunities of robbing the public, have continued poor. We *pardon* some inroads on the public purse by men, who, like Massena, prevented the Russians from conquering France (in the Helvetic campaign, 1799). We despise those plunderers who have rendered no service to their country; but we should regard it as intensely ridiculous to inquire whether this or that man amused himself in the society of Harriette Wilson. I must confess to you that the immense importance you attach to the details of private life, and the consequent voracious appetite you evince for them, expose you to infinite ridicule and contempt in every country but your own. Who are right; you or the rest of the world? I really can't decide. Before you let loose upon me a torrent of *virtuous indignation*, remember that we are very exact in observing all your crim. con. actions, by far the most amusing part of your papers. Recollect, moreover, that we have here your Bishop of Clogher, and twenty other men of high rank of the same kind.

The most passable book I have read this month is by a Swiss liberal M. de Bonstetten, and is written in Genevese French, that is to say, without ease and with considerable inflation. It is called L'Homme du Nord et l'Homme du Midi, ou l'Influence du Climat. A great many Frenchmen have served in Holland, and in Calabria; so that the question of climate, and its influence on the social habits, and on the manner of conducting the hunt after happiness, is well understood in France. The fundamental idea in M. de Bonstetten's work is, that in Denmark, for instance, there are winters and nights; and that in the kingdom of Naples there are neither. The inhabitant of the north passes his winter evenings and nights in his family. He is obliged to provide food for the winter by means of his labour during the summer. His clothing must be had at a considerable expense *under pain of death*. Forethought must, therefore, be the leading characteristic of the mind of the native of the north; the native of the south has no need of any of these precautions. The Lazzaronè of Naples scarcely wants clothes; if he has no other lodging he sleeps in a mountain cave; he lives upon a half-penny's worth of macaroni. You will find the traces of this fundamental difference in the highest nobleman of Dresden and of Naples. M. de Bonstetten's book is deficient in arrangement; it is, however, amusing, and I advise you to read it. He appears to be an excellent man, not very

strong in logic. As soon as he attempts to rise, he falls into bad reasoning. This work would have been a hundred per cent. the better for being written by a *litterateur* of Paris. The Genevese style is painful to read. The gentlemen of that little republic have the art of making a toil of a pleasure.

A little journal has made its appearance which breaks the hearts of the three or four hundred *litterateurs* here, who fancy they have a reputation. It is called *Le Masque de Fer*. It tells wholesome truths to all those would be men of letters, whose reputation is got up. The Masque de Fer has had some charming articles; such as I should like now and then to see in the poor Globe, so puritanical and so *triste*. This satire in prose is attributed to M. de Jouy and his set.

I wanted to talk to you about music, but my letter is already too long. The French are tired of their own music, and possessed themselves with the notion that they liked Rossini and Italian music. The Theatre Italien is under the direction of a young nobleman of very high rank and great piety, who, by dint of three or four blunders, has disgusted the public. This theatre, small as it is, is often empty. It is possible that if M. Sosthenes de la Rochefacault continues to direct the Opera Buffa in France, the reign of Proverbs will succeed to that of Italian music. You know that we have a man of great genius for proverbs, M. Théodore le Clercq. The Italian opera has given us nothing new for these six months. Rossini, who is paid very high for providing our musical pleasures, does nothing. Those among us who do not really and truly love music now frequent the Opera Française only for the ballets, and leave the singers of the Louvois to make their quavers to the desert air. We have no man worth hearing but Zucchelli, who is a good bass. We have still the admirable Madame Pasta, but she only appears in the three characters Tancredi, Desdemona, and Juliet.

A pamphlet has been published, entitled *De la Cérémonie du Sacre des Rois*, by L'Abbé Tuin. The clergy are extremely anxious that Charles X. should not pronounce the word *charter* in the oath he is to take at Rheims, on the 15th of next May.

There has been a great effort to puff a pamphlet very well written, but without any new ideas, called *Révue Politique de l'Europe*, in 1825. It has been ascribed to M. Bertrand, the author of the famous *Manuscrit vénu de St. Hélène*. I have seen a copy of this pamphlet printed in Germany. I found this note in it. "The Jesuits, alarmed and distressed at the wickedness of the articles which have appeared in the Constitutionnel and the Courier Française, persecute M. de Villèle to abolish the liberty of the press and to restore the censorship of the journals. M. de Villèle, who sees that he will be succeeded by M. de Latil, and driven out by the Jesuit party, and who does not fear the Liberals, has no desire to restore the censorship. Under the direction of M. Franchet, who is independent of M. de Villèle, it would be terrible

to the Constitutionnel and the Courier, and would give unbounded licence to the Quotidienne and l'Etoile, the organs of the Jusuits. This is positively the only new fact I found in this famous Révue Politique.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Yours, &c.

P. S. I have just read a delightful song on the arrival of Prince Metternich at Paris, and on the melancholy which has taken possession of that celebrated diplomatist at the sight of the sadness of the young men of France. He exclaims, we legitimates shall lose our power as soon as the French lose their levity. The Prince then sets about a burlesque and very amusing review of all the kinds of pleasure he can offer to the young Parisians to indispose them for thinking, and to remove that serious air which distresses him. The burden of his lamentation is, if people think at Paris, in a century they will begin to think at Vienna.

LETTER FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Smyrna, February 10, 1825.

* * * I have had a most delightful voyage, and purpose sending home a *volume* of my peregrinations by the end of the present year. We have visited Cadiz, Naples, Genoa, Malta, Napoli di Romania, (of which I had a sketch made) Melo, Cerigo, and Spetzia, (but here we only touched;) Cape Colonna, (Sunim) Smyrna and its neighbourhood; Thessylonica, and Syro-choro in Negropont, the ancient Eubœa. Of the Pacha of Egypt we have heard little, for little as yet has been done. He has a fleet of sixty ships in Candia with a force of ten or twelve thousand men, prepared for the ensuing campaign against the Greeks. His son, Hassan, is admiral of the fleet.

Suleyman, Aga of the place from whence I write, gave us a splendid dinner in the Turkish style, a short period since, for which I shall refer you to my *forthcoming Journal.* He is the same Lord Byron speaks of in the notes to the second Canto of Childe Harold. I sat at table with the *late horrible governor of Scio,* Vehib Pacha. But I shall for the present confine myself to an extract from my common-place-book relative to our last trip to Syro-choro, where I had the good luck to discover several antiquities never before noticed, and copied some most curious and valuable inscriptions. The Seringapatam frigate, of forty-eight guns, and the Cyrene sloop, of twenty, were in company, under the orders of Captain Hamilton.

While I was pursuing my inquiries (January 31), the Cyrene had spoke an Ionian brig, of which she distinguished two pirates in chace. The brig was afterwards boarded, and, in answer to certain queries, stated that several piratical vessels were cruising up the gulf of Volo.

This intelligence being communicated to Captain Hamilton, measures were immediately taken; and, on our return, we found them busy in manning and arming the boats. Four were sent from each ship, that is, from the Cambrian and Seringapatam, the Cyrene being absent. They were put under the command of Lieutenant Marsham, who rowed on before the rest, with orders to persuade the pirates, if possible, to submit themselves to examination, and for that purpose to bring up their vessels to the station of our sloops. But he was strictly enjoined to forbear all attack, unless every other alternative was rejected, and no other mode offered itself of accomplishing the object of their mission.

They left the ships at four o'clock p. m. and returned about one in the morning, with two small vessels, and seventeen of their crews; some of whom were dangerously wounded. Unhappily, four of our own men were killed in the fray, and sixteen out of both ships severely hurt. Lieutenant Worsfall, of the Seringapatam, received three balls in the breast; which, but for the thickness of his coat, must have wounded him fatally. As it happened, however, they went no farther than the skin. In fact, the pirates fought desperately to a man; and such was their resolution, that in the last violent effort to escape, having discharged their pieces, they dashed them furiously at their assailants, and leapt headlong into the water. Something of the spirit of old Greece, manifested in a bad cause, seemed forcibly to prevail here! Their captain died after the conflict in his way to the ships, of a pistol ball, which had penetrated the left breast, and with several sabre wounds in the lower part of his body. He was stretched out, for a short time, upon the quarter-deck, covered with a flag—a horrible and an awful sight. His face, which must have been handsome, was smeared shockingly with blood, and his long black hair, clotted and spread in disorder around him, gave a singular wildness to his appearance as seen by a bright moon on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war. His mouth, the upper lip of which was decorated with long mustachios, was stiff with gore, and his eyes were unclosed, adding yet more strongly to the savageness of feature, which his last bold act contributed to impress upon him. The dark eye of his country gleamed fiercely even in death: but it was said that he died uttering, "*Christiano, Christiano,*" a characteristic, or at least *Catholic*, termination of an unlawful career.

Following up his instructions to the letter, Mr. Marsham first proceeded with his own boat singly in search of the pirates; and, having fallen in with them, explained, through an interpreter, the necessity of their complying with the wishes of the English commodore. He assured them of safety, provided they acquiesced; and endeavoured, by maintaining an easy unconstrained tone, to obviate the irritation, or apprehension perhaps, which their manner throughout had indicated, as well as to afford time for the hindmost boats to come up. All that he could say proving ineffectual, he gave them to understand that they might expect the worst, and pulled off to meet his companions. It was

now night, and though the moon had risen in great splendour, yet the shadow of the lofty mountains, beneath which they rowed, obscuring the track of the pirates, involved our boats in doubt and perplexity. At this period they fell in with a small trading vessel, called technically a *Bombard,* the crew directed them to the probable haunts of the desperadoes; and at the same time, requested for themselves a convoy down the gulf. The search was then sedulously pursued; and about nine o'clock they distinguished the two vessels, which they afterwards took, off Cape Lethada, the ancient Cenæum.

It is probable that the pirates had no idea of so large a force being at hand as there actually was. On Lieutenant Marsham's first approach alone, their intentions seemed decidedly hostile; and they several times attempted to bring a large gun placed at the bow of their vessel to bear upon the boat. This, of course, he avoided; but when the sound of oars nearing them was again heard, the belief of the officers very generally was, that the pirates looked only for the return of the same boat, which they were predetermined to attack. For no sooner had the leading boat come within shot, than a volley of musketry fired from the piratical vessels struck seven of our men: but surely if they had been aware of the approach of eight well-armed boats, they would rather have preferred standing rigidly upon the defensive. Their proceeding, however, was the signal for a quick and destructive fire. Many of the Greeks, after a desperate and well-contested struggle of twenty minutes, plunged into the water: fifteen were afterwards thrown overboard dead, and the remainder brought prisoners to the ships. There certainly could not have been less than forty men, crowded into two puny vessels of not more than twenty tons burden!

From papers found upon them, added to the confession of one of the party, no doubt can exist of their piratical pursuits. The government of Scopeli, whither they were sent, refused to receive them, being afraid, it is supposed, of running the risk of a *counter-revolution,* which their *punishment* might promote. This they requested us to perform.

The Seringapatam hailed another boat which had also suffered from the depredations of the pirates; and about ten o'clock, we discovered five small *Latine* vessels sailing close under the coast of Thessaly, immediately at the entrance of the gulf of Volo. Supposing them a part of the piratical cruisers, they were fired at, for the purpose of being brought to: they were not, however, within shot. It was a beautiful morning, with light winds, which just served to ripple the surface of the water. The *Latines* furled their sails, and pulled into a narrow creek, where, for the time, they were safe from molestation. They then climbed the rocks to watch our motions. As the object of Captain Hamilton was only to ascertain who and what they were, he wished to try every conciliatory measure, before he resorted to any thing harsh. With this view, he despatched one of the wounded prisoners who remained with

a flag of truce, and a request that some of their principals would come on board his ship. In the mean while preparations were made for a refusal.

On the return of the boat, after leaving our ambassador in the hands of his countrymen, we had a picturesque account of their proceedings. They approached without seeing a man; but as soon as they had landed the prisoner and retired, a whistle was heard, and immediately upwards of a hundred men sprung from beneath the bushes of the rocks. The incident in Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*—that, namely, of Roderick Dhu, and his clansmen, instantly occurred to me. Allowing a sufficient time for consultation, our boat was dispatched a second time, and returned with four or five of the Greeks; for whose safety, our first Lieutenant, perhaps unwisely, had chosen to remain as a hostage. However he was treated with every civility.

The account given by these people was, that they were gun-boats belonging to a small Greek squadron, consisting of two brigs, a schooner, and what is called a *mystico,* which is something resembling a schooner, cruizing on the opposite side of the gulf. It seems that twelve small Turkish vessels are now in Volo, and that the Greeks have fitted out this armament with a design to intercept and burn the fleet of their enemy. The Cyrene, however, had met with the gun-boats last evening, and had fired at them for a considerable time. From all these circumstances they concluded that we were Turkish men-of-war; and our steady pursuit confirmed them in the idea. In conclusion, they agreed to accompany us to the station of the larger vessels from which they had been detached.

The calm having prevented our sailing, and only one of the Greek vessels issuing from the creek, according to the agreement, our boats were again manned and armed; and, with Captain Hamilton himself at their head, proceeded to act as occasion might dictate. First, however, a boat set forth with a flag of truce, and found the Greeks all on the alert, and stationed amongst the bushes with their musquets ready for the action which they seemed to think inevitable. A parley now ensued, which lasted till sun-set; when they were persuaded to come along-side of our ship. But this object, though advised and wished by their leaders, was effected with difficulty; and Captain Hamilton, to quiet apprehensions which appeared to increase rather than abate, went singly on shore and sent off his boats, standing as calmly when exposed to the range of their musquets, as he would have done upon the deck of his own vessel. By this time, a boat belonging to the Greek brig-of-war, dispatched by her commander, arrived at the creek; and this, no doubt, contributed a good deal to dissipate the alarms occasioned (as we found) by the invincible belief of our being Turkish or *Austrian* ships. It seems, the latter have in several instances of late betrayed them into the hands of their foes. I have heard it stated on good authority, that an Austrian admiral,

having invited a Greek primate on board his ship, so far forgot himself and his station, as to lift up his hand and knock down the poor priest on the quarter-deck! Surely their fears were not altogether unreasonable.

The place to which we pursued the gun-boats was not far from Trecheri. Had we therefore, under supposition of their being pirates, pointed our guns so as to have blown up their vessels, they must, in all probability, have fallen a prey to the Turks, who would have shown no quarter. As to those we destroyed two days before, they acknowledged them to have been pirates, and were well pleased at the result of the contest. Captain Hamilton, with his usual kindness, presented them with two bags of bread, and half a dozen bottles of rum.

Trecheri is in possession of the Turks. A strange fact with relation to this place is, that its absolute defence rests upon the exertions and loyalty of one hundred and fifty GREEKS, who are in the pay of the Turks. There are also three hundred in Negropont. Contrary to the usual practice, they are suffered to carry arms; and are kept under more by the sequins, than by the fear of their masters. What would the *three hundred of Thermopylæ* have thought and done in a like situation? But these men, as I was informed by a Greek from the brig-of-war, chiefly compose the bands of pirates who infest Scopeli; and part of whom we destroyed (which is curious!) not more than ten miles from the celebrated pass just alluded to.

With regard to the actual situation of the Greeks, the "*English public*" have been considerably misinformed. The papers are filled with lies. We received the Liverpool Courier a few days ago, bearing date the 20th of December, in which Lord Gordon and a "gallant company," are said to have arrived at Napoli, with forty stands of colours, worked by the ladies of Edinburgh. We were there on the 25th of December and for several days, and I need not add that the report is totally unfounded. The Greeks are said to have taken several ships of the line from the Turks. This also is false; they have since the commencement of the revolution *burnt* two or three, but they do not possess in their navy a larger vessel than a *small brig*. Those which we have met with so far have not exceeded thirty or forty tons; the generality are not twenty. The truth is, they cannot obtain wood in their own country for the purpose of building, and they have not funds to purchase and send for it from a distance. With their small vessels they cruize up and down the islands, and principally by means of FIRE effect the destruction of their enemy's ships. But then the Turks are so incorrigibly supine that, though their actual losses are, in comparison with their resources, very trifling, yet they suffer more by this desultory mode of warfare than by undergoing a positive defeat. The subjects of the Porte already begin to murmur; and reports are abroad that the present Sultan will be dethroned ere long, and his son, a lad of about nine years old, set up in his place. In fact, the Janizaries are said to be in a state of positive rebellion, owing to the measures of *depression*, which the

reigning sovereign has long adopted. He wishes to reduce their power; and when a contest of this kind is carried on between parties so constituted, it is not diffcult to foresee the result.

The Greeks, I am quite clear, have all the qualities necessary for making them warriors: patience, perseverance, and a high, determined valour, are their characteristics; and, so far as I have *seen*, there has been no reason to accuse them of bad faith. But I have as yet seen little; and their very acuteness, which is universally admitted, argues, I fear, when considered with reference to their depressed and persecuted condition, a propensity to exert it in a bad cause as well as in a good one. I have heard numberless anecdotes of their obstinacy, treachery, and trickery: but of these I do not credit half; and of the rest, I think that there may be many circumstances concealed, which might palliate, and almost justify an act, which, *primâ facie*, is entitled to the harshest name. It is very difficult to get accurate accounts of what is going forward: the Greeks themselves exaggerate their successes, and the Turks falsify them in toto. But unquestionably the balance of fortune is on the side of the former. I verily believe that their own misconduct alone can possibly prevent the ultimate attainment of their liberty.

MORNINGS IN ALBEMARLE-STREET.

NO. 1.

Scene—Mr. Murray's Saloon.

Mr. Milman, Mr. D'Israeli, Mr. Hobhouse, Mr. Luttrell, and Mr. Murray.

MR. D'ISRAELI.

Well—I still must say I regret, Mr. Murray, that I cannot congratulate you on the late change of Editorship, at least as far as the last number of the Quarterly may be regarded as a specimen of the benefit it is to derive from Mr. Coleridge's superintendence.

MR. MURRAY.

I fear, Sir, the Quarterly has lost much in losing Mr. Gifford. The name of Gifford did a great deal for the Quarterly. It was something for such a work to have a wit, a poet, a scholar, and a satirist, at its head.

MR. LUTTRELL.

Yes; and now you have got a person who is neither wit, poet, scholar, nor satirist. I never could conceive what claims Mr. Coleridge had to the eminent office you have assigned him, and I wonder still more, now that I have seen a sample of his management. He is a sort of bad translation of his old uncle.

MR. MILMAN.

I think the last Quarterly a fair number, though it is rather dull—rather too little of fine literature I think.

MR. LUTTRELL.

Yes, *rather* dull, indeed. It is the most Edinburgh-Review-looking Quarterly I have ever seen. It only wants a blue coat and yellow breeches to be the Scotchman. Just glance at the subjects in the last numbers of both; and "change places, handy dandy, which is the" Edinburgh, and which the Quarterly?

"Look you upon this picture, and on this!" (*Reads the contents of both.*) Edinburgh;—Theodric, (fudge)—The Duchess of Orleans, (heavy)—Hazlewood School, (twaddle)—Ashantee, (out of date)—Ireland, (a bore)—Chancery, (the old story)—Ellis's Letters, (unreadable)—Criminal Law of Scotland, (ditto)—The West Indies, (cant)—Duties on Coffee, (commercial)—State of Hayti—Education of the People, (the last two articles added for the laudable purpose of completing the sheet).

Now for the Quarterly:—Hayley's Life, (fade)—Funding System, (unreadable)—Prussian Reforms, (ditto)—Canals and Rail-roads, (ditto)—Theodric, (unfair and dull)—Lisbon, (a review of one of our friend Murray's books)—Artizans and Machinery, (very lively, I dare say, though I have not read it)—Daru's Venice, (so good a book that one would think it almost impossible to write a bad review of it)—Interior of Africa, (a bore of the first magnitude)—Washington Irving, (wishy washy, but Murray's man again),—the Church in Ireland ——.

[The announcement of this article produced a general groan from all present, except Mr. Milman.]

MR. D'ISRAELI.

But, my dear Sir, you should not look only to the subjects; the manner in which they are treated is much—nay, all.

MR. LUTTRELL.

Well, then, let us see how they are executed, and like that ingenious person, the Giant Moulineau, I will begin with the beginning. Allons, M. le docteur Southey! Here are forty-eight mortal pages on Hayley's Life and Writings, about neither of which any mortal cares one straw. Poor old polite dead Hayley! But there are some touches of real candour in the Laureate's article.

OMNES.

Hear! hear!

MR. LUTTRELL (*reads*).

"The satisfaction with which any effusion of malevolence is received *in the shape of criticism*, has given rise to an opinion that men are envious of superiority, and delight in whatever seems to detract from the merit of their eminent contemporaries. If there be this disposition in the public mind, *the greater is the crime of those who pander for it.* The feeling of a man's private circle in his favour is in itself a kindly and a

generous feeling, and it shows that men would be better than they are, *if so much pestilent industry were not employed to corrupt them.*" I must lament that our friend Mr. TWADDLER is not here: he would be in extacies.

MR. HOBHOUSE.

Pretty fair for the Laureate; who, not content with turning renegade, has been, for the last ten years of his life, a hireling reviewer, paid to pander to the very appetite which he here so hypocritically condemns.

MR. LUTTRELL.

But our excellent Laureate has made a great discovery in poetical criticism. "The specimens (Hayley's) of the Araucana were given in couplets, *the worst form of verse for long narration.*" It must be a comfortable thing for the Laureate to indulge in this opinion, when he thinks of the two poems he has perpetrated in all the barbarous metres ever used, and a few that were never used before. But I fancy few will agree with him who happen to recollect what a very considerable portion of English narrative poetry is written in this very measure, which is *the worst fitted for long narration.* I am sure, Hobhouse, you, who belong to the school of Dryden and Pope, will not pass the learned Laureate thus.

MR. HOBHOUSE.

Oh, Dr. Southey may say any thing with safety. But I think if young Mr. Coleridge had bethought him for a moment that almost all Chaucer's narratives are in this unwonted form of verse; that Dryden and Pope wrote a very considerable part of their works in this measure—that the one adopted it in his translation of Virgil, and the other in the forty-eight books of Homer; and that it is the verse peculiarly consecrated by the use of all our English poets, I think he would have struck out a sentence which stands, where it does, a disgraceful monument at once of the carelessness or ignorance of the Editor, and of the ludicrous insolence of the writer.

MR. MILMAN.

I don't agree with you about the unfairness of the article on Theodric. I think it upon the whole an indulgent review.

MR. LUTTRELL.

Why the principal poem is a poor affair. But it would certainly have escaped, had the author been any thing but a liberal. I call the article unfair, because the reviewer quotes none of the minor pieces, which are (some of them) not unworthy of the author of O'Connor's Child and Hohenlinden.

MR. MURRAY.

I am sincerely grieved at the appearance of such an article; Mr. Campbell is an amiable man.

MR. HOBHOUSE.

The article is altogether cold and heartless. Washington Irving is treated somewhat differently. But what would the *pietosi paladini* of

the Quarterly have said to any one who should have quoted Scripture, as the reviewer does, in his closing sentence?

MR. LUTTRELL.

Misquoted it, you mean. I am a Bible man. I think when a man does cite a Scriptural passage, he should quote fairly. The original text, besides, is far more applicable to Washington Irving than the new reading given by Mr. Hughes, the writer of the article. "With hearty good-will, playfully, but we hope not profanely (quoth Mr. Hughes), we exclaim as we part with him, "Very pleasant hast thou been to me, my brother Jonathan!" Now turn we to the text which occurs in the second book of Samuel, "*I am distressed for thee,* my brother Jonathan!" a sentiment which must rise most naturally in the minds of all the perusers of the Tales of a Traveller.

OMNES (EXCEPT MR. MURRAY).

Oh! certainly—a much better reading.

MR. MILMAN.

But are you sure, Mr. Luttrell, you are correct? I do not recollect the passage.

MR. LUTTRELL.

O! quite. Have you a Bible here, Mr. Murray? Oh! I see—you have not—never mind. I assure you I am right. David is lamenting the death of his brother Jonathan; the real quotation would have been apt enough; Mr. Hughes, as David, lamenting over the prostrate fame of his Yankee Jonathan.

MR. MILMAN.

Then I must reprehend my friend Hughes for his misquotation. It was injudicious to quote Scripture, for it sets every body upon referring to the original.

MR. LUTTRELL.

By the way, I forgot to notice *Apology* to the Traveller's Club—decidedly the worst pun ever perpetrated: yet this sea captain has the cruelty to repeat the infliction in the very first page of his book in using the word *apotheosis.* But Murray published the book, and that's the best thing that can be said for it.

MR. MURRAY.

I am sorry, Mr. Hobhouse, that we lost your able article on Lord Byron. But Mr. Croker and Dr. Southey will allow no defence of his Lordship in the Quarterly. Oh, here comes Mr. Croker.

(*Enter Mr. Croker.*)

MR. CROKER.

Good morning—good morning. What among the review?

MR. MURRAY.

Have you seen the last Edinburgh, Mr. Croker?

MR. CROKER.

You know, my dear Murray, I never read any of these things. It was bad enough in Jeffrey's time—what can we expect now from that com-

pound of hay and straw, Mr. Macculloch. What have we here? a laudation of Theodric? This is Jeffrey's, of course. Ah! it was time for him to retire from the field. He generally preaches once a quarter a doctrinal article on poetry (*reads*). "A new poem—of Campbell's—waited for—more anxiously than a new novel—author of Waverley." Not quite true, I think. "All the minor poems—marked with exquisite melody of versification—making the mere recitation of these words a luxury to all readers of taste." Let us try a few of these luxurious lines.

(*Mr. Murray hands him a copy of Theodric. He reads.*)

Worth itself is but a charter
To be mankind's distinguish'd martyr.

Exquisite!

No, imaged in the sanctuary of your breast,

Delicious!

Yet remember England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the patriotism of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

Divine harmony!

I come in the name of the Lord
To deliver a remnant of his flock!

Alas! for poor Jeffrey and his readers of *taste!* Oh! but here is a precious discovery. "Your true drudges, with whom all that is intellectual moves most wretchedly slow, are the quickest and most regular with their publication; while men of genius, whose thoughts play with the ease and rapidity of lightning, often seem tardy to the public because there are long intervals between the flashes!" "Metaphorical!" as Mr. Puff says. A pretty Della Cruscan image; what a pity that the sentence should be nonsensical!

MR. MILMAN.

Oh, extremely absurd. The experience of all ages and nations is against it.

MR. CROKER.

Well, one might stake the whole matter upon the single instance of Shakspeare. We all know that he began to write his plays about 1591, and that he finished the last (Twelfth Night) in 1613. So that he wrote all his thirty-five immortal plays within a period very little longer than that which has elapsed since the publication of Gertude of Wyoming. Jeffrey says here, that this great event took place twenty years ago. I dare say he is right, but I have no memory for these things. They say she was a very pretty woman in her day.

MR. D'ISRAELI.

The fact you state, Mr. Croker, is a curious one—and your argument may be abundantly confirmed by the literary history of all ages. In my various works—

MR. CROKER.

Oh to be sure, as you were going to observe—the fact is, my dear

D'Israeli, that men who *can* write, always *do* write: and the more fertile a man's mind is, the more books he will publish.

MR. D'ISRAELI.

I have written a good many books, you know, Mr. Croker.

MR. CROKER.

You have *read* a good many books you mean, D'Israeli. But *revenons à nos moutons:*—or rather, *à notre mouton:* for Jeffrey seems to have grown "sillier than the sheep." Let us look to our own literature—Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and the whole tribe of the Elizabethan dramatists, Milton, Dryden, Pope,—all these are poets, I think, of no inconsiderable stamp, who have written enormously. Then (to say nothing of the ancients) look at the great names of Italian, French, Spanish, and German literature. Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon de la Barca, Cornielle, Molière, Racine, Voltaire, Schiller, and Goethe. I think it will be difficult to name a single illustrious name in any of the countries I have mentioned so great as these.

MR. MILMAN.

Yes, and of these Tasso, Racine, and Pope, were at least as fastidious about their verses as Mr. Campbell. The best might be greatly increased, if you were to admit the prose writers and novelists, to whom the same remark applies.

MR. D'ISRAELI.

And to musicians and artists. Michel Angelo and Raphael painted the Vatican and the Sistine chapel, and Rubens covered acres of canvas with his glorious colouring and prodigal imagination, in spaces of time incredibly short. Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, to quote no other instances among musicians.

MR. CROKER.

Talking of music, has any body been to the Haymarket Opera?

MR. LUTTRELL.

Oh! 'tis a sorry sight. All the audience made up of those three great families—the Tags, the Rags, and the Bobtails—black stocks in the boxes—great coats in the pit—nobodies in the gallery—apologies from the stage.

MR. CROKER.

I'll hear no more!

MR. LUTTRELL.

"Not hear me! by my sufferings but you shall!" I went on the second night of the opera to see Figaro, and just before the curtain drew up, Madame Ronzi de Begnis was found unable to sing any of her songs. An apology was made, the opera went on, and the lamps went out. This, to be sure, was quite right—for the people who are only fit to be heard by the deaf should be seen only by the blind.

MR. CROKER.

I ought to have said that in Irish.—Several apologies have been made since the production of the new opera, I hear.

MR. LUTTRELL.

Oh yes—by the bye, the opera has acquired a good name lately.

MR. CROKER.

Has it, indeed? I'm sure it does not deserve it.

MR. LUTTRELL.

I mean a good nickname—the *Beggar's Opera.*

MR. CROKER.

Not bad! (*Turning over the leaves of the Edinburgh Review*) West Indies! Oh! this is the first specimen of young Mr. Macaulay's "sweet Roman hand," at least in the Edinburgh. Very fair, of course, and candid. Oh! the ingenuous youth! here is an admirable note which puts the matter out of doubt.

MR. LUTTRELL.

What says your note of admiration?

MR. CROKER.

Oh! simply, that the whole of his argument against the colonists rests upon the state of the West Indies as they were *two years ago,* not as they are in 1825. Is not this enough?

OMNES.

Oh! quite enough.

MR. MURRAY.

Has any one read Mr. Ryder's novel, Tremaine?

MR. CROKER.

A question to be asked. I have found nobody able to get through more than half the first volume. Tremaine is a novel of the good old times of the Clarissas and Grandisons, or it will do to read after a parliamentary paper. The only thing piquant about the novel is, that it deals in real portraits. By the way, Mr. Luttrell, you are very ill-used in Harriette Wilson's Memoirs, I understand.

MR. LUTTRELL.

And *you* are not spared. There was a plan in agitation at White's for the purchase of the woman's book, or the woman—but I think it was much more dignified to let it sink by the weight of its own infamy, and the character of its author.

MR. HOBHOUSE.

Mr. Ellice has done well in publishing her letter, or some one else's, to him. But the book cannot go on: it is pirated by all the low booksellers, which will soon destroy the original publisher's profits, and, of course, the temptation to publish any more of it.

MR. LUTTRELL.

I have just been reading Hook's Sayings and Doings. The author writes likes an *enragé* against people who use two-pronged forks, burn tallow candles, drink beer, and commit other enormities of the same kind. He seems to think that this proves his gentility—whereas he proves his ignorance of good society by showing that these little circumstaces dwell upon his mind.

MR. HOBHOUSE.

One thing strikes me as very absurd about such an extra-superfine gentleman as Mr. Hook. He writes to illustrate *proverbs*—now every body knows that proverbs are the most vulgar things in creation.

MR. LUTTRELL.

Yes—I never notice them, that is, in English. *Proverbes* in French are quite a different thing. Mr. Hook, if I remember right, commenced under false colours. By the way I see he is excessively lauded in Blackwood's Magazine for this very affectation of superfine good breeding of which you spoke just now. Of course, the writer of the Review is as ignorant of the matter as the author of the book.

MR. HOBHOUSE.

Evidently. The writers in that publication have been lately giving themselves airs of fashion and knowledge of the *beau monde*, which are quite amusing.

MR. LUTTRELL.

They seem as proud of such knowledge of London drawing-rooms and routs as they pick up from such writers as Hook, as they are of the ill-built coats and caricature cossacks, with which they affront the sun in their walks along Prince's-street. If bad taste is ever to be personified, let it bear the shape of an Edinburgh Cockney.

MR. HOBHOUSE.

They *are* Cocknies—the *real* Cocknies—your *only* Cocknies. Look at the writer who signs himself Charles Edwards! This person talks about the *set* of pantaloons, boasts that he called a man at Paris *Mounseer*—says that the *omelette soufflée* is the finest of French dishes, or, as he calls them, with equal knowledge of French and grammar *les belles articles* of the Carte—asserts that the horrid messes served up under French names, in Leicester-square, are as good as the best Parisian cookery, except in that single *belle article*, an *omelette soufflée*, and invents such *French* words as boutiquerie, tondement, genti, &c. which words, however, are about as much French as his language is English.

MR. LUTTRELL.

Who can this horrid person be?

MR. HOBHOUSE.

A very fit writer, I think, for a Magazine of which Mr. Blackwood is the Editor.

OMNES (AND PARTICULARLY MR. MURRAY).

Blackwood!!!

MR. HOBHOUSE.

Yes—Blackwood. MR. BLACKWOOD IS HIMSELF THE EDITOR OF HIS OWN MAGAZINE. *He* is the real Christophero Sly. The king among the Beggars he keeps. *He* presides over the vulgar carousings of the Nights at Ambrose's. This is a fact that ought to be known; it will serve to remove the responsibility of Editorship from the wrong shoulders,

to place the burden on the right ones. Dull Galt may be easy, and silent Lockhart quiet.

MR. CROKER (*to Mr. Murray*).

Can I have the pleasure of a moment's private conversation with you?

(*Exeunt Messrs. Croker and Murray.*)

MR. LUTTRELL.

I am sorry to see that Murray publishes so little now-a-days.

MR. D'ISRAELI.

Colburn seems to have succeeded to his place as a publisher. He sometimes publishes trash, but his late list of works in the press contains many works 'of the first importance;' and I must say, for the honour of Colburn, that by extensively circulating the praises of his penmen, he has acquired a just title to the name of a patron of literature, which Dr. Johnson said the booksellers alone deserved.

MR. LUTTRELL,

Well, I must be gone. When Murray leaves us, conversation flags. I have promised to look in at the Diorama to-day. The new picture (Holyrood Chapel by moonlight) is, I am told, superb. Will you go, Hobhouse?

MR. HOBHOUSE.

With all my heart.

MR. LUTTRELL.

Allons nous y donc.

LOOSE THOUGHTS ON HARRIETTE WILSON.

The London Magazine would not be worthy of its name if it contained no notice of such a combustible as the Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, which are the memoirs of a ci-devant prostitute, published by a ci-devant member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

We do not intend to give extracts from the work, because we fear the suppressor of vice and his imitators have already rendered extracts superfluous. The lady, who gives in her book a very indistinct notion of her early history, was originally a sempstress, and became, through accident or inclination, a street-walker. She was then picked up by a Lord; but, after some time, having found constancy to him extremely painful, (principally, according to her own account, because he wore a night cap,) she reversed the maxim of young ladies who leave all the world for a lover, and left her lover for all the world. The book published by Mr. Stockdale is the record, or pretended record, of her public life. A superannuated actress of one of the minor theatres informs the inmates of the Inns of Court, from whom she is in the habit of begging, that having grown too old for her profession, she has been "reduced to become an authoress." This is Miss Wilson's condition: but she has

adopted a less creditable mode than the lady we have alluded to of eking out the profits of her new vocation. After compiling a number of her book, in which she introduces the names of several persons with whom she has or professes to have been acquainted, she gives them the option, as she facetiously expresses it, of *buying out*; and boasts of her impartiality in doing so, as she gets as much by publishing as by suppressing. This boast is perhaps hardly just, for it remains to be proved that she labours under a scarcity of materials, or under the absolute necessity of publishing the truth.

We feel considerable difficulty in treating this subject, because, unfortunately, all anger would be thrown away, both upon Mr. Stockdale and Miss Wilson. The bookseller has the wit which Pope ascribes to cheats, and the authoress has the courage which the same poet attributes to her late profession. It is a subject much too profligate to be laughed at. What is to be done with it?

While we, as moral and impartial men, labour under this difficulty, a great number of persons are inclined to hail the appearance of these Memoirs as a great benefit and a great discovery, as holding up to merited scorn the hitherto undiscovered vices of the great, and showing that they are, what the persons in question would wish to find them, much more profligate than the rest of the community. Miss Wilson, we think, does not confer any such benefit upon mankind; she does not establish any such proposition.

In the first place, a lady who professedly makes the insertion or suppression of disagreeable facts the means of extorting money is hardly a witness to those facts to be relied upon. But, it will be replied, "the facts in themselves are probable; this is just what, from the nature of the case, we could have believed; and we can prove, by a reference to the condition of the opulent, and aristocratical, and idle classes, that the habits which are attributed to them must be their habits." Very well; if this can be proved, *a priori*, that the habits which Miss Wilson attributes to some must be common to many, we had much rather admit the conclusion without her testimony than with it; we had much rather take a partial conclusion from notorious facts, than admit particular evidence which may involve particular injustice. If the evidence of Miss Wilson is not necessary to the general conclusion, neither can that conclusion strengthen her evidence. The syllogism by which the general conclusion is made to prove the particular facts is a vicious one. "Some men of rank are profligate; A, B, and C, are some men of rank; therefore, A, B, and C, are profligate."

But even allowing the particular truth of all the assertions in the Memoirs, still it remains to be proved that the higher classes are more profligate than other classes of society. It is merely proved that they are not better, we always mean, than the other inhabitants of great cities. The people who are undoubtedly most free from the species of profligacy which this work exhibits, are the inhabitants of the country,

but especially the inhabitants of small towns; and in those towns the middle classes. They lie under the two conditions necessary to correct morality, viz. that the public opinion is of importance to them, and that they are subjected to the eyes of their neighbours. But speaking of the inhabitants of great cities, and especially of London, their morality is as nearly as possible on a level with that of the peerage. The numberless Harriette Wilsons who walk between Hyde Park Corner and Whitechapel—the nineteen thousand Harriette Wilsons who, according to the late Dr. Colquhoun, inhabited the parish of Mary-le-bone, are not all exclusively conversant with the higher classes of society. The saloons in the Theatres Royal are not filled at half-price with lovers above the degree of a Knight. There are as many Harriette Wilsons at the Minor Theatres as at the Opera House; and though they have not all written their Memoirs, we have no right to conclude that their materials are not copious.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona.
Multi—

The truth is, as the Cambridge man said of the Æneid, these memoirs prove nothing. Nothing as to the particular facts from the untrustworthiness of the authoress, nothing in the way of a conclusion if the facts be all admitted.

The question arises as to such a work as this—which contains the exposure of the pretended feelings in private of a number of persons who are objects of attention, on account of their public characters and stations, Whether it does good or harm? There is no assertion oftener repeated without proof than this, that private character should be sacred, that the failings of private men or even the private vices of public men are unfit subjects for public discussion. The assertion does not seem to us to carry any proof with it. There appears no *primâ facie* reason why simply immoral actions, that is, actions, the tendency of which is mischievous to society, but which are not punishable by law, should not be subjected in the most effectual way to that public opinion which might repress them, in the same manner as actions punishable by law are brought under the cognizance of those who apply its penalties to the guilty. No one goes so far as to say that immoral and moral actions should be regarded with an equal eye, except where the law interferes, and that the only division in public estimation should be into those in gaol, and those out of gaol. But if a man's character is a fit subject of praise or censure, it is fit that the materials for judging of it should be as public as possible.

The sound objection, if any, to these publications, is, that there are not enough of them. If every strumpet had her Stockdale we should rejoice greatly. If there were a co-extension of bookselling with brothels, if multiplied John Bulls hung their bible and cushions over against each gin shop; pounced upon every fish woman guilty of a dram; noted the crapula of every costermonger with extreme liberty, and brought

every obscene oath under the severe eye of a moral public, we should anticipate results most favourable to morality.

———Blest dreams, alas!
From man withheld, even to these later days.

But what can one Wilson do—What can two Wilsons do—(for there is another professor of morality of that name, besides Miss Harriette,) to stem the wickedness of the age?

The test of publications of this kind being this—Are they likely or not to check the practices which they expose? it is impossible that they can be useful so long as they are too unfrequent, and too limited in their operation, to affect the evil doers with the least terror. If nine hundred and ninety-nine murders went unpunished, to execute the thousandth criminal would only be to make the thousand murders a thousand and one.

The exposure of the private follies of public men may, however, be defended, on the ground that they form an exception to this rule, that their follies can be and are notoriously attended to, and that as they have greater influence than other men, in the way of example, they are properly made special objects of punishment. But when we have given up, as unfortunately impracticable, the plan of publicly discussing the morality of the whole society, there are two objections to making an exception in the case of those men who, as ministers, legislators, or statesmen, are constantly under the eye of the public. In the first place, the private relations of these persons are the most unimportant part of their life. If, therefore, having relinquished the idea of checking the private vices of those whose private vices or virtues affect the only relations which they bear to society, you attempt to bring public opinion to bear on the private conduct of those who have a greater influence on society in another relation to it, you run the risk of distracting the attention from what is material to society, to things comparatively immaterial to it. Not that the private conduct of men in the aggregate is immaterial, as compared with the management of political affairs; but the private lives of a score or two public men are quite insignificant, compared with the influence their public actions have on the concerns of millions. As to the examples which they set, it is very evident that the dangerousness of the examples chiefly consist in the exposure of them, and that it is only by the mode taken to punish them that their contagion can spread beyond their own circle.

We have satisfactorily proved that Mr. Stockdale ought not to have published this work. The question naturally follows why he has done so; and as his miguided zeal for the suppression of vice would hardly have led him to make the pecuniary sacrifices which a gratuitous distribution supposes, our censure must fall upon the buying public. We may, perhaps, draw from the fact of the very extended sale of these memoirs another proof that the morals of the many who read are not much better than those which are described in them. Hobbes says there is "a pas-

sion that hath no name, but the sign of it is that distortion of the countenance which we call laughter, which is always joy—which passion proceedeth from the sudden imagination of our own odds and eminency, by comparison with another man's infirmity or absurdity." The success of Miss Wilson's book arises from the great odds and eminency on which many a man conceives himself to be placed, not because he is more virtuous, but because he is less exposed than the victims of her discoveries. There is, indeed, over society in this country a coating of rough cast morality, which, when peeled off by accident, discovers a very motley and irregular fabric. The happy mixture of the aristocratical and democratical elements in our admirable constitution, has made it worth while for the upper ranks, not indeed to be virtuous, but to be decent; and this disparity, consequent upon this necessity, between the habitual pretensions and real characters of men makes a simultaneous glance at them rather ridiculous. When we see the wisdom and virtue of the country—those whose hereditary talents and virtues command our respect, exposed in obscene nudity, or ridiculous disguise, like Philosopher Square in the garret, when any prostitute chooses to tear aside the veil, the infirmities of one's nature almost justify transient merriment. This is not that they are worse than others, but that they and all men pretend to be very different from what they are.

Miss Wilson's book is, by no means, the first of its class. The memoirs of Mrs. Constantia Philips, of George Anne Bellamy, and of Mrs. Sophia Baddeley, have preceded them in the same style, and in their several ages with equal success. Mrs. Constantia Philips, who published her book about 1750, was obliged for want of Mr. Stockdale to sell her book through her own window. Mrs. Baddeley seems to have resembled Harriette Wilson in many respects, and to have differed from her in the extreme beauty of her person, and in the mildness and facility of her disposition. Her life, which gives a picture of some parts of the aristocracy, more trustworthy than Miss Wilson's, was written by a Mrs. Steele, a friend who survived her, and is, to a certain extent, a moral book, as it gives an affecting picture of the abandonment in which she was left, after a career of extravagance and vice at no very advanced age. It is curious enough that the father of one prominent character in Miss Wilson's book is very conspicuous in that of Mrs. Steele, but the two characters are strikingly opposed to one another. The father could not spell, but made up by profuse donations for his deficiency in letters. The son read Shakspeare to Miss Wilson. "Base is the slave that pays" seems to have made a deep impression on him.

After the Sayings and Doings, series one and two, and among periodicals, the John Bull, and Blackwood's Magazine, Miss Wilson's memoirs are unquestionably the most genteel publication of the day. The man who in his youth was stinted in his beer, becomes intoxicated at the very sight of Champagne—a silver fork to one who has been accustomed to contend with his brethren for a scanty share of bannock

and sowins, is a natural subject for boasting. Miss Wilson hates every thing low. Any person between a man of the first fashion and a plain tradesman, she observes, was always intolerable to her, and tradesmen (she constantly impresses upon her readers) are persons quite beneath her consideration. She relates as a ludicrous instance of presumption that an opulent tradesman once offered marriage to one of her sisters. Socrates frequented the house of Aspasia; D'Alembert spent his evenings with Madame Geoffrin; Frederick Lamb contented himself with the conversation of Harriette Wilson. The characters of women may be judged by that of their companions. Harriette appears to have been a dashing woman of the town, who had the good luck to fall in with a class of notorious men, whose rank ensures them a sufficient portion of respect for all the purposes of society, and who are consequently able to follow the devices of their own hearts with impunity. She had quickness enough to catch their fashionable slang, impudence enough to bear out her vulgarity, taste enough to set off a showy figure, together with just sufficient vivacity to enliven the dulness and stupidity of her visitors. Having the advantage of her sisterhood in being able to write and to spell, at least with the aid of a compositor, she now attempts to support herself by either a real or feigned description of the adventures from which she derived her livelihood, as long as any charms remained, for which a purchaser could be found. No man is a hero, it is said, in the eyes of a valet de chambre; the saying is equally true, we suppose, if applied to ladies in the capacity of Miss Wilson. She has had an opportunity of observing a large portion of the two Houses in situations strikingly at variance from that respectable decorum with which they are seen to present petitions in the Imperial Parliament. Push any man in his dressing gown and slippers into the street, and he will be laughed at. Harriette Wilson has ushered her titled friends into the presence of the public in their nightcaps. The sole attraction of the book consists in this—we have the peerage in deshabille; as a composition it is nearly destitute of talent. It is dull—exceedingly stupid—its wit lies in the proper names—change Argyle into Johnson, and Wellington into Stubbs, and the glory of the authoress vanishes. Condemned as low, and felt to be what it really is, malignant trash—the name of Harriette Wilson would never have been heard of out of the precincts of Benbow's shop.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

The campaign is now fairly opened. The Ancient and Philharmonic Concerts—the Opera—and the Oratorios—and last, not least, a weekly series of P. P. C. Concerts, given by Madame Catalani, just previous to her departure from this country, have occupied the evenings of the last month.

The Ancient Concert, we have said more than once, is to be regarded as a school, wherein not only the memory of the purest style of writing is

preserved, but where the traditionary manner of executing it is handed down from generation to generation, and where, by constant repetition, the performance combines the perfection of conception with almost mechanical precision. It may fairly be believed, that if every sort of intellectual direction could be suspended, Mr. Greatorex would conduct, Mr. F. Cramer would lead, the band would play, Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Bellamy would sing, and the Lancashire ladies would chorus, were they placed in the Hanover-square orchestra, "upon instinct," as Sir John Falstaff says. Nay, it does not surpass the bounds of credibility to suppose that, upon the same principle the noble Directors would take their seats in the great square, at the top of the room, with the same decent state that they now observe, and give the same tokens of approbation every Monday morning and Wednesday night, from the first day of March to the second week in June, were all other faculties and powers of the mind at an end. The effect of regulation here forms a curious phenomenon; for not only are the same pieces repeated annually, or perhaps oftener, but they must be done in exactly the same manner, or woe betide the poor singer. In all other human bodies, and in all other collective assemblies, novelty and variety are considered to be two of the constituents of pleasure; but here the love of sameness is the ruling passion.

But though such has hitherto been the law and the practice, a slight relaxation is becoming visible. Glees, by Dr. Callcott and Mr. Webbe, and a harmonized air or two, have lately made their appearance by the side of *O come let us worship,* and *This is the day the Lord hath made.* Mr. Sapio, by his singing at the late York Festival, has so far seduced the good Archbishop from the true path, as to procure an entrance into that sanctum sanctorum, where Mr. Braham was never allowed to enter, and to sit in equal state with Mr. Vaughan, so long the possessor without co-rival of the dignities of principal tenor singer. A Miss Wilkinson has also obtained an engagement to the great discomfiture of Miss Travis; and Mr. Phillips sings base songs to the horror of poor Bartleman's vice-gerent, Mr. Bellamy. The retiring room has been represented to us as melancholy in the extreme. In one corner sits Mrs. Salmon like a fish out of water, supporting her nerves against the cruel tyrant Time with medicinal confections, of which she carries a whole apothecary's venture in her reticule—in another, Miss Travis weeps the opposition of Miss Wilkinson, while grave Mr. Vaughan looks askance upon gay Mr. Sapio, and Mr. Bellamy groans at the supremacy of Mr. Phillips.

On the first night Mr. Sapio did not please so much as was anticipated. He sang *Sound an alarm,* and *Te ergo quæsimus.* In the former he would surpass, in the latter fall greatly below, Mr. Vaughan, whose singing, together with Mrs. Salmon's, in that exquisite duet, is certainly the perfection of polished intonation and expression. On the second night his *Deeper and deeper still,* was more felt. It will be curious to trace the effect of this experiment. For the last thirty years at least the subscribers have been accustomed solely to the purity and fine finish of Harrison and Vaughan, whose manner is free from any touch of dramatic force. Mr. Sapio's excellence lies entirely in the energy of his expression which is certainly full of fire and passion, though without being theatrical. It is not indeed that art and sensibility alone, we conceive, are opposed to each

other; for there is a winning excellence in Vaughan's polish, that is so perfectly soothing and satisfactory as to leave little even for wishes. The fervour and boldness, however, of Sapio hurry away the feelings at the time, and the impression is more sudden, if not so lasting. If Sapio succeeds, it will shake the very foundations of the Concert.

Miss Wilkinson is, we are told, the grand-daughter of that well known character, the late Tate Wilkinson, the manager of the York theatre, and the niece of a lady who has long resided with Mrs. Siddons. Her voice is a rather low mezzo soprano, and she has enjoyed the instructions of Signor Scappa and Mr. Greatorex. The air in which she made her debut, *Golden Columns,* is a sweet and flowing melody from Handel's Solomon, not much known, and altogether a song of the second class. Its compass is within about ten notes, neither running very high, or very low, and calculated to set off a full-toned voice, and an easy graceful manner. These Miss Wilkinson possesses, but she has neither sufficient power nor compass to promise the very highest perfection of art, though she is esteemed an acquisition, even at the Ancient Concert. She also gave the contralto air, *Return, O God of Hosts,* a song of deeper passion, with equal success. There is a slight resemblance to the style of Pasta, which may be accounted for by their having had the same Italian master, Signor Scappa. But Mr. Phillips appears to have made, in professional language, "the greatest hit." There is no criterion of success so certain as the demand that is made upon performance. Those who fail, fade silently from before the audience. This young professor has risen by talent and industry alone, unaided by any patronage, but the intrinsic merits of his singing; and on the second night, when Miss Wilkinson was prevented from appearing by indisposition, a song of his was substituted for one of her's that was necessarily omitted. Mr. Phillips is a modest ingenious young man, and gifted with various talent. At Bath he lately sustained characters in the Italian Operas with the highest applause, and his Italian is as good as his English manner. He was originally the pupil of Mr. Broadhurst, and has lately received some assistance from Sir George Smart. His merit however is chiefly the result of his own observation and industrious cultivation of his natural powers.

The Philharmonic proceeds with the same exalted eminence in its selection and execution. The first night was marked by the production of Weber's overture to *Euryanthe,* a fine work, but inferior to that of *Der Freyschütz.* The singers were, Signor and Madame de Begnis and Mr. Sapio, who was summoned in consequence of the indisposition of Signor Garcia. The De Begnis brought out a new Comic Duo of Mosca's composition, *Far calzette,* which is one of his best. Madame Ronzi De Begnis was exceedingly great in the pathetic scena *Il Sacrifizia d'Abraam.*

The second night, two instrumentalists new to this country, Mr. Vogt, a hautboy, and Mr. Schunke, a horn player, gave, the one a concerto, and the other an obligato part, in an introduction and variations. They are both performers of ability, but Mr. Vogt has the continental tone which is inferior to that of our lamented Griesbach. Neither is Mr. Schunke so great as Puzzi, whose taste and delicacy can hardly be equalled. Mr. Cipriani Potter produced a piano-forte concerto, by Beethoven, new to England. Weber's overture to *Preciosa* was the concluding piece:—the singers were Mr. Phillips, Mr. Sapio, and Miss Stephens.

The oratorios have been restored on alternate nights at Covent-garden and at Drury-lane. The one at the theatre first named is at the risk and under the management of Mr. Hawes—that of the latter under the conduct of Mr. Bishop, it is presumed for the honour and interest of the Great lessee. It was clearly ascertained that to render these entertainments profitable it had become indispensable to reduce the scale upon which they have hitherto been established, and the only question was, how the public would support them under such reduction. The first night was thin, but subsequently both have been well attended. It would be matter of regret were it otherwise, for these are now the only concerts by which any thing approaching to good taste is *generally* diffused. The band is certainly by no means equal to former years, neither are the performers so obedient to their new as to their old generals. Yet Mr. Hawes failed not to install himself in due state and pre-eminence, for he revived the custom of giving the time with a roll from the front of the orchestra; but his troops are raw, or want confidence in their leader;—they manifest an unsteadiness which it is often beyond the power of Mr. Hawes to correct. The principal singers at both houses have been nearly the same—they consist chiefly of those connected with the theatres, with the addition of Madame Caradori, and one or two others. A young bass singer of the name of Chapman has made his debut; he has a good voice and an agreeable manner. In the selections, Carl Maria Von Weber occupies the vantage ground. His cantata, and his operas, and his overtures, are the novelties, and thus he triumphs over Rossini. He is, without doubt, a man of genius, but we question whether his boisterous harmonies will stand against the delicate melody and animation of the lively Italian. The English conductors are certainly doing their utmost to bring his works into fashion: but in the mean while what becomes of the pious oratorio in the penitential season of Lent?

Drury-lane goes openly to work, and announces "a grand selection of music from the works of popular and classical composers, interspersed with *some* sacred pieces." This is a capital arrangement;—one popular, two classical, and last and least, sacred. *Some sacred pieces* when the theatres are shut, in order to afford the penitents of London an opportunity of refreshing their languid souls with the comfortable strains of devout music! Then look to the items of the bill. First, Carl Maria Von Weber's overture to Euryanthe; Second, Carl Maria Von Weber's *Kampf und Sieg*, or a cantata, in commemoration of the battles of La Belle Alliance, and of Waterloo; this, we suppose, is for the repentant;—for the pious there is an act of the *Messiah;* and then Carl again with his *Abu Hassan* and his *Preciosa.* To say the truth, Mr. Hawes has rather more grace than Mr. Bishop, but then he is master of the boys at St. Paul's, and belongs, as it were, to the church. He has not, however, crucified the Messiah between the Duke of Wellington and Abu Hassan. But Carl Von Weber is still as great and universal at Covent-garden as he is at Drury-lane.

We must, however, leave the oratorio and pass to the King's Theatre.

Mr. Ayrton, in addition to the overwhelming embarrassments he has had to encounter in the renovation of the opera itself on so short a notice, has been compelled, by the state of the house, to take up with the little instead of the great theatre in the Haymarket. The necessary repairs will, however, be made, and the corps dramatique will once more move into their old

quarters after Easter. To increase the distresses of the manager, Madame Ronzi di Begnis, the only prima donna, has sometimes been too indisposed to sing, and sometimes too ill even to appear. Signor Garcia also has been afflicted with a hoarseness. The only novelty produced (after many postponements from the causes above-named) has been Adelina, music by Generali. Rossini is said to have borrowed his style from this composer, but there appears little foundation for the charge. Rossini's grand characteristic is animation, the natural result of a spirit buoyant to excess. His accumulation of notes has been accounted for satisfactorily by his admirable biographer, the Comte de Stendhal, and is clearly imputable to his desire to preclude the singers from the addition of incongruous ornament. But he has himself fallen upon the very fault he wished to guard against in others. Not so Generali, he is lively, but is often below his alleged imitator in catching melody and in expression. Begnis took the part of the Count in *Il Barbiere,* during the illness of Garcia, and the beautiful finish of his singing was heard to great advantage from the smaller stage. The style of Remorini, who played *Figaro,* is singular, but is better relished the more it is heard.

We come now to Madame Catalani's concerts, in which she has been assisted by Mrs. Salmon, and Messrs. Sapio and Phillips, with Mr. Mori to lead, and Mr. Pio Cianchettini to conduct. At the first of the series, the room was about two-thirds filled, and the company was any thing but select. Previous to the second, out came an advertisement, which stated, that as a report had been spread that the room overflowed on the first night, no more tickets would be issued than would allow for the comfortable accommodation of the holders. The promise was, however, as little trustworthy as the report, for both at the second and third, a very considerable number of persons could not procure admission, and many who did could not obtain seats. At the third this was so striking an evil as to draw down upon Madame Catalani the censure of the journals. The selection was such as afforded her the means of displaying every variety of style from the balled to the bravura; for she sung *Sweet Home,* and *Non Piu Andrai,* on the first night; *Gratias agimus* on the second; *Son Regna* on the third; *Rule Britannia,* and *God save the King,* always.

In 1822, as now, Madame C. gave farewell concerts—*then* she was to retire for ever, *now* she only retreats to bless the Continent with her strains. These tricks, as well as those she has lately been allured to, such as singing between the acts at the playhouses in town or country, are however utterly unworthy of her greatness and her fame. She is beyond all question the most extraordinary woman that has appeared in our generation; and we doubt whether any female ever possessed similar natural endowments. To say that these are unimpaired would not be quite true; her voice and her execution have both suffered from time and service; but she is still the most wonderful singer in existence. The change in her manner is more the result of that certain law of her progression of art, which superinduces a greater and a greater degree of force than any decay of nature. It is this growing elaboration that causes her to overexert her power, and substitute violence and noise for legitimate energy and pure tone. Still, however, there is but one Catalani; and if some dispute her science—if others complain of her extravagancies, and if she often revolts when she

purposes to storm the affections, still it cannot be denied that she has powers unpossessed by any other artist, and that they have suffered no such alteration as to sink her below the high supremacy she has all along asserted and sustained.

NEW MUSIC.

What is Prayer, composed for a single voice, by W. Horsley.—Mr. Montgomery's words adapted in this song, have been rendered so celebrated by a late circumstance as well as by their own excellence, that it is only necessary to remind the reader of them, to recall their deep feeling and exquisite simplicity. This last is perhaps the most difficult quality possible to impart to music, preserving at the same time sufficient beauty of melody and variety of expression to interest the ear. Nothing can well be more difficult than their adaptation; for the composer runs the risk of incurring a character for bad taste, if he is but a thought too light, or uses a note too much. Of this, however, it is impossible to accuse Mr. Horsley, both from the general character of his compositions, and from the manner in which he has treated their words. His melody is simple, beautiful, and expressive.

Not a Drum was heard; the Poem on the Death of Sir John Moore, set to Music, by J. Barnett.—Here is imagery for the composer to work upon, and we scarcely ever saw a more completely descriptive piece of music, than that Mr. Barnett has produced. He has attended more closely to general, than to particular, effects; this is indeed so much the case, that the accompaniment alone is almost sufficient to awaken the same feeling as the whole. The harmony is extremely simple, yet so well is it arranged, and so strictly is effective contrast attended to, that the impression is decided and instantaneous. The part allotted to the singer is merely that of telling the mournful tale, with the utmost simplicity, and almost every thing is left to the ability of the performer, whilst the accompaniment, though nearly as confined as possible, describes with great effect all the attendant circumstances, and produces the deepest impression on the mind. We have seldom seen a song of the kind displaying so much ability, and we earnestly recommend it to the notice of both amateurs and professors.

I'll meet thee nigh the Time of Lovers, a Song composed by Miss Figge, the Poetry by David Lyndsay.—This is a composition of the highest merit. It is much in the style of Haydn's canzonets, has great originality both in the melody and accompaniment, and very beautiful expression. We have met with no song of this species for a very long time, which ought to command so much attention, whether the poetry or the music be considered. It is indeed the one in a million of such compositions.

Since our last the music for the piano-forte consists of little more than arrangements. A few lessons however are deserving of notice.

Variations on a Highland Reel, (Peace be around thee) by G. Kialmark, form a pleasing lesson, and is even superior to the general productions of this agreeable composer.

A Fantasia ou le Petit Tambour, by T. H. Little, is a very smooth and easy piece for such an ominous title, but it has other recommendations besides its subject, which is a strong one.

Partant pour la Syrie, with Variations, by S. Valentine, is a lesson adapted to beginners, and is much on a par with the usual run of such productions.

Variations on Kelvin Grove, by J. F. Burrowes.—No. 16, in his second series of Caledonian airs is equal to the previous number, both in difficulty and in merit, the arrangements are—Beethoven's Hallelujah Chorus from the Mount of Olives, being No. 9, of a selection of Chorusses, arranged for the harp and piano-forte, with an accompaniment (ad lib.) for the flute and violoncello, by J. F. Burrowes.

A beautiful Duet, arranged from the favourite airs in Rossini's Tancred, for the harp and piano-forte, by Theodore Labarre.

Cramer's Divertimento on Ye Banks and Braes, and Bonny Jean, arranged as a duet for the harp and piano-forte, by J. H. Wright.

The Overture and favourite Airs from Weber's Preciosa arranged for the piano-forte and flute by T. Latour.

Book I. of favourite airs from Il Turco in Italia, arranged for the harp, with an accompaniment for the flute, by N. C. Bochsa.

Nos. 9, and 10, of Les Petits Amusements, by Calkin.

Two more numbers of the new edition of Cramer's works are published, consisting of A Parody on Dussek's opera, 24, and The Braes of Ballenden, with Variations.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY LANE.

February 22.—The Fall of Algiers.
The Rossignol.
Old and Young.

February 24.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

February 25.—An Oratorio.

February 26.—Othello.
Othello, Kean.—Iago, Wallack.—Desdemona, Mrs. W. West.
The Pantomime.

February 28.—Richard the Third.
The Pantomime.

March 1.—Der Freischutz.
The Rossignol.
My Uncle Gabriel.

March 2.—An Oratorio.

March 3.—Merchant of Venice.
Spoiled Child.
Sleeping Draught.

March 5.—Der Freischutz.
The Rossignol.
My Uncle Gabriel.

March 7.—Richard the Third.
The Pantomime.

March 8.—Der Freischutz.
Old and Young.
Sleeping Draught.

March 10.—A New Way to Pay Old Debts.
Change Partners.

March 11.—An Oratorio.

March 12.—Der Freischutz.
The Rossignol.
Change Partners.

March 14.—Richard the Third.
The Pantomime.

March 15.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

March 16.—An Oratorio.

March 17.—Hamlet.
Hamlet, Kean.—Ophelia, Miss Graddon.
The Pantomime.

March 19.—Othello.
The Rossignol.
Monsieur Tonson.

COVENT GARDEN.

February 22.—Belles Stratagem.
The Miller and his Men.

February 23.—An Oratorio.

February 24.—A Roland for an Oliver.
Alfred Highflyer, Jones.—Maria Darlington, Miss Foote.
Charles the Second.
The Pantomime.

February 26.—The Inconstant.
Simpson and Co.
The Irish Tutor.

February 28.—A Woman Never Vext.
Father and Son.

March 1.—Belles Stratagem.
Father and Son.

March 3.—A Roland for an Oliver.
Charles the Second.
Father and Son.

March 4.—An Oratorio.

March 5.—The Inconstant.
Clari.

March 7.—Romeo and Juliet.
Romeo, Kemble.—Mercutio, Jones.—Juliet, Miss F. H. Kelly.
The Irish Tutor.
Tale of Mystery.

March 8.—The Belles Stratagem.
Barber of Seville.

March 9.—An Oratorio.

March 10.—A Roland for an Oliver.
Charles the Second.
The Miller and his Men.

March 12.—She Stoops to Conquer.
Twelve Precisely.
Animal Magnetism.

March 14.—Der Freischutz.
The Irish Tutor.
Tale of Mystery.

March 15.—She Stoops to Conquer.
Twelve Precisely.
Cent. per Cent.

March 17.—A Roland for an Oliver.
Clari.
Aladdin.

March 18.—An Oratorio.

March 19.—Wives as they were, and Maids as they are.
Lord Priory, Farren.—Mr. Bronzely, Jones.—Miss Dorillon, Miss Foote.
Aladdin.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

We are truly happy at length to communicate events in Peru which must, in all human probability, terminate for ever the usurpation of Spain over South America. Official accounts have been received from Carthagena, which announce the intelligence of three engagements between the Royalist and Liberating armies on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of December, in all of which the latter was decidedly victorious. The most decisive triumph seems to have been on the 9th, where the whole Spanish force was concentrated; and we should imagine the engagement on the 10th to have been rather an attempt at retreat than any struggle for ascendancy. The grand contest was on the plains of Guamaugilla. General Sucre commanded the Liberating army, and the Viceroy, La Serna, that of the Royalists. On the first day, the 8th, the Viceroy was wounded and taken prisoner; the command then devolved on Valdez, who shared the same fate on the second day, the 9th; and on the third day, General Canterac, then in consequence of these fatalities commander-in-chief, after an ineffectual resistance, stipulated that the fortress of Callao should be delivered up, and surrendered the rest of the army with its baggage, ammunition, accoutrements, and, in short, its entire *materiel* into the hands of Bolivar. This may be said to terminate the war in Peru: it is plain that Bolivar is of this opinion, as he has sent to countermand the march of any further Colombian reinforcements; indeed, there is not now a single Spanish soldier at large in Peru: we say *at large*, because we are aware that Rodil has still a small force shut up in Callao, and that it is possible he may not immediately fulfil the stipulations entered into by Canterac. This delay, however, can be of little consequence, as it must be but temporary. Callao, now blockaded fully by land, will soon also be beset by sea by the union of the Chili and Peruvian squadrons, and it is quite plain that no reinforcement can relieve the besieged from the mother country. Of this intelligence there does not seem now to be entertained any rational doubt, so that the future labours of Bolivar will, we hope, be confined to the cabinet. A federative league will, in all probability, be formed between the governments of Buenos Ayres, Colombia, Mexico, and Peru; and that league, countenanced as it will be by England and the United States, at least may effectually laugh to scorn all the crafty impotence of the Holy Alliance. We regret being obliged to communicate, received through the same channel which conveyed this cheering intelligence, an account of the melancholy fate of Mr. Rowcroft, the British consul at Peru. It seems this unfortunate gentleman was proceeding with his daughter from Callao to Lima, and, having passed through the Royalist lines, he was challenged by the outposts of the Independent army: not having the countersign, he left his carriage and proceeded on horseback; he was dressed in a London Volunteer uniform, and, not being recognised by the sentries, was shot dead on the spot. This sad event seems to have been purely the effect of accident. The body was taken back to Callao amid every demonstration of sorrow and respect. Although the utmost enthusiasm naturally prevailed at the success of the national arms, still this misfortune had cast a universal gloom over the rejoicings. According to a private letter received at Liverpool from Lima,

Bolivar was at the latter place on the 19th of December, and had been there for some time; it was not unlikely that he would remain for some considerable interval in Peru, to assist them, if required, in the creation of a constitution.

We are sorry to have to announce intelligence of a very serious nature indeed from India—the mutiny of one of our native regiments, attended with very unpleasant symptoms on the part of others. The account which seems the clearest, and which therefore we shall extract, is from the *Hurkaru*, a Calcutta paper which is edited by the Judge Advocate, who, from being on the spot, had the best opportunity of collecting what was most authentic. On subjects of this nature a variety of fictitious reports are generally circulated by interested or malignant persons; we regret to say, however, that what appears to be really the truth is in itself sufficiently alarming.

It seems, that the 26th, 47th, and 62d regiments quartered at Barrackpore had been for some time under marching orders, and the 47th was to have proceeded in pursuance thereof on the first of November; their destination was against the Burmese. On the day preceding the march, a parade, as is usual in such cases, was ordered, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the regimental equipment was complete. On this parade, very unequivocal symptoms of mutiny displayed themselves; many of the men did not attend at all, many who did attend appeared without their knapsacks; and, in short, their conduct was such, that Colonel Cartwright formed them into a square, and after addressing them at some length on the impropriety of their behaviour, appointed another parade for the next morning at daybreak. An official report having been made of these circumstances to General Dalzell, he repaired next morning to the parade, where, however, he found only between three or four hundred of the 47th, including the native commissioned and non-commissioned officers; the remainder of the regiment remained at some distance with their accoutrements on and their muskets loaded: on his riding up to remonstrate with them, they actually charged, and drove him back! They followed this up by charging the men who were on the parade and driving them back into the lines. On the evening of that day, a body of the 62d also rose, seized the colours, and joined the 47th. This new accession amounted to about one hundred and fifty. They went so far as to strike one of their officers who attempted to dissuade them. Upon this, about twenty men of the 26th regiment also rose, seized a stand of colours, and joined the mutineers. By this time, the Royals, the king's 47th, and the artillery, headed by the commander-in-chief, arrived. At daylight, on the Tuesday, the troops appeared, drawn up in position, as did also the mutineers in a line of their own, apparently quite determined. General Dalzell was then sent to remonstrate with them, and point out the consequences of their mutiny; their only reply, however, was, that they had sworn not to surrender, and consequently would not. Upon this, the artillery was ordered to open upon them from the rear: they returned the fire irregularly and fled, pursued by the Royals, who, to use the Judge Advocate's quaint expression, continued "*sniping*" all the morning. It is supposed that about a hundred of the mutineers were either killed by the fire or drowned in attempting to cross a river. A court-martial was immediately convened, before which forty men

of the 47th were convicted, and condemned to death. Six of the worst were executed within two days, and the rest were sent in irons to Fort William. Seventy more from the several regiments named were also convicted, of whom five more were executed, and the rest also sent to Fort William. Such is the unofficial account given by the paper edited by the Judge Advocate. It has been, however, since confirmed generally by an official order issued by the Governor in council.

The most alarming circumstance in the preceding account is, the previous silence of the native commissioned and non-commissioned officers, without whose knowledge, or at least suspicion, such a conspiracy could scarcely have been organized. That this view has been taken of it by the government in India appears from the following remarks incorporated in their order. "That a transaction so unusual in, and disgraceful to, this army could have been planned and carried into execution without the knowledge, not to say participation, of the native commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the corps, is not for a moment to be credited, composed as the native regiments are in Bengal. Connected by relationship, and living as the native officers and Sepoys do almost under the same roof, it is not to be believed for a moment, that the grossest neglect of duty the former owed to the state has not been shown by the parties in question. The Governor General in council consequently considers the 47th regiment, native infantry, including its native commissioned and non-commissioned officers to be disgraced, directs that No. 47 be struck out of the army list, the native commissioned and non-commissioned officers be instantly discharged the service, as totally unworthy the confidence of government or the name of soldiers, and that a new regiment, to be numbered 69, to which the European officers of the late 47th will be appointed, be immediately raised in its stead." The private letters by the *Mellish*, which brought the account, state that the mutiny is now completely quelled, and that it did not originate in any dislike to the British government, but to the general unpopularity of the war with the Burmese, an idea having got abroad amongst the native troops, that that country is peopled with sorcerers and magicians; another report, however, attributes it to some attempted curtailment in the allowances of the Sepoys. To whatever source, however, such disaffection is to be ascribed, its continuance, or indeed commencement, is alarming in the extreme, when we consider that the estimate of our force at present in India amounts to about 150,000 native troops, and not more than 30,000 British. It seems now to be the universal opinion, that a very large body of troops should be immediately dispatched to that country; Sir Charles Forbes, who must be supposed to be well acquainted with the localities and their exigencies, suggested in the beginning of the session, that 40, or 50,000 would not be more than sufficient. Present appearances seem to confirm his suggestion.

There is not any news direct from Greece of any consequence. As far as we can glean, however, from the reports in circulation, their internal disputes have not by any means subsided; Colocotroni still seems refractory, and in the present state of things nothing more unfortunate than these dissentions could possibly occur. In the mean time, if we are to credit the authority of private letters, the Turks are making active preparations for the ensuing campaign. Several armies are, according to them, in the

progress of organization, to act against the Morea and the Continent of Greece. One army, under the immediate command of Ibrahim Pacha, who is to have the supreme direction of the whole campaign, is to consist of Egyptian troops, and to land in the Morea; this force is to be conveyed in European transports from the Asiatic coast, and is to be escorted by the Turkish fleet; a fact of which we hope the brave Canaries may have timely information. Another very numerous army is to be organised at Larissa, by Rechib Pacha; the nucleus of this force is to be formed by the troops now in Thessaly, which made the last campaign under Dervisch Pacha; they are to be joined by a part of the garrison of Constantinople, and by such troops as can be spared in Romelia, Bulgaria, Macedonia, and on the Danube. This force is to penetrate into Livadia. Another army is to consist entirely of Albanian troops, in order to raise which active negociations are now carrying on with the Albanian chiefs. These, under the command of the Pacha of Scutari, are to advance into Etolia, and after the subjugation of these provinces the two last-mentioned expeditions are to unite and proceed into the Morea. This, to be sure, looks all very well on paper, and seems to want nothing to make it perfectly feasible, except perfect non-resistance on the part of the Greeks. Recollecting, however, as we do, the loud vaunts and high sounding preparations, which preceded the last disgraceful compaign, we still have a perfect reliance, that if Greece is only true to herself, she may hold in defiance all the machinations of her enemies. It is a disgrace to the enlightened world that she should be compelled into this unequal contest single-handed. In the mean time we learn by the German papers, that accounts had been received from Constantinople, of so late a date as the 10th of February, which state that all these expected glories were very near being reaped by a new Sultan; a plot had been formed amongst the Janissaries for the destruction of the reigning Prince, which had been detected only a few hours before its intended execution. The ringleaders of course met the fate which they had intended for their master.

Intelligence has been received from America of the election of a new President. The candidates were, Mr. Adams, Mr. Clay, and General Jackson. A sufficient number of States not having voted to entitle any of the candidates to the chair, the election fell by law to the House of Representatives. Mr. Clay having suddenly resigned in favour of Mr. Adams he was returned, very much to the dissatisfaction of the Democratic party who supported General Jackson, and whose election was considered certain by them, had Mr. Clay either continued to stand or remained neuter. This junction, however, defeated all their hopes, and has thrown them into an indescribable ferment, the more so, as the politics of Messrs. Clay and Adams were supposed to differ very materially. The disappointed party do not scruple to impute corruption to their opponents, and have even already commenced operations to secure the return of their favourite on the next election. Our readers are aware, that the Presidentship lasts for four years. Mr. Adams is the son of John Quincy Adams, formerly President of the United States. He is considered to be an able man and accomplished scholar of enlarged views, and at all events not hostile to the interests of Great Britain. His duties as President commence on the 4th of April.

The Houses of Parliament have continued actively employed in the

business of the Session, and we proceed, as usual, to give an abstract of their measures. The chief and most important topic which occupied their attention has been the bill for the suppression of certain societies in Ireland. This bill, after very considerable debates in both Houses, has at length passed into a law, and the consequence has been the immediate dissolution of the Roman Catholic Association. After the bill had received the Royal assent this assembly adjourned sine die, after passing upon themselves all manner of encomiums.

A petition was presented from the Roman Catholic inhabitants of Ireland by Sir Francis Burdett, who, after a long speech, moved, "That the House should resolve itself into a Committee, to consider of the state of the laws affecting his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects in their civil rights, and whether any, and what, remedy ought to be applied." This motion gave rise to an animated debate, in which Messrs. Canning, Plunkett, Brougham, S. Wortley, and some others supported the motion; and Messrs. Peel, Wetherall, Bankes, jun. and Leslie Foster, opposed it. On a division there appeared to be for the motion, 247; against it, 234; majority, 13! The House then resolved into a Committee, and the Emancipation Bill was read a first time, Mr. Peel declaring that the opponents of the measure would take their stand upon the second reading, which was postponed till after Easter. The provisions of the bill have not as yet been made public, but it is understood that they are to include a provision for the Catholic clergy. The Catholics seem sanguine in their expectations that the measure will pass this session, and rumours have been industriously circulated, that its enemies in the Cabinet had given way; for our own parts, we have no such expectation, and shall be much surprised, should the bill ever reach the House of Lords, if it is not rejected by at least double the majority which carried it in the Commons.

On the 28th of February, in the Committee of Ways and Means, the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward the Budget. He congratulated the country on the prosperous state of its finances, stating the surplus for the year 1824 to be 1,143,000*l.* which he attributed partly to the increased consumption of foreign manufactures, and partly to the increased ability of other nations to purchase our manufactures. According to a moderate estimate, he calculated a surplus on the collective four years, from 1824 to 1827 inclusive, of 4,000,000*l.* This calculation enabled him to meet the wishes of the people by a considerable reduction in the taxes. He stated that, in the articles on which he proposed the reduction, he had rather consulted the principles of free trade, than that immediate popularity which might result to himself by diminishing exclusively the assessed taxes. The Right Hon. Member enforced this view of the case by cogent reasons, into which, however, our limited plan obviously prevents our following him; we give the various articles on which the reduction has taken place, with the estimated loss to the revenue on each. The reductions are—on coffee, from 1*s.* to 6*d.* per *lb.*—loss, 150,000*l.* On wines, 1*s.* 3*d.* a bottle on French, and nearly 1*s.* a bottle on other foreign wines, —loss, 230,000*l.* Hemp, from 1*s.* to 6*d.* per *lb.*—loss, 100,000*l.* On spirits (home), from 10*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.*; and on spirits manufactured from malt to 6*s.* on colonial spirits, from 10*s.* 6*d.* to 8*s.*—loss, 750,000*l.*! This great reduction was made chiefly to prevent smuggling. On cider, from 30*s.* to 10*s.*

—loss, 20,000*l.* In the assessed taxes, the repeals are—the entire widow duty, where there are not more than seven widows, an additional window allowed where there is a cheese-room or dairy—on four wheel carriages drawn by horses—on occasional waiters—on coachmakers' licences—on carriages sold by auction or on commission—on mules carrying ore from mines—on persons quitting houses after the commencement of the year—on farm houses occupied by labourers—on husbandry servants occasionally employed as grooms—on farmers letting husbandry horses to hire, and on taxed carts. The loss to the revenue on these latter repeals he calculated at 277,000*l.* and in these articles his object was to relieve at present the poorer classes. Resolutions were passed, founded on the propositions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which passed unanimously; Mr. Hume and some other Members suggesting, that the minister's attention should be turned to the articles of malt and tobacco, with a view to a considerable reduction in the duties imposed on them.

A motion was made by Mr. Maberly for a repeal of the entire of the assessed taxes, grounded on the general anxiety of the people to be relieved from them, and on the cost and vexation attending their collection. The Hon. Member proposed to effect this by getting rid of the sinking fund. This was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the ground that the sinking fund was necessary to the maintenance of public credit, and that having already reduced the assessed taxes one half—3,500,000*l.*, it was now only just to lower the duties which pressed immediately on the industry of the lower orders of the people. He was anxious to reduce the duties on tea and tobacco; but every thing could not be done at once. The motion, after some debate, was negatived by a majority of 111 to 64.

Lord Palmerston, in bringing forward the army estimates, proposed an augmentation of our military force to the amount of 10,000 men, independent of 5000 more wanted for India. The entire estimate for the year 1825, was for 86,436 men—the expense 3,063,000*l.* After a few remarks, the resolutions were agreed to. The ordnance estimates were then brought forward, amounting to 962,000*l.* being 14,776*l.* less than the estimate of last year. On a subsequent occasion Mr. Hume moved a resolution, declaring the maintenance of so large a standing army, in a time of profound peace, unnecessary. On a division, there appeared to be, for the motion 8, against it 102.

Mr. Peel has brought in a bill to amend and consolidate the laws respecting juries. This bill, which promises to be the first of a series for the amelioration of the criminal code, seems to have given general satisfaction.

A motion introduced by Mr. Hume, "that no member should vote for or against any question in which he had a direct pecuniary interest," was, after some debate, negatived without a division.

Mr. Martin obtained leave to bring in a bill founded on the principle of one which he had already carried, still further to prevent the infliction of cruelty on animals. This bill went to declare bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and such sports, unlawful. The bill was read a first time, but on the motion of Mr. Heathcote, was, on the second reading, lost by a majority of 50 against 32.

Mr. Stuart Wortley has brought in a bill for the amendment of the game laws. One of its principal provisions is to legalize the sale of game, and

thus, by opening the market, afford less temptation to poaching. We heartily wish him every success in the amelioration of this horrid and inhuman code. It is in evidence that in one year the number of persons imprisoned under its provisions amounted to 1200! Mr. Huskisson has submitted certain resolutions to the House of Commons with a view of affording increased facilities to commerce and navigation, by permitting the importation of certain foreign minerals into this country. His speech, which exhibited much commercial liberality, was highly applauded by all parties.

In the House of Lords, the discussions have chiefly run upon the subjects to which we have adverted as occupying the attention of the House of Commons. Lord Suffield has, however, introduced a very humane and important measure, declaring the use of spring guns illegal, and rendering, in case of death, the person who set them guilty of manslaughter: in cases of wounds and bruises, the offence is made a misdemeanor; and any one finding these engines is empowered to render them harmless. This measure has found its principal opponent in the Duke of Wellington, who contended that they prevented poaching, and did not endanger human life. It was, however, strongly advocated by the Lord Chancellor, who declared, that "poaching was a consequence of the modern custom of preserving game; but he never could defend the practice of setting engines to endanger the life of a fellow creature for the sake of a pheasant or a partridge." The bill is proceeding through the Lords with every probability of being finally enacted. A bill was also introduced for the better protection of gardens and enclosed grounds.

A committee of the House of Lords has been sitting on the state of Ireland, and examining witnesses with much assiduity. Of course, the purport of its report is not known, but it is very generally conjectured that one of its recommendations will be the disfranchisement of the 40s. freeholders, and the establishment of a higher rate of qualification.

We are sorry to announce the destruction of the Kent, East Indiaman, by fire. She had left the Downs on the 19th of February, with upwards of five hundred soldiers, exclusive of women and children, bound to Bengal. On the first of March, in the Bay of Biscay, a lighted candle communicated with some spirits which had leaked, and set the ship on fire. It was blowing a heavy gale, when, providentially, the Cambria, outward bound, with mining instruments, &c. for Mexico, hove in sight. The Kent had taken fire at ten o'clock in the morning, and it was not until two that the Cambria was able to afford any relief. By the greatest exertion, 557 out of 642 were got on board the Cambria by midnight; the rest, eighty-five in number, were lost, chiefly in getting in and out of the boats, owing to the heavy swell. The Cambria reached England in forty-eight hours after quitting the wreck: had she not arrived at the moment all on board must have perished. The greatest praise is due to the officers and men of both vessels.

The Vaccine establishment have just published their report, by which it appears that the number of persons who have had the small-pox in London after vaccination is not more than eighteen out of 8000; but in the country the average is one out of every three hundred. Within the bills of mortality last year there has not been one fatal case of Vaccination; while

725 have died of the small-pox. Surely if ever man deserved well of *posterity* it is Doctor Jenner.

Amongst the papers which have been delivered to Parliament, is a list of petitions for private bills presented during this session. They amount to three hundred and sixty-seven; of which twenty-six are for rail-ways; one hundred and seven for new roads; twenty-one for gas companies; eleven for water companies, and eight for mining companies!—The Leeds "Mercury" has made a calculation, by which it appears that the rail-roads now in contemplation would, if carried into effect, consume iron to the value of twenty-eight millions! The road planned between Liverpool and Birmingham alone would require sixty thousand tons of iron for the rails alone, amounting to 840,000*l.*

The Quarantine Laws are, it is said, about to be repealed. The French authorities at Boulogne and Calais have received orders to open all letters sent by express from England.

COLONIES.

A RECENT arrival from Jamaica has brought intelligence of an occurrence which has created a prodigious alarm throughout the island. It is the sudden resignation, owing to pecuniary embarrassments, or, properly speaking, the failure, of Mr. Muirhead, the Receiver General. When it is considered that the checks of this office, owing to the deficiency of a proper medium, are current to an unlimited extent, and that the public have been deluded into the belief, that the checks are guaranteed by the Colonial Treasury, the consternation may be easily imagined, when it is known that checks to the amount of more than 130,000l. are in circulation, and that they are declared to possess no value beyond the private credit of the issuer.

An investigation into the circumstances of the case discovers a very culpable degree of neglect on the part of the controlling authorities. During the last session, several members of the House of Assembly, adverting to the extraordinary issue of checks in the year 1824, endeavoured to stimulate the House to make inquiry into the subject; but the majority rejected the proposition, and thereby lulled the public into complete security.

The House of Assembly was probably misled in some measure by a resolution of the Commissioners of Public Accounts, to whom the task of supervision more immediately belonged; who, on the 10th December last, declared that:—"It is the opinion of this Board, that Robert Boyes Muirhead, Esq. the Receiver General of this island, has duly performed the several important duties of the said office in a manner most beneficial to the public, and is entitled to the *fullest confidence* of the Honourable House of Assembly, and the island in general."

It appears however, from the declaration of Mr. Muirhead himself, that, since he took possession of the office, the public chest has never been counted by the Commissioners of Public Accounts!

Mr. Muirhead's resignation is communicated to the Commissioners on the part of the lessee of the office, by letter, dated January 29, in which the event is attributed to the derangement of his affairs through improvident loans: a sort of hope is expressed that the public chest will be found without deficiency; but subsequent investigation renders this more than doubtful.

A meeting of the check-holders took place at Kingston a few days after the event, the Mayor in the chair; and subsequently a second meeting, when a Report was rendered by a Committee appointed at the first, which affords the only authentic statement of the affair, and discloses a series of great *irregularities*.

In 1820, Mr. Hamilton, the predecessor of Mr. Muirhead, died; and it was then found, that 16,000l. worth of checks were afloat in the country, and that a deficiency of from 80,000l. to 90,000l. existed in the public chest.

Instead of these facts being disclosed, Mr. Muirhead called in the checks, and exchanged them for his own, thereby confirming the impression of the public, that these checks were not of a private, but of an official character. The lessee of the office, Mr. Mitchell, authorised Mr. Muirhead to draw bills of exchange upon him to the amount of Hamilton's deficiency, and took out judgment against that person's estate for the sum deficient. But it appears, inexplicably enough, that Muirhead did not draw, but suffered himself to be oppressed with the weight of Hamilton's incumbrances. He soon fell into difficulties, and failing to raise funds sufficient to meet the demands on his office, was obliged to refuse payment of his checks, and to resign.

His accounts stand shortly thus:—

Checks outstanding		£131,834
Debts besides		4,918
		136,752

To meet which he has:—

Money in the hand of others	£43,000	
Outstanding debts	33,000	
Negroes on Hamilton's property to which he has a title	2,300	
		78,300
		58,452

His arrears during the four years were	£158,752
Accounted for as above	78,300
The deficiency is therefore	£80,452

The Report concludes with the following curious passage:—"Though the Committee has with great anxiety and earnestness endeavoured to obtain from Mr. Muirhead, a clear idea of the nature and extent of his actual losses, and the real state of his affairs, such as has been derived from him is altogether vague and unsatisfactory: Mr. Muirhead having expressed himself to be unable to furnish, under six weeks or two months, any other statement than the one given, from his never having kept any regular book of accounts, but merely memorandums, and those very imperfect in themselves, and his own and the public accounts being completely blended, and very greatly in arrear!"

In other respects the island is perfectly tranquil. Accounts from all quarters state that the holidays passed quietly; the negroes were in more than usual *glee*. They returned cheerfully to their duties; their delusions have passed away; and their *happiness*, it is hoped, will be undisturbed. Closely following this passage, in the *Royal Gazette* of Jamaica, is an advertisement in the following terms:—"Wanted, *on lease*, from six to ten negroes.—Young people would be preferred." After which is another, offering for sale an estate, named *Paradise*, *with* or *without* two hundred slaves. In a list of coroner's inquests upon slaves, is one at Killycranky, December 22d, where a slave having *stolen* a bunch of *plantains* "the *driver* cut two or three *small* coffee limbs, and switched him *a little* with them, ordering him to follow him to the field to pick coffee. After waiting about an hour and a half, the driver, finding he had not come, returned to look for him, and found him near where he had left him, suspended by the neck in the coffee-piece, and quite dead. There were no marks of any violence on his body, not even of the switches. From the appearance of the body, he must have been a healthy, sleek-skinned youth of about seventeen." The verdict of the jury was, that "he feloniously hanged himself!" It must be admitted that these are very equivocal symptoms of *happiness*.

In Trinidad, the Order in Council engenders discontent. An occurrence on an estate

called Bellevue is much dwelt upon. The statement in the Trinidad *Gazette* is to this effect:—" That the negroes, especially the women, would not turn out till long after their proper time. The administrator of the estate endeavoured to prevail on them without effect, and applied to the commandant of Quessa, and Carenage, who is *ex officio* the civil and criminal judge of the quarter. He exhorted them, but they brandished cutlasses. He addressed the females, but they turned their backs upon him; or as the editor facetiously observes, placed before his honour those parts which the Order in Council has taken under its especial protection.

When a Court of Inquiry investigated the matter, and the protector of slaves attended on their behalf, it appeared that the administrator had been the occasion of the discontent, by entering into a contract to give the slaves a Friday in each fortnight, instead of half a day in each week; which contract he infringed without notice or explanation.

It is to be regretted that the Assembly of the Bahamas appears to be actuated by the anti-ameliorating spirit: the House, in return to a communication from the Governor of Lord Bathurst's despatch, and the Order in Council, declares that the " British public are blinded by prejudice, excited by as gross a tissue of interested and malignant falsehoods and misrepresentations as are imposed upon the credulity of that or any other nation."

In Tobago a similar spirit prevails in the Assembly.

No intelligence of any interest can be communicated from our colonies in North America.

COMMERCE.

BRITISH MARKETS. *City, March* 25.

Various causes still co-operate to keep up the activity of the commercial markets. The discouraging prices of government securities; the precarious tenure of joint stock concerns; the absence of supplies, commensurate at least with the demand; the relief expected to be afforded to commerce by reduction of direct taxation, which will increase consumption; the general flourishing condition of the country; are all assignable reasons for the extraordinary elevation of prices in almost every commodity. Speculation still continues; though, at present, it is extremely hazardous, except in articles below what may be called the par of value; that is, a remunerating price to producers. Moreover, as the British markets are higher than the continental ones, it may be expected that cargoes originally destined thither, will be diverted to England, of which an example has already occurred.

The prodigious advance in commodities during a recent short period is exhibited by the following statement of the increase in price of a few articles since January: Cape Aloes, 12*s.* per cwt.; Borax, 27*s.* per cwt.; Camphire, 5*l.* per cwt.; Cardamoms, 2*s.* 6*d.* per lb.; Cassia Lignea and Buds, 5*l.* per cwt.; Cinnamon, 6*s.* per lb.; Cloves 3*s.* 10*d.* per lb.; Cochineal, 7s. per lb.; Coffee, 24*s.* per cwt.; Cotton Wool, 5*d.* per lb.; Red Saunders, 15*l.* per ton; Lead, 4*l.* per ton; English Iron, 2*l.* 10*s.* per ton; Mace, 12*s.* per lb.; Nutmegs, 5*s.* 6*d.* per lb.; Sperm oil, 8*l.* 10*s.* per tun; Opium, 5*s.* per lb.; Rum, 9*d.* per gallon; Saffron, 12*s.* per lb.; Saltpetre, 12*s.* per cwt.; Safflower, 70*s.* per cwt.; Silk, 10*s.* per lb.; Sugar, 13*s.* per cwt. &c.

That the impulse given to trade is not wholly created by speculation, is apparent from the official accounts of the British commerce during the expired year. The exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures (the best criterion of our commercial prosperity) exceeded last year the average amount of the two preceding by nearly 5,000,000*l.* The account is as follows:

1822.....45,787,389*l.*
1823.....46,261,511*l.*
1824.....50,758,808*l.*

The increase is almost entirely in cotton and linen manufactures. The amount of the exports of foreign and colonial produce, is also higher than that of the preceding year.

The new commercial system which is to be promulgated to-night in parliament, and is expected with an anxiety which has produced a partial suspension of dealings in the market, is understood to embrace the objects of removing prohibitions, and reducing the import duties, so as to make 30*l.* per cent. the maximum. A system like this, judiciously pursued, will no doubt enable us to recover much of the trade which our late jealous restrictions, and onerous impositions, have driven from British ports.

The transactions in the several markets have been as follows.

Cotton.—At the beginning of the month the sales were large, averaging in London 38,000 bags per week; the prices increased accordingly. The market has since become less animated, and the prices have been nominal. Accounts from Liverpool this morning, reporting large sales on the 23d, created a little more activity; but the market may be considered uncertain, and it is known that the stock in America is nearly double that of last year.

Sugar.—Raw sugars have fluctuated extremely. They have been 10*s.* per cwt. higher than our last report. The stock is considerably reduced, and there is no eagerness to sell, although the prices are now at least 20 per cent. higher than at the corresponding period last year. During the week the sales have been at 1*s.* lower. Refined sugar is an object of speculation; the prices are, therefore, not to be considered genuine; the market is, however, steady. Foreign sugars are nominally higher; but they are solely influenced by foreign demand. The intimation given in Parliament respecting Mauritius sugar has improved that class.

Coffee has also fluctuated. At the commencement of the month it was 10*s.* per cwt. higher; but, latterly, the reduction has been considerable, at least equal to the rise. The market shows some feeble symptoms of reviving.

Tea.—The Company's sale, amounting to about seven millions of pounds, finished on the 11th instant. Twankay advanced 1*d.* to 1½*d.* per lb. on former sale prices. In the other sorts there was little variation.

Spices are at such nominal prices, that the real can scarcely be quoted. The holders are imagined to be anxious to sell; but if they do it is at reduced prices.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The former advanced from 2*l.* to 3*l.* per ton during this month, owing to an expected increase in the demand, from the reduction of duty; which, according to the votes, is to be as follows: 4*s.* 8*d.* per cwt. in a British ship; 5*s.* 10*d.* in a foreign ship. Flax is in demand. Tallow has risen from 3*s.* to 4*s.* per cwt.

Wines and Spirits.—The new duty on wines is as follows:—

		In a British ship.	In a Foreign ship.
French wine,	per gallon	6*s.* 0*d.*	6*s.* 6*d.*
Cape wine,	ditto	2*s.* 6*d.*	2*s.* 9*d.*
Other wines,	ditto	4*s.* 0*d.*	4*s.* 4*d.*

This alteration has enhanced the price of the article. Spirits are dull of sale, as the intentions of government in regard to them are not fully known.

Tobacco.—The non-reduction of duty has caused a flatness in the market. It is still, however, expected that part of the home duty will be removed during this session.

Iron.—The proposed reduction of duty on foreign iron has caused a decline in prices.

Oil.—Linseed oil has taken a sudden start this month by the aid of speculators. The sales have been very extensive, and the prices have risen 5*l.* to 6*l.* per ton.

At Liverpool and Glasgow the chief commodities have been objects of speculative demand. The animation in the cotton market continues unabated. At the former place (where the sales in one week reached 40,000 bags) there was a sudden and inexplicable panic for a short time; but the market soon recovered: and on the 23d instant, 10,000 bags were sold at an advance of ¼*d.* to ½*d.* per lb.

FOREIGN MARKETS.

Genoa.—Coffee has advanced; the sales have been very large and the imports small. Sugar was dull till the beginning of March, when the demand increased, especially for soft. There is but a moderate stock of refined. This market is bare of cotton in consequence of the demand for England. Indigo and logwood fetch good prices. All sorts of spices are in great demand.

Hamburgh.—Sugar and coffee have been much depressed here, through reaction occasioned by speculation. The decline in the latter is equal to 10*s.* per cwt. Late accounts (15th March) represent, however, that large transactions have taken place in these articles.

Antwerp.—The prices here are unsettled in consequence of the state of the London markets. The stock of sugar is low, but the market is dull.

Rotterdam.—The markets here are steady, notwithstanding the news from London. Coffee and sugar are firm—the stock of the latter is low. Spices are likewise scarce; yet exports take place to meet the speculative demand in the English market.

The advices from Trieste and Gibraltar contain nothing remarkable.

AGRICULTURE.

The weather has been much more favourable during the present month for the usual farming operations which now occupy the agriculturists. During the winter, there has been, however, so great a want of frost, that it has occasioned some difficulty in dibbling and in carting manure for turnips; the soil has consequently been not well pulverized. Almost all the reports from the different counties speak, upon the whole, favourably of the appearance of the wheats; some of the latter sown are said, nevertheless, to be injured by the rains, and a little by the late frosts, although they have not been severe. The lands for barley, as well as oats, work very badly; and in some counties, particularly Norfolk and Suffolk, never worse, and the seed is expected to be very badly put in. The sowing of spring wheats has begun, but at present it is not become very general. It was very much feared that the state of the ground was not very favourable except upon the driest and most elevated situations, where the rain had run off, but it has much improved by the late frosty nights and dry days. The flocks are now lambing, but the fall of lambs will be very deficient, as it is thin. The mortality among sheep has been most rapid, and particularly among those which have been purchased from Sussex, most of which have died of the rot; indeed this complaint has been most alarmingly general. Both mutton and wool have advanced in price, and store sheep are very dear. Pork is also at a high price in consequence of the dearness of fattening food. Hay is plentiful, and the layers are exceedingly promising.

The average arrivals have amounted to—wheat, 9,563; barley, 14,567; oats, 26,516; flour, 8,157; and the average prices for the week ending March 12, being the fourth succeeding Feb. 15, are, wheat, 67*s.* 1*d*; barley, 40*s.* 6*d.*: oats 23*s.* 6*d.*; the arrivals have greatly exceeded the sales in the port of London. The hop trade is rather dull, and the demand for wool, which had risen considerably, has within the last fortnight slackened.

The meat trade has become duller, and a fall is anticipated, particularly in middling beasts, which are scarcely looked at. The mutton trade has also suffered a slight depression, about 5*s.* 6*d.* being the average price per stone. Some very superior pens have fetched 6*s.*

Such are the appearances which the soil and markets exhibit. But there are other circumstances connected with agriculture at this moment that cannot be passed over in silence. It is obvious that the mercantile and manufacturing interests, as well as the artisans, whose comforts are affected in the nearest manner by the high prices of produce, are mustering to obtain that open commerce in the first essentials of life which it

assumed as the principle of trade, by ministers and by the country at large. Many petitions to parliament have been voted, particularly in Manchester, Leeds, and the neighbourhood, praying, not only a revision of the existing laws relating to corn, but a completely free trade in that article. The reasons advanced by the promoters of these meetings will, we cannot but think, appear unanswerable. To these the agriculturists are opposing (feebly) others of a contrary tendency; but it is remarkable that they no longer insist upon a high protecting duty; they simply require that the laws may remain as they are. In the mean while Mr. Whitmore is preparing to bring on the discussion of the question in the House of Commons on the 15th of April, and it is understood that he means to propose open ports at all times, with a duty of from 8*s.* to 12*s.* a quarter on wheat. The effect of such a law would be to reduce the price of that grain to about (or below) 40*s.* a quarter, which would then indeed be nearly double the continental price. A similar effect, though not probably to the same extent, will be wrought by Mr. Huskisson's proposal to admit the Canadian growth. We do not imagine that Mr. Whitmore's motion will do more than cause discussion and a better understanding of the bearings of the question, concerning which there is now much misapprehension and unnecessary alarm. The landed interests look too much to war times and war prices; neither are they willing to take into account fairly the good or evil entailed upon themselves by their great gains and consequent high purchases of land; the one of which must be held as the compensation for the other. There can be but two reasons why the English farmer is unable to compete with the foreign growers; *viz.* the taxation we lay under, and the superior fertility their lands are blessed withal; and these are balanced by national income, by capital, and by skill far more equally than is imagined. *Nearly one-third of the taxes of the country have been repealed since the peace.* But we are not writing a dissertation on statistics. It is our duty merely to point out to the farmer that the principles of free trade adopted by the government and the legislature; its obviously beneficial effects; the wants and products of the great countries now opening to our connection, as well as those opposed to us in competition; the growing numbers, wealth, and influence of the commercial classes, and the impossibility of fencing high prices of subsistence by legislative enactments, letting alone the injustice and impolicy of such laws; all these things, we say, we must point out to the farmer, as inevitably tending to enforce and establish an open trade in grain as in other commodities. They who would persuade him to any other belief are his worst enemies. A temporary provisional law to guard against the ruin which a too sudden unrestricted admission of foreign corn would occasion, may be necessary, and may therefore be allowed. Ministers, we have reason to believe, would willingly postpone the consideration of the matter; but the farmer may be assured that the only safe course for him to pursue, is to frame his contracts with both landlord and parson in such a manner as to meet an eventual (if not an early) and great fall of price, a fall nearly to the level of the prices in all the markets of the world.

NEWS OF SCIENCE.

CHEMISTRY.

Ingots of Copper obtained via humida.—Copper precipitated from its solution by whatever agent, is always in the state of a fine loose powder. The following fact observed by M. Mollerat in his manufactory for making vinegar from wood, in Burgundy, will show that an ingot of copper may be formed *via humida.* In a series of operations for preparing sulphate of copper by calcining copper with sulphur, solutions of the sulphate are obtained, which become turbid by the separation of an insoluble sub-sulphate. They are placed in a tub half buried in the ground in order to become clear. It is against the interior sides of this tub, and always at the junction of two staves, that small buttons of metallic copper are observed to form, which gradually increase in size, and which doubtless ultimately become considerable masses. The chemical action by

which the copper is revived is easily explained. The proto-sulphate of copper which unquestionably exists in the solution, in passing to the state of deuto-sulphate deposits its base, which gives up its oxygen acid, to form the new salt. It is not, however, this part of the phenomenon which appears to me most remarkable, but the cohesion, acquired by the copper so precipitated from the midst of a solution, a cohesion which is so great as to allow the metal to be hammered in the cold and reduced to thin leaves, and whose specific gravity is equal to that of fused copper.—*Annal. de Chem.*

Agency of Platina in the Formation of Water.—If in a tube closed at one end ammonia-muriate of platina is treated with metallic zinc, part of the inside of this tube becomes covered with a thin coat of platina, which adheres to it rather strongly. If afterwards a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen is made to pass under water, into this tube, the combination of the two gases is slowly effected at a moderate temperature. The phenomenon also takes place when these gases are put in contact with spongy platina moistened with water or with alcohol. If we try to substitute liquid ammonia or nitric acid, for the water or alcohol, the gases no longer act upon each other. M. Dœbereiner thinks that this difference of effects is to be ascribed to the water or alcohol absorbing the gaseous mixture, and thus effecting immediate contact with the platina, which does not take place with the ammonia or nitric acid. By using these vessels covered inside with platina, the hydrogen may be completely deprived of oxygen. However, it succeeds still better by putting it in contact, in very dry eudiometers, under mercury, with a porous ball, formed of clay and o platina, newly calcined.—*Bulletin des Sciences.*

Indigo.—For the first good approximation to the chemical analysis of indigo we are indebted to Bergman. According to his experiments the best samples of indigo yielded the following principles :—

47	pure indigo.
12	gum.
6	resin.
22	earth.
13	oxide of iron.
100	

A subsequent analysis made by Chevreul (Annal. de Chem. t. 68.) gave 45 per cent. of pure indigo in the best Guatimala, and the foreign matters much the same as those of Bergman, but differing in the proportions, a discrepancy which is explained by the various modes of manufacture, as practised in different countries, and from the various species of plant, from which the indigo is extracted in different parts of the world, The sole colouring matter is the pure indigo, the residue being dross. Three chemists, Drs. Thomson and Ure, and Mr. W. Crum, all of Glasgow, have within the last three years published analyses of pure indigo. They all adopted the same plan, which consisted in burning a small given portion of indigo in contact with the black oxide of copper in green glass tubes. The indigo being finely divided and intimately diffused through a comparatively large portion of the oxide, heat is applied sufficient to burn the carbon and hydrogen of the indigo, and to liberate the azote. Hence from the quantities of carbonic acid and azote produced, and the loss of weight which the oxide sustains, the constituents of indigo are inferred. The following results were obtained :—

	Dr. Thomson.	Dr. Ure.	Mr. Crum.
Carbon	40.39	71.37	73.22
Azote	13.46	10	11.26
Oxygen	46.15	14.25	12.60
Hydrogen	——	4.38	2.92

The results of the analyses of Dr. Ure and Mr. Crum approximate pretty nearly,

but Dr. Thomson's differs so very materially, as to throw a considerable degree of uncertainty on the result of their labours.—*Phil. Mag.*

Lettuce.—The juice of this vegetable, which has recently been introduced into medical practice as a substitute for opium, has been examined by M. François, and he has discovered what he considers to be the active principle of the plant, to which he has given the name of thridace.—*Rev. Med.*

Croton Oil.—From some researches made by M. Caventon, on the *croton tiglium*, he has ascertained that the oil extracted from this vegetable, which has recently come into extensive use, is precisely similar to an oil procured from the seeds of a plant called in France, *Pignon d'Inde*, and therefore suggests it as a substitute for the former. MM. Recamier and Kapelar have made some comparative experiments with the two oils, and have shown that their action is identically the same.—*Rev. Med.*

Boiling Point of Fluids.—From some experiments and observations lately made, it would appear that the *boiling point* of water and other fluids, is by no means so uniform, under equal degrees of pressure, as has generally been imagined; for it seems fully established that the introduction of any solid matter, such as chips of wood, bits of glass, metallic particles, &c. into a heated fluid will cause it to boil up, that is, to discharge *vapour*, at a lower temperature than it otherwise would have done.

Something of this kind has, we believe, for a considerable time been practised by the keepers of steam-engines, for the purpose of accelerating and augmenting the disengagement of the steam, but without being well understood or attracting much attention; lately, however, the fact has as it were forced itself into notice, and it has already been proposed to take advantage of it in the process of distillation, to which it may in all probability be very happily applied.

Cleansing of Sponges.—These articles are in such general use that the following directions for cleansing and bleaching them may not be unacceptable.

The sponges are first to be steeped in cold water for some days; then washed repeatedly in fresh water until it comes off clear, and afterwards in hot water several times. If they contain much calcareous matter, they are now to be placed for about twenty-four hours in a weak solution of muriatic acid; after which, being washed, they are to be placed for about eight days in a weak solution of sulphuric acid, again repeatedly washed in fresh water, and then dried slowly in the open air.—*Journ. de Pharm.*

Condensation of Smoke, &c.—A simple and ingenious method of condensing smoke, metallic vapours, and other sublimed matter, not liable to be infused by admixture with water, has lately been made public by a Mr. Jeffreys of Bristol, and its efficacy we are told fully established by experiments.

This method consists in having connected with the fire a furnace, two parallel funnels communicating together at the top, *up* one of which the smoke or vapour ascends, and thence passing into the other is immediately condensed and carried *down* by a shower of water, which falls unceasingly from above, and passes off by an opening below.

MINERALOGY.

Harmotome.—Dr. Wernekinck of Giesson has published a description and analysis of a new variety of this mineral, in which the *barytes* is replaced by *lime*. Its constituents according to his analysis are:—

Silica	53.07
Alumina	21.31
Lime	6.67
Barytes	0.39
Oxides of iron and manganese	0.56
Water	17.09
	99.09

It is found in a basaltic amygdaloid, near the village of Annerode, at the distance of about a mile from Giesson. It always occurs in regular crystals, and the only crystalline form under which it has been hitherto observed is a perfect square prism, terminated by a four-sided accumination, whose sides rest upon the edge of the prism. The lateral plains of the prism are in every respect similar, and none of them are streaked. Sometimes these prisms are found combined together in the form of twin crystals.—*Annales de Physique.*

METEOROLOGY.

Clouds.—The following is a correct scale of the clouds, as they appeared at the Royal Academy, Gosport, Hants, being the number of days on which each cloud has appeared, during the eight years ending with 1824:—cirrus, 1622; cirro-cumulus, 1334; cirro-stratus, 2260; stratus, 276; cumulus, 1498; cumulo-stratus, 1461; nimbus, 1681.

By these curious results we find that the *cumulus* and *cumulo-stratus* approximate nearest in number; the former is a fair-weather cloud, and evaporates at or soon after sun-set when the atmosphere is not in a humid state; the latter is generally a prognostic of an approaching change in the state of the atmosphere. Next to these, the *cirrus* and *nimbus* approximate nearest in number. The *cirri* are precursors of, and very generally become the crowns of, the passing *nimbi.* The respective electricities they at all times possess are *positive* and *negative*, and the rain is induced by their inosculation, gravity, and electric *effluvia*, of all the modifications of clouds: the *cirro-stratus* it will be perceived prevails most, being frequently formed from the descending *cirrus*, and sometimes from the *cumulus*, when changes are about to take place in the direction of the winds, and in the temperature of the atmosphere. The proportional appearance of the *cirro-stratus* to the *cirrus* is 113 to 81. The *cirro-cumulus* and *stratus* are also fair-weather clouds. The former is an indication of increasing heat, and is generally transformed into *cirro-stratus*, with a moist wind: and the latter into hascent *cumulus*, after sun-rise.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.

March 15.—Petitions to both Houses of Parliament passed the House of Convocation with three dissentient voices only, and were sealed with the University seal. The following is a copy of that to the House of Peers.

"To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled.

"The humble Petition of the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Oxford,

"Sheweth—That your Petitioners have learned with the deepest sorrow, that a Bill is soon to be brought into the Honourable the House of Commons, tending to the repeal of the Statutes by which Persons professing the Roman Catholic Religion are precluded from holding certain offices, and from sitting in Parliament:

"That your Petitioners having often and impartially weighed the arguments employed on this great question, are still unshaken in their opinion, that the necessity of these statutes, to secure the venerable fabric of our Constitution in Church and State, remains undiminished:

"We therefore again submit to your Lordships the expression of our grief and alarm. We briefly, but most anxiously, implore the protection of the Legislature at a time when the best institutions of our country appear exposed to increasing danger.

"Given at our House of Convocation, under the Common Seal," &c.

March 23.—The election of a Professor of Ancient History on the Foundation of William Camden, Esq. Clarenceaux King at Arms, in the room of the Rev. Peter Elmsley, DD. Principal of Alban Hall, deceased. Edward Cardwell, BD. and Fellow of Brasennose College, elected without opposition. A short canvas had indeed taken place for two other gentlemen, Mr. Whateley of Oriel, and Mr. Dyson of Corpus; but their friends, finding the sense of the resident members of Convocation so decidedly in favour of Mr. Cardwell, declined coming to a scrutiny.

Elections and Admissions to Fellowships, &c.

Feb. 16.—Mr. Anthony Grant, Fellow of New College, Founder's kindred.
March 4.—Mr. Charles Wells, Scholar of New College.
5.—Mr. William Howard, Fellow of New College.
12.—Mr. William Henry Newbolt, Scholar of New College.
17.—Mr. Robert Evans, Commoner of Jesus, elected Scholar of that College.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

Doctors in Divinity.

March 10.—John Page, late Fellow of Brasennose (Grand Compounder).
Richard Howard, Jesus. (G. C.)

Doctor in Civil Law.

March 2.—Rev. Henry Shepherd, Alban Hall. (G. C.)

Bachelors in Divinity.

March 10.—Richard Howard, Jesus. (G. C.)
Walter King Cotter, Oriel.
17.—John Tucker, Corpus.

Masters of Arts.

March 2. Rev. S. Barrett, Lincoln.
The Hon. A. H. Trevor, Ch. Ch.
C. T. Robinson, Brasennose.
Rev. J. Davis, Scholar of Univ.
W. L. Wiggett, University.
G. Tierney, Fellow of Merton.
10. Rev. T. Tudball, Balliol (G. C.)
R. T. Lancaster, Exeter.
R. Greswell, Fellow of Worces.
17. Rev. C. Packe, Worcester.

Bachelors of Arts.

March 2. R. Wildman, Ch. Ch. (G. C.)
W. H. M. Roberson, Lincoln.
W. T. Elton, Worcester.
10. E. R. Breton, Queen's.
R. F. Onslow, Ch. Ch.
17. T. B. Brett, Ch. Ch.

Presentations.

The Rev. William Buckland, BD. Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Reader in Mineralogy and Geology, to the Rectory of Stoke Charity, near Winchester. Patrons the President and Scholars of Corpus.

The Rev. Lancelot Charles Lee, MA. Senior Fellow of New College, to the Rectory of Wootton, Oxfordshire. Patrons, the Warden and Fellows of New College.

The Rev. Richard Bohun Tomkyns, BCL. Fellow of New College, to the Rectory of Saham Tony, Norfolk. Patrons, the Warden and Fellows of New College.

CAMBRIDGE.

Feb. 18.—Mr. Thomas Williamson Peele, of Trinity College, was elected University Scholar on Dr. Davies's Foundation.

Feb. 28.—A Grace passed the Senate to confer the Degree of LLD on William Frere, Esq. Master of Downing College, by Royal mandate.

A Grace to confirm the report made by the Syndicate appointed to examine Mr. Dodswell's collection of drawings, and to purchase the same out of the University chest, was rejected by 49 to 13.

March 8.—At a congregation held this day, a Petition from this University to both Houses of Parliament against any further concessions to the Roman Catholics was voted by 70 to 38.

March 10.—The Chancellor's Gold Medals for the two best proficients in classical learning among the commencing Bachelors of Arts, were adjuged to Mr. John Frederic Isaacson, of St. John's College, and Mr. Richard Williamson, of Trinity College. The Vice-Chancellor has appointed Mr. Thomas Johnson, University Marshal, in the room of the late Mr. John Challis.

Classical Tripos, Feb. 25.

First Class.

Isaacson, John's.
Smith, Trinity.
Poolery, John's } *æq.*
Praed, Trinity. }
Williamson, Trinity.
Beatson, Pembroke.
Prater, Trinity.
Malkin, Trinity.
Wimberley, Emmanuel.
Riddell, Trinity.
Wilson, John.
Hawkins, Trinity.

Second Class.

Young, Trinity.
Dade, Caius.
Pratt, Trinity.
Warner, Trinity.
Warner, John.
Williamson, Clare. } *æq.*
Kempthorne, John's. }
Blakelock, Catherine.

Third Class.

Hyldyard, Trinity.
C. Morton, Trinity.
Barlow, Peter's.
Bollaerts, Trinity.
Marshall, John's.
Farish, Trinity.
Earle, John.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

Doctors in Divinity.

Feb. 23.—Rev. Arthur Savage Wade, St. John's College.
March 8.—Rev. Robert Jefferson, Fellow of Sidney Sussex College.

Masters of Arts.

Feb. 23.—Rev. Thomas Harvey, Pembroke Hall.
Rev. Francis Synge, St. Peter's College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.

Feb. 23.—Rev. Thomas Best, Jesus College.

Bachelors of Arts.

Feb. 23.—Walrond Whitter, St. Peter's College.
William Palmer Moffat, Queen's College.
Frederick Cooke Fowler, Jesus College.
John Vernon, Emmanuel College.
Edward Raikes Edgar, Downing College.
March 8.—Henry Revell Revell, Catherine Hall.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. P. Felix, to the Vicarage of Easton Neston, void by the death of the Rev. W. Satterthwaite; Patron, the Earl of Pomfret. The Rev. John Hollier Stephenson, BA. of Trinity College, to the Rectory of Dengie, Essex, vacant by the cession of the Rev. Robert Faithfull.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR APRIL.

MERCURY will be at his greatest elongation on the 22d day to the eastward of the Sun, and consequently will set after him. On account of his excellent position in Taurus, (five degrees to the westward of Pleiades and fourteen degrees to the westward of Venus) this evening, (if the atmosphere near the horizon is clear) will be the most favourable for observation throughout the year. Mercury will be distinctly visible several days before and after the 22d, at 8 o'clock, in the WNW. direction, ten degrees above the horizon. On the 19th day the Moon passes Mercury invisible to us, as both will then be set, but at 8 hours the Moon will appear within four degrees to the westward of (above) the planet. On the 22d day Mercury sets at 9 hours 18 minutes NW. ¾ W. On the 30th day will pass the Pleiades to the southward. Venus in her inferior orbit is rapidly approaching the Earth; and though her enlightened part diminishes to our view, yet by her approach the magnitude of the planet is apparently increased and her brilliancy greatly heightened. Towards the close of the month she may be seen by the naked eye to be horned, the cusps pointing to the eastward, and in clear weather will be visible in day-light. On the 3d, 4th, and 5th days her appearances near the Pleiades will be found extremely beautiful and highly interesting. On the 4th day in particular, when the conjunction takes place with the chief star in the groupe. From the 18th day to the close of the month, Venus and Saturn will not vary from each other one degree of longitude. Venus seven degrees to the northward. On the 21st day before noon, the Moon will pass nearly midway between the two planets, and soon after sunset will form a bright assemblage with them, combined with Hyades, Pleiades and Mercury. Venus at the commencement of the month passes the meridian at three quarters of an hour past two in the afternoon, and sets at eleven o'clock in the evening, NW. ¼ W. Becomes stationary on the 27th day, after which her motion will be retrograde, and at the close of the month will pass the meridian three quarters of an hour past one; will set at 25 minutes past ten, NW. ¾ N. Mars passes from the constellation Pisces into Aries, setting at the commencement of the month, three quarters of an hour past seven o'clock, W. by N. ½ N. At the close, eight o'clock, NW. by W. ½ W. The Moon will pass this planet on the 19th day, invisible to us. Jupiter is still in the constellation Cancer with a progressive motion, and towards the close of the month will again pass the cluster of minute stars. Previous to this he will occult a small star imperceptible to the naked eye, but presenting through a telescope for several evenings the appearace of an additional satellite, which the others will frequently come in conjunction with. At the commencement of the month Jupiter passes the meridian at 40 minutes past seven o'clock in the evening—at the close, about six o'clock in the afternoon. The eclipses of his satellites for our latitude, are for the 1st, 2d, and 3d, (the 4th not visible.)

1st Satellite. Emersions.			2d Satellite. Emersions.			3d Satellite. Emersions.		
Days.	Hrs.	Min.	Days.	Hrs.	Min.	Days.	Hrs.	Min.
3	11	17	5	12	24½	29	7	54
10	13	12	33	9	30½			
12	7	40½						
19	9	35½						
26	11	30½						

Saturn with a progressive motion is in the head of the consellation Taurus, and will pass the fifth or lesser Bull's Eye on the 21st day. His combination with Venus and the Moon we have already noticed. At the commencement of the month sets a quarter of an hour past eleven o'clock in the evening, NW. by W. At the close at ten o'clock in the same direction. His Rings form beautiful telescopic objects, and may be very clearly dis-

tinguished. The Georgian throughout the month is in the constellation Sagittarius, above the right arm. His motion is progressive, but not more than a quarter of a degree. On the 25th day becomes stationary. At the commencement of the month rises at 42 minutes past two o'clock in the morning, and at the close, 56 minutes past one o'clock in the same direction. On the 15th day at nine o'clock the constellations will be thus situated. On the meridian, that part of Hydra near the cup. Body of Leo; hind part of Leo Minor, and body of Ursa Major, Pointers near the meridian. At their lowest depression North are Cepheus and Lacerta NNE. Arided the 1st of Cygnus may be seen; the rest of the constellation is rising extending to NE. by N. ½ N. In the NE. is Lyra, above twelve degrees above the horizon, and over this the foot of Hercules, and head of Draco, above which appear the contortions of Draco, and Ursa Minor. Hercules extending from NE. to east, and reaching nearly from the horizon to an altitude of forty degrees. The first of this constellation, (Ras Algothi) in the head of Hercules and the 1st of Serpentarius (Ras Alhagas) rising E. by N. ½ N. Above the 2d and 3rd of Hercules, E. by N. Corona Borealis displays itself, and above this is Bootes. Arcturus (the 1st) E. by S. ½ S. (this constellation has a proper motion of its own, and is thickly studded with minute stars). Over the club of Hercules is the head of Serpens. Between Bootes and Ursa Major are Canes Venatici and Cor Caroli. To the southward of these is Coma Berenices. From ESE. to SE. by E. with about eight degrees of altitude are the two 1st of Libra, and extending westerly from these along the Ecliptic to the tail of Leo, Virgo may be seen, Spica (the 1st) SE. Below Virgo from SSE. to the meridian are Corvus and Crater. At this time the tail of Hydra is rising SE. the head a little below Cancer, SW. Cor Hydra, (the 1st) S. by W. ¾ W. In the Zodiacal constellations west of Leo is Cancer, (with the beautiful planet Jupiter) and to the westward of Cancer are Gemini. Below the latter are Canis Minor, Monoceros, and near the horizon, setting SW. by W. The brilliant Sirius, 1st of Canis Major; the body of Orion is likewise approaching the horizon W. by S. From west to NW. by W. is Taurus with the planets Venus and Saturn. Above Taurus is Auriga, and between Auriga and Ursa Major is the Lynx. From NW. by W. to NW. by N. ½ N. is Perseus with Medusa's head affording an admirable opportunity for viewing that beautiful phenomenon. Over Perseus is Camelopardalis reaching to the Pole. Andromeda is setting NNW. and Cassiopeia declining towards her lowest depression N. by W. ½ W.

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BIRTHS.

Feb. 13. At the house of General Sir Wm. Cockburn, Bart. Bath, the lady of Wm. Sarsfield Rossiter Cockburn, Esq. a daughter.
8. At East Cosham, Hants, the residence of her father, M. Greetham, Esq. the lady of Sir Lucius Curtis, Bart. of Rambridge House, a daughter.
— In Wimpole-street, the lady of Edward Daur, Esq. a son.
— The lady of T. Saunders, Esq. of Boston, a son.
— At Basham Wood, Herts, the lady of the Hon. Thos. Knox, MP. a daughter.
19. At Anniston, Forfarshire, the Rt Hon. Lady Anne Letitia Cruickshank, a son.
— At Brompton, the lady of Capt. D. M. Newall, a son.
— At Marseilles, the lady of Alex. Turnbull, Esq. His Majesty's Consul at that place, a son.
20. At Bath, the lady of the Hon. Chas. Clifford, a son.
— In Upper Berkeley-street, the lady of John Davis, Esq. a son.
22. At Paradise House, near Painswick, Gloucestershire, the lady of R. Bellers, Esq. a daughter.
— At Burton Rectory, Lincoln, the lady of the Rev. Geo. Davenport Whitehead, a son.
23. The lady of Louis Cohen, Esq. of Finsbury-square, a son.
24. In Doughty-street, Mecklenburgh-square, Mrs. James Patten, a daughter.
25. At his house, in Spring Gardens, the lady of the Hon. Geo. Agar Ellis, MP. a son.
— At his house, Princes-place, Kennington, Surrey, the lady of Geo. Drysdale, Esq. a son.
26. At Balcombe, Sussex, the lady of the Rev. Henry Rule Sarel, a daughter.
27. At the Palace Raphoe, the lady of the Rev. Maurice G. Fenwick, a son.
— In Princes-court, Westminster, the lady of A. Dickenson, Esq. a son.
28. At his residence, Bourne Grove, Southgate, the lady of Quarles Harris, Esq. a daughter.
— At Westhill Lodge, the Rt. Hon. Lady Henry Paulet, a son.

March 2. At Neasden House, the lady of the Hon. Wm. Fraser, a son.
3. At Shippon House, Berkshire, the lady of J. Waite, Esq. a son.
4. At Erskine House, Renfrewshire, the lady of Lord Blantyre, a daughter.
5. The lady of the Rev. W. F. Cobb, of Nettlestead, Kent, a daughter.
6. The lady of Sir Thos. Farquhar, Bart. a daughter.
— At Pyrton Vicarage, Oxfordshire, the lady of the Rev. W. S. Puckle, a son.
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8. At her father's house, St. Leonard's Nazing, Essex, the lady of Capt. Caulfield, a daughter.
9. At Stockwell, the lady of the Rev. Wm. Otter, AM. Rector of Chetwynd, a son.
10. At Pembury, Kent, the lady of Capt. Chas. Shaw, RN. a daughter.
11. In Orchard-street, Portman-square, the lady of T. Mirehouse, Esq. a daughter.
— At Green-street, Grosvenor-square, the lady of the Rev. Geo. A. E. Marsh, twin sons.
12. At Thoresby Park, Notts, Countesss Manvers, a son.
— In Chatham-place, the lady of W. Heygate, Esq. MP. a son.
13. The lady of Wm. Chilton, Esq. Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, a daughter.
— At Shalford Grove, the lady of S. B. Edwards, Esq. a son.
14. The lady of F. O. Trent, Esq. a daughter.
15. At Upper Homerton, the lady of the Rev. Robt. Davis, of Kilburn, a son.
16. At Clapton, the lady of Philip Cazenove, Esq. a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 5. At Oporto, Robt. Woodhouse, Esq. to Donna Maria Ermelinda Gomez d'Oliveira, of that city.
14. At Limerick Cathedral, David, eldest son of David Roche, Esq. of Carras, county of Limerick, to Frances, eldest daughter of the late Col. John Ormsby Vandeleur, of Ballilamona.
— At Wexford, Henry Thompson Redmond, Esq. of Mount Henry, in the county of Wexford, to Frances, daughter of the late Thos. Byrne, Esq. of Killoughter, in the county of Wicklow.
17. At St. Mary's Church, Beverley, Captain Thos. Martin, to Caroline Harriet, youngest daughter of Henry Ellison, Esq. of that place.
— At Yarm, Wm. Garbutt, Esq. to Christiana, youngest daughter of Thos. Fawell, Esq. of the same place.
— At Sculcoates, Thomas, eldest son of Robt. Raikes, Esq. of Welton House, to Eliz. Frances, eldest daughter of Chas. Lutwidge, Esq. of Hull.
19. At Ashford, Middlesex, J. E. Todd, Esq. of Bedford-place, to Jane, only daughter of A. Downes, Esq. of the former place, and Sloane-street.
20 At St. George's, Hanover-square, Charles J. Woodward, Esq. of Warren's House, Feering, to Eleanor Jane, youngest daughter of S. Miller, Esq. of Judd-place, East.
2. At St. Mary-le-bone Church, Lieut.-Col. Robbins, late of the Seventh Hussars, to Fanny Sophia, eldest daughter of the late Admiral Sir Hyde Parker.
— At St. James's Church, Piccadilly, Jas. Boyle, Esq. of Cleveland-square, Pall Mall, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of the late Edward Quin, Esq. of Fleet-street.
— At Teddington Church, Middlesex, Randle Henry Fielden, Esq. BA. of St. John's College, to Phœbe Sarah, only daughter of Col. Sir Robt. Arbuthnot, KCB. of the Coldstream Guards.
24. At St. Mary's, Newington, Sam. Lepard, Esq. of Dean-street, Southwark, to Betsey Gray, eldest daughter of Fras. Hurlbatt, Esq. of Newington, Surrey.
— At Battersea, the Rev. E. Bellamy, of the Priory, Downham, to Mary, eldest daughter of George Scholey, Esq. of Clapham Common.
28. At Cholmondely House, Lord Henry Cholmondely, to Miss Arbuthnot, eldest daughter of the Rt. Hon. Chas. Arbuthnot.
March 1. At Edinburgh, Capt. Basil Hall, RN. to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Sir John Hunter, Consul General in Spain.
— At Kensington, Captain Woodgate, late of the 20th Light Dragoons, to Katharine Jane, youngest daughter of the Rev. W. Lipscombe, Rector of Welbury, Yorkshire.
— At Westerham, Jas. Lacy, Jun. Esq. of Salisbury, to Harriet, youngest daughter of J. Dyson, Esq. of Downham.
3. At St. Clements Danes, Thos. Hennah, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Service, to Jemima Hayes, youngest daughter of the late Thos. Edgley, Esq.
— At St. George's, Southwark, W. A. Newsome, Esq. of Bermondsey, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Wm. Costeker, Esq. of the Paragon, Surrey.
— At St. James's Church, Daniel Tighe, Esq. second son of the late Wm. Tighe, Esq. of Woodstock, County of Kilkenny, to Fanny, third daughter of the late Hon. Sir Edward Crofton, Bart. County of Roscommon.
5. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, A. Griffiths, Esq. of the Royal Artillery, to Miss E. Willan, of Gower-street, Bedford-square.
7. By her father, the Rev. L. Coddington, Eliz. Margaret, to the Rev. Moses King, second son of John King, Esq. of Grosvenor-place.
8. At Falmouth, Lieutenant Wentworth Parsons Croke, RN. to Mary, second daughter of Captain John Smith.
— Henry, only son of Sir Henry Martin, Bart. to Catharine, daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Bryam Martin, KCB. Comptroller of His Majesty's Navy.

9. At Lewisham, Pasqual Fenochio, Esq. of Gibraltar, to Charlotte, second daughter of Andrew Laurie, Esq. London.
— At East Barnet, Wm. Elmhirst, Esq. to Anna Frances Walker, second daughter of Wm. Walker, Esq. of Everley Lodge, Herts.
10. At Kensington, Thomas Henry Thoresby, Esq. of Broxbourne, Herts, to Sophia, eldest daughter of P. E. Ottey, Esq. of Kensington.
— At St. Mary's, Stamford, Capt. John Elliot Cairnes, 56th Regt. to Susanna, only daughter of the late Thomas Jackson, Esq. of that place.
12. At Bramley, Surrey, James Mallock, Esq. of Gray's Inn, to Sophia, daughter of the late John Street, Esq. of Birtley, near Bramley.
— At Great Dunmow, Essex, Christian Frederick Naegeli, Esq. of the city of Hamburgh, to Mary Burrows, eldest daughter of the Rev. Alexander Richardson, D. D. Vicar of Dunmow.
— At St. George's, Queen-square, George Henry Hunter, Esq. of Wood-street, to Miss Anne Coy, niece of John Hibbert, Esq. of Great Ormond-street.
5. At Leyton, Essex, John Tyler, Esq. of Ricebridge Havering, Essex, to Mary Susannah, only daughter of William Turner, Esq. of Leyton.
— At Mary-la-Bonne Church, William Paynter, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, to Anne Berdmore Best, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Best, Esq. of Stoke upon Trent, Staffordshire.
— Edward Probyn Nares, Esq. to Anne, only daughter of Rear-Admiral Wilson, of Askan Bryan, Yorkshire.

DEATHS.

Feb. 10.—His Serene Highness Frederick IV. Duke of Gotha.
12. At Hornton-street, Kensington, Louisa Trevor, daughter of the late Richard Urlron, Esq. M. P.
— At Chester, the Rev. Thomas Maddock, M. A. Prebendary of that Cathedral.
13. At Stockton upon Tees, aged 66, William Sleigh, Esq.
14. Of an apoplectic fit, at Worcester, Major-General Foley, aged 66.
— At Wheelock House, Sandbach, Cheshire, Mrs. Margaret Williams, of Alsager, in that county, and of Percy-street, London, aged 81.
15. At Harmondsworth Vicarage, Middlesex, the Rev. Samuel Cake, in his 80th year.
18. At St. Peter's Cottage, Manchester, in the 34th year of her age, Fanny Elizabeth Matilda, wife of Edward Connel, Esq.
19. At Hammersmith, the Rev. Hugh Taylor, Esq. B. A. of St. John's College, Cambridge.
20. At Puttenham Priory, in the county of Surrey, Mary, widow of the late Admiral Cornish.
— At his brother's house, Lambeth, Richard Pugh, Esq. of Capel, aged 42 years.
21. Catharine, wife of Benjamin Hodges, Esq. of Cadogan Place, in the 75th year of her age.
— In St. James's street, Richard Walker, Esq. Apothecary to the King.
22. Jane, wife of the Rev. Thomas Jackson, of Stockwell, Surrey, aged 51.
— At Wingfield, Wiltshire, in the 82d year of his age, Thomas Morris, Esq.
— Alicia, eldest daughter of Richard Adams, Esq. of Allesley, near Coventry.
23. Mrs. Franklin, wife of Capt. Franklin, R. N. and youngest daughter of the late W. Porden, Esq.
24. At his house in Church-street, St. Anne's, in his 71st year, William Lucas, Esq.
25 Samuel Fearn, Esq. of Spital-square, in the 77th year of his age.
26. At Kingston upon Thames, Surrey, Charles Jemmett, Esq. aged 72.
— Sarah, the wife of Wm. Melville, Esq. of Standard Hill, near Nottingham.
— At Clifton, Thomas Monkhouse, Esq. of Gloucester-place.
27. At his house, near Southampton, the lady of Rear-Admiral Sir J. Beresford, Bart. K. C. B.
28. At his seat, at Billingbear, Berks, in his 75th year, Lord Braybrooke.
March 1.—Charles Yarnold, Esq. Great St. Helen's, in the 45th year of his age.
— In the 19th year of his age, Edward Foljambe, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and eldest son of Thomas Foljambe, of Wakefield, Esq.
— At Southampton, Mrs. Baird, daughter of Thomas Dickson, Esq. of Burston Park, in the county of Surrey.
2. Lieut.-General Long.
— In Cumming-street, Pentonville, Stephen Pilgrim, Esq. late of Epsom, aged 77.
— At Holkham Hall, aged 45, the Rev. Richard Odell, B. A. Fellow of Christ College, Oxford.
3. Frances, wife of Thomas Read Kemp, Esq. M. P.
— At his residence, the Rhyddings, near Swansea, in the 73d year of his age, Thomas Bowdler, Esq. F. R. S. and S. A.
— At her house in Bolton Row, aged 77, the Hon. Lady Jerningham.
4. At his house in St. Giles's, aged 75, John Christopher Hampp, Esq.
— At Haresfield, the Rev. Thomas Rudge, B. D. Archdeacon of Gloucester, and Chancellor of Hereford.
5. At his seat, Dorsetshire, Sir Edward Baker, Bart.
— At Camberwell, Eliza Jekyll, wife of the Rev. George Henry Storie, of Thames Ditton and Camberwell.
— At Tonby, in his 42d year, Francis Manners Sutton, Esq. late Lieutenant-Colonel in the Guards and second son of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.
6. At Calcot Park, Berks, aged 90, Henry Sperling, Esq. of Dynes Hall, in the county of Essex.
— At his house in Great Pulteny-street, St. James's, Samuel Jackson, Esq.
— In the 68th year of her age, Catharine, relict of the late Thomas Puckle, Esq. of Clapham Common.

— At the Parsonage House, Hatton, near Coventry, the Rev. Dr. Parr.
— At Sidmouth, John Rogers, Esq.
— At the Hermitage, George-street, Battlebridge, James Bassett, Esq. aged 74.
7. At Westoe, in the county of Durham, Mrs. Ingham, relict of the late Wm. Ingham, Esq. of Newcastle upon Tyne.
9. At Stoke Newington, aged 81, Anna Letitia Barbauld, widow of the late Rev. Rochemont Barbauld.
— In the 63d year of his age, the Rev. John Shaffery, Salisbury.
10. At Battersea, aged 33, Joseph Lamb Webb, Esq. eldest son of Wm. Webb, Esq. of Kennington, Surrey.
— At Camberwell, Isabella Maria, wife of Robert Puckle, Esq. in the 62d year of her age.
— At Bitton Vicarage, near Bath, Anne, the wife of the Rev. H. T. Ellicombe, M. A.
— At her house, at Tunbridge Wells, in her 81st year, Mrs. Frances Ashburnham, last surviving daughter of Sir William Ashburnham, late Bishop of Chichester.
11. At his house in Bruton-street, William Owen, Esq. in the 55th year of his age.
13. At her house, Leamington, aged 64, Elizabeth, relict of Richard Hill, Esq. of Kineton, Warwickshire.
14. At North-end, Fulham, Jean, the wife of George Gillan Mills, Esq.
— In George-street, Portman-square, in the 77th year of her age, Sarah Eliza, relict of the late Richard Ottley, Esq. of St. Vincent.
— At Wandsworth, Catharine, second daughter of the late Wm. M'Andrew, Esq.
15. At Sydenham, Kent, John Black, Esq. aged 66.

PRICES OF THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FUNDS.

(*From Feb.* 21 *to March* 24.)

ENGLISH FUNDS.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LATEST.
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.	shut	shut	shut
3 per Cent. Consols	$94\frac{1}{8}$	93	93
3 per Cent. Reduced	shut	shut	shut
$3\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Reduced	shut	shut	shut
New 4 per Cents.	$106\frac{5}{8}$	$105\frac{1}{4}$	$105\frac{1}{4}$
Long Annuities expire 1860	shut	shut	shut
India Stock, $10\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	shut	shut	shut
India Bonds, $3\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.	99	75	75
Exchequer Bills, $2\frac{1}{4}$ per Cent.	65	51	54
FOREIGN FUNDS.			
Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent.	$98\frac{1}{2}$	$97\frac{3}{4}$	$98\frac{1}{8}$
Brazil ditto, ditto	89	$87\frac{1}{2}$	$87\frac{1}{2}$
Buenos Ayres ditto, 6 per Cent.	$92\frac{3}{4}$	$90\frac{3}{4}$	$90\frac{3}{4}$
Chilian ditto, ditto	91	$88\frac{3}{4}$	$89\frac{3}{4}$
Colombian ditto 1822, ditto	$93\frac{1}{2}$	$89\frac{1}{4}$	$89\frac{1}{4}$
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto	$92\frac{3}{4}$	$88\frac{1}{2}$	$88\frac{1}{2}$
Danish ditto, 5 per Cent.	$102\frac{1}{2}$	$100\frac{3}{4}$	$100\frac{3}{4}$
French Rentes, 5 per Cent.	103	101	102 50c.
Greek Bonds, ditto	$58\frac{1}{4}$	52	52
Mexican ditto, ditto	82	$79\frac{1}{4}$	$79\frac{1}{4}$
Neapolitan ditto, ditto	$92\frac{3}{4}$	$91\frac{3}{4}$	$91\frac{3}{4}$
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent.	89	$84\frac{1}{2}$	$86\frac{1}{2}$
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent.	91	$89\frac{3}{4}$	$89\frac{3}{4}$
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto	$101\frac{7}{8}$	101	101
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto	$100\frac{1}{2}$	100	100
Russian ditto, ditto	$95\frac{1}{2}$	94	94
Spanish ditto, ditto	$25\frac{1}{4}$	$22\frac{1}{4}$	24

ROBERT W. MOORE.